WOMEN JOURNALISTS.

E OF THE MOST PROMINENT ONES IN GAY PARIS.

at Adam and do Rate-Mrs. Kmil-Crawford, the Wenderful English Correspondent - Locy Hooper - Mme. Yappa-Barenese Double-Nubertine Aubert.

[Special Correspondence.]
PARIS, Feb. 8.—Women as news gathin Paris are a foreign innovad to bring about the democracy of ce, perhaps they are not the least factor. May not the much quoted apho-ries of Victor Hugo, "The Nineteenth century is women's century," have been who sought his salon? Certain, it is rare to find one of the craft who does not treasure the friendship of the great poet as one of the most flattering recompense of their varied calling. Now, as in the rightest, ablest contributors to the Parisian press are women. Their identity is concealed under pseudonyms, and after the manner of their masculine competitors, they rarely venture beyond the ubjects of which they have made capecial study. The political writer would no more assume to discuss art, music or Hterature than the fashion gossiper to advance scientific theories. The standard of journalism in Paris is quite apart from that of England or the United States. The first requisite is literary merit. Men and women meet on common ground and are recompensed ac cordingly. To have achieved notoriety in any other field, happily, is not requisite to journalistic or literary recog-nition in France. The first and greatest woman journalist was Mmo. Emile, who between 1839-48, when journalism of the old school achieved its greatest luster. Of a later day is Mme. Adam (Juliette Lambert), of La Nouvelle Revue. This journal, while less serious than The Revue des Deux Mondes, is the medium through which younger writers are gaining recognition, and it scintillates with much talent of great promise. Mme. Adam is one of the most intel

the French capital. Powerful in its way is The Nouvelle Revue International, which has for its editress a once famous beauty, Mme, de Rute, whose daughter married this winter a Spanish grandee of colossal fortune. Its editress is a woman of the world, consequently a woman with a history. A granddaughter of Julian Bonaparte, her granddaughter of Junian to Greece, father was British minister to Greece, husbands She is the widow of three husbands French, Italian and Spanish, and wittily declares that to a woman with such a ped igree "death has no terrors." Her second and was prime minister to Italy. She has a charmingly smooth style and has written many plays, which have been produced in her own theatre. Versatile, centric, every salon has its anecdote of this clever woman. Found weeping over Paris directory one day, she was asked the cause of her tears. "I have found the name of one man who has not been in love with me," said this passe

lectual and brilliant conversationalists at

three is the pseudonym of Baron-ess Double, who has written many years for The Figaro. Her "Notes of a Society Man," published in this greatest of French journals, was long thought to have been written by a man. Brilliant critiques from the pen of Judith Gautier, daughter of Theophile Gautier; Mme. Al-phonse Daudet and Mme. Mary Reynolds (Gil Blas) appear regularly in the leading

every paper has now its writer of the beau modde, which is consid cred the lowest order of writing and classed in the same category as reporting, which eschewed by he old regime a a foreign intruder worthy the contempt with which

it is regarded. However, report-MME. YAPP. ing is creeping in through the republican sheets in which Nubertine Aubert and Louise Michel (the demagogues) air their socialistic theories Correspondence-reporting, as it is understood among English speaking nations -does not exist in France. The first foreign woman to brook these conventionalities was an Irish woman, Mrs. Emily Crawford, today a quoted author ity in London. As the wife of Mr. Craw ford, for many years chief of the foreign bureaus of correspondents, she came to Paris previous to the war, and her journalistic career began in those exciting

"It wiped away the prejudices, the conventionalities which had surrounded me since my birth," said this nestoress of women journalists in recounting her exes. "It broadened my views of periences. "It broadened he best people of life and taught me that the best people of every nation are the common people; the best school, hardship." Mrs. Crawford is a strong, vigorous woman, with snow white hair, dark eyes, with much of the native wit in the corners of her determined mouth. She has written since she was 18 years old. With her brilliant husband, who is said to have been the original of Worthington in Thackeray's "Pendennis," she has always had the so ciety of thinkers. He was a strong anticonservative long before the Republican party came in power. Intimate with its ders, Mrs. Crawford had a rich fund of anecdote to draw upon when they as sumed the reins of government, and her letters have always been widely quoted. Her work, however, had been inseparable from that of her husband until his death in 1885, when she assumed his position, which she retains with a strength that is universally recognized. The London Daily News furnishes her a specia wire at a cost of £2,000 a year. She sends every night two columns of matter. Her son assists her, but it is rarely that she leaves her office before 1 or o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Crawford is particularly strong in political subjects, and is writing a "History of the French Revolution." For many years she has been a correspondent of The New York Tribune. English journals pay liberally, much more so than American newspapers, who in turn pay better than the French press. In all probability Mrs. Crawford commands the highest salary

of any woman journalist. "What do you think of journalism as a profession for women?" was asked Mrs Crawford as she sat in her pleasant salon, on whose walls hang her portrait painted when she was 21, by Tagnanini, who perpetuated the beauty of many ican belles in his "Nine Muses," at

the Metropolitan museum. "Well, I should say the first requisite was a giant constitution," was the reply. "A woman of delicate physique may do good work by spel's, but the ceaseless grind of the regular journalistic life rees the strongest constitution. I know could never have endured what I have ad I less physique. There is no race so

vigorous as the irish. The English have not half their endurance. I live on the simplest food—rice, vegetables; and cat ment but once a day." At 60 Mrs. Craw-ford has the strength of a vigorous man

