THE SUN, SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1893.

LOTTA AT HER RURAL HOME.

A TAIN WITH THE WOMAN WHOM SOROSIS REJECTED.

It is Way Up in the New Jersey Hills, on the Shores of Lake Hopatcong-An Ideal Country House-Days and Diversions of Its Mistress and Her Guesty-She Likes Music and She Can Sall a Boat

tt :! Tryst" is a name with a hidden mean-When a certain well-known actress gave he reporter the other day she said: ite it down and see what you make of it." Occops paper the first word seemed to suggest a transformation, and a smile from the Hitle lady herself greeted the tacky ut apoll. ing and the oxclamation: "Lotta."

Attol Tryst is the summer home of Miss Lotta Crabtree. It is way up in the New Jerser hills on the shores of Lake Hopatcong. Abovait, as it stands midway of the slope to the lake stretch the well-kept lawns of the Hotel Breslin. It was the Breslin stage which mriel the reporter from Mount Arlington



station up through the sweet-smalling woods and at last swept around with a flourish under the porte cochère of Attol Tryst.

The house was long and gabled. Massive foundations of gray stone were surmounted by shingled walls of that deep red tone so agreeable as a feature in a country landscape. At each end the beginnings of wide verandas, which extend around three sides of the house, could be seen. The porch, reaching from the porte cochère to the entrance, was itself no small affair. Chairs were scattered about it, and the snowy cloth of a small tea table fluttered in the breeze.

The wide doors, in old Dutch fashion, swung in separate sections, so that the lower halves were closed while the upper ones were open. As the stage drew up, the neatest of maids appeared at the entrance. She ran out and opened the stage door, not waiting for the vis-

these things in conversation. It is a treat to hear her tell a fugny story. She pletures the whole thing so irresistilly that you find your-self echoing, as it were, her facial expressions until your irresistible laughter at the close. In which Lotta herself joins. She is fascinating too, because she makes such lightning changes from grave to gay and back again. She is not entirely given over to laughter, but has common sense and judgment to balance her mirth.

ber mirth. "This is our library." said Mrs. Crabtree in response to a question concerning the house. You may not think that the house is very

large, but there are eighteen rooms, wide porches outside, and cellars underneath. I planned it all, even to the wine cellar." "There isn't anything in the wino cellar now, is there, mother?" asked Lotta, laughingly.

there's some claret that came the other day."

"Well, it doesn't make very much difference to me, you know," explained her daughter confidentially, "for I think water the most de-lightful of teverares, and I hardly know one kind of wine from another." "Are you fond of books?" asked the re-

porter "Yes, but I caro more for music. Don't you want to see our music room?" she asked as she led the way through the reception hall into a large corner room facing the lake. Here stood the piano, an upright, with a can-delabrum at either side. A deep, soft lounge was piled with sofa rillows, and a mandolin was lying in one corner of it. A guitar was propped against a rack full of music, and a banjo stood on its head by the piano. As in overy room in the house, there was an open fireplace. The Oriental tone was prominent in the furnishing, and a wonderful Japanese screen, picked up abroad, stood in the open doorway leading to the dining room. "Are you a musician yourself. Miss Lotta?" "I? Oh noi I play all these things a little. It is an advantage to be able to introduce some music into a riar, but I get my chief pleasure out of hearing others. I went to hear Paderewski often. It seems to me he has the Yes, but I caro more for music. Don't you

And then-I had to ray for the things," said Lotta, assuming a sudden regretful alr. After luncheon Mrs. Crabtree called the re-porter's attention to two really charming oil paintings hanging in opposite corners of the dining room. They were small, but full of real merit. It seems that Lotta is a sort of univer-sal genius, for they were from her brush, and it appears that in our gain of an actress we have lost a painter. It is as before remarked, diffi-cult to get Lotta to talk much about herself. But she loves painting, and was evidently grati-fied by the praise her pictures won. "See this one?" she said, pointing to a study of a man's head. "I've been told it is really good. I am queer about painting. I cannot work without a sort of inspiration. One day, down here, the impulse seized me. I went any stairs for my paints; this friend, who was visit-ing us at the time, sat for me, and in a little while I had made this study. I couldn't have done it without the inspiration." Paderewski often. It seems to me he has the perfection of touch. Others may have a greater technique, but they lack the quality of

