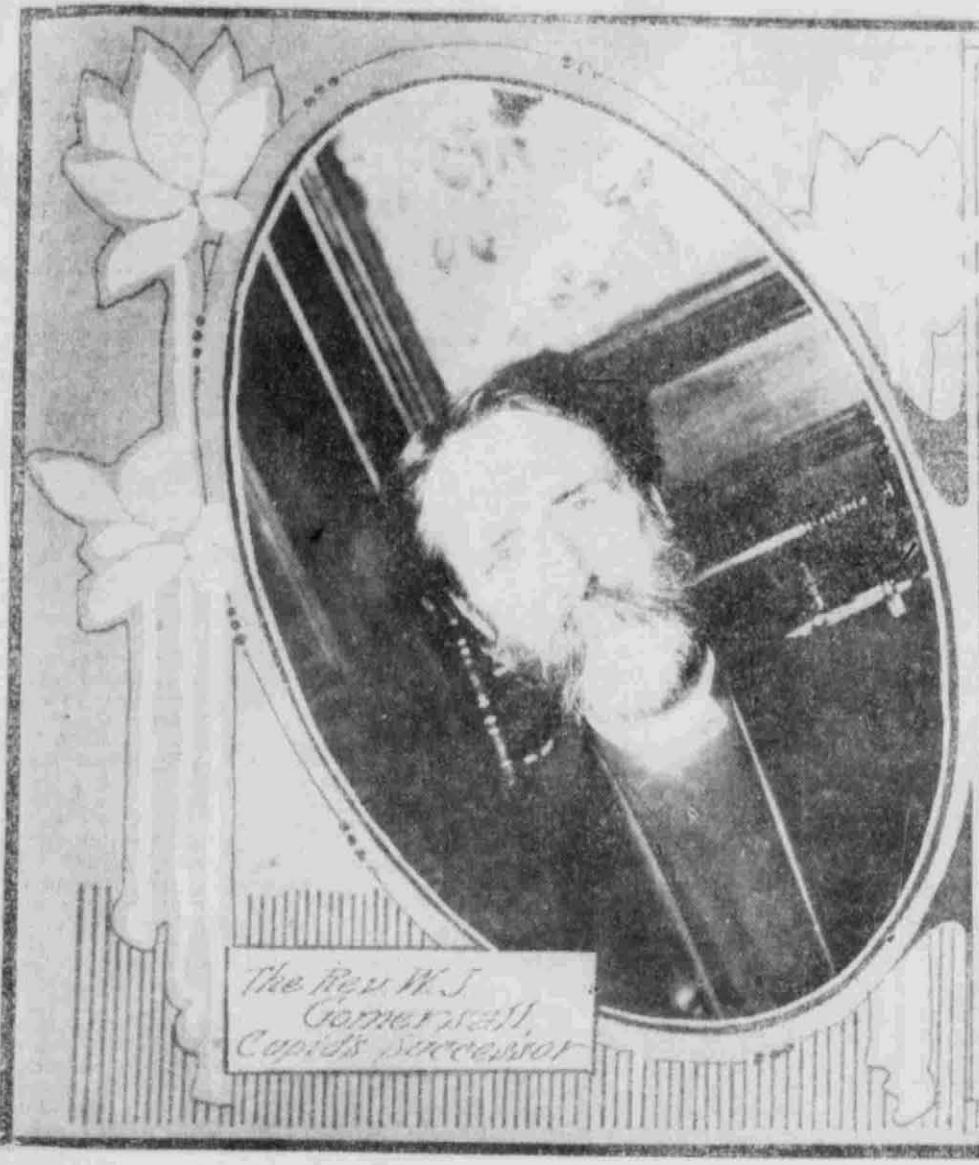


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



The Rev. W.J. Gomersall, Cupid's Successor



Headquarters of the "Eligible" Club



Mrs. W.J. Gomersall, The Energetic Wife of Cupid's Successor

PARTIES FOR SMART CHILDREN

Thousands Lavished on the Little Aristocrats by American Women in London.

