



AMMANATSCHE

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EVEN for the Waldorf-Astoria the corridors were unusually crowded, the carriages unusually numerous. Upstairs the much heralded fair for the benefit of the Stuyvesant Home for Crippled Children was in full swing, and the excitement of it rippled to the furthest corners of the huge cavernous cafe. The cafe was full to overflowing, and Auguste, only the blue Swiss eyes betraying the fires that burned within, hurried to and fro, listening eagerly, while he carefully served his patrons, for scraps about the married upstairs. If he could only see it! His old dreams of sitting himself at a little table ordering drinks with a languid air and listening to the music at his ease, all these idle fancies merged into one desire: to see the fair, the smart women, the gorgeous clothes. But he might just as well wish for the stars to make a coronet for his Julie, who was waiting for him so faithfully. Julie did not sympathize with Auguste's aspirations. Just enough money to buy a little shop in which she could be mistress and deal out her wares to busy customers was her dream. She would enjoy dazzling the neighbors—yes, why not—but things more substantial appeared first.

It was growing late in the afternoon when into the cafe came Jerry Delafield and several other young men. He held up his finger for Auguste, who hurried to answer.

"Five, and quick, please," was the order.

Tom Hathaway, who was fairly bubbling over with laughter, leaned across and struck Delafield on the back.

"Yes, you better; \$20 for two chances on a bum motor car!"

"One can't refuse a woman," Delafield began stiffly. "I'm sick of this raggin'. Darn the old tickets, anyway; I don't want them; hate motors, too; always running away or blowing up."

"Give the tickets to somebody, then," interposed Melton; "because you're beauly rich, the rest of us aren't."

Delafield shook his head.

"Not to any of you after the row you've made. I know, I'll give them to Auguste."

"To Auguste," echoed the crowd.

"Sure," with restored good humor.

"Here, Auguste, here are tickets for a raffle," he explained, as the man looked puzzled. "The winner will be drawn tonight. I hope you get it. The prize is a motor car."

Auguste caught his breath. A motor car! And he stood a chance of getting it! His manner was more smooth than ever as the evening advanced, but his mind was in a ferment. What number would come up? And then a horrible thought grew; should his number be drawn, how was he to know!

The sight of Jerry Delafield in the doorway glancing eagerly about the room, gave him a sudden shock; for a full moment his heart stopped beating, then it sank to his boots. It could not be for him that Delafield was searching. He glided quietly forward, and halted a few paces away. Delafield dashed forward.

Auguste, you are wanted in the ball room.

In the ball room! Auguste had never even been there but once when the lights were out and the boxes shrouded with cloths. He stammered and shook his head.

"My work—Mr. Oscar—"

"Oh, Oscar will let you off for a minute," Delafield beckoned to Oscar and spoke a few words. Oscar smiled.

"Anything to oblige you, Mr. Delafield. But you won't keep him too long!"

"No."

The next minute Auguste found himself in fairyland. Gay booths lined the walls of the big room. Beautiful women in shimmering satins and jewels filled the boxes, whirling dancers slid over the polished floor. Auguste sighed with ravished eyes, but Delafield steadily led the way to the end of the wonder—a great red motor car. Auguste felt his head pain. This, then, was the prize, this splendid thing with its gorgeous

paint and glittering brass. How magnificent. And people actually rode in such things. He touched it with awe. But a man in front was speaking, and Auguste listened. What were the incredible words he was saying: "The winner of this motor car holds the ticket 721. Will the winner please step forward."

As if in a dream Auguste felt himself shoved along, while the people looked into his face and applauded. The man waved a hand toward the stupendous machine.

"This is yours," he said.

Auguste listened in stunned silence. His "fairer you, sir," he said mechanically. The machine was his; he had won. They all said so, cheering and clapping. These ladies and gentlemen were cheering him, his good fortune, his unpeakable good luck. Suddenly the realization of it all swept over him. He owned that thing; he could ride in it, he could take Julie in it. He was almost overwhelmed. Delafield came up behind him.

"First for you, sir," he said. Mr. Hastings, who is waiting for his own machine, will take yours and give you a bonus of \$150. His will not be finished for six months yet, and he is anxious to get you."

But Auguste shook his head obstinately. He would not sell.

He was rather frightened next morning when he learned the cost of boarding the thing. Also at first he would need a chauffeur. The price half staggered him. But he had his savings, and he could always sell the machine if necessary. First he would have some fun. The brief spin through the park with the chauffeur went to his head like champagne. Ah, that was living! He would tell Julie nothing until he could run the thing himself—and then! His imagination soared to rapturous heights. Truth to tell, he was also a little afraid of Julie's practical judgment. What would she say to his reckless dipping into their fund of remonstrating at present.

