

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE
STORY UNEQUALLED IN MODERN FICTION BY "BROADBRIM."

The Shoe and Leather National Bank of Brooklyn Robbed by a Trusted Employee and a Supposed Depositor of \$354,000—Their Careers Spicily Outlined in This Letter.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—I have often remarked in these letters when things are dull in New York, and I want a genuine first-class sensation I go to Brooklyn for it, and to the credit of our sister city of churches she seldom fails me. When I first read the story of Dr. Jekyll and Hyde it seemed like the wild fantasia of a disordered brain rather than a possible living reality, but the discovery of the plunderer of the Shoe and Leather National Bank of \$354,000 by two men, one a trusted employee of the bank, and the other a supposed depositor, and the fact of their thefts running over a period of nine or ten years, and the further fact that the man who stole the money got very little of the plunder, lays the foundation of the story unequalled in modern fiction. Then comes the dual lives of the two men, Samuel C. Seeley, the "thieving" book-keeper, is said by the Guaranty company, which was upon his bond, to have led one of the quietest and most domestic of lives; he was a regular attendant at church, always prayed before he went to bed, said grace before meat at every meal, and was regarded as an exemplary man among church people. A man who knew him well for years met him at pool-rooms and race courses; he recognized him as a gay sport, who put his \$100 and \$200 on the flyers as readily as another man put up a dollar.

How is it possible for a long series of years to appear to his family and the lynx-eyed band detectives as a model of domestic perfection, and yet to be the constant companion of gamblers and race-course touts? It now comes out that this exemplary man, who held one of the most confidential positions for sixteen years in one of the most conservative and safe banks in the city, was a thief in his boyhood, and was discharged before he was sixteen years of age for robbing an insurance company by which he was employed. Then a friend took him to his house and found him in employment, but his habits were so bad that he was compelled to turn him out into the street. It seems strange that with such a record as this that he should ever have been able to secure a position in the Shoe and Leather bank, and stranger still that he should have kept that position unsuspected for sixteen years.

But however marvellous and romantic the history of Seeley, it is merely a child's story alongside the history of Baker, which has been unfolded leaf after leaf till we trace him back to his boyhood in Brooklyn, where his father was a German baker. The boy carried bread to his father's customers, but he soon grew ambitious and apprenticed himself to a barber, and as soon as he became proficient in scraping chins and shearing heads he started a barber shop of his own.

But the barber had a soul above razor strops and curling irons, and in 1861 he began the study of the law. Examinations were very loose in those days, and it was not many months till Mr. Baker hung out his shingle as an attorney at law, making his law office in the same rooms where he had formerly scraped chins and cut hair. Just at this time it seemed to him that he ought to cut the barber shop and all its associations, so he dropped his old acquaintances one by one till there was not a person on visiting acquaintance with them who had known them five years before. In fact they had very few acquaintances of any kind; they seemed perfectly happy among themselves. They lived like wealthy people—had fine horses, carriages, servants, a handsome house in Brooklyn, splendidly furnished, a house in the city, and a beautiful country seat at Sand's Point on Long Island Sound, where he kept many fine blooded horses and cattle. He was surrounded by wealthy neighbors, but while he did not cultivate their acquaintance he kept up his end with the best of them, and on account of his quiet, reserved manners, was regarded as a respectable gentleman and an agreeable neighbor. Although a lawyer, with offices in New York, he never was known to practice in the courts, but his business seemed to be altogether in real estate. No one knows how or when his acquaintance with Seeley began, but the cashier of the Shoe and Leather bank declares that he has cashed checks for him three or four times a week for the last ten years. No more deliberate or systematic thief ever existed, and the crowning work of his life was swindling the Equitable Life Insurance Co. out of \$20,000. The Equitable does not make suicide a forfeitable clause, so he took out a policy a few weeks before his death. The entire amount of incontestable policies placed upon his life is \$58,000, which will leave his wife in very comfortable circumstances. To show how closely Baker kept his shady business to himself, his son, a man of thirty-five, was his business partner, and when after his death his father was accused of robbing the bank in collusion with Seeley, the son declared that there must be some mistake, that his father never had any transactions with the Shoe and Leather bank; and as a further evidence they went through his papers, and there was not a scrap of anything to show that he had ever drawn a dollar or had any transactions with the bank whatever. I doubt if there is such a dual life on record.