"To illustrate that a strong physique is a woman's chief requisite in journalism," she continued, "I will tell you incidents in my career. The visit of the shah to Paris in 1873 caused great excitement. The News did not awaken to its importance. We had no regular tele graphic communications then, and they neglected to provide them for the occa-sion. My husband could think, reason, but he had not that quick, deft pen—the dash requisite for descriptive work.

sailles, I rose at 5 o'clock, hastened to

the station and made for the palace;

gained admittance, saw all the ceremo-nies, after which I discovered that only

200 words could be wired from Versailles

and that the line was engaged. I re turned to Paris, secured admission to the

palace of the Elysees, went home, dressed and attended the ball that night. It was

long past midnight when I got home.

I said to my busband: 'Sit up and watch

the clock. When the hand is at 3 waken

me.' Too fatigued to undress, I threw

myself on the bed in my ball dress and

slept like a top. My husband called me at the appointed hour. I rose, and be-

fore 7 o'clock next morning mailed two

columns to The Daily News. It appeared the following morning, and was more accurate and interesting than any-

thing that had been wired. I recollecanother occasion," said the journalist:
"the assembly at Versailles, when it was

thought that the republic of France, would be abolished—the assembly that

elected MacMahon. The day before the assembly, M. Thiers said to me: 'Mrs.

Crawford, you have always been my

friend. I would like to have you pres-

"'How can I, M. Thiers?' I replied.

"'Come early,' he said; 'I will have

a seat provided for you in a loge.' The

loges were little lattice cages perched

high on the walls. I took a train for Ver-

sailles at 5 o'clock that morning and found

the loge reserved for me. It was 7 in the

morning when I entered it, and I remained

here without food until 11 o'clock that

night. It was noon before my husband

found admittance. He came to me where

I sat in my lattice box, my nose pressed

against the bars. 'Come out,' he said,
'you will certainly die.' 'No I won't,'
I replied. 'All I ask is to be left alone.'

did not make a single note. I had no

scrap of paper. The next morning by

arliest train I sent over two columns to

London, the whole written entirely from

memory. Of course I knew the leading

men of both parties. I was familiar with

the questions at issue, which was an aid to the memory of that day's proceedings.

During the Commune the house in which we lived was partly destroyed by bomb

shells from St. Cloud. But, undaunted

we femained. Indeed, I became insensi

ble to danger, as I have become indiffer

The next invader was an American

Mrs. Lucy Hooper-born and reared in

Philadelphia, of wealthy parents. Mrs.

Hooper had always a penchant for writ-ing, and in 1872, when the Boston fire swept away her inheritance, she took up

the pen as a defense against necessary

want. She was interested in The Lippin-

cott Magazine when it was first es-tablished, and had written fugitive

pieces. Intrusted with the correspond-

ence of The Appleton Journal and Phila-delphia Press, she came to Paris sixteen

She afterward becar

ated with The Philadelphia Telegraph

for which she writes continuously, to

gether with The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

ployers that I have ever had," said the

oldest and best known American corre

spondent. There is no royal road to

news, and Mrs. Hooper has met with no

unusual obstacles in her calling. "I have

met with only the greatest kindness and

consideration from the French," said Mrs.

Hooper. "They are always ready to aid

a woman if they see that she is sincere.

The foreign press have not the privileges

of the Parisian journalists. They are

never given tickets to theatres. During

the exposition, however, every courtesy

was shown by the Parisian press, The

American commission, on the contrary

"You cannot approach officials in

France as you do in America," said Mrs.

Hooper. "I recollect a young lady who

came over here some years ago to report

for an American journal. The first thing

she wanted to do was to interview Gam

betta. She thought that all that was

necessary was to ring the door bell and

she would be admitted into the presence

of the deliverer. But the French have

broadened in latter years," said the veteran correspondent. "They take more in-

terest in foreign matters, especially what

pertains to America. It was a favorite

saying of Ville Messont, of The Figaro,

86

did absolutely nothing.

that 'a doc killed

in the Boulevard

was of more inter-

est to Parisians

than the death of

an American

statsman, To-

day no journal is

more eager for

women from time

to time have come

ting themselves

Paris or in all the world.

from which they hail-Ohio.

latest telegrams than The Figaro.

han The Figaro. Many American Many time

to Paris represen- MRS. LUCY HOOPER.

as correspondents of journals, and have

abused the privileges accorded them,

used them as a passport to a fast life, of

which no profession probably affords

more ample opportunities. Meteors, they

soon found their level, without disturb

ing the respect which the women of

character and ability always command in

The Paris edition of The New York

Herald employs two women, one as a re-

porter, the other as sketch artist. They

are very clever, and are full of the energy

and enterprise characteristic of the state

ents, especially fashion reviewers.

