

SUNDAY AT THE CLUB

A Picture of the Place Men Haunt to Keep Out of the Rain.

THE QUIET BUT CONVENIENT CABOT

A glimpse of Its Smoking, Dining, Drinking and Billiard Rooms.

NOT SO UNINVITING, EVEN ON WET DAYS

"Of all the days within the week, there is no day like one day; and that is the day that comes between a Saturday and Monday."

The observation of the gentleman who "loved no girl but Sully," might be appropriately echoed by Pittsburgh club-goers. To them, Sunday presents none of those unattractive features which make poor Lord St. Aldondegue yawn, on the same hearth-rug with a Bishop, and grow rebelliously.

To the professional and business men of Pittsburgh, as indeed of most other American cities, Sunday is a time of rest from the many cares which harass the mind during those toilsome days which do not come "between a Saturday and Monday."

But if there be one member at the clubs during the summer Sundays, there are five there during the cold, damp Sundays of autumn and winter.

Anyone who visited the Cabot Club, on any recent Sunday, except yesterday, would have been struck with the truth of this observation. We will call it the Cabot Club for the sake of distinction, adding still further that it is a Republican club of strong Democratic prejudices; in other words, a happy anomaly. It is located either on Sixth avenue or Smithfield street—a pretty safe neighborhood in which to place such

A VISIONARY INSTITUTION, seeing that those thoroughfares very nearly border the "clubland" of Pittsburgh. Any further information regarding the Cabot Club can be had on application to the secretary.

On Sundays, usually, the rain comes down in its familiar energetic fashion. It sweeps many a bedraggled member into the grateful shelter of the Cabot Club. It loads the hatstands with dripping headgear. It fills every available corner with umbrellas. It shrouds the passages with overcoats. In the smoking rooms, buried

in the depths of mighty arm-chairs, doze or read or smoke gentlemen by the score. In his favorite nook, by the fire, sits the privileged "oldest member," autocrat of all the hearthrug, and guardian of the "cigar table." Between his teeth—for he is engaged in one of his daily lectures on men and things—is firmly held a choice "Henry Clay," and on his knees, to shield them from the over-anxious proximity of the fire, he has spread a copy of THE DISPATCH. By his grizzled mustache you can see he is

AN OLD GROOMGRABER, and has been through the war. He reminds one of that "Pierre" of whom Thackeray sings:

"On the smothering bench of a tavern He sits, and he talks of old wars, And moistens his pipe of tobacco, With a drink that is named after Mars."

These old warriors love the warmth and comfort of sun or fire; and have they not earned a right to all such good things?

The sojourners in the smoking rooms are, for the most part, old fogies, in whose fierce fire of youth is dead or dying. They no longer regard a game of p-k—r as the desired of all desires. The "reckless contractions" and "graceful falsehoods" of the ordinary daily papers, give them quite gambling enough. So they lounge in the smoking room, and burrow into the cushioned sill, whence anything is visible, but an outline of the evening paper, and a pair of slippers. There is sameness in shoes, and even newspapers was monotonous at times; so we will fasten to the dining room; for there is a

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WORKHOUSE SENTENCES. Judge Gripp Sends Up Seven People for Various Offenses.

The Central station hearing yesterday morning resulted in seven unfortunate getting workhouse sentences out of the 30 prisoners hauled up before the bar of justice.

Patrick Walsh, who had thrown a tumbler and back Frank Banks, a waiter in a Liberty street restaurant, was given 30 days.

John Ellis, who was arrested for street fighting and who attempted to do up Officer McEigh, was given the same sentence.

Norman Smith, who had been seen fighting on Grant street, but Mr. Day told the magistrate a pretty story, and got off with a ten-days sentence to jail. Jacobs will go to Clearmont 30 days. James Clinton was charged with getting drunk and raising Cain in his boarding house. His landlord appeared against him and said he had broken her dishes, thrown a stoveful at her dog, and had cursed and sworn at her. The magistrate rebuked Clinton with a 30-day sentence.

John Kennedy, who had been arrested Saturday afternoon while drunk and carrying about with him a pair of new shoes, could not account for, was able to tell a straight story to the magistrate and was discharged.

Dennis McGinley, Mike Cunningham, Pat Hanlon and Dan Sweeney had been engaged in a fight on Liberty street when arrested by Officer James Jack. They turned their attention to fighting the officer then, and were having a nice time with him when Captain Unterbaum came to his assistance. When the case came before the magistrate before you wish you were out. That is one of the glorious privileges of the club; and anyone who has been to the English House of Commons dining room, or the saloon-manger of the Reform, or Carlton, can vouch for the

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"Sir," says Etienne, General Jones in the drink room of the Cabot Club, raising a glass of amber-colored liquid between his left eye and the light; "sir, we must keep down this drunkenness that is undermining this country. A craving for liquor is fast taking root among the dregs of the people." (here the gallant soldier tossed off his bumper); "and may one day prove an open, as it is now, a subtle, enemy to the constitution."

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And now we have seen the Cabot Club in its ordinary dull Sunday aspect. It is a cozy, enjoyable place to spend an afternoon on a wet day, but on a wet Sunday it is an oasis in the desert of prim conventionalism, a home for the homeless, a haven for the weary. Wherefore it doth good, and, doing good, doth good to the world. It is a happy in the knowledge that there is a Cabot Club. BRENAN.

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Only in Club Life is it Good Form to Read While You Eat.

But VERY UNCONVENTIONAL. Here are more sensible elderly gentlemen engaged in demolishing appetizing viands and partaking of the mellow contents of the wine cup. Only in club life is it "good form" (oh! bugbear of the painfully polite American nation) to place your newspaper before you while you eat. That is one of the glorious privileges of the club; and anyone who has been to the English House of Commons dining room, or the saloon-manger of the Reform, or Carlton, can vouch for the

regularity with which the great ones of the Anglo-Saxon practice this custom. It is not far from the dining room to the "clubboard" of the Cabot Club. Elevate me thine eyebrows, oh staunch opponent of the intoxicating decanter! You must know that, even on Sunday, the man who hath money can purchase drink. It is not the man who hath not of earth's treasures that the prohibitory laws effect; and so it must remain as long as the club sets up its sideboard.

"Sir," says Etienne, General Jones in the drink room of the Cabot Club, raising a glass of amber-colored liquid between his left eye and the light; "sir, we must keep down this drunkenness that is undermining this country. A craving for liquor is fast taking root among the dregs of the people." (here the gallant soldier tossed off his bumper); "and may one day prove an open, as it is now, a subtle, enemy to the constitution."

Very true, indeed, most excellent Jones, but why do you replenish your glass with more of that amber nectar? Does it not somewhat destroy the effect of your arduous denunciation of the drink?

It is but a step or two from drink to cards. In the cardroom—cozy little apartment—there are sundry games of p-k progressing. The chips rattle on the table; the players' faces might be taken as models for a gallery of the human emotions. Here are anxiety, disgust, wrath, consternation, cunning, delight and hope vividly portrayed on the various devices of fortune. Pity 'tis that commiseration should be so eloquently absent! Ancient Shakespeare tells us that "the quality of mercy is not strained." They certainly do not overstrain it in the Cabot Club cardroom. Whether Brown or Robinson be the loser, it is there "vae victis."

In another chamber of the club,