To his family he was all that a husband and a father should be; there is no question that his wife and his sons knew nothing of his peculations. It seems strange that his son, who was his business partner and had grown up from a boy in his office never suspected him, but he did not, and even after the evidence became plain as day of the preparation he had made for his death by providing ample insurance and destroying every incriminating paper, proves him to be a character almost without a parallel. Then comes the calm deliberation of his death; he knows that the officers are on his track; he has finished up his business, and getting into a small boat he rows out into the sound, and taking a dose of prussic acid or cyanide of potassium, he tumbles in the water and ends his life. Here was a man apparently honest, upright, honorable in his dealings as far as the outside world knew, maintaining a good position among his neighbors, and yet the meanest and most contemptible thief. Tempting a poor weak rascal, a thief by nature, to steal for him, and once having him in his toils, keeps driving him on for years with the threats of the state prison till exposure can be avoided no longer, then the poor dupe runs away, and the principal thief seeks death beneath the waters of the sound.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

his death by providing ample insurance and destroying every incriminating paper, proves him to be a character almost without a parallel. Then comes the calm deliberation of his death; he knows that the officers are on his track; he has finished up his business, and getting into a small boat he rows out into the sound, and taking a dose of prussic acid or cyanide of potassium, he tumbles in the water and ends his life. Here was a man apparently honest, upright, honorable in his dealings as far as the outside world knew, maintaining a good position among his neighbors, and yet the meanest and most contemptible thief. Tempting a poor weak rascal, a thief by nature, to steal for him, and once having him in his toils, keeps driving him on for years with the threats of the state prison till exposure can be avoided no longer, then the poor dupe runs away, and the principal thief seeks death beneath the waters of the sound.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

But what shall we say of the bank and its eminently respectable way of doing business? If you had asked me two weeks ago which were two of the safest banks in the city, I should have said without hesitation, the chemical bank and the shoe and leather bank, and yet within a few weeks one discovers that it has been robbed of nearly a third of a million, and the other discovers a defalcation of \$140,000. Fortunately no outsider is hurt. The trustees call a meeting and lay an assessment to make up the loss, and next morning opens for business with one million and five hundred thousand dollars in their vaults, and back of that, the guarantee of the Clearing House with six hundred millions. But nothing can wipe out the fact that this rich bank has been doing business in a very loose way. Meanwhile bank officials are looking at each other suspiciously and asking, who next?

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of theft, the robbery of the Holland hotel being almost as sensational as that of the Shoe and Leather Bank. The Holland hotel is one of the swell hotels of the town, while the Waldorf and Normandie are very famous; there is nothing more comfortable or luxurious in the United States, or out of it, than the Holland. The hotel was closed for the summer, and it is a family hotel, patronized by bankers, merchants and capitalists, who don't like the trouble of house-keeping and who spend their summers in the country.

A tried and trusted porter was left in charge who had been many years in the employ of the proprietors and in whose custody they would have placed uncounted gold. As soon as the porter had the whole building to himself he began a system of robberies unparalleled in hotel thefts. He furnished his own flat with the most elegant furniture; his windows and doors were hung with the most expensive portieres, and his floors covered with the most costly of Turkish and Persian rugs. The finest of table linen, napkins, table cloths, etc., made his table look like that of the millionaire. He stole silverware to the amount of thousands of dollars, and bric-a-brac of the most costly description.

Not satisfied with hapdomeously providing for himself, he made wedding presents of rich furniture to his friends, and to celebrate his good luck, he gave a swell dinner to forty invited guests. Every article, even to the provisions, table linen, silverware, furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac were all stolen from the hotel.

When the house opened for the winter, the stealing became more difficult, so he took two others into partnership, and then his misfortunes commenced about the division of the plunder. The robbery at last became so flagrant and barefaced that a detective was called in and he was not long in tracing the thieves. The porter was arrested in the midst of his elegant apartments, surrounded by the goods he had stolen, and from the apartments of himself and his pals it took five trucks to convey the stolen property back to the hotel.

In the history of football there is nothing recorded like the game that was played on Manhattan field last Saturday. Firstly on account of the day itself, which was one of the most wretched of the season, and secondly Yale coming here with an evil record of brutality from Springfield, played off of the finest and most manly games in her history, though grave doubts were entertained if she was going to give New York a repetition of her Springfield tactics, but Police Superintendent Byrnes set all doubts at rest when he ordered 300 policemen on to the field and informed the umpires if there was any slugging he would stop the game.

