

PROPOSED MONUMENTS.

IN MEMORY OF EDWIN FORREST AND E. L. DAVENPORT.

Plans Now Going Forward for This Purpose—A Theatrical Reminiscence of the Days when Aldrich and Davenport Were on the Road Together.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, May 15.—There is a renewal of the movement towards having a statue erected in Central park in memory of and in enduring perpetuation of the greatest tragedian America has produced, Edwin Forrest. With the excep-



EDWIN FORREST.

tion of the John McCullough memorial in Mount Moriah cemetery, in Philadelphia, the dramatic profession has raised no tribute to its great dead. Some ten years ago Gabriel Harrison, of Brooklyn, who has been actor, teacher of dramatic art, painter and newspaper writer, and who is the author of an interesting volume entitled "The Life and Labors of Edwin Forrest," endeavored to create a fund for the erection of a statue to the great tragedian. He collected no money, as his intention was to call for none of the sums promised until the full amount was guaranteed. From \$5,000 to \$10,000 were subscribed, and that was the end of it all.

Recently Idaho's ex-governor, William M. Bunn, of Philadelphia, became aroused to the injustice done the memory of the actor who so long made his home in the Quaker City, whose private theatre is now its School of Design and within whose county limits there is still supported by the fortune of the dead Spartacus the only asylum in this country for the aged and indigent members of his profession. Philadelphia having no actor colony, Mr. Bunn successfully sought the financial assistance of the railway magnates who largely control the street car lines of Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other cities—Messrs. P. A. B. Widener, William L. Elkins



W. M. BUNN.

and William H. Dumble. These gentlemen agreed that if the actors of the country displayed sufficient interest in the scheme they would contribute liberally towards the fund.

Whatever is the outcome of the matter it promises an interesting degree of the esteem in which Forrest is held by the actors of this day. It is somewhat singular that at the time of the restoration of the Forrest statue scheme, John W. Norton the St. Louis theatrical manager, and the man who gave Mary Anderson to the stage and was her leading support for several seasons, came to New York, inflamed with the desire to free the breath of his theatrical brethren with the belief that they can best do honor to their great profession and to their art by placing in enduring bronze or glistening marble an effigy of one whom he described as "the greatest all around actor this country has produced, E. L. Davenport."

It is certainly true that Davenport was equally great as Romeo, as Damon, as Coriolanus, as Sir Giles Overreach, as William in "Black Eyed Susan," and so on through the gamut of his art, and only his unfortunate ventures as a manager dimmed the luster of his reputation



"MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL."

and ended his life in failure. It will be interesting to learn whether the thorough beauty of his art or the thunder of Forrest's tones are best treasured and remembered by the members of the profession in which both men were leaders. Norton is very enthusiastic about his project, and in conversation recently with Lewis Aldrich indulged in many reminiscences of his hero. One mutual recollection which they had I will reproduce here:

Many years ago, when Davenport was a member of one of the Boston stock companies, at the close of the season he joined with a number of his fellow actors and actresses who were engaged in other organizations playing at the Hub in what was then known as a "snapp" company, meaning thereby a sort of cooperative dramatic organization which during the idle summer season traveled from town to town and divided whatever profits might accrue. This particular company included, besides Davenport, such now famous people as Frank Mayo, Agnes Perry—who is now Mrs. Agnes Booth and the leading lady of the lately famous Madison Square Theatre company—Louis Aldrich and John W. Norton. They played through the eastern towns, but the tour being decidedly unsuccessful, decided to disband after filling an engagement of three nights in a certain Massachusetts town.

When they reached that city they were quartered at a hotel which adjoined the

JOURNALISTIC ETHICS.

WALTER WELLMAN WRITES OF THE CODE OF THE PROFESSION.

It is Unwritten, but Every Self-Respecting Experienced Newspaper Man Knows It and Follows It—Some Instances of Good and Bad Journalism.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, May 15.—Is there such a thing as newspaper ethics? This is a question which a series of events have brought to the front in Washington. First, a number of the ancient and proper senators thought the newspaper men had no right to send out accounts of the proceedings of the senate in executive session, and they had an investigation which cost a good deal of money and resulted in a fine old case. Then there came up the Cleveland-Dana episode in New York, which all the newspaper men and public men of Washington took the keenest sort of interest in. Finally, the press gallery committee, composed of newspaper men and elected by newspaper men, concluded to discipline a young correspondent who had made the mistake of sending out a brutal dispatch about the habits of a distinguished statesman. Perhaps nothing would have been thought or said of this incident but for the peculiar circumstances surrounding it. The scene was laid at the funeral of Senator Beck in the senate chamber.

According to the dispatch the statesman in question, who was a member of the funeral committee on the part of the house, staggered into the chamber, fell into a seat, sat there in a dazed condition, stammered out of the chamber when the ceremonies were concluded, fell in passing down the steps, and fell again at the railway station in attempting to board the train. This would have been brutal even if true, but it was false. While the committee of newspaper men in charge of the press gallery do not feel called upon to pass judgment on the truth or falsity of news sent out by gentlemen who enjoy the privileges of the gallery, nor to take press censors in any sort of way, they have felt it their duty to inform the public that the corps of correspondents, of whom they are the official representatives, do not endorse newspaper invasion of private life.

