

THE MANSION OF THE FORTY GATES

BY RICHARD SPILLANE.

FOR a woman of her years Milady is as vain as any of her sex. For 50 years she has been one of the leaders of the inner circle of New York society. She is as dainty as a piece of Dresden china and as imperious as a queen. Half a century ago, when she was married, she was the belle of Manhattan. Every good gift had been showered upon her. It seemed as if she was the most favored of human beings. Added to her charm of conversation, her natural grace, her distinguished manner, she had a wonderful mind. She possessed a rare appreciation of beauty in arts and crafts, in color and form. There was no girl of her day who knew so much of music or painting, of the drama, of literature, of philosophy.

As the bells of New York she had all the best of the day at her feet. She married the handsomest and most promising of New York's young business men. They moved into a mansion that is now looked upon as little and old, and far down town, but was esteemed palatial in that bygone day. It was the gift of an admiring uncle. When Milady entered it as a bride it was embellished in roses, and the crack military organization of the city turned out and serenaded the young pair in honor of the occasion. Good fortune smiled yet more upon this happy bride and bridegroom. The old uncle died and left all his wealth to Milady. The young husband used this fortune most wisely; he started modestly as a banker in the Wall-street district. Everything that was touched literally seemed to turn into gold. He amassed millions on millions, and as old age crept on Milady's husband became a man of vast power and prestige in the community. He was a director on the boards of many railroads, a capitalist of international reputation, a man of the highest integrity and standing throughout the world.

While her husband was heaping up his millions Milady was developing into one of the most prominent figures in American social and artistic life. No children had blessed the pair, and she had plenty of time to indulge her bent for painting, for sculpture, for gems, for everything that could delight the eye of an artist or a connoisseur. They moved from the mansion down town to a palace on Murray Hill, and there in a great lofty room were hung the master works of great painters. Placed with the most exquisite taste were gleaming marbles from the hands of sculptors long dead and from those who had achieved great fame in the generation in which Milady lived. In glass-covered cases, quantities carved, were priceless porcelains, jades and gems from overseas. At one end of the room was a temple in miniature—an architectural jewel wrought by some patient artist centuries ago in far-off Hindostan. Enthroned within this temple's shrine was an image of Buddha—the calm-eyed deity of the East which typifies the spirit that is unaltered by the touch of good fortune and unmoved by the crumbling of earthly possessions. The treasures that this gallery held Milady expended millions.

Great as was her passion for the collection of the wonders of art or of antiquity, that of her husband in the same direction was hardly less pronounced. They were in perfect accord, but through a strange whim of the husband everything that went into the home, the everything that went into the home, the

house itself—a magnificent palace in the most solid part of the golden city—was put in Milady's name. This was because the husband's wealth had come practically from her or through her.

She was like a princess or a queen. She held her court once a week in the splendid hall of her museum. There the men and women who were greatest in art, in literature or in achievement gathered. An invitation from Milady was a great honor, a mark of respectability and standing. Her dinners were intellectual as well as gastronomic delights. She was the most charming of hostesses. There was no home in New York this seemed so well balanced, so harmonious, so perfect in every detail, and there seemed to be no couple in all the great city so well mated and so perfectly in accord. Of the 25 servants one had been with the family from the day Milady and her husband had been married, 50 years before, and the latest comer among the domestics had been at least five years in Milady's service. They had a yacht and a country house. Milady, like every fashionable woman, dressed magnificently. It was not that she wore the latest fashions, but that she wore clothes that were in shades of lavender, of every blue and texture that would enhance her great beauty. Her caskets of jewels were full almost to overflowing. Few women in all the spending-thrift city could equal her collection of gems. Some were in quaintest settings, in cunningly wrought marvels of the goldsmith's art. She had gems to match the various costumes that she wore. Her wardrobe represented a fortune in itself and would ravish the eyes of any woman.