greater technique, but they lack the quality of his touch. Do you understand what I mean? "What composers do I like best? Oh. Beethoven and Wagper. I don't say it to be fashionable, either. I mean it. They stir me. They are grand. I love them." When she particularly feels what she says Lotta speaks in a deep tone and in little, short sentences. She nods her head and shuts her lips tightly together. But she apparently does not cars to tak much of hersell, for she always litts her head auddenly and leads the conver-

not cars to take much of herself, for she always lifts her head suddenly and leads the conver-sation into other channels. "Now, what do you think of our dining room?" she asked, pushing the screen aside. The dining room was "a dear." and the re-porter hastened to say so. It was a large room, with a great carved sideboard of French oak while I had made this study. I couldn't have done it without the inspiration." The staircase is lighted by stained glass windows and the walls hung with original drawings by Carl Brenner, which were given to Lotta by the artist. Over the dining room is Lotta's own apartment. The long swell, with its daintily curtained windows, has an upholstered seat the whole length. Here stands the escriteire, with all the silver ac-custories for writing. On the top of it is a large doil, the second one owned by its mis-tress, it is dressed exactly as Lotta herself dresses for the part of Muscile, her favorite character. When the actress and her guests take the launch and go calling down the lake, with a great carved sideboard of French oak and the quaintest Dutch fireplace with a man-tel like the gable end of a house. The caves, as they might be called, had projections all the way to the peak of the root and on each of these was placed a teapot, forming a very unique description. The side of the room toward the lake curved out in a great swell with wide windows. Soft white muslin curtains blow in and cut of these windows and made a flutter all about Lotta's head as she enscenced take the launch and go calling down the lake, Musette is perched on the bow and holds a plate of visiting cards.

flutter all about Lotta's head as she ensconced herself on the cushioned seat which ran the length of the room. From the dining room one could step out on the wide veranda, from which flights of steps leddown to Lotta's own pier. Next came a visit to the billiard room, where a voung man in white flannel and a bright girl in a yachting suit were playing pool. The room is fluished entirely in white oak, with a heavy-timbered ceiling. A leather-cushioned bench surrounds the source where the stopa firediace and

ceiling. A leather-cushioned bench surrounds the room, except where the stona fireplace and chimney are. Outside were hammocks and steamer chairs. Inside a long passage way led back to the reception hall, which seemed to be the Rome toward which all roads led. "I'm very fond of pool," said the actress, as she watched the others play. "And I had such hard luck this morning. I was way be-hind, and I got so excited and so warm. Never mind. Better luck next time!" and she walked off to the library once more.

off to the library once more. How do you spend your time here?" asked the reporter.

"Spend my time?" echoed Lotta. "Oh. dear me! I don't know. We have breakfast before 8 o'clock, and after that I spend the morning in going up stairs and down stairs, running out to tack up some vines, and then up stairs



SOME CAFAYS IN PARIS.

LOUNGING PLACES OF THE LATIN QUARTER AND THE BOULEFARD.

An Egotist-The Invasion of Beer and Democracy - Famous Survivors from Another Time of Other Manners and Ideas.

Lotta is as ready to laugh at her own ex-pense as at anything clse. She interrupted her-self to speak to the maid behind her. "I will take a little more beat," she said. The particular kind of meat which Lotta had been enjoying was juley spring lamb, so every-body laughed when the young woman who had been phying pool said boldly: "Don't take beet. Lotta. Try some lamb," "Is it lamb?" asked the hostess, joining, with utter nonchalance, in the laugh. "You see what a gourmand I am. 1 confess I am no epicare. But whatever it is, I liked it." she said, with a sort of confidential candor. The sentiment was acceded to by all present, for the luncheon was a dainty and appetizing one. "I wasn't used to travelling with any re-sponsibility." she said, "so I never thought to have our trunks sent down to the steamer. Just as we were about to leave I discovered my oversight. Then there was a great excito-ment. Men went flying up the hill. In a few minutes they came carrying trunks out of the front door, trunks out of the back door, and cognac, and sweet after-dinner wines, like Panis, May 10,-Robert Louis Stevenson, in | Malaga, Marsala, port, and sherry, with cakes the person of Loudon Dodd, after years of and biscults. In a word, the primitive café residence and a perfect knowledge of the lan- | fare in the good old Paris which some guage, called himself only " the amateur Papeople declare they remember, was such light risian." But he lived on the south side of the refreshment as would be taken in nice fami-Seine in older Paris. There the life is diffilies between dinner and bed time. It is cuit. In the Latin quarter even students find | strange enough, therefore, that among all the there are other qualifications besides mere | notable Boulevard caffs of the present day, residence essential to the enjoyment of what I truth compels one to begin with the output of