GORGEOUS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Mrs. Adair Spends \$2,500 on Cotillion Favors Alone—American Colony To Give Two Great Balls.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—"Smart" children are to have more elaborate holiday parties than ever this year. The most gorgeous of these will be given by American hostesses. Thousands of dollars will be lavished on these children's parties. And the guests will mostly be English, for there are few American children here to participate. These guests will be patricians, the flower of British aristocracy and perhaps the royal children from Marlborough House. At the parties projected the "spread" will be more gorgeous than ever. The toys more beautiful, the cotillions more expensive. The truth is, the youngsters themselves, like their parents, have grown excessively fastidious and they positively turn up their noses at the "buntings" with the "ritzy" which were distributed at one of her parties for the little people. She may be trusted to go one better this year.

MRS. ADAIR'S FUNCTION. Mrs. Adair usually gives a children's party during the holidays and mediates another this year. Here is always a wonderful sight. At it are to be seen all the smartest children in London, society dressed in the most fantastic and gorgeous way. There is the inevitable cotillion with wonderful gifts for which Mrs. Adair's London Paris procuring the quaintest of novelties for her guests. Some one told me that she spent last year over \$2,000 on the "ritzy" which were distributed at one of her parties for the little people. She may be trusted to go one better this year.

TWO BIG AFFAIRS. There is great excitement in the American colony about the two great balls to be given for Princess Patricia of Connaught before she leaves England with her parents in the New Year. It is that time the White Star line, which has been so successful in the past, is giving the party, which is now styled the "dancing of the Americans." Every American girl of importance will be present on the occasion and there is an air that they will take the opportunity on that night to present their royal highness with a gift, the nature of which has not yet been decided upon. The other American ball is to be given by Lady Barrymore, Mrs. Adair's sister, and it will probably take place at the Ritz as Lady Barrymore has no London house and Mrs. Adair is at Rubicon bridge, which I am told

Cupid's Clerical Understudy Plans American Trip

Rev. W. J. Gomersall, the London Minister Whose "Social Circles for Eligibles" Have Given a Big Boost to Matrimony in Britain, is Anxious to Cross the Atlantic—Wants to Lend a Hand to American Organizations.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—Cupid's Successor, as he has been dubbed here, is contemplating a visit to the United States. He is the Rev. W. J. Gomersall, a Presbyterian clergyman of London who declares that the little chap with the bow and arrow has been loafing lately, and thereby rendered necessary some organized scheme for promoting matrimony. A while ago, accordingly, Mr. Gomersall founded the so-called "Eligible Social Circles," of which there are now three in London. And as he has read in the American cables that organizations modeled after his are about to be started in New York and Boston, he wants to go across and give them a start in the right direction.

Besides being the originator and organizer, Mr. Gomersall is the presiding genius of the "Eligible Social Circles." Ostensibly these circles are formed to provide social evenings for lonely bachelors, widowers, single women and widows. One has to be either one of these four to pass the hospitable portals of the "circles." But Mr. Gomersall and his wife, who is the official hostess, frankly admit that the encouragement of matrimony is the chief end they have in view. "They are doing all they can to lay out an enticing pathway leading to the hymeneal altar, and interspersed at intervals with whist drives, country walks, dances and tea-dates over cups of coffee," Mr. Gomersall has evolved the unique theory that coffee is a love-philant.

ELIGIBLES CLUB. The first of the Eligibles clubs was formed a year ago, the second six months later and the third has just been launched. The three have a combined membership of 600, despite the thinning of their ranks by the retirement of those who have formed matrimonial partnerships.

To become a member one must belong to one of the four classes mentioned above, be able to furnish two refer-

ences, and fork out 7 shillings and 6 pence—just 12 cents short of \$2. That entitles one to look the eligibles over for about four months with an eye towards a possible mate, or with an impersonal eye, just as one chooses.

FIFTY MARRIAGES.

