

A New Kind of Minstrel.

When the 5.15 train pulled out of the Atlantic City station on Sunday afternoon last, the chair cars were pretty well filled with Elks who had remained over at the huge New Jersey resort after attending their annual national convention there. Many of them were in a pretty cheerful frame of mind: perhaps they were glad because they were getting away from a land breeze that wafted the mercury in the thermometers on the Atlantic City porches up to 100 mark and carried myriads of utterly fearless mosquitoes right down to the board walk, and perhaps, again, some of the joyous Elks had loitered quite a lot on their way to the station. At any rate, the majority of them were obviously feeling pretty good, and the exchange of witticisms and gentle 'knocks' among the chairs was pretty rapid.

In the smoking compartment of the forward chair car, a foreign looking young chap with a big mop of very straight and very black hair brushed back from his forehead sat gloomily with a black leather violin case across his lap. Five of the joyous Elks were jollyng one another over cigars in that smoking compartment, but the foreign looking young chap with the violin case paid no attention to them. He looked out of the window at the green marshes that hedge Atlantic City around, and the boisterous laughter of the Elks never induced him to turn his head once. He looked blue. He looked like a man who had lost his job.

About five minutes after the train had pulled out, a young fellow in a blue serge suit and apparently in possession of a jag of such proportions that it must have been left over from the night before appeared at the door of the smoking compartment in which the foreign looking young chap with the violin case and the

five happy Elks sat. For all of his apparent jg, there was a certain sbrewd expression in his gray eyes. The lightning glance when he exchanged with the foreign looking young man with the violin case, who turned his gaze from the window for the first time when the young man with the jg appeared at the door, might have told a close observer that his jg wasn't of such proportions as he was endeavoring to make it appear but the five Elks weren't observing things closely just then; they were just having fun among themselves.

The young man with the sbrewd gray eyes and the somewhat unsteady gait took a seat in the compartment, dug a frazzled cigar out of his waistcoat pocket, lit it, and leaned back contently with his leg on his suit case. In something less than five minutes he was full swing with the five Elks. He had butted in at a favorable opportunity with a witticism so opportune that he caught the five, and the Elks grinned and were rather inclined to be indulgent with him on account of his obvious jg. Inside of ten minutes he was saying most of the funny things in a thick, yet clever sort of way. He was a good talker, and pretty soon the Elks found themselves inclining their ears to catch his quaint, humorous remarks. The young man with the sbrewd gray eyes and the palpable jg reached into his suit case produced a fine bottle of cocktails after the train had been under way for about a quarter of an hour and handed it around. Each of the five Elks good-naturedly took a swig out of the bottle, which was then passed over to the gloomy-looking foreigner with the violin case and the mop of black, straight hair. The latter shook his head, smiling drearily.

"I no drunk," said he. "I like, but if I drink I no can play," tpping his violin

case.

"Who said you could play, anyhow. Ginney?" inquired the young man with the jg, good-naturedly. "You can't prove it by us. We ain't heard you."

"I been play in orchestra here," said the foreign-looking chap, waving his hand back in the direction of Atlantic City, "but I no play z ragtime, and z y no want ze good muacek. I been dis-charge," and he turned his face to the window and sighed somewhat heavily.

"Got fired because you couldn't or wouldn't play ragtime, hey?" inquired the young man with the jg, sympathetically. "How's that for a bum hard luck story, fellows?" and he looked around at the five Elks with a grin.

The Elks admitted that it did look kind of hard-luckish.

"Say, get out your old whargdoodle and scrape us one or two, will you, Guinea?" said the young man with the jg to the foreign-looking chap. "We'll make good if you hit us right."

The foreign-looking chap looked around at the faces of his six compartment mates with a bland, inquiring gaze.

"Go ahead," said one of the Elks. "Give us some of your good music."

The musician unstrapped his violin case and took out the instrument, which was of rich tone and of contralto quality, it appeared as if he might prove to be a pretty fair performer. He put the violin under his chin, drew the bow across the strings and then rested the instrument on his knees.