remains of the Vie de Bohême of Henri Mura Bavarian brewery, which serves rich and ger and his friends. You cannot even enter into heavy food. the delights of the Café François Premier un-The Taverne Pousset, on the Boulevard des less you area little in touch with the deni-Italians, is in the heyday of its success; loud, zens. Yet it is one of the largest cafes over

busy, bright with electric lamps and with gayhere, with over a thousand students passing colored panels on its walls, ostentatious expense in every decoration, it is illustrative of The Café François Premier is situated on the the modern spirit coming over Paris. Though its prices are high enough, it has the humble Boulevard Saint-Michael, the "Boul'-Mich."" as they call it, and is also a resort of poets. Frankfort sausage on its card, and saucrkraut, too. It also serves a special style of onlon soup and steaming crabs, shining, red, and juicy. The crabs are served about midnight.

and the true drinks of a café are not dissimi-

lar from coffee-hot spiced wine in winter.

ices and cooling drinks in summer, liqueurs,

To one table comes a party of four, and they come with observation. The leader is a baldheaded banker, with a twitching face, white and waxy. The youngest lady is beautiful, young, with a brilliant face and red-gold hair: sho is an actress, and the other is her watchdog. The fourth is an elegant youth. "I should like one of those machines with

pheasant and truffles-those round things, you know?" explains the blonde. "I will have a beefsteak, thick and under-

done," the banker growls.

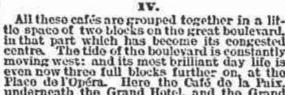


either beer or food. Essentially, it is a place for conversation, for reading and games, a place warm and bright, where the ladies of a family and ladies without family are as wel-come as the men. It requires no great con-sumption of refrashments. Café means coffee. sumption of refrashments. Café means coffee.



rn would not succeed, he unload ed it on his friend Tortoni. Tortoni prospered The great world came to him and stayed. The The great world came to him and stayed. The call became a rendervous for the Generals and Marshals of the first empire. The legend even will have it that at the beginning of cach new campaign these gentlemen would take a part-ing glass there, under the gaze of an enthusi-astic crowd, and that they were called for by the post chaises which awaited in the Rue Taitbout to take them on to victory. From generation to generation Tortoni's vogue has continued, perhaps because the place is a smail one, perhaps because the place is a small one, perhaps because the prices have niways been abominably dear. Long ago it became a rendezvous of literature, and up to a recent date the "five o'clock" of the chroniclers presented to curious passers the chroniclers presented to curious passers by, day after day, the same well-known and well-beloved faces. To-day Torton's is fading and almost finished except in name. Old clients still remain to it, among them, always easily first. Aurelien Scholl, the feuilleton-iste, who is called "the last of the boulevar-diers." As he sits with impassive and railing countenance, his single glass glued to his

ere, regarding without too much interest the afternoon tide of the boulevard, he stands, with the cafe to which he remains faithful, for a life that is passing away from the mod-crn Faris which is building up the Taverne Pousset and a dozen places like it, loud, be-dizened, absolutely comfortable, and not a little democratic. little democratic.



NEFARIOUS DOG CATCHERS.

HOW A SPUNKY YOUNG WOMAN TWICH SAVED HER*PET NEWFOUNDLAND.

Morrisonia Especially Regards the Caning Constabulary as a Common Enemy-Troubles of an Onner Whose Hig Dog Strayed to that Suburban Precinct.

Nowhere in the limits of this municipality do the dog catchers have more success of work more havee in tender feminine hearts than in the annexed district. Probably because yards are larger and streets less completely built up, more families possess dogs there than in more densely populated Manhattan Island. At least two families out of every five keep dogs, and, as some keep two or three, it might almost be said that, average ing things, every house in Morrisania has a dog. That results, naturally, it a searcity of tramps and beggare, but means a harvest for the dog catchers. As the men are mostly on Manhattan Island during the day, earning the family bread and pie, it follows that it is left to the women and children to exercise the family pets.

