

HEARD ABOUT TOWN.

One young lad of a party of four had a good, practical lesson on Sunday as to the advisability of behaving himself when on the public streets. The four were strolling along Arthur Avenue, in Bronx Borough, looking for a vent for that spirit of malicious mischief that possesses so many boys just getting into or approaching their teens. These youngsters, with hands and pockets full of stones, were amusing themselves by throwing stones at and breaking the glass in the street lamps. They were headed toward the Quarry Road, and apparently found a lot of fun in the destruction they left in their wake. Behind them was a citizen, and probably a taxpayer, who objected to having city property destroyed in this fashion. In good English he let the boys know of his disapproval. This protest elicited only jeers from the mischievous lads, who continued their destructive sport. The citizen kept quiet, having decided that here was a case where actions would speak louder than words. He moved to the other side of the avenue, and walked quietly but briskly up toward Quarry Road. No policeman was in sight. The boys continued their merry work of destruction. Suddenly the citizen turned, rushed toward the principal offender, and collared him quietly but surely. The three companions of the culprit ran away from the storm centre as rapidly as possible, but run as fast as they could they could not wholly get away from the shrieks and cries of their luckless companion. That youngster, firm in the grasp of the strong left hand of the citizen, was receiving as hard and as deserving a trouncing as he ever received in his life. Not until he had promised to behave himself in the city streets would the indignant citizen allow him to go limping away, a possibly repentant, certainly a tearful, and very sore youngster. There was one citizen, certainly, who saw his duty and did it, and set an example worthy to be followed by every other citizen who sees the frequent and wanton destruction or injury of public property.

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A bunch of horsemen were talking about the changes in the personnel of race horse owners while on their way back from the Morris Park races on Saturday. One of the young men who was at one time a lively figure on the turf was "Al" Kittson, a son of the late Commodore Kittson. The Commodore was one of the first men to go into the breeding of race horses on the present tremendous scale, and had a magnificent stud farm just outside of Philadelphia. "I was in St. Paul the other day," said one of the party, who had been West to look after some property interests there. "Just as I was leaving my hotel for a stroll down the street I saw a face that looked familiar to me, but I couldn't locate it at once. 'Halloa, Jim,' he shouted at me. 'Don't you know "Al" Kittson?' Know him, of course I did, when he told you who he was, but I had been so used to seeing a howling swell, with a barrel of money to burn, and burning it in great shape, that I would never have recognized him in his working clothes. I pumped him a bit, and then found out that he had run through all the fortune his father had left in his reach, and was waiting until he reached his thirtieth birthday, so that he could get the remainder of the big swag that is coming to him. You could have knocked me over with a feather when he told me that he had some sort of a job with a bill-posting company as an inspector of billboards and that he was working for \$15 a week, in order to keep body and soul together. He found playing the ponies a game that he could not beat, though, as you all know, he was one of the best judges of a horse that a fellow ever met. He still thinks he can beat them, and says he will come back East when he gets his bundle for another shy at the game."

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During his European tour Sousa was besieged by musical composers who wished his band to play their effusions at his concerts. Many of them applied personally to Mr. Sousa's manager, but most were content to submit their manuscripts through the mails, the letters accompanying the scores being usually written in the language of the writer. Occasionally, however, one would come in what was intended to be English, and in which idiom and construction were fearfully and wonderfully mixed. One of the most weird of these was the following document, which Mr. Sousa received while in Berlin. It was accompanied by the manuscript of a march which was supposed to be a sequel to the "Washington Post March." At least, it was inferred that this is what is meant by the phrase "in continuance of your work crossing all the world." Here is the document, which is very much of a "fifteen puzzle" for those interested in seeing what can be done with the English language to make it non-understandable to those who speak that tongue:

Berlin, 26th July, 1900.

Mr. Sousa: Delighted to have the occasion to hear your famous chapel. I would take opportunity to present you my newest composition with the great beg to take knowledge of it.

I should be very obliged to you if it would be possible this my newest composition produced in continuance of Your work crossing all the world being heard by your conspicuous orchester.

I do not believe that the base envy of the composers at all would be in state to influence you to look away if my work please to you.

My editor as myself would be very thankful to you if you should have the kindness to accomplish my beg. With the greatest respectation, your devoted,

C. A—, Composist.

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"Young as this country is, it is getting to be old enough to go in for anniversary celebrations on a scale that is not equaled on the other side of the big pond," remarked a railroad man at one of the Broadway offices of a Western railroad yesterday. "But I reckon the folks out Milwaukee way are preparing for an anniversary that will be a novelty among celebrations. It will be just fifty years, come February, since the first train was run over the Milwaukee and Waukesha Railroad, which was the base on which the present Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad was organized. The road was then something like twenty miles in length, and was a pioneer among Western railroads. Consolidation with a lot of other small roads has finally resulted in the present system with a mileage of about 6,000. Recently it was suggested to Chairman Miller of the system that it would be a good idea to make a golden birthday celebration on the completion of the fiftieth birthday of the system. He fell in with the scheme, and out in Chicago it is said that he has interested a number of the members of his Board of Direction in plans for a celebration which shall make things howl in and about Milwaukee. Everything is in an embryonic state as yet, but the plans are roughly for a general celebration all along the line on the arrival of the road's birthday. When midnight rings on Feb. 25 there is to be a general tooting of whistles and ringing of bells on every locomotive on the line that happens to be in use at the time, just as there is here when New Year's comes. There is to be a general decoration of all the stations on the system, with section celebrations by the employes at some central point on each division. The great celebration will be at Milwaukee, however, where there is to be a big banquet at which all the officers and the heads of departments will be present for a general jubilation. If this latter part of the plan goes through there will be an assemblage of most of the representative railroad men of the West and some from the East, who will listen to a recital of the history of the road and the benefits it has conferred on the State of Wisconsin, whose growth has been coincident with that of the railroad. How far the golden anniversary is to carry is not yet known, but Western railroad men think it is a good thing to carry it out 'to the limit.' I understand the matter is to come before the next meeting of the Directors of the road for their formal approval and for suggestion as to how the thing may best be done to reflect the proper credit on the line. One scheme is to get together all the former employes of the road now in responsible positions on other systems, and who are graduates of the St. Paul Road, so as to show how far-reaching have been the benefits conferred on the other railroad systems of the country by this great system of the West. One thing is certain, and that is that if the Directors approve of the plan there will be no half-way work about it, but that the celebration will be one worthy of the road and its managers."

Colombia's New Consul General.

Among the passengers on the Atlas Line steamer Alleghany, which arrived at this port yesterday, was Señor Arturo Brigard, the new Consul General of the Republic of Colombia in this city. Señor Brigard is about forty-five years of age and a native of Bogota. He is a nephew of President José M. Marroquín of Colombia. Previous to his present appointment Señor Brigard has not been identified with the Government. He will take possession of the Colombian Consulate, at 17 State Street, succeeding Señor Miguel Comacho Roldan.