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**OTHER'S PURSES THINNED**

**Guesses of the Lucky Few—Extreme Touch Elbows in Downtown Clubs—Millionaire Singers in New York Opera—Rush to Europe Breaks Records**

NEW YORK, March 23.—Out of the ruck of the broken stock market have come many stories as to the fortunes won by the lucky few who succeeded in calling the turn. As usual these guesses include everybody from hotel waiters and the obscure little side-street Brooklyn grocer who with blind fatalism sold the market short and cleaned up from \$10,000 to \$50,000 on the final adjustment, to the old and experienced operators whose nerve and judgment has been tested in many a previous campaign against heavy odds. Prominent among the prize-winners are listed Judge William H. Moore and Daniel G. Reid of the Rock Island crowd, who knowing brokers, say foresaw the crash as long ago as last summer and began to go short of the market. Three-quarters of a million is the accepted estimate of the winnings of Lawrence Waterbury, who for months has been selling the market as enthusiastically as he ever played polo; but, inasmuch as Mr. these trying days at Palm Beach, the estimate is unconfirmed. From the outset it has been taken for granted that a large part of the total decline represents the paper profits stripped from the mighty, although the men hit hardest are believed to be the financiers with fortunes ranging from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. The most remarkable features of the whole affair have been the surprisingly quick recovery and the equally surprising fact that but one firm of brokers was unable to stand and deliver on the morning after the crash.

When the gigantic terminal building of the McAdoo tunnels under the Hudson river is completed, the extremes of metropolitan life will touch elbows in two unique clubs formed in the financial district. One of them is the Railroad Club, which will be one of the greatest aggregations of millionaires in the world. Its luxurious quarters will be on the twenty-first and twenty-second floors, whence it will overlook with a watchful and dominant eye the converging tides of

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commerce flowing into the city through river and harbor and the thousands of miles of railroads which stretch away in every direction from the Jersey shore. There are no luxurious appointments, not even a meeting room, for the "Hot Air Club" of "sandwich" men, and the only dues are the pennies extracted from the members present to buy beer when the club assembles in a nameless little alley on Cedar Street, almost within the shadow of its wealthy neighbor. A "sandwich" man is an individual whom hard luck and an unwillingness to beg compels to parade the streets literally sandwiched between two bill boards or carrying an advertising sign high above his head for the modest stipend of \$1 per diem. A community of misery has led these luckless individuals to select as their meeting from wintry blasts by tall buildings, through which a current of hot air from the engine room of the Equitable Building affords some slight degree of comfort. Here the sandwich men congregate daily, sometimes a bare half dozen, sometimes twenty or more, under the presidency of "Old Sam," who has no other name among his confederates, although his manner and speech betray signs of better days.

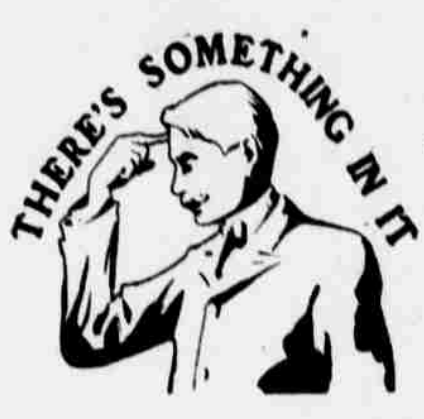
All the lesser titles of nobility have become so common in New York that even a royal duke excites little more than passing comment; but a real, live, truly sworn and duly authenticated king, living in New Jersey and doing business in an office on Broadway, is a good deal more interesting. This is King Stephen Dusanovic, scion of the house of Dusan, who during the past two years has organized about him a junta of Servians, with a smattering of Americans, which, with New York as headquarters, has been working actively for the overthrow of King Peter while awaiting a favorable moment to return to Serbia and claim his own. It is stated by certain Servians here that within three months King Stephan has taken the oaths of office as ruler of Serbia, and that his claims to the blood-stained throne of Alexander have been revived and sanctioned by ecclesiastical authorities in Serbia. It is further said that the government of the United States and all the governments of Europe have had their official attention called to the fact that King Stephan Dusanovic is the only lawful ruler of Serbia, and that favorable answers have been received from some of the European governments which have never recognized the kingship of Peter Karageorgevitch and have refused to be represented at the Court of Belgrade.

One more landmark of old New York has disappeared before the march of progress. This time it is the Hotel Griffou in West Ninth street which has fallen upon evil days. In a generation when Fifth Avenue and Main Street was not too far down town, the Hotel Griffou was a resort for Cuban patriots, painters, writers, and sculptors, and it is safe to say that no other hostelry in the city has numbered among its guests so large a proportion of well-known people. The walls of the office and corridors are crowded thick with likenesses of famous men and women who were honored guests in the great days of the past. There were Antonio Maceo, President Palma, Mlle. Aime, Ange Castaigne, William M. Chase, Augustus St. Gaudens, Carroll Beckwith, and Guy Wetmore Carryl. W. Emmet Moore, the Irish patriot, was long ago a frequenter of the house, and Josiah Flint, until he died, and more than once the place has figured in the tales of Thomas Janvier. But Mme. Marie Griffou died last April and its glory began to wane. A murder and suicide in one of the rooms last October, hastened its downward course, which Oliver Herford, the artist, tried to arrest by organizing a club of fellow artists to frequent the house. But it was without avail, and a week ago the house was closed through the attempt of the State Board of Excise to collect the license fee.

There are now singing in New York twelve grand opera artists whose wealth aggregates more than \$12,000,000. The list is headed by Mme. Nel-

lie, Melba, whose salary of \$3,000 a night is the highest ever paid in the profession, although Caruso is making a desperate effort to equal it next season. Mme. Melba's fortune is conservatively estimated at \$4,000,000 of \$5,000,000, three-fourths of which is said to be invested in rare gems, of which she has a remarkable collection. Emedeo Bassi, the Italian tenor, is believed to be worth at least \$2,000,000, and Mme. Sembrich accounts for \$1,500,000 more. The remaining \$4, among a number of less prominent lights in the operatic firmament, like Mario Ancona and Mario Sammarco, the Italian baritone; Mme. De Cheneros, who enjoys the unique distinction of being a native American; and Senors Caruso and Bonci. Whatever the American dramatic star may be, and usually, in spite of a high salary, he has to borrow money to get through the summer, the European singer is frugal beyond the point where appearances must be kept up for their advertising value. There is not a star at either the Manhattan or the Metropolitan Opera House this season who could not afford a steam yacht or the finest private car ever set upon wheels but real estate and government bonds seem to be more popular forms of investment among the members of the profession.

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