

REPUBLICAN GENERAL CITY TICKET NOMINEES.

TOM PLATT'S BRIDE.

70, Emulates His Colleague, Senator Depew.

Cupid and politics have rarely blended so happily as they did yesterday when Senator Thomas Collier Platt, at the age of 70, the stalwart Republican of Empire state politics, confirmed his reported engagement and impending marriage on Oct. 15 to Mrs. Lillian T. Janeway of Washington. Smiles and frowns alternately punctuated his protracted utterances as the senator from New York discussed respectively his affair de coeur and the fusion puzzle now bewildering the Republican party in this city.

Senator Platt began by explaining that the ceremony had originally been set for Oct. 16, and ended by admitting that the date was changed as soon as he learned that the marriage day fell on a Friday.

Garbed in a new Prince Albert of faultless architecture and fairly beaming with satisfaction, the senator leaned back in his chair as president of the United States Express company and threw off his many colored political cloak. Politics was at once relegated to the background, as in a voice that would have meant the fortune of an office seeker, he said:

"Yes, we are going to be married—going to be married on Thursday of next week. We were to be married on Friday, or rather on Oct. 16, until we learned that the date fell on an unlucky day. Does my superstitious account for the change? Well, as a silly tone creep in, 'it was really due to Mrs. Janeway that the date was set one day earlier. I have graduated from the superstitious age, but I offered—naturally I offered no objections to the day being set one day earlier in the calendar. We will be married at the Marble College church, at Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, and the Rev. Dr. Burrell will perform the ceremony. This may be news to him, for we have not yet broached the subject. Ministers are usually very accommodating, however, and I have no doubt that Dr. Burrell will officiate."

Senator Platt paused for the announcement to have due effect before continuing:

"It is not yet decided whether the ceremony will be performed in the church proper or in the amen corner room, you know," came in a subdued chuckle. "But only a very few friends and relatives will be present. Everything will be very simple and plain and we will delay our wedding trip until next spring, when we may take a short trip to Europe."

"You will remain in New York immediately following the ceremony?" was suggested.

"Yes," replied the senator, "politics will demand my presence here until it is time for me to proceed to Washington when Congress convenes." Lapsing for a moment from the marital theme and replying to a query as to the local political outlook, the senator continued: "Weddings and politics do not mix very often, but the situation now confronting us makes the situation exceptional."

"Will the nature of Grout and Fomes from the fusion state weaken fusion chances of success?" was asked.

Senator Platt replied strongly in the negative and added:

"We must sometimes stoop to con-

cause neither he nor his fiancée wished to assume the responsibilities of an establishment for the present.

Asked if he had any new photographs of himself the senator pressed a button and soon exhibited two of his most recent likenesses.

"This one," he chuckled, indicating a photograph with a slightly pessimistic expression, "was taken while I was thinking of fusion and fusionism." Glancing critically at this picture, the senator covered it over with another photograph of himself in an optimistic attitude, and continued:

"This was taken about the time we agreed upon our wedding day. Several of my amen corner friends," pursued the senator, "have expressed delicate surprise at the announcement of my marriage. They, of course, have not met the beautiful, charming woman who will share lots with me. I am in my seventy-first year, but I have not felt so young since I was a boy. If half the unmarried men of my acquaintance would go into the home-establishing business they would be astonished at the result. Every man who is capable of supporting a wife and family should have them, no matter what his age may be. Marriage and age do not necessarily conflict."

"But the courage element?" the senator was reminded.

"Pooh! Young fellows must plunge into the water before they can learn to swim. Swimming and marrying are things that a man cannot learn too early."

Concerning the romance of his first meeting with Mrs. Janeway when she was a small girl visiting near Oswego, the senator suggested calling upon her at the Holland House. Pleading a press of business and promising to follow the interviewer later, the veteran political leader planned and executed a coup by arriving at the hotel first in his carriage.

Mrs. Janeway is not flattered by her pictures. She was arrayed in a fashionable street gown and wore a few handsome but unostentatious jewels. She is a pronounced brunette with a wealth of dark hair, and eyes between rich gray and hazel.

She modestly told of her first meeting with Senator Platt in Northern New York nearly 20 years ago, when she was visiting relatives near Oswego, Maine. She said was her native state, although she moved at an early age to Canada. She is nearly 30 years the senator's junior, but seems more like a debutante than a matron. Prior to her marriage to Dr. Theodore Janeway in Washington she was Mrs. Snow. She has a daughter 21 years of age, and it is yet undecided whether this daughter will be a member of the Platt household.