Miss or Mrs. doesn't like to have to keep Towser confined by a chain for various reasons affecting both herself and Towser. When the latter wants to say howdy to the bull terriar across the way, or wants to chase the cat around the corner, it is awkward and unpleasant to have him make a sudden dash that almost yanks the fingers off the hand that holds the restraining chain. At the same time the poor fellow ought to have a little run occasionally. The result is that chains 'are rarely used, and

that is where the cunning dog catchers profit. All day long the latter roam over the annexed district. One drives the cage-like wagon into which Towser is cast when caught, but the real catchers keep away from it. They know that the presence of the wagon would defeat their purpose, for no sooner is that seen than the lady catches the dog in her arms, if he is small, or by the collar if he is large, and doesn't let go, even when he tries to get away, until she has him far from all danger. Therefore the dog catchers precede their cart, armed with gloves to render harmless possible bites, and with ropes to stranglo any dog foolish enough to show fight. Because of their cunning they rarely fail to bag a good many canines, and only immediato and generous cash ransoms are suff ficient to release an unfortunate. The sight of a well-dressed woman tearfully imploring a dog catcher to give up her pet, promising almost anything, and explaining that her pocketbook is at home, and if he only will follow her to such and such a number she will shower gold upon him, is not unusual, but rarely does it avail. It's either cash or the

pound, and you "takes your choice." Sometimes there are men around, and indignation inspires them to interfere. That doesn't happon very often. but it usually results in a lively departure of the dog catchers, as the following will illustrate:

A young lady who lived cast of Willis avenue, less than a dozen blocks above the Harlem, and is the proud possessor of a handsome Newfoundland, was out walking with her pet the other day. Although pretty well trained, Mr. Newfoundland is an inquisitive animal, disposed to exchange compliments with all of his kind whom he happens to meet. Being a very strong animal he sometimes manages to do this in spite of his mistress's efforts to restrain him. On this occasion he was walking along beside her, his head well un and looking very handsome and dignified. His mistress was handsome and dignified. His mistress was feeling unusually proud of him, when suddenly's mongrel dashed across the street ahead of them. Instantly the Newfoundland was off, in spite of the lady's attempt to hold him back, and, although she hurried across the street to regain him, she would have been too late had not the deg catcher, who had been in hiding, stopped to put on his gloves. As it was, she had to run the last few steps and reach out her hand to eatch her animal before the dog catcher could lay hands on him. With the knowledge of possession came a sense of indig-nation, and, although she trembled so she could hardly stand, as she admitted afterward, she faced the dog catcher with an expression of



other gifts. In fact, these are everywhere through the house. Some of the donors she has never seen. Some of them send a remem-brance every Christmas, and all touch a very tender chord in the heart of the actress. "Are you interested in charity?" asked the reporter, and the answer was a chara teristi-cally modest one. ways admired, old, lame, broken in health, cally modest one. "Mostly in the charity of helping others to help themselves," said Lotta. She did not give any hint of the forty news-boys in New Orleans whom she annually clothed from head to foot, nor of the many other acts quite as benevolent which are placed to her credit by those who know. Out in the hall was an old-fashioned table, with the bedroom candles on it. Opposite Lotta's door was the sitting room, formerly now roaring like Silenus, now mourning like a penitent. After him there is a whole train of lessor lights, among them Jean Moréas. He is a Greek from Epirus, whose superb confidence

in and out of it in a single day.

in himself and a really wonderful ear for the sound and rhythm of French verse have given him a surprising ascendancy over the dilettante youth of the place. His moustache is waxed back, a single glass is in his eye. He walks along with the sombre face of some bird



itor to clamber out and cross the porch. It was a little thing, perhaps, but a great many more just such little things make a day at the Tryst one to be remembered with pleasure.

The house was cool and dim. The maid led the way through the quaint reception hall to the library; for in the whole house, with its eighteen rooms, there is no parlor. Perhaps no better clue to the tactes and habits of its occupants could be given. There was the reception hall, which seemed merely a sort of "cross roads" to other parts of the house; there was the library, and the music room, and the dining room: the click of balls from the billiard room came from the other end of the house, and then there was a sitting room up stairs: but no pharisaical parlor, asserting with prim superiority that it is thankful it is not as other rooms are, is to be found in the whole domain of Attol Tryst.

The library was full of quaint Oriental things. vases, draperies, and ivory carvings. The furniture of mahogany and the walls of dull blue were cool and restful. Books were piled on the tables and shelves, soft rugs lay on the pol-



shed floors, and a tempting old French escritoire stood in a corner by a window overlooking the lake. Japanese portières at the door swung back and forth in the draught and answered, with a faint clicking, the sounds from the billiard room down the hall.