According to Mr. Gomersall, the conventionalities of society prevent marriage. He aims, he says, to remove these barriers. As he expressed it to me, he brings his people together like a flock of birds and provides them with a little entertainment. Mrs. Gomersall piles them with her special brand of coffee, which is supposed to unloose the gentle passions and presto, they are billing and cooing like a lot of doves. "The plan has its drawbacks, (especially in the eyes of Mrs. Grundy), but Mrs. Gomersall points to 50 marriages within the last year for vindication.

NO AGE LIMIT.

No age limit exists among the Eligibles. One member is 72 years old, and in his eagerness to get properly mated he has not been satisfied to join one circle but is a member of all three. There is another member of 71, and it is a race between the two to see who will meet his affinity first. Several are in the sixties, more in the fifties or the forties, and still more from 20 to 40.

HOW IT WORKS.

System is the strong point of the Eligibles club. Nothing is left to chance. Upon coming into the organization the men confess themselves to Mr. Gomersall, tell him their incomes, their prospects and just about what they want in the way of a wife. The women make Mrs. Gomersall the custodian of similar confidences, and the husband and wife exchange information. The course of true love is then macadamized by Mrs. Gomersall, who says: "Mr. Smith, will you see Miss Snicker here this evening?" knowing that Mr. Smith has an income of \$25 a week and that that is just about what

Miss Snicker longs to get her hands on. But should Miss Snicker by any accident allow Mr. Jones to take her home, Mrs. Gomersall says to her, "You must not allow Mr. Jones to go any further, Miss Snicker; he gets only \$20 a week." In this way matrimonial disappointments are prevented.

BIDS FOR HUSBANDS.

But big as London is, it is too restricted for the matrimonial activities of Mr. and Mrs. Gomersall. They have formed what they call a correspondence circle at a guinea (\$5) a head. This fee entitles one to send in two photographs with some personal information, and a statement of their virtues and accomplishments that the desired life-partner must possess. One of the photographs is passed around the circle with requests for bids, and the other is sent to some other correspondent who seems specially fitted to fulfill the requirements of the original. Should success attend the efforts of the marrying person and his wife, no extra fee is demanded, "although," as Mrs. Gomersall told me, "it is the custom for the couple when they are married to make us a present." Also it is the custom for the couple to come to London and be married by the Rev. W. J. Gomersall.

CHANCE FOR HEIRESSSES.

Mrs. Gomersall confided to me, in a tone of voice which suggested that she would have ears, that whereas the middle class were their principal customers, of late even the peerage had fallen victims. From the same lips and in the same tone of voice, I learned that a countess was now communicating through them with a doctor in Boston and "only this week" confided Mrs. Gomersall, "I received a letter from a vicar in Philadelphia with a fine income, asking me to find him a suitable wife." So great has been the demand among the peerage, says Mrs. Gomersall, "that they are considering the advisability of establishing a circle in the exclusive West End of London. Here American heiresses can look the eligible bachelors over and take their pick at something like \$10. This scheme is bound to prove popular."

MATYARD EVANS.

well satisfied is the Hotel de la Mode. It is true that the tables here are not arranged with the simplicity of Gamp's, their tops being covered with rather white cloths and stacked with great piles of knives and forks, from which the habitués learn to help themselves, thereby saving the faithful garçon considerable trouble. In this one respect used to the habit of the Hotel de la Mode, and enjoys the tasty specialties of this old fashioned abode.

I think Puffin, the head waiter of the A la Mode, must have served there for at least 50 years, while Snop, who manipulates so well the shining tankards of ale and porter—his junior by only a very few years. And I think that during the entire span of their service they have been loyal true to the same suits of clothes. Certainly their bloated garments look no younger than their wearers.

LIKE THIS HONOLY AND SENTIMENTAL LOVE FOR OLD POSSESSIONS.

Like the Cafe de Sausage, the A la Mode, does not provide its customers with a greatly varied menu. But what it lacks in variety is compensated for by quantity. For a net expenditure of sixpence you can get enough of a la mode beef—the great specialty of the house—to victual a whole family for a couple of days. The great plates, like farmers' feeding troughs, are a delightful characteristic of this well known restaurant, as also are their "pommes de terre a la nature," which cost but 2d., and offer a nice problem in gastronomic steevedoring. When I use this hotel, I always make a point of tipping Puffin a penny, and very grateful he is for it. I don't think I shall ever feel that when the expenditure of an extra trifle will secure special attention, which is, in London, indispensable to your true gourmet. It is never lost.