Paris is full of occasional correspond-

veteran in this field is Mme. Fillon-

neau Yapp, fifteen years correspondent

to The London Queen. She is not

unknown in America. Contributor to

The Jewelers' Weekly, New York;

The San Francisco Argonaut, The Mil

liners' Trade Review and The Cloak and

Ladies' Review, her articles are illus-

trated by a daughter of Mrs. Alexander,

the well known English novelist. Mme.

Yapp, who is the daughter of an old

journalist, has a ready pen. She is a

to the education of two young nephews,

sons of Douglas Jerrold, the playwright.

In translation the Frenchwoman finds

a market for her pen which is closed to

the English or American. Parisian jour-

nals run daily serials or novels, while the

leading reviews also publish them. Trans-

lations from English and American story

writers are particularly popular. The

foremost critic and translator to whom

American novelists are indebted for their

widow, fat, fair and forty, and devoted

"Mr. Pulitzer is one of the kindest em-

the recompenses of journalism."

ent to the luxuries of life. It is one of

'The Conservatives hate me.'

ent to-morrow.

A popular translator of the sensational American novel is Countess Dillon (Marian Darcy). "The Leavenworth Case" and Sidney Luska's novels have found an interpreter in her ready pen. Telegraph and cablegrams are driving American saw that the most interesting facts about the visit would be lost, and determined correspondents to new fields of work. electric revolutionizers are reto see what I could do.
"On the morning of the day that a
breakfast was given to the shah at Versponsible perhaps for the introduction of the Paul Pry epoch in modern journal-ism Lada Rose McCasz.

THE SUFFERING SIOUX.

of breadth, culture and personal charm. She has introduced T. B. Aldrich, Mark Twain, Cable, James and numerous other writers to readers of The Revue des Deux

"Have you read 'The Quick or the Dead?" was asked this clever French-

"Yes," was the quick reply, "and I found it disgusting, with a good deal of

THE SEMI-CIVILIZED INDIANS OF DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA-

They Suffer Both as White Men and as Indians; with the Former They Share the Drought and as Indians They Have No Surplus and Few Friends.

Once more the country is appealed to for contributions to aid a starving tribe of Indians. The 900 or more Sioux on the great reservation in Ramsey, Benton and Foster counties, North Dakota, share with their white neighbors in the general misery caused by the drought and crop failure of last summer; but, unlike the whites, they have no personal friends and relatives in the east to extend aid quietly, they have no surplus as many



STARVING SIOUX. To add that they have no friends would be an exaggeration, but not a very great one, for the Devil's lake Sioux are the remnants of certain bands which bave the reputation of having been "mighty bad Indians."

Not quite a mile south of the southern bend of the lake stands the well built Fort Totten, from which hardy regulars have gone on expeditions against the Indians when the mercury was 30 degs. below zero. 'A little nearer the lake is the village, comprising the residence of Maj. Cramsic, long the efficient agent of those Indians, the other houses and shope of the agency, the store, hotel and United States signal service office. Maj. Cramsie is among the best informed men in the nation on Indian affairs, and his intelligent wife (herself boasting a trace of Indian blood) is an efficient interpreter and devoted friend of their dusky wards. Half a mile further north and on a ridge rising rapidly from the lake is a fine Catholic church and large school and boarding house, in which ten sisters of the order of Gray Nuns of Montreal teach the young aborigines.

And if one wants to hear the three typical views of the "Indian question," in all the purity of plain language, in spired by enthusiastic conviction, he can hear them at these three adjacent centers. At the fort and agency store, hotel, etc., he can get the straight western view: "Good Indian, dead Indian, etc." If the tourist insists on debating the matter he will hear some philosophy like this: "White man and Injun may be of the same species; so are the dog and the wolf-anyhow, they will 'cross.' the dog will guard sheep and the wolf will kill them. Maybe these Injuns could be civilized-in a long time-but they'll all be dead before the time comes."

At the school "Sister Page" or "Sister Franklin" will tell the visitor in musical French or choice English that their charges are most promising; "the only trouble is when we get through with them they have to go back to the smoky and dirty cabin. Oh, the government ought to see to it that more help is given. There is no need of soldiers and a fort here now. All those pretty buildings ought to be made into an Indian home. Then we could educate every boy and girl on the reservation, and start them in life able to work at a trade and make a good living. We long to do the work asking only room and rations-it is our life work-if the government will only give us the chance.