Then there was a light step on the stairs, a petite figure appeared on the landing, and a moment later Lotta herself, bright and winnicz and cordial, parted the swinging portières and smiled in welcome. Few. indeed. are the scople who will need to be told that her hair is reddish brown, with a decided leaning to the first color: that her eyes are bright and brown; that her mouth is suggestive of smiles, with the lower lip ever a trifle receiling, as if in readiness for laughter; and that her figure is that of a girl of 10, only

 and take care of it as if sho were its little
 been more blas allaht train, which made her
 seen her cuty on the state made her
 and take care of it as if sho were its little
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed its and the poor folly fell of and broke its
 beta dealed information when the and state dealed at which houses?
 beta dealed information when the and state dealed of the state of th HI. The Boulevard is like a great beer garden without admission price. Neither artistic temperament nor a smattering of literature nor even a knowledge of the language is essential to its clients. To bo an "amateur Parisian" of this sort requires nothing but lefsure, money and a willingness to be amused. the alternoon. The consequence was that she was here several weeks and we never saw cach other except in the evening. "Bat that is the principle of highere at Attel Trist. We want every one to do as he pleases. We have simily and without any claborate rules. We have simily and without any claborate rules. There is the tarch bell now," she exclaimed as a musical Japanese going of a dozen different tones was tanging of a dozen different tones was tanging of the ball. "It was a fay, informal meal, well second by Do no to the reporter sexpression of satis-lighting. "We do, We don't like the city, nothing and L. Taik of civilization long found in the cities." They are horrible, with Unit stone walls and pavements and dealen-itign ises. Just listen." She hold up her finger and cosked her head foots side in that charming tashion familiar. It was agay, informal meal, well served by the time tail, and brightened by the wit and the time to the second the bostices. There is a structure the posticizes, the sound of the different balls, a girl's taint laughter this place, she said, "and we are so girl you this place," the make your checks rosy if you only stay. There is the larbarian the direction of the second balls. Cutoff the window-that was all. Lotta drew long crough." This is New Jersey: how about mos-is contined." Then, with a sublea, change "Wir, my dear," said Lotta, with a patro-Because of its reasonableness, and more easily pecially, perhaps, from the charatter of its leading supporters, the stelly its receiving more commendation from the press and sup-part from the public. It is not proposed a quixable console against advertising, but a fair their against the too utilization, but a fair their against the too utilization and the vanishing of the advertised's agents. It has a wide field, and most people would wish that similar societies should be catabled bri-and dowerk in efficier construction than Great Bri-"It seems like larbatism, the city life. This is contract." Then, with a sudden change is a schurze with a sudden change is a schurze with a sudden change is a schurze with a sudden change is the schurze with a sc The calls which play so great a part in this Boulevard life are of many styles and grades. If ford is supplied, the pince becomes a calirestaurant or a taverne: where beer is all in all, it is a brasserie. It is understood that the

at state and LOTTA'S COTTAGE.

LOTTA'S COTTAGE. and down stairs again. When we first came down I spend a week in carrying things back and forth. I see something in the library. I think I would like it better up in the sitting room. Up it goes. Something in the sitting room. I bring it. That is the way I spend my first week. After that I begin outside. I got a hammer and tacks and try to make the vines hang on the tacks without tying them. Now, you know, vines won't do it. So I spend a great deal of time that way. "Why don't I get the thread? I don't know where it is I do not like to sow. I will not sew. I would rather do any-thing else. Consequently I don't know where the thread ir. Woll after I get they driving tacks and coaxing the vines. I come in and play poc'. perhaps. Or we have a bienic, or a fishing party, cr some little ex-cursion on the lake. I have a steam launch which is known by my own name, because I am so fond of it, the launch I mean, notmy name! I have a rowboat and sallboat also, so we are well provided nautically. "Can you manage your boat?"

well provided nautically. "Can you manage your boat?" "I can steer, can't I. mother?" asked Lotta, with her merriest laugh. "You see, the last time we were out we went to call on some friends across the lake. As we came away I was so busy looking back at a very amusing performance of one of the young men that I promptly ran the boat on a rock. Mother is timid, any way, and she lost all confidence in me. I am hardly so bad as my brother, how-ever. "I know every rock in the lake!" he will remark, loftily. Just then, bump! we will ge. "There's one now!" he always says, calmly. "I have not been able to row on account of my illness, but am going to learn. "Are yougoing back on the stage soon?"

my illness, but am going to learn. "Are yougoing back on the stage soon?"⁹ "I hardly know. Every day I receive letters from people who want to join my company, but I shall not make the mistake again of acting before I am perfectly well and sirong. I thought for a while that I needed to go back on the stage; that I was homesick for it, and imagined that to be the reason why I was so depressed. I tried it, however, and found that I was wrong."