"Vat I play?" he asked, looking around the circle with inquiring gaze.

What's the matter with Schubert's 'Serenade'?" asked one of the Elks, a stout broad-faced man.

"I'm feeling kind o' woczzy, myself, after this whirl, and the 'Serenade' 'ad about nail me."

"Good thing," said the other Elks, and the young man with the jg. "Saw us the 'Serenade'."

The foreign looking chap put the instrument under his chin, raised his bow, and began. Right from the first note it was obvious that he was a performer of no mean ability. There was expression in his

method and sentiment. His cords were beautiful. He hadn't played ten bars before the Elks and the young man with the jg began to look a bit serious.

"Say, he doesn't do a thing but yank the moons and sob out o' that piece, does he?" said the young man with a jag, looking around at the others, but they frowned a bit. They wanted to listen. The musician with the mop of black hair swayed with the inspiration of the 'Serenade,' and there is no doubt that he performed the piece remarkably well. When he finished he sighed and rested his violin on his knees, and the Elks and the young man with the jg seemed slowly to awaken from a spell. Eight or ten other Elks were listening at the door of the compartment.

"Say, that fellow's all right," said the Elks in the compartment to one another. "Hell do. It's a treat to get a little of that kind of good stuff after hearing those darned 'Ah Hates Tuh See Mah Baby Lose' and 'Ah Ain't Seen No Messenguh Boy' things twisted out of the merry-go-rounds for a week or so."

"Ain't he a baby with that thing though?" said the young man with the jg, handing around his bottle of cocktails again. "Sort o' gets a duck around the neck, eh? Chop us another, G neey, will you?"

"Vat I play?" inquired the musician again, mopping his forehead with a Persian figured handkerchief.

"What's the matter with the 'Intermezzo'?" inquired the stout Elk with the broad face.

"That's one that'll make you forget for a few minutes that there's such a thing as working for a living."

The foreign looking chap smiled and nodded his head, and began to play the gem that made Mascagni. The fellow was really a violinist of genuine talent. He got the organ tones out of the 'Intermezzo,' and before he was half through the Elks were blowing smoke rings and looking up at the top of the car. The doorway was jammed with listening Elks. The young man with the jag seemed to be drinking in the music with half-closed eyes. The listeners almost gasped when the foreign looking chap made the finish with the high G on the E string.

"Say, look here," said one of the Elks

standing in the doorway, "you fellows in there are not going to have all this to yourselves. Bring the man out into the car so's we can all have a hack at that music. It's the best fiddling I've heard in a coon's age."

He was backed up in his demand by others of the Elks standing in the doorway.

"Hey, come on out and take one of the chairs, Tchamkowsky, or What d'ye call 'em," said the young man with the jag to the musician.

"Give the whole bunch a chance."

The musician smiled in his childlike way, picked up his case and violin, and headed the procession to the main body of the car, followed by the young man with the jag and all of the Elks. He sat down in one of the chairs, tuned up the instrument again, and by the time he was ready to play the word had been passed back through all of the cars that there was a fiddler of a whole lot of skill playing in the forward car, and the car became crowded with Elks in a cheerful frame of mind.

"Vat I play?" once more inquired the foreign looking chap, looking around at his vastly widened circle.

"Any old thing," chorused the Elks who had been listening to him in the smoking compartment. "You've got it down all right. You can't put 'em over too swift for us."

"What's the matter with some of that d. t. Hungarian stuff?" put in the young man with the sbrewd gray eyes and the jg. "That's wild and devilish enough to make a man feel like walking nine miles through snow knee deep to bite his little sister."

"Ah!" said the musician, and he began to play czardas. He seemed to be particularly at home at that sort of music and he had every man in the car swaying in no time. He was vociferously applauded by the crowded car at the end of each composition, and he was still playing away with remarkable effect when the young man with the jag looked out of the window.

"We're butting into Camden," he announced, looking at his gun metal watch, and this Guinea's made the ride seem like a ten minute trip on the trolley, hey?

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THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.