

ough that under the present system male prisoners are kept always within hearing and frequently within plain sight of male prisoners, many of whom are boys, thereby giving rise to an exchange of obscene and blasphemous conversation, and a general atmosphere of immorality and lawlessness.

never have been convicted on the evidence against him. Chief Inspector Byrnes, it is alleged, requested the Captains to exercise greater care in obtaining evidence against pool-room proprietors, and also lectured them on the necessity for more activity in discovering such evidence.

to be very encouraging. Few churches have sent in their Hospital Sunday collections, but advices indicate that the general average is considerably above last year's church contributions. The total amount received to date is nearly \$10,000.

and the male boarders to the paths of crime and the typewriter wings. When things had their customary appearance at the announced that from public life at

STORIES OF THE NEWS.

BOARDING-HOUSE BATTLE.

Some Very Funny Legal and Other Complications at No. 62 West Fifty-fifth Street.

All the Comforts of Home" and a Good Many Things Not on the Domestic Schedule.

Where It Rained Deputy Sheriffs and Ejectment Writs Were Served with Each Meal.

For many months the white dove of peace has been a stranger to the big brown-stone boarding-house at No. 62 West Fifty-fifth street.

Yesterday, however, the gentle bird returned from its enforced absence, and is now quietly roosting among the household gods and goddesses, and the boarders are happy.

The boarding-house cat and dog, which had not spoken to each other for a year, have patched up a temporary peace, and are once more mewing and barking and begging about the breakfast table for any stray bits which the landlady does not really need.

The unharmonious events which crept into the happy family were not the fault of the landlady; neither were they occasioned by the dog and cat.

THE ROOT OF ALL THE TROUBLE. The landlady was likewise innocent. The whole trouble was brought about because one John Hayes, who occupies the proud position of a bloated capitalist, be-

came afflicted with ossification of the heart. Mr. Hayes is all right, generally speaking, but somehow he is not in touch with the average boarding-house. He regards them as asylums for superannuated hash and ancient but vigorous gray-haired butter.

But that is another anecdote. Four years ago Mrs. Vandenburg, the wife of Col. I. O. Vandenburg, a once wealthy Southerner, purchased Nos. 62 and 64 West Fifty-fifth street for \$77,000. A stipulated sum was paid to the cold-hearted Mr. Hayes in cash and a mortgage was given for the remainder.

Then Mrs. Vandenburg started a boarding-house. The two houses were connected by an inner door, and for a time everything went along swimmingly. Boarders drifted in by ones and twos and threes until the house put on the prosperous appearance of a beehive.

THE IDEAL BOARDING-HOUSE. The usual red-headed man, whose sole apparent object in life is to talk the legs off

all the other boarders, was there, with several trunks full of clothes and loquacity; so was the man who knows more about politics than any other man; so was the pretty female typewriter; so was the mild maniac who cried "Cash!" in his dreams, and then filled a globe of the chandelier with his own collars and cuffs and tried to spin the whole outfit into the sanctuary of a pretty cashier in the next room.

They were all there, including the customary cat and dog; but more of these anon. Everybody was satisfied—no complaints were heard, and the weight and general girth of the boarders gradually increased.

Mrs. Vandenburg beamed and was happy.

The boarding-house scheme was her own. Mr. Vandenburg, swelled up with prosperity and contentment, was heard to remark that his wife was worth her weight in gold.

THE WORM OF CARE INTRODUCED. Much of the revenue derived from the house was expended in interior decorations, until the parlors became orientally magnificent and the boarders became sybarites. One or two of them lost their jobs through habits of luxurious ease which they acquired. Alas! that the worm of care should prey upon the damask table-cloth of such a boarding-house.

But it did. When at last the time rolled around for the payment of the balance due on the houses, Mr. Vandenburg found himself temporarily pressed for funds.

Here is where the hard-hearted Mr. Hayes inserted his digit into the happy boarding-house pie.

He put in his thumb and pulled out almost all the plums there were in sight. He had a right to do it. The law was on his side, but it made the household very unhappy. He began foreclosure proceedings on the mortgages, and in the meantime succeeded in getting himself appointed as "receiver." Thereafter Mr. Hayes was a small-sized but effective Poo-Bah.