Maj. Cramsie takes a practical man's view of the matter, viz.: "The Indians are just as capable of being civilized as any other race, but, like any other, they must take time. The impatient American cannot wait-he wants it all done in two or three years. So the Indians are living in tight log houses and bayen't yet learned how to live in them. They are working and learning, but under so many difficulties that in half the cases by the time a man has mastered farming he dies of lung disease,"

In times of plenty the Indian still exhibits the childish trustfulness of the natural man. The halfbreeds often appear in this respect even more improvident than the Indians. Their dances, feasts and social life are picturesque and pleasant; but they do not "keep the wolf from the door" in winter and times of scarcity. About the rude log cabins in which most of the Devil's lake Sious live one may see much suffering any winter; for there is a great deal of scrofula and pulmonary disease among the half civilized, who have lost, or been compelled to give up, all the habits of wild life, and have not well acquired new ones. This winter the suffering is terrible. The poorly clad and worse fed women and children shiver about the cabins, while the men are away in the woods, chopping for a mere pittance.

Much has already been done in response to their appeals. The children at the Carlisle Indian school have sent \$550—all their savings. Many others have given small sums. Indian Commissioner T. J. Morgan has advanced \$3,000 of the coming year's appropriation. The sisters at the school have furnished medicine at their own expense. Maj. Cramsie has secured own expense. Maj. Cramsie has secured small contributions from other sources. Still there is much suffering. The "grippe" has swept the reservation and left a fearful amount of pneumonia in its wake. And in the face of this destitution the fact is presented that the government still owes these people \$1,000,000 on their lands taken by the railroads; congress is merely slow in making and congress is merely slow in making ap-propriations. Those theorists who want overnment to "do everything for everybody" might learn something by observ-ing how it does the small bit of humani tarian work now committed to it by the constitution.

Oysters can be improved by being kept in a sandy floored cellar; a blanket is spread over them, and this is daily sprinkled with sea water and oatmeal Then fish will live for a long time in this way in cool weather and grow nice and MR. FARWELL'S DOMAIN.

A TRACT OF LAND IN TEXAS AS BIG AS COMMECTICUT.

It Was Given in Exchange for the Lone hter State's Greek State House—Its Pos-sibilities—How a Dog Cared for a Ranch. A Thomsand Siffs of Fence.

(Special Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON, Feb. 20,—The most extensive land owner in the senate is Mr. Farwell, of Illinois. Senator Farwell recently had some little trouble with the president about the Chicago offices, and if he should decide to retire from the senate and set up a monarchy of his own, wherein none could question his royal will, it would not be necessary for him to buy domain. Senator Farwell is al-ready the owner of an empire of land. With his brother, John V., the dry goods merchant of Chicago, and Col. Abner Taylor, who is a member of congress from Illinois, Senator Farwell owns a tract of land larger than the states of Delawars and Rhode Island combined and almost as large as the state of Connecticut. It is a solid, compact tract, too, lying along the western border of Texas, abutting about twenty-five miles on No Man's Land, and extending thence southward about two hundred miles. If there were a railroad running north and south through this strip, and the trains thereon made no better time than the average western railway train, Senator Farwell could ride from morning till night without once leaving his own soil.

This empire of prairie land is sur-rounded by a wire fence, and other wire fences cut it into pastures, so that there are in all just 1,000 miles of fence on the place. The farmer who has 1,000 miles of fence and two or three pastures, each as large as the state of Delaware, is a. farmer on the true American scale. But Senator Farwell does not farm. He is in stock raising, and has on his great ranch nearly 150,000 head of cattle. In ten years Senator Farwell will be a very rich man, providing he holds to this tract of land. Already it is worth three or four dollars an acre, and the day is not far distant when it will be worth two or three times as much. In ten years that ranch, land, cattle, fences and improvements should be worth \$40,-000,000, for there are 3,000,000 acres of pretty good land, and the present herd of 150,000 head will soon be multiplied five or six fold.

Senator Farwell was at luncheon the other day in the senate restaurant. With him were his boon companions, Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, and Senator Jones of Nevada. Col. Dan Shepard, the skillful political private secretary of Senator Farwell, entered the restaurant on the double quick, and in an excited way told his chief that an alarming discovery had been made. On account of an error in the surveys, a considerable portion of the Farwell tract had been located in New Mexico, and as the Texas patents would not hold good there all the land thus located would be a dead loss.

"And how many acres are we likely to lose, Dan?" the senator inquired.

"About 150,000." "Oh, if that is all," said Farwell, nonchalantly, "we don't need to bother about it. A hundred and fifty thousand acres is nothing."