If you ever wander appetiteless about London and would a good restaurant where even nature is powerless to resist the attractiveness of the menu, take my advice and try the Cafe de Sausage. Into the "C. A. B." it is a delightful place, on which old Gamp's, its proprietor, has spared no expense. The recent alterations, which have thoroughly modernized it, have been kindly. Here the tables are all marble topped—an innovation which has been adopted at many of the houses of the London gourmet. This answers a triple purpose. It reduces laundry bills, is extremely sanitary and is guaranteed to cool the hottest plate in less than 10 minutes.

GROCERS—CLEAN AND UNCLEAN.

The Women's Home Companion gives these impressive figures in its campaign for clean grocery stores: "There are 80,000,000 people in the United States. For their food \$12,000,000,000 is spent annually. Eighty-four million stomachs to be fed this year at a cost of \$12,000,000,000. Allowing as a very small average that half the marketing will be done by mail, telephone or through peddlers and children, 4,000,000 people will be fed by women who do not know nor do not try to know their grocers; and \$600,000,000 worth of food will be bought without the supervision of ten women who know their grocers. This food, distributed by grocers, clean and unclean, includes nearly 3,000,000 tons of sugar, \$100,000,000 of coffee, 17,000,000 pounds of butter, 17,000,000 pounds of meat, 17,000,000 pounds of flour and 17,000,000 pounds of oil. All of these conditions must be handled by various checks and delivery men, before they pass from the grocery store to your pantry. Don't you think it is about time you got acquainted with your grocer and his helpers? Are the men and boys who handle the food for your family worthy of the trust?

X-RAYS TO PROVE DEATH.

A new scientific method of preventing premature burial was yesterday brought to the notice of the French Academy of Science. M. Vallant, director of the radiographic laboratory at the Lariboisiere hospital in Paris, has since 1897 made experiments with the radiograph, living and dead, and has arrived at the discovery that by means of the X-rays it is possible to prevent premature burial in living persons. The other of a corpse, were exhibited. In the radiograph of the living person it was impossible to distinguish the internal organs, while in that of the corpse the liver, etc., were clearly visible.

FRAUD WRECKS THE SOCIALISTS

Polish Revolutionary Organization Goes on the Rocks in Dramatic Fashion.

WAS TERROR OF RUSSIANS.

Responsible Heads Declare It Has Ceased to Aim at Purpose for Which It Was Created.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARSAW, Dec. 13.—Not for a long time has anything occurred which has afforded so much satisfaction to the Russian bureaucracy as the breakup of the revolutionary section of the Polish Socialist party. They are still chuckling and rubbing their hands gleefully over it. It is said that when the news reached the czar, who seldom smiles these days, he actually laughed for joy.

Some meager details of the dissolution of this militant organization of Socialists, which was a matter of telegraph and cable, but as news matter is deserving of a more extended report. That as an organization it has ceased to exist admits of no doubt, its disbandment has been announced in a circular issued at Lodz, the headquarters of Polish socialism, by its responsible heads. That once powerful party, before which, one short year ago, Russian officials trembled and to which Polish officials turned for protection, has dissolved itself.

The manifesto is not without a certain pathos. "We have still," it says, "an income of 1,800 roubles per month and we still possess some 5,000 members. But those who have been given arms for the cause of liberty, use them for banditism and horrible acts of terrorism. We therefore dissolve this party, as it has ceased to aim at the purpose for which it was created."

IMPORTED ARMS.

This is only too true. The Revolutionary Socialists, who were brave, energetic and a certain amount of talent for organization, failed utterly to preserve discipline amongst the rank and file. The leaders imported revolvers from Germany; they showed their followers how to use them and allowed them to such good purpose that, whenever a man was killed, it was almost a dead certainty that he would be killed. But they omitted one present; they forgot to teach their warriors when not to shoot. They forgot to teach them when not to take money, and the consequence was that 90 per cent of them raided banks and shops and trains, not for the sacred cause of freedom, but for the selfish purpose of their own pockets.