Never in his life had Auguste imagined that he could be so happy. The hum of conversation, the gorgeously gowned women about him, the sense of ease and comfort, fairly intoxicated him. Julie chatted gaily away, intent, womanlike, in getting the most out of things once the plunge had been made.

"Why spend money and regret it besides?" she reasoned philosophically. So she ate, and drank, and enjoyed herself to the best of her ability, charming Auguste anew by her wit and vivacity. He seemed to swim in happiness, he irradiated it from every pore. Julie caught the infection and yielded willingly to his suggestion of a liqueur for a finisher. She sipped her creme Yvette with a gay smile, admiring the color. After all, it was worth paying for such a day.

The time slipped unnoted by, until Auguste was suddenly horrified to learn the lateness of the hour. "L'addition,"

he demanded, sharply. The size of it appalled him. Could they have eaten so much? He examined it carefully and compared it with the bill of fare. Yes, it was exact. Never mind. He counted out the money, while Julie's eyes grew bigger, then threw down a dollar for the waiter. He would do things properly today. The waiter hurried gratefully to put on his coat, and Auguste waited grandly in the doorway until the car came around. He helped Julie and climbed after her, with the pleasant consciousness that people were watching and whispering.

"They think I'm a millionaire," he mused, and his chest expanded with pride. Julie looked doubtfully at him. "Do you think that you can steer it home?"

"Steer!" he laughed, scornfully, and pulled a lever. To his horror, the machine sputtered ahead uncontrollably, while he clung dizzily on. "Stop it!" screamed Julie. He reversed and the thing shot the other way—dangerously near upsetting. Julie was shrieking wildly and people were springing up from everywhere. With a great effort he tried to get hold of and pull the right lever. The motor car sprang forward and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Thank heavens I'm not in that!" breathed the waiter, plonkly, as he hastened back to his table.

Down the Riverside flashed the motor car, and Julie asked nervously could he not go a bit slower. But Auguste smiled wonderfully.

"Slower! Never! Faster if you like!"

Through the Park, out on Fifth avenue, and then Auguste had an inspiration. He would go by the Waldorf. Some one would be sure to see him in his glory. He told Julie, and perforce she assented. He passed the street where he should turn in for the stable and raced on down to avenue, escaping by a miracle the other vehicles. What happiness! What rapture! At Forty-seventh street a cabman whom he narrowly missed hurled violent language after him; at Thirty-ninth street a pedestrian shook an angry fist. But he never heeded. And then came Thirty-fourth street and the Waldorf-Astoria. He crossed the street safely, just grasping a trolley car and dashed by the windows of the big dining-room.

The temptation to look was too great. Yes, there stood Alphonse, and Gustave was nearby. That hateful Gustave, who was always so supercilious. Auguste's brain reeled with excitement. The splendor of it! There was a sudden shrill scream from Julie, a sickening crash, a horrible jar. The next moment both lay on the sidewalk, while an excited cabman danced up and down with rage; a cabman who seemed gifted with a truly Homeric flow of invective. Au-

guste and Julie looked stupidly at each other. Auguste struggled to his feet and felt carefully of himself. No bones were broken. But the motor car! The front was all smashed in, the wheels bent; there is lay, hopeless but still beautiful. The agonized tears sprang to his eyes as he regarded the beloved wreck. The cab was not so badly hurt.

A cry from Julie recalled him to her. Julie! Was she much hurt? He sprang to where she sat still on the sidewalk, rivalling the cabman with her language. "Animal, monster, assassin!" Auguste asked anxiously if she were hurt. Julie's eyes flashed.

"Ma's out. Why not? My every bone is broken!" the bystanders laughed.

"I hope that you have an accident policy," remarked one heartily. Julie looked up quickly. "Have you?" she demanded. Auguste shook his head bewildered.

"Imbecile! Help me up."

The crowd which so rapidly collects in New York surrounded them, the hotel windows were full of grinning faces. Auguste clinched his hands in despair. "Tell me you're not really hurt, Julie," he begged. Julie, painfully rising to her feet, turned on him fiercely.

"No, thanks to you if I'm not!" The poor girl was sore and bruised; she had been badly frightened most of the day, and, worst of all, she had seen their precious money squandered. Her store of accumulated wrath broke forth.

"Am I hurt! A fine question to ask when you have almost killed me! And you think I will stay flaccid to such a—a—" for a moment words failed her—"a man who throws out his money so foolishly who cares so little for me, it is well that my eyes are opened in time, monsieur. I have the honor to wish monsieur good day." Auguste listened piteously, stunned by this new calamity. When she ceased he sprang forward.

"Julie," he began, beseechingly, "ah, Julie!"