I was wrong." "And are you not homeslek for it again?" "Not a particle. In fact, it seems like a dream to me that I was ever on the stage." "By the way. Miss Loita, how did you happen to become an actress?" "I can tell you that." said Mrs. Crabtree. "She was only eight years old when she was the star of a company. She had sung at an

"She was only eight years old when she was the star of a company. She had sung at an amateur entertainment---" "Sang 'Thou Art Gone from My Gaze," in-terjected Lotta, rolling her eyes in fun. "Bho dancel a little, too: and a gentleman who saw her thought she had talent." "Heaven knows why!" exclaimed Lotta. "Heaven knows why?" exclaimed Lotta. "Heaven knows why?" exclaimed Lotta. "The Loan of a Lover,' and it was as *Gerbudh* that Lotta first appeared as an actress. That was in Fetaluma, Cal., and sho was a success from the first night." "What kind of a child had she been?" "Always very quiet. She did not care for dolls, but always had apeneil in her hand mak-ing pletures. She had only one doil. I brought that to her and told her how she must love it and take care of it as if she were its little mother. She held it a few minutes, then put it on the table. "She laid It so near the edge that the poor dolly fell off and broke its head. She never touched a doir after that. She was the most polite child I ever saw." went on Mrs. Crabirce, with genuine motherly pride. "A great deal more polite than she is now. I tell her," she added, at which Lotta laughed. "How did you endure the strain of late

Lotta's door was the sitting room, formerly the apartment reserved for Mrs. Crabtree's twin sister. This is light and airy, and has a carl table in the centre. On being pressed as to how she occupies herself. Lotta said, tri-"Sometimes I sit down and trim a hat"

plate of visiting cards. Near the escritoire stands a dainty French dressing table, and built into the wall beside it is a cabinet containing some of the many things which have been presented to Lotta by her admirers. The bed, a heavy brass one, has a canopy and valence of brocaded pink satin. On the mantel above the open grate are many other sitts. In fact, these are everywhere

a Morristown mosquito, for instance; it has an satirely different expression from the native." Lotta is as ready to laugh at her own ex-

front door, trunks out of the back door, and trunks out of the side door. They ran down the hill, getting black in the face at every

the nin, petting black in the face at every step. I inspected the trunks and found several I did not own, and did not find some which belonged to me. Back went the men and 'the other woman's' trunks. Finally, we adjusted the difficulty and the steamer started. We had lunch on deck, and I soon became con-

had lunch on deck. And 1 soon became con-scious of a young giri staring fixedly at me. I finished my lunch. Then I took the kelle. looked wildly at it, and threw it overboard. I treated the fork the same way, and sent the plate after the knife and fork. You should have seen that girl! She thought I was crazy. And then—I had to ray for the things," said

"Bometimes I sit down and trim a hat."
"Sometimes I sit down and trim a hat."
"But I thought you never sewed?"
"I don't. I just bin them together."
Thus one more accomplishment was revealed as belonging to the long list possessed by this gifted little woman. Iteally, it would have been harrowing, but she was so modest and unconscious that one forgave her her too great share of talents.
"Have you any hygienlo fads?" we asked.
"No, only to consider my health oven above my pleasure, and to forswear worry."
"Where have youfound your most enthusiastic audiences?"
"Weel, I'vo been fortunate in being enthusiastically received everywhere. London is the only city outside of America where I have played. I think that I attract women more than men, but I have agood many friends, both masculine and feminine."
Just then the hotel stage put in its unwelcome appearance. A hasty good-by was said. the stage rolled off, the occupants of Attol Tryst called gaily "Come again!" and the day with Lotta was all too quickly ended.

AGAINST VANDAL ADVERTISING.

Great Britain's Society to Deal With the Offensive Poster and Paint-pot Man.