And this was not all; the rank and file had their own little schemes of their own. They pretended to work for their party and to be paid for it, but they were not. They pretended to be paid for it, but they were not. They pretended to be paid for it, but they were not.

TYPICAL CASE.

Here is an example. A rich householder in Warsaw, named Zislinski, invited a friend, a restaurant keeper, for not paying his rent. The restaurant keeper, who was a rabble, who ruined the premises, got drunk on half the liquor, flooded the cellar with the remains and declared that they would kill Zislinski if he did not find the restaurant keeper 1,000 roubles to start afresh.

"MY NAME IS HERE."

Zislinski went to the police, who refused to help him. Then the waiter came to him, demanding that he should pay for the damage. (Continued on page fourteen)

TO DINE CHEAPLY EASY IN LONDON

The restaurants of London!

How little do these four all-embracing words convey the feelings of the writer as he pens them! What an endless retrospect of consumed joys of feasts, hurriedly devoured, as if hurried in challenge to Nemesis! dyspepsia, who, standing cheek by cheek at once side, taps a warning forefinger on the tender stomach, bidding indifference to eat on appetite and pills on both! My history, from the days of Elton Jackson and collars of short-lived virgin whiteness, to indulgent middle age, is almost written in the restaurants of London, writes J. Langley Levy.

I remember that my first introduction to the mysterious delights of the metropolitan life was made shortly after we young bloods of Elton had sung "Polce Domino." I was on my way to the Cathedral of St. Paul when my attention was held by three things. The first was the undisturbed slum of vacuum which emphatically foretold hunger. The second was a quaint hanging lamp, on the oval side of which was emblazoned the legend, "Ten-ounce chops and steaks, 5d." And the third was a delightful aroma of frying onions that, after stimulating

and passing one's nasal nerves, wrestled with one's vitals with irresistible strength. I recognized the place at once from my father's old repeated description. It was the Cafe de Sausage, a venture of Gamp, who will gastronomically reduce the famous chef de cuisine of the Stereotype Club.

I drew near the steaming window and the smell increased in hospitable strength. The cafe, then as now, was renowned for its fried sausage, a peculiar specialty of the great Gamp, and in the window, replying in a shallow iron dish lined with white enamel, rows of these plump little things, packed with mystery, could be seen slowly broiling in a restless sea of molten bubbling fat. In similar vessels "ten-ounce chops and steaks" changed their crimson coats for an oily garb of brown, while, in separate dishes, frying tomatoes and onions burst and shriveled in sheer ecstasies. The genial Gamp, clad in spotless white, divided his time between turning the cooking viands and receiving and personally waiting upon his customers.

Drawn by the magnetic odor of the onions, I entered the cafe, and sat down timidly at a wooden topped table. There is nothing in the way of extravagant luxury at the Cafe de Sausage. Gamp believes in reducing the paucity of gastronomy to all North-

ing most minutely the subtle flavor of his foods. Therefore his patrons are not excited with a bewildering display of napery, glass and cutlery. They would not know what to do with it if they were.

But, as a new point of view, Gamp's is a "white" smile, gentle, wonderful, approaches me and smilingly inquires my needs. I ordered "maximous pommes de terre," and I remembered wondering if my pocket contained sufficient money to pay for this delicacy. When the dish appeared, I noticed the imprint of Gamp's thumb—a considerate attention on his part for which he never made extra charge—I found it shaped like a miniature alibi, of a crisp brown exterior, which, when cut, yielded a pleasantly flavored substance made, presumably, of minced meat.

I was agreeably surprised to find the quality of my first acquaintance with the restaurant of London was only cloud. Since those days Gamp and I have gone together, and have become fast friends. I have eaten many a fatty meal prepared under his aegis, and to this day he always reserves a seat at the wall end of a bench for me for lunch and dinner. Another restaurant in London, which I never find myself