But in a closet near to those in which hung her wonderful gowns was the skeleton of Milady's house. There was not one skeleton, but 40. The 40 skeletons were canes. For Milady had one great sorrow. Milady was a trifle lame, and all her life, from the day when a few years after her marriage she had had a fall that had turned the whole current of her life, she had had to wear a cane. But with her vanity no one except her husband and few of the servants who were admitted into her chamber ever knew it. With a skill that was past understanding, she concealed this little physical defect. For every gown that she wore she had a cane that matched it perfectly in hue and in every gown that she had made there was a cleverly concealed slit, large enough to admit her hand, so that she could grasp the cane that was concealed beneath her skirt. For more than two-score years she deceived the cleverest eyes in New York, eyes of the fashionable world, whom she met day after day. Proud, austere and imperious, she held her court. The amount of dexterity she had to display to keep up this deception, the amount of money she had to expend in having these canes made and in getting them of the exact shade that she wished, was probably within a parallel in the life of any woman in New York.

There was another sorrow to enter into Milady's life, and that came a few years ago. Perhaps she grew old faster than her husband, but at any rate, she was not as devoted to her duties as he was. Milady noticed it, she was too proud to show it, and month by month she drifted further and further apart. He with a touch of senility that is shown by even some of the best balanced of old men, was caught up by the glam-



or of the footlights. He became familiarly known among the young girls as "the old man." There was nothing bad about him—he was just a little coldishness in his old age—the embers in the ashes of his life were crackling and sparkling again for a brief season before they died out entirely.

Doubtless nothing ever would have

been heard about it if it had not happened that one day New York was shocked by a tragedy of unusual importance. A great man, a very great and famous man, was shot to death by a young millionaire as the result of a quarrel over a woman. When Milady's husband heard of the tragedy he fainted. He saw at once—or thought he saw—the remotest connection with the tragedy. He had been simply an

occasional companion of the man who had been slain, and an innocent participant in some of the rather gay meetings of which the famous man had been fond. But Milady's husband was obsessed with the fear of exposure. He forgot business, forgot society, forgot home—everything—in his effort to keep his name from being mentioned in connection with the people concerned in the terrible affair. He employed lawyers, politicians and others to use their influence to protect him from exposure. They took his money. They did nothing. Some of them, knowing his state of mind, started others to frighten him still further, and he became one of the richest pickings that the swarm of vampires ever had in New York. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the man was tortured by these blood-suckers tearing at his bosom.

Just when his mind was in its greatest turmoil, when he was the most sorely distressed, a panic of unusual violence visited Wall street. His business needed his very best care and attention, but his fancied fear filled his mind to the exclusion of everything else. Had his brain been as clear and his judgment as calm as in former days, he might have set his house in order without a bit of trouble and have weathered the storm. But with hundreds of thousands of dollars that he had thrown away to the flock of vampires that hung about him continually and with his business affairs upset and in disorder, he suffered one severe financial loss after another. He made feeble efforts, it is true, to stem the tide, but his former courage and ability seemed to have deserted him and he sank deeper and deeper into the mire of failure. The more he was beset in Wall street the more the blackmailing vampires pressed him close. He was literally between the devil and the deep sea, and one day the city was astounded and Wall street shocked by the news of his failure.

It was a crushed and broken old man that went to Milady's palace in the most golden part of golden New York that evening, and it was a poor old creature who sank abjectly on his knees and with tears in his eyes sobbed out his whole pitiful story to Milady of the 40 canes. He did not spare himself. He omitted no part of the story of his foolish flutters in the footlights' glare, of his senile feelings, or of anything over which he felt poignant sorrow or shame. How it did not seem to be news to proud Milady. She listened in silence to her white-haired husband—silence that had something of scorn and something of pity in it. She had not been blind—women see more than men think they do and know more of their follies. For 50 years he had been supreme in that household, but from that hour the house had a new master. When he finished his confession Milady waited a long time before making any comment. Her face was white and drawn, but a very determined tone.

"There is only one thing to do," she said. "We must sell all and pay every dollar of our own debt." "All?" he repeated. "It is my debt, not yours. Everything that is here is yours—not mine. You owe nothing." "What you owe I owe," she said decisively, "and every debt that you have must be paid."

At once she took the whole affair into her own hands. She immediately set about arranging for the sale of the vast

accumulation of treasures that she had heaped up all through the years. She had everything catalogued; each object—painting, sculpture, work of cunning craftsmen that had a history—had its story told in a way that would most enhance its value. She developed an aptitude for business that was surprising in one who had known the word business solely as an excuse or as something sorrowful to be mentioned in her life of ease and pleasure.