A determined attack on what is defined as white hand. "Taking everything together." the "advertising horror" has begun in Great he adds. "Verlaine is the only French poet of Britain under the leadership of many people this time, until you come to me." of eminent artistic, literary, or social repute, "There are hundreds of anecdotes about the William Black, W. E. H. Lecky, Alfred Austin, vanity of Moréas," a young writer has related. A. Waterhouse, W. W. Hunter, and W. H. I don't assert, as has been said, that he used Flower being especially prominent in the to make his entrance to the café with a followmatter. A society has been formed, whose ing of fifty disciples. The number appears to members are to work individually and, come exaggerated; but I know there was a peoperatively to combat and check the evil of disriod in my existence when I followed him as a figuring advertisements, the end being "the page would his lord. I still see ourselves enprotecting and promoting of the picturesque tering the café, he walking upright, superb, simplicity of rural and river scenes, and the looking at no one, saluting no one, and I bedignity and propriety of our large towns." hind him like his little dog. He planted him-The society's aims are not extravagant. It self before a glass, where he contemplated himchiefly advocates a sort of local option in the self for long minutes, as if in cestasy. L like matter of ugly posters. No person joining the an imbecile, remained behind him, plunged in society is committed to every feature of the deep meditation, and thinking of nothing, as general scheme, but all are to work together you may believe. Then Moréas, proudly twirlto promote general loveliness and to conserve ing his moustache, syddenly remarked in his

the beauties of nature and art. The disfiguring effect of certain forms of advortising, and the rapid growth of the evil, have been much discussed in British newspapers of late. The patent medicine advertisement fiend has become a pest throughout the land, and the meadows, cliffs, dales, and river banks of England, the rocky glens and hillsides of Scotland and Wales, and oven the lake sides of Ireland, are boplastered with horrible prints and daubs and worded announcements of medicines and mustards, corn plasters and corsets. Scenery the most famous and romantic is made an eresore and a heartacho by disfiguring advortisements.

America is familiar with this sort of thing, and fillustration of the evil for which a remedy is sought is neediess. The so-lety recognizes the wide range of legitimate advertising, and it does not seek the abolition of the pletorial poster: rather be-lieves that in its place it is an excellent and not unlovely thing. It seeks to a tolish the atrocious posters and paintings, and to edu-cate the public mind to abhor them: but espe-cially it seeks to preserve natural and archi-tectural beauties, to keep pill placards from St. Paul's dome, and floating signboards from Loch Lomend. America is familiar with this sort of thing, and

of prey, knowing that every one is looking at him, but too disdainful to take notice of it. From the waiter he orders rum and water. "Only Verlaino and Itake this refreshment." he explains. And, removing one of his gloves, he broods with admiring eye over his fine

functeal voice. "I am beautifull I am beauti-

ful!' After that he took his usual place and

This is an artificial atmosphere. The place

is like a club for those who get any good out of

it at all, a club where only the invisible barrier

of fitness separate the sheep from the goals, the illuminated from those who walk in darkness. It is all different from the spirit of the Boulevard cafe and the whirling life of greater Paris.

had his rum and water brought him."

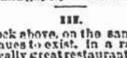


murs the attractive youth. Then the blonde begins some interminable history: "I saw Jean Richepin this afternoon, and he said," &c. Seated at another table is a young American from hills of Illineis, where he is wont to tend his father's flocks-and bank account.

tend his father's flocks-and bank account. He is a Parisian for a month, and explains the question of American pork: "When I left America pork was seven cents. That' is exceptional. With pork at seven cents all of us farmers would be rich in a few years. We can produce it at four cents with a profit: that being so, if the European tariffs were removed no man in Europe could afford to raise a pig!" The Taverne Fousset scats some 200 people at its tables on the open sidewalks and perhaps 300 on its first and second floors inside. Its



guests are of every species-family parties after the theatre, who rub clows with young creatures that call themselves "mondaines:" husbands who desert their wives for backgam-mon and dominees, provincials seeing Paris, foreigners and tourists, gilded youth who do not wish to rub off too much of their gilt with great expenses, many actors and a few poets, among them Catullo Mendes, and a scattering of long-haired youths from the environs of the Sarbonne, pretending they are indifferent to all the turmoil and gayety of the Philistine.