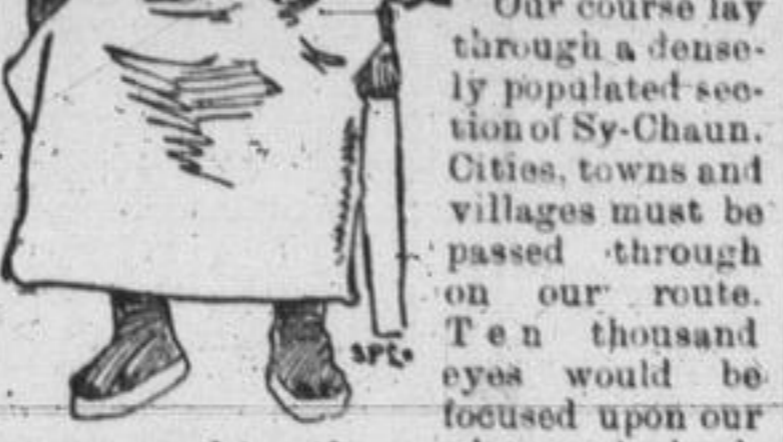
25,000 monomaniacs, 8,000 at least being women, sat the game out to the finish. The weather was simply horrid, but the flower of our society, turned out to see it. The victory was one of the most pronounced in the history of football, but the victors used their triumph with rare modesty, the evening after the battle being unmarred by the blackguard exhibitions which have disgraced former years. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the football players of future generations, that both teams had themselves photographed when the game was over, for a more horrid looking set of savages was never seen in the world. They were a mass of mud from their head to their heels, but I verily believe that the New Haven girls would have hugged the victors, mud or no mud.

Everything now gives note of the approach of the holiday season. The stores are filling up with brilliant goods and society is preparing for a large number of receptions and balls. Our opera season has had a splendid start and in connection therewith is a very funny incident. Recently there have been several complaints made about the living pictures exhibited at the different theatres and music halls. Several pious ladies have taken the matter in hand. One of them went to the Metropolitan opera house the other night and she reported that the dresses of the ladies in the boxes were much more indecent than anything she saw in the living pictures. It may be possible that Superintendent Byrnes may have to raid the opera house. I wonder how the Astora, Vanderbilts and Goulds would look in the prison pen?—BROADBRIM.

TRIPS THROUGH PLAINS.
STRANGE FEELINGS AS THE DAY FOR THE TOUR APPROACHED.

A Tract of Country Unruffled Scarcely by a Knoll—A Peculiarity of Chinese Country Life—Where the Mighty Stream Derives Its Supply—It is Used to Irrigate the Land.

CHENTU, Oct. 25.—As the day approached for the journey strange feelings of uncertainty and insecurity mingled with hope and fears, stole away our usual equanimity.



Our course lay through a densely populated section of Szechuan. Cities, towns and villages must be passed through on our route. Ten thousand eyes would be focused upon our persons and ten thousand remarks hurled at our innocent backs. We would be the butt of sarcasm and ridicule. Many a peal of laughter would be borne to our inquiring ears as some wit made us the subject of idle speculation. Little children would be seen scampering into their respective homes as the strangely clad travellers with blue eyes make their appearance. Women would be seen nudging their neighbors as they sat braiding straw or mending their husbands' garments; men would put out their lips to call attention to our arrival. The larger boys would assemble in force to escort us through the streets now rushing ahead, shouting li-liao, li-liao, they've come, they've come! Now standing still until we passed to have a better look.

It was one of those cooler days in July when a sharp thunder storm had already dispersed the extreme heat and encouraged a breeze from the snow-clad peaks of Thibet, that we left our walled home and passed out the mansion gates of the metropolis. Forty miles ahead stretched a tract of land unruffled by scarcely a knoll. It was truly refreshing to behold field after field of waving rice broken only by the shady dwellings of the farmers.

The plains of Chentu differ from the vast wheat fields of Manitoba inasmuch as on the latter the eye is untrammelled save by the horizon. The Chinese have by long experience solved a problem that perplexes the dwellers of the American plains. "How to tame destructive gales?" The Chentu plains resemble a spacious park. On every side are bamboo groves and many of the roads are pleasant avenues. A peculiarity of Chinese country life accounts for these groves. When robbers were numerous and civil war rife it was found necessary to huddle families together and build mud or brick walls around their homes. Hence instead of a son building a house for himself and bride on an opposite corner of the farm he is obliged to bring her into the general household. As sons and grandsons bring in their wives the number of buildings increase until quite a little village is formed. Within the enclosure bamboo and other trees occupy whatever space is not used for building purposes, which is sufficient to constitute a good sized grove. These groves not only give the plains a very picturesque appearance, but also prove a very profitable investment. Their usefulness is almost inestimable. When the tropical sun casts its burning rays upon the plains the shady nooks of the bamboo grove bid him defiance; when the cold wintry winds rage across the fields the bamboo grove cries halt; when hungry mouths are to be fed the bamboo says "take of my roots and be filled."

When furniture is needed the bamboo cries