She put on the market the palace and all its costly contents; she sold her yacht, her country house, everything. A quickly as the money came in it went to satisfy her husband's creditors.

As the day set for the beginning of the sale of the art objects in her museum approached Milady grew busier and busier. Her husband sank deeper and deeper in despondency and dejection while the day before the one announced for the sale Milady made a tour through her museum. The temple that had been like a shrine to her she looked on for the last time. Perhaps a fresh courage filled her indomitable soul as she contemplated the calm-eyed figure of Buddha, impassive under good and evil fortune. The paintings and the sculptures that had been her comfort and her joy for nearly two generations she looked on with tear-dimmed eyes, scarce seeing their familiar outlines. At last, with one final lingering glance that embraced all the lofty gallery golden in the light of the afternoon sun, she said a mute farewell and closed the door.

Then she came to her handsome head and stood erect and imperious as ever, once more. She sent one of the servants that still remained to summon her husband. Easier in the day, without his knowledge, all his personal belongings had been packed and sent away. When he came feebly in Milady asked him to drive with her. Down the steps of the mansion they went arm in arm, he leaning on her. She, though crippled, was the stronger of the two. A moist couple was waiting—the little carriage that held but two that they had purchased many, many years ago when they were young—bride and bridegroom together. On the box sat old James, the servant who had been with them through all their 50 years of wedded life.

Milady helped her husband in and then took a seat by his side. James needed no directing, and started away without a word. As the ancient couple moved away, the old man looked at her and it was half of three-quarters of an hour before he awakened. When he opened his eyes the coupe had stopped, the door was opened, his wife was standing on the pavement calling to him to alight. He got up rather drowsily and stepped out.

"What is it, my dear? Where are we?" he asked. "Home," she answered. The old man looked up and gazed around in astonishment for a moment. At first he saw nothing familiar. But suddenly a shaft of recognition entered his mind. His eyes were wet, and once more he took his wife's arm. Together the two old people went up the steps, James stood at the top holding open the door. Milady and her husband had returned to the home that they had entered half a century before as bride and bridegroom.

Milady's spirit is proud and imperious still. She dresses all in black now. She has cast aside all her forty canes, but one and that matches exactly the somber color of her attire.

VOTERS SOLVE LIQUOR PROBLEM

Successful Regulation of Saloons Secured by Public Opinion Actively Expressed.

BY JOSEPH D. HOLMES.

Chairman of the "Citizens' Committee of Fifty," of Orange, N. J.

SENATOR COLBY, speaking before a church club in Newark, N. J., on the lessons of the last local elections, when the reform forces were apparently defeated, advised the formation of a sort of vigilance committee, to follow up the workings of the county officials and the sheriff's office, and to compel a stricter enforcement of the law.

Most willing and efficient of city officials need, and often welcome, such a valid expression of public opinion as is afforded by volunteer organizations. The writer thinks that the work of voters' leagues and similar bodies in general is too diffuse, or, in other words, is spread too thin; and the workers, not seeing results immediately achieved, or, their forces meeting defeat at an election, become disheartened and disorganized, and all too frequently disband and give up the struggle. It is the purpose of this paper to suggest to those interested in civic improvement, and especially to those hoping for better municipal government, that the more scientific plan of specialization of effort will often accomplish the desired result with a minimum of machinery and a consequent economy of effort. The writer describes an actual experiment.

The citizens' committee of fifty of Orange, N. J., was organized after several conferences with the board of directors of the "The Liquor Problem in Orange." It was named, of course, for the famous committee of fifty, of which ex-President Eliot is chairman, having for its purpose the study of the same problem. Our committee was organized on the basis of a membership of the pastors of 16 churches, with two laymen from each church, and the committee acts either as officer or on the executive committee. The membership has changed somewhat in the 15 years of the committee's existence, as there are no strict rules concerning it, but the basis is practically the same.

The committee concerns itself only with the liquor question. At its inception there were 115 saloons in Orange, and the license fee was only \$300. Previous to this time licenses had been granted freely by the Common Council, on petition of six propertyholders, and were seldom refused. An enabling act having passed the Legislature, the Council divested itself of its licensing power, placing it with a board of excise, consisting of three members, appointed by a Judge of the County Court. This body has supreme power in granting all licenses and fixing the license fee.