And then the senator went on with his uncheon just as if nothing had happened. It is only in America that a man can face the prospective loss of 150,000 acres of land and regard it as a mere

The Farwell empire in Texas is at present inhabited by about 500 men. One railroad-the Denver, Fort Worth and Texas-runs through it, and another railill shortly little town, which the senator and his partners laid out a short time ago, and in few weeks they sold \$17,000 worth of lots there. It is not difficult to imagine this tract of land teeming with villages and towns and prosperous farmers. Were it as densely populated as the United States it would have a population of nearly 100,000 souls. If as densely populated as Mr. Farwell's own state of Illinois it would have a population of nearly three hundred thousand souls, and if it had as many people to the square mile as England it would have a populace numbering nearly two and a half millions. That would be an empire worth having. I do not suppose that Senator Farwell has any idea of setting up a little republic of his own out there in the Panhandle of Texas, one in which he could make all appointments without consultation with the president of the United States, but if he has he will not be able to do so, for in selling him the land the state of Texas was careful to retain political control of it, just as it does of all its other millions upon millions of acres.

"I will tell you how we happened to get that land," said Senator Farwell, The people of Texas wanted a fine new state house, and as land was the thing they had the most of they thought it would be a good idea to trade their land for a state house. So a party of their leading men came down to Chicago and asked some of us to build them a state house estimated to cost a million and a half of dollars, and take in payment therefor, three million acres of estimated to be worth fifty cents an acre. There were just two things I wanted to know before going into the scheme, and those were if the state house could be built for a million and a baif, and if the land which they proposed giving us was worth fifty cents an acre. Col. Taylor went down to Texas and satisfied himself on both of those points, and we took hold. I am not going to tell you how much money the state house did cost us, for that is our own business, but it cost us a good deal more than the million and a half that was estimated by the arghitects. I must say that we got along pretty well with the Texas people, though the job was not without its difficulties. One of the first things we discovered was that the building as planned by the state architect would not stand up after it was built. So the plans had to be changed. Then we found that there wasn't enough good limestone in the state that could be got at to build it of that material, and we proposed using Indiana limestone instead. But the Texans are an intensely patriotic people, and they did not like the idea of having their capital built of imported stone. So we made a new trade with the state, by which we were to use native red granite. the state to give us the labor of 500 convicts. About twenty miles from Austin, the state capital, is a huge bowlder of red granite. How it came there is more than the geologists can tell, but there it was, and we built a railroad out to the big bowlder and began cutting it up.

"It is a saying all over the world," continued the senator, "that we Americans do things in a burry. Certainly we were not slow in completing that state house, all the difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding. The corner stone was laid in the spring of 1885, and predictions were

Here a new trouble arose. We couldn't

get a solitary stonecutter to work on the

ob because convict labor had been used

in getting out the rough material. Our

contractors advertised all over the United

States, but not a man came to work,

Finally the difficulty was adjusted, how-

then plentiful that the building would not be completed in ten years. In a little more than three years the capitol was finished, two years ahead of our contract time. It is probably the largest and most complete building ever erected in so short a time. It is a very large building, covering, as it does, two and a quarter acres of ground. The building has four stories, and the large glass lone star—emblem of the state. the state—on top of the statue of liberty is 311 feet above the base line of the building. It is a state house which compares favorably with any other state capitol in this country, though it was built in a little more than three years, and at an expense to the state of nothing more than a slice of their still plentiful wild land. That is how my partners and myself happened to become the possessors of a tract of land in Texas as big as the state of Con-

A few miles west of the Farwell tract, in New Mexico, is a sheep ranch about which I have heard a queer story. It was told me by Mr. O'Brien Moore, a Wash ington newspaper correspondent, who knows the great empire called Texas as well as some men know the towns in which they live. "Three or four years ago," said Mr. Moore, "when the surveyors were running the lines for this Farwell syndicate, they came upon a sheep ranch on the headwaters of the Canadian river. There were 2,000 or 3,000 head of sheep, all in good condition, and the place looked like a prosperous one, but no signs of human life were to be seen. Knock ing at the door of the cabin brought no response, and there were no evidences at hand that man had been there for many

"Presently a big shepherd dog came running up to them from the prairie. At first he was inclined to be hostile, but finally yielded to gentle treatment, and then his joy knew no bounds. A window in the cabin was open, and in and out of this the dog jumped three or four times, till at length the surveyors concluded to follow him. They clambered in the window and there found the skeleton of a man, which the dog whined over and treated as though something dear to him. Thus the story was made plain. The master, a lone sheep ranchman, had died in his cabin, and the dog had taken care of the flocks. Records found in the cabin showed that the man had been dead three years, and that the flock had increased 100 per cent, under the faithful animal's management. Every night he had driven the sheep to the corral, just as his master had taught him to do, and his body was covered with scars and sores received in combat with preying coyotes. This story was printed about the time the discover was made, but it was not believed. It was everywhere set down as one of those wild western yarns which are so common in the newspapers. But I happen to know that this remarkable tale is literally true. The relatives of the dead man came on from the east to claim the ranch and the sheep, and what do you suppose they did with the dog? Why, they sold him to a friend of mine for \$150. If dog like that had fallen to me no money could have bought him."