"As a girl," said Mrs. Janeway, "I was attracted by Senator Platt. On several occasions I was a guest of himself and wife, who was a very dear friend, at the Oriental, at Manhattan Beach, during vacation periods. I am very much interested in politics, and I suppose this is one reason why our engagement was reported long before it existed. We have decided to escape housekeeping this winter, as the senator will be very busy in Congress."

"Will you make your home here or in Washington?" was asked.

"We will probably live in New York, except when the senator is obliged to be in Washington," she replied.

Avowing her dislike for publicity at



JOSEPH F. MACKNIGHT, City Treasurer.



J. J. MYERS, City Auditor.



FRANK KNOX, Mayor.



GEORGE L. NYE, City Attorney.



A. L. SIMONDI, City Recorder.

HIS MONEY RETURNED.

Mrs. Potter Palmer's son, Honore, who was married in August, once outwitted a concierge in Paris very neatly.

A lad of 16 or thereabouts at the time, Mr. Palmer was spending the winter in Paris with his mother. One cold night in February he stayed out unusually late, and desiring to get in without awakening any one, he rang up the concierge softly. The concierge, with equal softness, came downstairs. He whispered through the keyhole, "Is that you, Mr. Palmer?" and then he said positively:

"I can't let you in, sir."

"Why not?" asked the young man. "Because the rules are very strict," said the concierge. "No one ever is let in after midnight."

The boy desired ardently to enter. He thought a moment, then he slipped a gold louis under the door.

"I have just slipped a gold louis under

the door for you concierge," he whispered. "Now let me in, that's a good fellow."

The concierge instantly drew back the bolt. "Come in softly. Make no noise, monsieur," he said shamelessly.

But young Palmer was already regretting the gold louis, his last one. A thought struck him, and he had no sooner entered than he said:

"Oh, by the way: I left a book on the stone balustrade outside. Do you mind getting it for me?"

With great politeness the concierge in his bare feet tiptoed out upon the cold stones. While he fumbled about the boy pushed to the door and locked it.

"Let me in, monsieur," whispered the concierge, who had on nothing but a night dress of white linen.

"I can't let you in. We let no one in after midnight. Unless—"

But young Palmer had to go no further. The concierge, freezing in the cold, perceived that he had been outwitted, and in turn slipped the gold louis under the door. Pocketing it, the boy admitted the man and then went quietly to bed.

BEING POPULAR.

"Who was elected, Rob?"

"Tom Leighton, of course. No other fellow had any show at all. He's the most popular boy there is. They say it is because he is so good natured."

"Well, Tom is the kindest big boy—I know," said Sadie, Rob's sister.

"Huh! That's alright but what does he have to keep him from being kind? He has every single thing he wants, never has to work till the very last minute before school time. And he always has lots of money to treat the fellows with. I could be kind too—maybe I could be popular—if I had time. You have to have something to make you popular."

"Right you are, my son. I have felt that way a great many times. It's the men who have money so they can do things for people, or leisure to make themselves agreeable, that are popular. It takes time even to be kind. When a man has to work all day in the shop, as hard as I do, he's got no time to make himself popular."

"It doesn't seem as if that were quite the right idea of making one's self popular," said Rob's mother. "What do you think Aunt Katie?"

"Of the two most popular men I know in our neighborhood at home."

"Oh, is one that nice old gentleman that sat on his porch so much and used to give me candy when I went by?"

"No, dear, he isn't one of them."

"Well, then," said Rob, "it's some of those fellows over on Lee avenue, two blocks from your street."

"No, Rob, it isn't exactly any of them. I was just thinking," she went on.

"About what you said it took to make boys or men popular. I'm sure the same men are both extremely popular, but they both work hard every day in the week, one of them, at least all the year round, with perhaps a couple of weeks off."

"They must be smart men," said Rob.

"No, do all that, and have time to make themselves popular, too."

"No, I don't consider them especially smart, as we usually think of smartness. They are able to do their work well and faithfully, and that is all."

"Well, I suppose their work is not the kind that frets or bothers them. I don't have to put their mind right on it," said Rob's father.

"I don't know about that. I should think the work of one would be very tedious and vexing, and as to the other representative of his calling whom I have known him to go as usual, without a word for anybody."

"Just like our postman," said Sadie.

"Yes, that's just what he is, our letter carrier; and the other is the janitor of the Washington school. The postman has a kindly, interested way to say at every door along his route."

"If you have been away, he is glad to see you back. If you don't get the letter you are expecting, he is as sorry as you are. If a package you are depending on is delayed, he tries to plan some extra way for you to get it in time. If you are sick he inquires for you every day."