Realizing that the first step toward abating the saloon evil was to reduce the number of saloons by increasing the license fee, the committee prepared petitions asking for an increase to \$500. Orange is a manufacturing town with a population of about 25,000, a large foreign element and a considerable colored colony. Prohibition was not thought of. Even as the result of local option, it has been the opinion of those best advised that "speak eases," "cel-

lar kitchens" and the "boot-legger" would be the inevitable result of closing all saloons. The recent legislative investigation shows that this is the case in the rural counties of Southern New Jersey. On the other hand, there was no question but that drink-ling was the disinclination of the character of the saloon raised, on the average, by a reduction in the number. The petitions were signed by every civic body in the Orange section, the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., the Children's Association, the Protective Society, the New England Society, the Trustees of the Orange Memorial Hospital, and some 20 others, many amending the petition and asking for an immediate increase in the fee to \$500. The petition was also signed by every clergyman in the community, including the Roman Catholic priest and the Jewish rabbi.

At first the petition was rejected. It was opposed by the saloon-keepers, and the board claimed that there was no public demand for the change. It also questioned whether increasing the cost of the license would decrease the number of saloons, as many of them were owned by breweries which were unable to stand the increase. Changes occurred in the personnel of the board. A tentative increase was made, then revoked, then adopted at \$300. It is now \$400, and will probably be raised to \$500.

The committee does not claim credit for these changes. Public sentiment has grown, but the committee is always there to voice public sentiment, and to keep its first demand from being forgotten. The next feature of the work is in regard to infractions of the law. All police complaints are brought to the attention of the board at its monthly meetings. Soon after the organization of the committee a conference was held with the executive committee of the Liquor Dealers' Association of Orange. The members told the committee that they pledged themselves to obey the law not to sell to minors, not to sell to habitual drunkards or disorderly persons, and also to discipline any member found guilty of such infractions. They have also volunteered to assist in the prosecution of those guilty of these offenses. Nothing was said at this time about Sunday closing. Sunday selling behind closed doors was all but universal.

The "bishop's law," so-called, has changed all that. A simple clause requiring all screens to be removed from doors and windows and further clause forbidding the sale of liquor in back rooms with plenty of revocation of license, stopped the Sunday business at once. The Orange Liquor Dealers' Association promptly passed a resolution requiring obedience to the law.

This is not the place to discuss liquor laws, the only object of this paper being to show that public opinion, being actively expressed and kept before public eyes by a summons issued to this effect by the unofficial expressions of organized good citizenship, and the burden of proof is placed upon those who wish to see a different state of affairs.

Why should not this be done in any locality by specialized committees, not vigilance committees looking for wrong-do-

ing, but vigilant committees looking for better things in the different municipal activities? A municipal league to follow up all charges proposed or desired, affecting the appearance of the city, the division of sanitation society with an executive committee to attend to all stated meetings of the boards of health; a society of insurance men who would take an interest in the local fire department; these are a few random suggestions. The Home and School Association, bringing parent, school and teacher together, is a successful form of voluntary unofficial organization. It disclaims all idea of interfering with teachings or curriculum.

A word as to the machinery and organization. That of the Citizens' Committee of Fifty is of the simplest. No monthly meetings, but always some of the executive in attendance at the regular meetings of the Board of Excise; an annual meeting for the election of a chairman, vice-chairman, secretary and treasurer.

The number of saloons has now been reduced to 85, and the reduction will continue, probably, until there is one for each 50 of population. There is not a disorderly house, a slot machine, or gambling device within the city limits. No dancing or musical instruments are permitted in any saloon; there are no back rooms, no resorts for women and the saloons are orderly and law-abiding above the average. And one reason is that any infraction of the law will be followed by a prompt complaint to the Board of Excise, in the name of the "Citizens' Committee of Fifty."

On Vacation.

It certainly surprises me to see the office get along. I go away two weeks to stay, yet matters don't go very wrong. It certainly surprises me to see the office lose a clerk.

Of my estate and wondrous weight, and yet keep up the current work.

You'd think the boss to fill the gap would hire two husky workers, say, At least employ a man and boy to do my work while I'm away.

He doesn't do a blooming thing, a foolish man, as you'll agree. Yet things wag on when I am gone; it certainly surprises me.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The driving wheels of a locomotive average 20 feet in circumference.