"Good day, monsieur," returned the inflexible Julie. She turned her back and flounced indignantly away, leaving Auguste staring blankly after her, just as Delafield, who had been in the cafe, hurried out. Delafield looked at the crowd at the excited cabman, at the retreating figure of the girl, at the nearby policeman, and at the wreck in the street. Then, in spite of himself he laughed.

"Shifty Sadia has done it this time." But the sight of the policeman tapping Auguste on the shoulder brought to Delafield a sudden sobering sense of responsibility.

"Poor devil, it's really my fault," he spoke to the policeman, then turned to the cab driver.

"I will be responsible for the damage. Here is my card."

The cabman looked ugly, but decided to drop the complaint, and the policeman, with a wink at Delafield, turned away. That young man carried Auguste to the cafe and gave him a brace. Then he put the dejected object in a chair.

"Now tell me all about it."

The recital was decidedly incoherent and took some time, but Delafield managed to listen without a smile. When it was all over he looked gravely at Auguste.

"What are you going to do with the car?" he asked.

Auguste shook his head.

"I do not know."

"But you can't leave the machine there on the street!"

A despairing shrug of Auguste's shoulders was the only answer. Delafield thought a moment.

"Have you no idea at all?" he asked finally.

"Ah, monsieur, I am a poor man. My savings are almost exhausted already. I can hardly pay its board much longer, and as for repairs"—he waved an ex-

pressive hand. "If it had not been for monsieur's kindness about the cab." His tone was quite hopeless. "And Julie! She, too, has left me!"

"The company might give you something for the machine," suggested Delafield, slowly. "But they would not be likely to give much." Auguste's gloom, if possible, grew even deeper. "But," went on Delafield, "I am sure that Mr. Hastings' offer still holds good."

"But the machine is broken!" cried Auguste fearfully.

"Not badly, I looked to see. The \$250 that Mr. Hastings offered would cover that, I'm sure. And you would get a thousand, or even, perhaps a bit more." Tears of incredulous joy shone in Auguste's eyes.

"Oh, Monsieur Delafield, your are too good, your are a saint, a"—he began brokenly. Delafield checked him impatiently.

"Here, shut up, it's nothing; do stop." "But monsieur does not understand," persisted Auguste. "With all that money I could buy the little shop. And then Julie might forgive me. You think so, yes?"

Delafield smiled.

"I think it very likely," he said, cordially. He drew out a notebook and made a short memorandum, then turned to Auguste. "I will see that you get your shop," he promised. "And I think I can safely say that Julie will not only be willing but anxious to forgive you. Such at least is my belief."

Julie was, and her dearest anticipations are realized in the little shop where she so proudly orders Auguste about as the customers jostle each other to buy her delicious bread and cakes. And Auguste, cherishing fondly the memory of that one glorious, ineffable, forever unforgettable day of paradise, obeys meekly.

And that is why you no longer see him at the Waldorf.

WARREN POSEY.

By Matsuhito, Emperor of Japan.

I.

My heart's at peace with all, and fain would I
Live, as I love, in life-long amity;
And yet the storm-clouds lower, the
rising wind
Stirs up the waves; the elemental strife
Rages around. I do not understand
Why this should be.

II.

'Tis surely not our fault,
We've sought to be sincere in deed and
word;
We have exhausted every means to press
A clear and truthful case, but all in
vain.
Now may the God that sees the hearts
Approve of what we do!

III.

They're at the front,
Our brave young men; and now the mid-
dle-aged
Are shouldering their arms; and in the
fields
The old men gather in the abundant
rice.
Low-stopping o'er the sheaves; all ages
vie
In cheerful self-devotion to the land,
Kyoto, Japan.

(The above translation of poems by his majesty, the originals of which appeared in the Kokumin Shimbun for November 7, 1904, seem to have been composed at different periods. No. 1 evidently was written before the war, when the emperor saw himself surrounded by ominous signs of a coming conflict. No. 2 dates from the actual commencement of the war, when all peaceable means had been exhausted and the declaration of war had become inevitable. No. 3 is what we see in Japan today. Only this afternoon I passed a gang of women taking their husbands' and brothers' places in the building of a bridge. His majesty has every reason to be proud of the ready self-sacrificing spirit of his people.—Arthur Lloyd in the Independent of December 4.)

The Doctor's Tyne.
From London Tit-Bits.

A worthy Glasgow doctor, while enjoying a holiday in Arran, took the opportunity along with a friend to go whittling fishing. During operations the doctor's sinker came off and was lost. Here was a dilemma—no sinker, no more fishing that day. Hal happy thought, his flask; no sooner said than done. The bottle was filled with salt water, carefully corked and sent down on its mission.

After a few minutes' interval "Hal" quoth the doctor, "a bite," and up he pulls at racing speed a fine pair of whittling, one on each hook.

"Hal" doctor, twice this time," exclaimed his companion, "and brought up on the bottle, too."