Only a block above, on the same Boulevard, there continues to exist. In a rather sombro state, the really great restaurant of the Mai-son Dorce. A low steps further on you have



Tortoni's-the old and original Tortoni's. Nearer yet is the Calé Anglais, now a stock concern, and the great Calé Anglais, now a stock concern, and the great Calé Anglais struggles is a faded dower: the Calé Anglais struggles on in a rich silence: and there is solitude te-fore the Maison Dorée. But at midnight you see a hundred cabs huddled before this Tay-erne l'ousset, where it belenes forth its noise and light and the mixed conversation of its many-sided elientage. It is not that such rather democratic places have taken the cas-tem of the higher and more exclusive restau-rants and cales. The patronage has not changed hands. Simply you has increased and the others have declined. The star of democracy is rising. and the others have declined. The star of democracy is tising. At the Café Blehen different set of people rather, people of perhaps a higher grade, cer-tainly of nore distinguished and more settled appearance. There is supply any been and what there is only insmall and slender glasses, but there is much alrinthe to the atterneon, and small, slight drinks at hight. It is a reser-faced and silent, who tend the Localist Genous or the eminently respectable Republican Troop a The lattice who come are of tash world and the best of each, but they following the restar-tant department is to than the cash reserve. In its air the Cafe Riche are purporties that simple original idea of a cafe has nothing to do with | some ten tables are crowded together before a

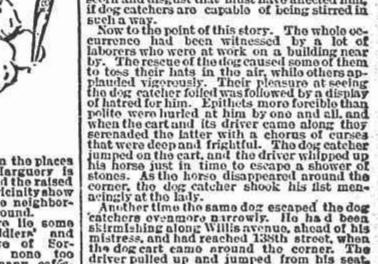
centra. The tide of the boulevard is constantly moving west: and its most brilliant day life is even now three full blocks further on, at the Place de l'Opéra. Here the Café de la Paix, underneath the Grand Hotel, and the Grand Café still further west, entertain a chie and worldly set of ultra-fashionable café patrons, diluted with a vast amount of tourists. Thirty years ago the great life of this splendid street was further cast by a full mile and a half. At the Boulevard Sebastopol there is still great light and noise, but it is no longer greater Paris: while between Pousset's, in the thick of it, and the Porte Saint-Denis the Boulevard and its cafés dwindle regularly nud perceptibly. A hundred or more spread their cool awnings and attractive tables; they prosper on the clientage of the neighborhood (the true idea of a café), and only differ in a the true idea of a cafe), and only differ in a

something that is indefinable from the places further west. The Restaurant Marguery is still a place for great banquets, and the raised terraces and open sources of t's vicinity show how pleasant must have been the neighbor-

terraces and open sources of the vicinity show how pleasant must have been the neighbor-hood when it was the Faris playground. In this direction, however, there lie some special cafes, like that soldiers and schoolboys' resort. "The Cave of Sor-ceries," whose delights are none foo preclous; and northeast are many cafes-concerts and general dives, many of which are patronized by people from all over Paris. There are cafes which have a special reputation, good or bad, either by reason of the character of their frequenters, the style of fur-nishing, the name, and a hundred other things depending on the temper of the times, the special aptitude of the proprietor, accident of location, and the like. One café will be nearly empty throughout the day and do most of its trade between the acts of a near-by theatre. This eastern end of the Boulevard contains many of the latter kind, grouping themselves around the theatres of the Hennissance. Perto St. Martin, the Gymnase, the Folies Drama-tiques, and the Ambigu. They shore are cafes and cafes. They have varied names and attributes, but one great spirit broods over them all-a spirit that is







mistress, and had reached 138th street, when the dog cart came around the corner. The driver pulled up and jumped from his seat. He would have secured him surely had the dog not swerved as he reached for him, and his mistress caught him before the dog catcher could turn. When the latter saw her holding the dog by the collar with her left hand, her right clasping a heavy leather whip, and her oyes blazing, no puckered his lips and re-turned to his cart. The general interest in dogs and the sym-pathy for their owners which exist in Morris-ania were manifested recontly in a curious way.

pathy for their owners which exist in Morris-ania were manifested recently in a curious way. A gentleman who was about to depart for the country, and had overything in readiness, al-lowed his dog, a valuable animal, to go out into a vacant lot in front of the house. The dog had been in the haht of going there and had never strayed away, but on this important occasion he misbehaved, and just when the family was ready to start he disappeared. The neighbors be-came aware of the fact through the simultaneous appearance in the street bored map. The women were the mistress of

The same of the data through the second during the same of the data through the same of the data through the same of the same of the data through the same of the s





"You may give me some crevettes," mur-



ETLELING HEILIG. | left. Ain't he handsome i"