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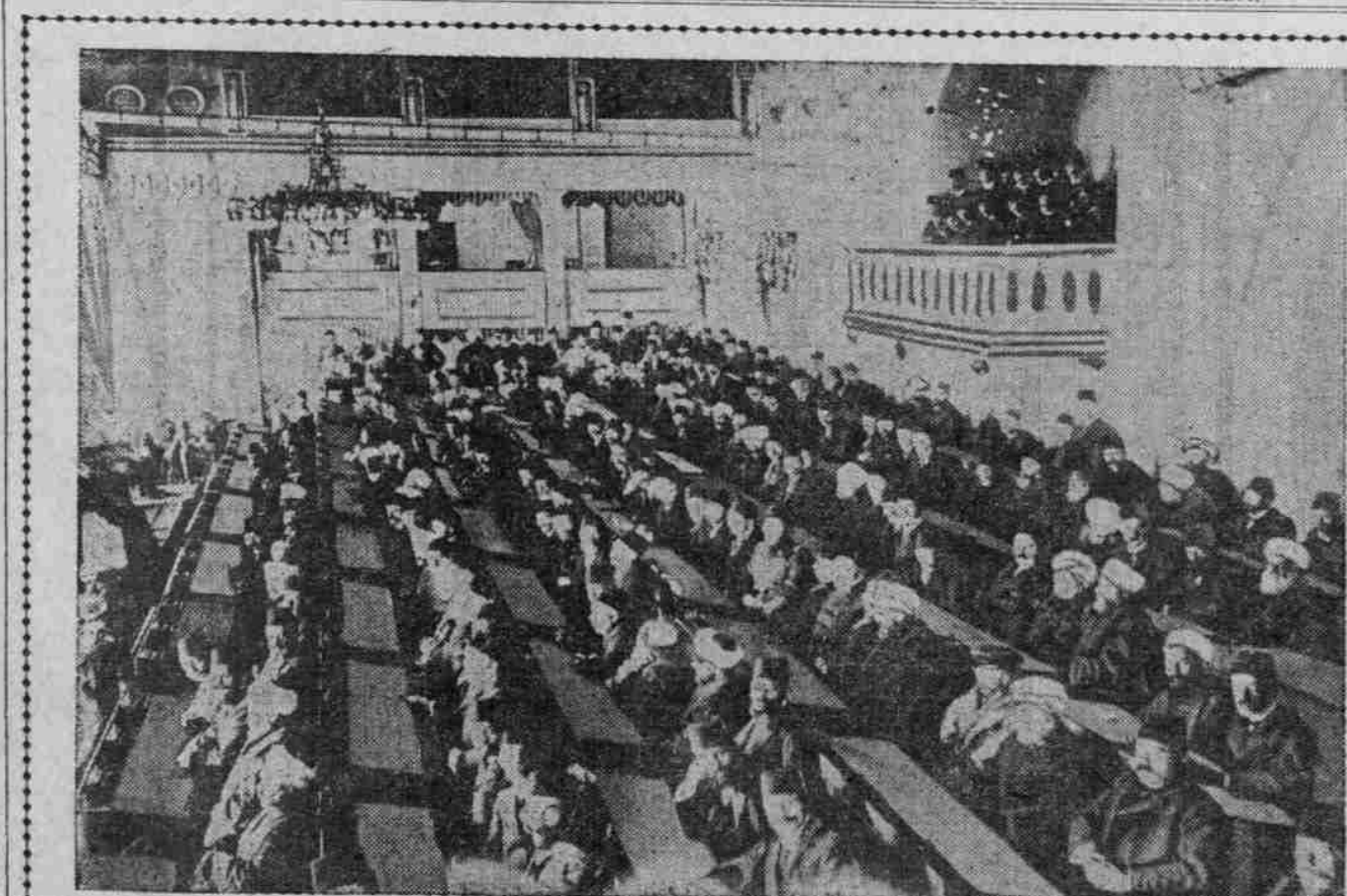
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FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT IN SESSION. NEW YORK, July 10.—(Special.)—This is the first picture of the Turkish Parliament in session. This Parliament constituted under the edict of Abdul Hamid's father, which was enforced only last year, was one of the main factors in bringing about the overthrow of that monarch. Abdul's downfall by the way has just been made almost ridiculous by a summons issued to this ex-shadow of the Almighty to answer in court at Salonica for damages suffered by a firm of merchants which he automatically drove out of business. The Turkish Parliament was intended by the Sultan to satisfy the demands of the Young Turks for a time and lull them into inaction. But the spirit of independence was abroad in Turkey and the Parliament proved too big and energetic for Abdul Hamid to handle. It proved to be actually what it was intended to be an entering wedge for reform in the administration of Turkish affairs.