"The children run to meet him and take turns going away with him. They tell him their little secrets, and exchange stamp pictures with him."

"At Christmas time he enjoys his work more than ever, because it makes so many people happy. He seems to make his work the means of his popularity."

"Well, what about the other one, Aunt Kate? He can't be much like our janitor."

"The other men is much the same. You would think wouldn't he? He should—that he would see enough of the bothersome children, and would never speak to a child unnecessarily. But instead, he is really interested in them, their home life, their older brothers and sisters who have gone from the school. He will often take a little tot on his knee, to warm her feet by the furnace in the winter morning."

"Somehow, instead of regarding him as their natural enemy, as janitors are apt to be regarded, every one of these old children considers him a friend. I know lots of rich people and people of leisure, but these two are the most popular men in our part of the city."

"That's it," said mother. "I doubt if any one who directly tries to make himself popular ever really becomes so. Be thoughtful and kindly, right in the midst of your work, and the popularity will take care of itself."—Southern Presbyterian.

FINDING NAMES FOR THE TWINS.

Carl was but seven years of age, and was greatly excited when he heard that twins were born in a neighbor's house. He asked all manner of questions of his school teacher about the subject, until he had formed a fair estimate as to what twins really were. With great impatience he waited until evening came, in order to tell his father the wonderful news. He ended his burst of information by saying eagerly: "I've got names for them! I

they were mine, I'd call them Peter and Repeater."

"That's very nice," said the father, pleased at his son's intelligence; "but what if they are girls?"

Carl's ardor was by no means dampened. After a while he pulled his father's evening paper away.

"If they were girls," he said solemnly, "I'd call 'em Kate and Duplicata."

"But, Carl," said the father, "I'm sorry, but I understand that one is a boy and the other is a girl."

Chagrined, but by no means daunted,

Carl went and curled himself up on the sofa to think out the new complication.

All at once he burst out:

"Papa, if one was a baby boy, and the other a baby girl, I'll 'em Max and Climax."

CALMETTE'S ANTI-TOXIN FOR SNAKE VENOM.

The anti-venomous serum is produced from pure venom by injecting the latter

into a horse, first in quantities small enough to be harmless, then gradually in larger and larger doses, until, after some hundred and fifty inoculations, extending over 16 or 17 months the horse can receive without injury, enough venom to kill 20 horses not thus immunized. The most deadly snakes may do their worst upon that horse, and never trouble him. He can get no harm from any of them, for this thing stands demonstrated; that immunity against the cobra means immunity against all manner of serpents in the

world, so that when horse, or dog, or man is rendered immune against cobra venom (which is the most intense—three times more virulent than that of the rattlesnake)—he is by that fact immune against all other kinds of venom.

Needless to say, the demand for this anti-venomous serum is increasing steadily. Already England sends 10,000 francs worth of it every year to her East Indian possessions, where 22,000 lives are annually lost as a result of snake bites, some of which may now be spared.

Cleveland Moffet, in McClure's.

SENATOR PLATT'S BRIDE.



The marriage of Mrs. Janeway, who is considered one of the handsomest women in Washington, to Mr. Thomas Platt, senator from New York, is an event of importance in socio-political circles. The wedding took place on Sunday last.

quer, and this is one of the times. But until my personal affairs will better permit I do not expect to engage actively in the campaign. When one has served a party continuously for 40 years, a short rest is in order, and that is my program."

"Will you continue to make your home in this city at the Fifth Avenue hotel, senator?"

This question elicited the startling response:

"Do not repeat it aloud, but it is possible—it is barely possible—that we may go to housekeeping. We will go to Washington shortly after the ceremony, and will be at the Arlington there for the winter."

Senator Platt explained that Mrs. Janeway had a very handsome residence at 1314 I street, in Washington, which has been leased for a season to Aust. Reay, of the Treasury Charles Hamilton Keep.

He said further that their plans included wintering at the Arlington, be-

tending her approaching marriage," but with smiling resignation she continued:

"I am not used to so much talk, but I suppose one must accept the consequences. Senator Platt is so accustomed to being praised and criticized in print that he takes it as a matter of course. I suppose after some tutoring it will become easier."

Senator Platt at this point announced that a drive through the park and up Riverside way was the afternoon program.

"They say," he laughed, "that Senator Depew is accustomed to driving daily with his wife, and it is a pretty good plan to follow."

"As to plans for your approaching marriage?" was suggested to Mrs. Janeway. She laughingly replied: "Senator Platt can be trusted and also believed."

The senator declined to say whether there was any househunting in prospect as they drove away.—New York American.

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