I asked Mr. Moore what he thought of the future of Senator Farwell's great tract of land.
"Why," said he, "it will make him or

his family almost as rich as the Vander bilts. You do well to call it an empire The growth of Texas, already one of the marvels of the world, has just begun. Do you know that the census of 1890 is likely to show Texas to be the sixth state of the Union in population? Her population is now not far from 2,500,000, and this places her next to Missouri, with only that state and New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois leading. In the year 1900 Texas will probably have a greater population than any other state of the Union, New York alone excepted. Texas were as thickly populated a Ireland it would have a population of 55,000,000, and nobody who knows the state will deny that it is capable of supporting a population much more dens than that. It is a country in which can be seen growing side by side cotton, corn, wheat, barley, sugar cane, rice, tobacco and all kinds of vegetables where in the orchards such tropical fruit as oranges, bananas and pomegranates grow side by side with hardy apples and other fruits indigenous to northern climates. The future of Texas almost leaves the realm of mathematical speculation and becomes like a dream. In the development and prosperity of the state this 3,000,000 acre tract of the Farwells is sure to become one of the most extensive and valuable estates in the world. WALTER WELLMAN,

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

"Commodore," and Protector of the New York Children.

A New Yorker who is much talked about in that city, besides being constantly written about, is "Commodore" Gerry, as the facetious newspaper paragraphs call him on all sorts of occasions Why "commodore" will soon appear. Elbridge Thomas Gerry has other claims to the title of New Yorker than the mere fact of residence or business relations in that city. Among others is his annual tax bill of \$100,000 on city property.

At this season, when novel stage effects and all manner of youthful prodigies in amusement talent are templing caterers to a remorseless public to strain the law about children performers, Mr. Gerry plays another important role.

He is president of the society that looks after the health and morals of children, and being a lawyer of marked ability makes a power-



rights are invaded. Some of his interferences with child laborers seem inconsistent, but the very unfortunate arabs and casts have cause to bless him, and tender hearted so-ELBRIDGE T. GERRY. ciety indorses the

fut guardian of

infante whose

sentiment ninety-nine times out of every hundred. Just why, however, he permits the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Midnight Bell" prodigies to appear can be accounted for only on the hypothesis that the stage children in those pieces are not so young as the public is led to suppose, or that the god of justice for children sometimes nods very languidly. The title of "commodore," so often attached to Mr. Gerry's name, signifies another side to his life, for he is the head of the New York Yacht club, and a navigator of such skill that he is able to run

his famous Electra anywhere in New York's difficult waters without the serv ices of a pilot. He entertains liberally on his vacht during the sailing season, and his general social standing may be inferred from the fact that he was a manager of the Cen-tennial ball of 1889. Probably his work for humanity will give him the larges amount of public fame. He was for many years the counsel for Mr. Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

graduated from her great school, Colum-bia college. George Floyd says that "Erminie" has been played 3,000,000 times in this country and aim reverence who, expert and enthusiastic, whips the summer streams which are insep-arable from your own renown! It is Billy

nals, and his experience in that field

inspired him to organize one for children. He was born in New York city and

How "Billy" Florence Won Fame as a Comedian.

A LONG LIST OF SUCCESSES.

a Talented Theopian, Enthusiastic Picherman and Genial Comrade—How Me Loves the Red and Reel.

In the picturesque capital of the Empire state, an historic town which is quaintly suggestive of Dutch gables, overs and legendadiring that same July when James Monroe tookler, stateman and president) passed from earth—there was born, on as hot a day as the oldest inhabitant remembered, a cool headed, warm hearted man. He is known to us and to our appreciative English speaking cousins across the wave lashed ferry as William Jermyn Florence. The family name was Conlin; neat and respectable, yet scarcely so aristocratic or so attractive as the one chosen by the subject of these paragraphs when he by the subject of these paragraphs began his career as an actor.



PLORENCE THE ACTOR. For more than forty years this favorite comedian has worn the laurel bestowed by that generous, applauding public, whose familiar greeting is always surest evidence of merit solidly established. Hence we love him by "a large majority," and we call him Billy.