Machines That Do Not Fly

More Than 200 Constructed as Rivals to Wright Brothers.

It has been remarked that if all the flying machines off duty should suddenly take to the air there would be an aerial fleet enough to fortify every coast in the world, to give nothing of the fright it would give the inhabitants. It is estimated that there are now more than 200 flying machines constructed in the United States and with the exception of the Wright brothers only one other inventor has actually flown in public. The desire to conquer the air is as contagious as measles, and almost every town boasts of an inventor who is sure that he has solved the problem.

Every one of these 200 machines, according to the inventor, is going to fly as soon as the proper time can be had and the weather will permit of flying. The failures that are being charged up against the weather man and the engine-builders would melt a heart of stone. The engines are either too heavy or too light, and the wind will insist upon blowing in the wrong direction.

New York is favored in having a colony of inventors. There are at present more than 20 of its inventors constructing wings with which they hope to fly. They vary in the best method of obtaining flight, and the assortment of ideas would make the tongues of Babylon seem like one language. One of them will tell you he intends to soar by the monoplane route, while another will say that the monoplane is all wrong and that he has solved the problem in a biplane, and another is sure that the only safe and sure means of flight is the triplane.

A wise and observing inventor has copied a bird and calls it an ornithopter. "We all know the bird can fly," says this inventor, "and of course I am right." This particular bird has never tried its wings, but there may be a reason for this. The inventor had been finished the inventor discovered that in order to get the bird out it would be necessary to remove the roof. A better idea struck him, so he cut the bird apart and fastened it together after it was in the air. The bird evidently resented the treatment and he ventrally refused to soar. Another tells you that he has great confidence in his glider because it has been tried on the family dog and it worked fine. "You see," he said, "I didn't want to go up in it myself until I was sure that there was no danger, so I sent the dog up and he came down all right." By said down all right he further explained that the dog in a first-class high jumper and landed on his four feet instead of his head. The dog made so successful a flight that his owner has since been giving exhibitions with him at country fairs.

Occasionally a bit of tragedy creeps into a situation. One inventor claims that after his machine has been tuned up for a flight a jealous rival invaded his shed at night and tampered with it so that he would have been killed had he attempted to fly. Do these inventors show signs of jealousy? You should talk to one of them. He will confide to you that he is the discoverer of the whole business and any ideas

the other fellow may have been stolen from him. Usually a man who attempts to build a flying machine terms himself a genius, but occasionally a chap comes around looking for information, and to supply this demand a school of people were up in the master, while much interest in the subject of aeronautics, has really been constructed a means of flight.

A visitor to the school was much impressed by the inventor's modesty, that dangled from the walls and the learned explanation of the problem given by the professor, who made it so simple that almost any child could take wings by giving the subject a few days' thought. Outside the building the visitor was shown how distance and height made by the machine are estimated. A great tall pole tabulated intervals showed how the height was calculated, while the distance was estimated by the inventor's own calculations. The visitor, not wishing to miss an opportunity to witness a real flight, asked the professor to demonstrate one of his models, but it seemed all this working model was off duty on this particular day.

An Economic Experiment.

Mister Otto Knows-better was an economic chap. With a well-developed liking for a dollar in his trap.

He was wont to ponder wisely, with his fingers in his hair. On the subject of expenses that an honest man must bear, he was a philosopher. And the one that most distressed him, even to giving him a shock, was the awful cost of fodder he was forced to feed his stock.

Now, we know the ancient fable of the man who fed his steed on a simple sawdust diet and had made the same success.

As a steady equine ration—if the victim hadn't died; And he knew that plan was useless, and devoted to the same beside. So he figured out a process, widely different from that. Whereby he could save his pocket and his cattle keep their fat.

—Chicago News.