THE POO-BAH OF WEST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET. As owner of the premises he saw that the taxes were paid; as landlord he kept the

houses in good order; as receiver he collected the rents and profits for the benefit of the landlord. Then the boarders began to pine and to grow discontented, for no other apparent reason than that of sympathy with the general condition of affairs. There was no mortgage on the hash or the fishballs or the wheat cakes or the butter; nevertheless, everybody gossiped and grew gloomy. The



A LITTLE EXCITEMENT IN A FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSE. The red-headed boarder and the youth who cried "Cash!" went out and painted the town. The typewriter left off playing "White Wings" and the cashier immured herself in her boudoir, a prey to blue feminine thoughts.

AN OLIVE BRANCH EXTENDED. Finally Col. Vandenburg went to Mr. Hayes and made a proposition for a cessation of hostilities. He was willing, he said, to pay a rental of \$7,000 a year for the two houses. Mr. Hayes, seeing a large fat rent roll in the distance, accepted the offer.

The Vanderburghs were left in possession,

and the male boarders to the paths of crime and the typewriter wings.

When things had their customary appearance at the announced that from public life at

lady by the name control of the house. The boarders were the old maiders promptly posted on their office preparations, told her the news, disturbed, immed meal and began a cook celebrated, the boarders went. This was but a worse was to come

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ministers, to visit Jugiro, the condemned
murderer in Sing Sing Prison. Jugiro's
spiritual wants have been heretofore admin-
istered to by Catholic priests. In his youth
Jugiro was brought up in the Buddhist
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and the male boarders returned once more
to the paths of contentment and sobriety,
and the typewriter returned to "White
Wings."

When things had fully settled down into
their customary swing, Col. Vandenburg
appeared at the dinner-table one day and
announced that he had decided to retire
from public life and that he had induced a



EMENT IN A FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSE.

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lady by the name of Mrs. Bird to assume
control of the house.

The boarders were dismayed.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

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The maidservant who was present
promptly posted off to the cook, who was in
her office preparing the evening meal, and
told her the news. That functionary, greatly
disturbed, immediately quit work on the
meal and began work on the growler. The
cook celebrated, the maidservant wept, and
the boarders went without their supper.
This was but a temporary inconvenience;
worse was to come.

A few days later Mrs. Bird arrived and
brought order out of chaos.

Things were not exactly in their old-time
shape, however. The unhappy boarders
passed their days in premonitions and their
nights in bad dreams. They did not know
exactly where they stood in the existing legal
shuffle between the houses of Hayes and
Vandenburg, and in consequence they
were nervously distraught.

When Mr. Hayes heard of the compact
between Mr. Vandenburg and Mr. Bird he
waxed exceeding wrath and swore by his
halidom that such things should not be. He
then proceeded to shower such an avalanche
of legal documents upon the wretched
household that the Vandenburgs were all
but snowed under.

Then for no earthly reason the boarders
began to grow facetious and to regard the
whole thing as a humorous vicissitude. A
small morocco diary, found in the backyard
of the adjacent house, told a strange, wild
tale of suffering. The following is a sample:

AN EXTRACT FROM A DIARY.

"14th—A very cold day. We are in the
heart of the Polar regions. Devoured one
of my patent-leather shoes last night and
will lunch on the other this evening. Am
saving my gum coat for a feast on Sunday.
Heaven knows how the typewriter exists. I
saw her take a large roll of music into her
room last night, and for a while thereafter I
could hear her chewing on sharps and flats
and Asia minors, or whatever they call them;
but the sounds soon ceased and all was still.
I suppose she stuck on the staccato or
choked on the fortissimo or something. She
is in a very bad way."

THE POET PUTS HIS FOOT INTO IT.

Mrs. Bird did not take these sallies in the
spirit which prompted them. On the con-
trary, she became very indignant. One day
there came a straw that fractured the
camel's back and Mrs. Bird's temper. The
long-haired poet, who resided in the single
room on the fourth floor back, in a moment
of dreamy reverie penned the following
lines:

There is no hash, however watched and tender,
But some strange things are there;
There is no butter, however defended,
But holds a variant hair.