(one of my three copartners in amateur jour-nalism thirty-two years ago), who wrote for the opening night of a refurbished "spout shop" in Philadelphia these lines: Forth from such balls have issued (!) tongues That ne'er disgraced Melpomenean fame— A Thespian court schooled Murdoch's lungs; Thence Connor passed, thence Florence can

It was George Alfred Townsend, I think

This quatrain is a sample of youth's una This quatrain is a sample of youth's una-dulterated gush. The poetical contour may be questioned, but there has never been a quibble about either the sentiment or fact thus set down. A host of excellent, not to say distinguished, actors have erstwhile proudly stepped from miniature temples of the drama into broader arenas. On such a stage, once notorious in Gotham, Mr. Flor ence "strode and fumed and sawed the air." At Richmond, Va., Dec. 6, 1949, he appeared as Peter in that formidable theatrical incubus called "The Stranger." Not only the

bus called "The Stranger." Not only the audience and management were satisfied with this first public essay, but the aspiring 18-year-old was himself so pleased that he felt encouraged to climb to the higher rounds of reputation's shaky ladder.

His versatility and quick, easy study made him acceptable to the best stock companies then performing in the chief American cities. He won unstinted applause at Providence. He won unstinted applause at Providence, R. I., by playing Macduff to Booth's Mac beth. Then, going to New York, he soon created a local furore by his clever, unstereotyped renditions of Irish characters at John Brougham's Liveum, on Broadway. Mra Little, nee Malvina Pray, a sister of Mrs. Barney Williams, was at as danseuse at Wallack's theatre. On New Year's day, 1853, she, who (in her queenly maturity) was to reign over all the suscer tible as brilliant and voluble Mrs. Gener Gilflory, and the future Hon. Bardwell has been one of the happiest recorded in profession which, though honorable as it ancient, is causelessly made the target of the

most shameless gossip.
On the 8th of June, 1853, husband and wife stepped upon the boards of the old National theatre, in New York, as the Irish Boy and Yankee Girl, their individual personations "taking the town." After three years of phenomenal success the well mated couple went to London, and appeared at Drury Lantheatre for fifty consecutive nights. Then they carried the provinces by storm. Return-ing to their native land, triumph followed triumph. Tom Taylor, then eminent as ar English playwright, had, in 1863, written a powerful drama, entitled "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," the principal male character of which peculiarly suited Mr. Florence. of his critics have claimed that never, before or since, was he cast in a part that so admir ably fitted him. Even his celebrated render ing of Capt. Cuttle has not been awarded so much praise as the intense and sympathetic



PLOBENCE THE ANGLER. portrayal of Bob Brierly, deeply wronged and law hounded.

Probably the greatest single success, financially regarded, of Mr. and Mrs. Florence was "The Mighty Dollar." This burlesque of American social and political life, played from one end of the country to the farth opposite corner, was everywhere hailed with

peals of laughter, and speedily added wealth o the accumulations of thrift. It brought Hon, Bardwell Slote into personal intimate relations with our representative men. His caricature became an influence. I know of to epoch more appropriate than the present for a revival of the comedy which is so salu-tary, instructive and entertaining.

Where exists a more companionable man than Billy Florences Where so true a friend, so prompt a helper! One of his contemporary biographers has recently asked, "Who is to write something new about him? Certainly there is nothing to be said of this fine actor and genial comrade that has not already been given voice. He is just the same 'Billy we have all known and highly esteemed the many years. He is more a boy than when he was a boy (whistling and romping in Al-bany); for, let the truth be proclaimed, his heart is stainless, his qualities beyond reproach, his presence as warming as the sun-

Where so keen a river sportsman? Who better than Billy Florence knows how the trout hides and the salmon flurries? More to him, lover of hooks and brooks, are the rip ples and eddies of alluring Restigouche than the thunderous plaudits of multitudes. Shades of Dame Juliana Berners, of Izaak Walton, of Charles Cotton, and of the more vivid Seth Green, ye are all summoned to do

deny."

Let me, in conclusion, and with associate illustrate the man and his concrudable. There came a season of temptation. If yearned for has and muscalonge. A latter was dispatched to fleth Green, asking that veteran about the tackle that was mountry. Here is the ruply he got:

"I know exactly the outfit you will need. You are not like some gentlemen who spend four or five hundred deliars for an outfit, so that they can make a great sphirge by getting out their fly book and showing it to every one they meet when they are going fishing, and increasantly talk flat and flow and rods. No, Billy; you've no such chap. I know when you write me that it means business, and I will give you the manus of all the articles in the way of fishing tackle you will need. They are a good—knife and fork!"

OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST.

In whist there is more ignorance displayed in the management of trumps than perhaps any other branch of the game. The average player generally makes the error of leading out his trumps from a suit of four or less when he has no business to lead them at all. The old rule "when in doubt lead trumps" has caused more havon than would readily be supposed. But if the whist student will bear in mind just what the trump is for and the reason it is played at all, he cannot go far wrong in his trump lead. It is obvious to any one who has studed at all the philosophy of whist that trumps can only be used in two ways to advantage (i) to exhaust the trumps in the opponents' hands and, by baving one or two left over he your own, to use these one or two as cards of re-entry for the establishment of your own or your partner's suit, or (i) when as cards of re-entry for the establishment of your own or your partner's suit, or (2) when you haven't enough trumps in your own hand, so that by leading you can exhaust those in your opponents' hands, to make tricks by trumping. The first is the offensive play; the second is the defensive. The reason why whist authorities will not, under ordinary conditions, permit the original lead of trumps from a suit of four, is because four may not be enough to exhaust the trumps in the opponents' hands. For instance, A has four trumps, B, his partner, has one, C has five and D has three. Now if A should lead out his trumps, after the fourth round he would not have any left, while C, his left hand opponent, would have one. Consequently, A would be playing his opponent's hand. But if the trumps are evenly distributed then A's trump lead would be proper under certain conditions. The only way, of course, that he can tell whether they are evenly distributed is by watching the fall of the cards during the first two or three cards.

that he can tell whether they are evenly distributed is by watching the fall of the cards during the first two or three rounds—to notice, for instance, if either of his epponents signals for trumps. Then again, if A has good plain suits back of his four trumps, a trump lead may be correct even if one of his opponents has five, for A may be able to force his opponent's trump hand.

The main object for A to determine is, of course, whether he can exhaust the trumps in his opponent's hand. He can almost always do it if he has five trumps; he may do it if he has four, possibly if he has three and good plain suits to force with. But all this depends on the fall of the cards. The hand which follows deserves to be carefully studied. It illustrates the skillful use of the trumps by It illustrates the skillful use of the trumps by two partners and also how a suit may be un blocked, two very important points. It also brings into play one of the subtleties of finesse, and shows to what an extent the finesse can be carried.

The hands are as follows: A-7, 3 hearts, 3 diamonds, q, kn, 9, 8, 6, 4 clubs, k, q, 9, 3 spades. B-A, 10, 8, 6, 4, 3 hearts, 5, 4 diamonds,

k, 10, 5, 3 clubs, 10 spades. C-Kn hearts, k, q, kn, 9, 7, 2 diamonds, 2 clubs, a, kn, 8, 6, 2 spades. D-K, q, 9, 5 hearts, a, 10, 8, 6 diamonds, Q clubs, 7, 5, 4 spades. Q clubs turned by A.

Round 1-C k d, B4d, D 8d, A3d. D's play of the 8 deserves attention. He does not wish to block his partner's suit and he reembers the rule which applies to the When your partner leads originally from a suit of which you have four play the third best and then the second best, otherwise you may block his suit in the fourth rough Round 2-C kn d, B 5 d, D 10 d, A 4 c.

Round 3-A 8 c, C 2 c, B 10 c, D a c B's finesse here is remarkable and shows great skill. Here is probably his reasoning: A leads from his fourth best. I (B) have the k and 10, consequently A must have in his hand, outside of the k and 10, all but one card higher than the 8. This card is just as liable to be in C's as in A's hand; therefore I will keep my k and play my 10. As it hap-pened, the a was the one card higher held by the opponents, and D held it; but if B had played his k he would have lost the trick. This play gives a good insight into the fineses. Round 4-D a d, A 6 c, B 2 d, B 10 a

Round 5-A kn c, C 2 s, B k c, D 7 c. B makes another play which deserves at-tention. When you have four trumps and your partner leads, it is your duty to call his attention to the number you hold as soon as possible, so that he may avoid leading once too often. This can be done by the return lead (when you hold three by returning your highest and then next highest, and when you hold four or more by returning the fourth best, or by echoing—playing an unnecessari-ity high trump before a low trump on your partner's lead). But it happens in this case that B has no means of informing his partner as to the number he holds. He knows that the kn is good, but if he passes it A may lead again. B therefore takes the trick with the k, and in the next round returns a plain suit, in the hope that after that the fall of the cards will show A that he (B) has two tru

Round 6-Bah, D5h, A2h, Ckn h. Round 7—B6h, Dqh, A7h, C6s. Round 8—Dkh, Avc, C6s, B3h. Round 9—Aks, Cas, B3c, D4s.

It is useless to continue the game by ounds. B now brings in his hearts, and A and B take all the rest of the tricks. A and B make 4 by points.

I desire once more to call attention to D'a play of the diamonds. By playing his 8 of diamonds on C's lead, and then his 10, he is left with the 6, which had his partner had an opportunity he could have played on Ca lead without blocking C's suit. This could not be done if D had beld up the 10.

TOM LANSING How Patti Looked When a Girl. Not long ago an old portrait of Adelina Patti turned up in New York. It was made when she was about 15 years old. At that time her wonderful voice was just beginning to attract attention. She was, however, allowed to sing but little, as her friends feared



sful as bave ones. Already in New York there is a clamor for seats, although she will not appear there until the latter part of March. It is said that Patti's nightly honora-

PATTI AS A GIR!. tour is \$6,500. first contemplated. Prices for seats at her concerts range any where from \$4 to \$10. In New York the acaximum at the Metropolitan stera have the contractor chairs will be \$7

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