Then do not weaken, at the bare suggestion
Of grub that is not right;
Let us be brave, and without fear or question,
Eat everything in sight.

It was an unfortunate moment when the
wooner of the muse left this inspiring rondel
on his dressing case. Mrs. Bird got hold of
it, and after a short but animated colloquy
with the poet flounced out of the house,
bag and baggage, with her nose in the air.
This again threw the long suffering board-
ers upon the cold charities of an unheeding
world. Not for long, however.

Again the Vandenburgs came to the front,
and for a time everything resumed the ap-
pearance of well fed prosperity.

THE SHORT CAREER OF MRS. LONG.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. M. Long, wife of
the actor of that name, wanting to establish
a boarding-house, made arrangements with
Mrs. Vandenburg to take charge of the
house for a rental of \$800 a month. She is
said to have paid Mrs. Vandenburg a
month's rent in advance to bind the agree-
ment for one year. The Vandenburgs asked
to remain for a few days, and Mrs. Long con-
sented. The few days expired the Vanden-
burgs did not go. In spite of Mrs. Long's
protests they stuck to the house like bar-
nacles to a ship's side, and the old familiar
legal diet was resumed.

Then for one long month the boarders
were regaled with broiled briefs, fricasseed
subpoenas, fried warrants and toasted writs.
Mrs. Long's lawyer in getting out the writ
of ejectment made the horrible discovery
that the Vandenburgs had no right or title
to the property.

THE NEPHISTOPHELES ONCE MORE.

At this interesting juncture Mr. Hayes
again put his finger in the pie and got out
dispossession warrants for everybody in
general and Mrs. Long and the Vanden-
burgs in particular.

The last legal scene in this eventful board-
ing-house drama fell upon a time when the
entire household was gathered around the
festal board eating dinner. Suddenly the
bell began to ring as though somebody were
trying to pull it out by the roots.

Then it began to rain deputy sheriffs.
They came from all quarters and through
every door. They invaded the dining-room

through both entrances. The air was full
of warrants. The blue cat and the gray dog
inaugurated a battle of the blue and the
gray under the table, and fought bitterly.
The poet heaved a sigh and a saltcellar at
the vociferous seat of war, and the other
boarders scattered.

The typewriter, who was within easy
fainting distance from the red-haired man,
promptly swooned. The political man sword
below his breath. The young man who
cried "cash" made his escape to the street
and the pretty cashier fled to her room.

Then the warrants were served and the
curtain fell.

A few days later a solitary cab might have
been seen driving rapidly away from the
house at 62 West Fifty-fifth street. Inside
was the disgraced Mrs. Long. Another
solitary cab might also have been observed
driving up to the high stoop. Inside were
Mr. and Mrs. Vandenburg, who had settled
their differences with the obdurate and
warrant-loving Mr. Hayes and had regained
possession of their brown-stone castle.

A TALE OF EJECTMENTS.

Mr. Vandenburg said that Mrs. Long
had been ejected because she failed to pay
the second month's rent.

Mrs. Long says the Vandenburgs were
ejected because they had no right there.

Mr. Hayes says that they were all ejected
because they had not lived up to their con-
tracts.

A LITTLE LEGAL DEBRIS.

At the present time Mrs. Vandenburg is
suing Mrs. Long for \$800 back rent.

Mrs. Long is suing Mrs. Vandenburg for
damages in being deprived of the use of the
premises.

Mr. Hayes is suing Mrs. Vandenburg for
misrepresentation as the value of a set of
diamond earrings.

The future legal proceedings of the estab-
lishment will be enacted at the Court House.
The boarders are well-behaved and well-fed
once more and are consequently happy.

All of which goes to show that this is a
mighty queer town.

Winchester Renews His Work.

J. H. Winchester, who was re-elected by
the Board of Underwriters to serve on the
Pilot Board, took his oath of office and be-
gan his duties yesterday. The term of re-
election is for two years, from Dec. 1, 1900.