Here we have the best of answers to the question and conclusive proof that there is such a thing as newspaper ethics. Journalism is a distinct profession, as is the practice of any other profession. It ought to have its unwritten code of morals and practice. Its members are brought into intimate relationship with individuals daily in connection with important matters, and often with matters of delicacy as affecting reputation and peace of mind. The relationship which a lawyer bears to his client, or a doctor to his patient, is no more intimate and important than that of a journalist to the man whose life he interviews or of whom he writes. If there are codes of ethics for the lawyer and doctor, there should be similar codes for the journalist. The journalist should know the morals of his profession, the amenities of his business, should always feel his responsibility and appreciate the dignity of his position in the social fabric. There is such a code in journalism, an unwritten code as all law and professional ethics must necessarily be, but as yet it is indefinite and not well enough understood.

Here in Washington, however, where journalism is at its highest state of development in America, and that means in the world, I am happy to say that the ethics of the profession, this unwritten law, is constantly becoming better understood, and year by year is being respected. It is not enough that a Washington journalist be a gentleman, as journalists everywhere should be—he must have a sense of honor that is keen and vigilant, not simply as a matter of policy, but of temperament and training. The days of bushwhacking journalism, of "fake" journalism, of extreme partisan and personal journalism, and above all of mendacious journalism, are at an end in the capital of the nation. The code of ethics here means simply that they are rapidly coming to an end the country over, for Washington journalism is a reflex of the journalism of the nation. It draws its inspiration and its men from the provinces, and needs, moreover, constant renewal of the energy that comes from the rural press and the men that press has graduated into the wide field.

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CURTIS DUNHAM.

Here's Your Sea Serpent.

The sea serpent has again been seen, as usual, by a man of "unquestioned veracity," who is also a resident of South Egremont, Mass. This favored individual went fishing at Twin Lakes, Conn., the other morning about 5 o'clock. As he paused on the bank he noticed what he at first supposed was a blackened stump sticking up out of the water about 100 feet from shore. He was rather surprised at the sight, as at that particular spot the water is known to be seventy-five feet deep. While yet he looked the object disappeared from sight, to reappear again in a moment at another spot perhaps fifty feet distant.

In moving it left a very perceptible wake, and as it again rose to the surface the fisherman, to use the words of the local report, "saw that the object, if not a lineal descendant of the original sea serpent, was at least the largest snake ever seen in that section. As it reappeared it reared its head fully six feet above the water. The head of itself was flat and about two feet in length, the neck arched, and the body, which continued to grow larger the nearer it approached the water line, was from ten to twelve inches in diameter. The snake once more disappeared, and swimming in a circle, came up again somewhat nearer the shore." After his first surprise had a little abated the man believed himself that if he desired to spread the story abroad it would be well to gather a few witnesses who could corroborate his statements. But he found none, and while he searched the marine monster disappeared.

A Palace for an Empress. At Curfa the empress of Austria is building a magnificent Pompeian palace. It will cost \$2,500,000. The walls are to be of marble, brought from Carrara, and the interior is to be decorated with the rarest woods. The fountains will be laid out in terraces, with fountains, and both grounds and house are to be illuminated by electricity.

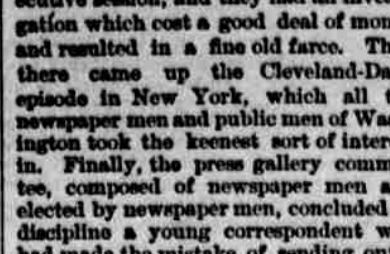
Senator Hearst and His Horses. Senator Hearst is extremely devoted to his horses and, besides his racing stable, of which he will have thirty representatives east this season, he keeps five noble animals in Washington. Four of them, two blacks and two bays, he drives alternately to his carriage, while the other is for his personal riding.

VANDERBILT HOMES.

TRACING THE FAMILY'S PROGRESS IN PROSPERITY BY THEIR HOUSES.

Where the Commodore Lived on Staten Island and Where He Died—The Residences of His Son and a Grandson in New York City.

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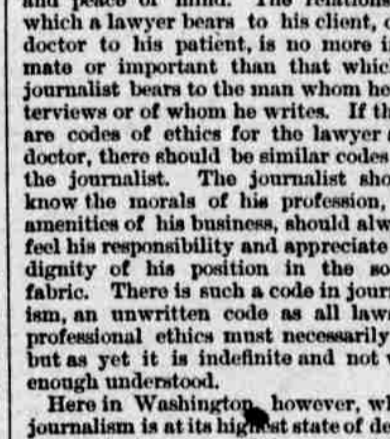


THE STATEN ISLAND HOME.

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From the plain, comfortable country house on Staten Island to the group of veritable palaces on Murray Hill—the fashionable center of America—the change is a startling one, but it is no more surprising than the increase of the Vanderbilt estate. Commodore Vanderbilt, when he was 81 years old, that he had made a million dollars a year for his whole life, but he was talking averages, for when he was 35 he was worth about \$30,000 only, and had said only a few years before that no man had a right to own more than \$30,000.

His father's house was a snug cottage in the village of Edgewater, now Stapleton, Staten Island. It is still standing, though it is over 100 years old, having been enlarged somewhat, however, by more modern additions. There the "commodore" lived for a short time after he was married, but a little while before the war of 1812 he removed to New Brunswick, N. J., and his wife kept the "Half Way house," then patronized by the travelers who went from New York to Philadelphia in twenty-two hours, over the land and water route which the commodore managed.



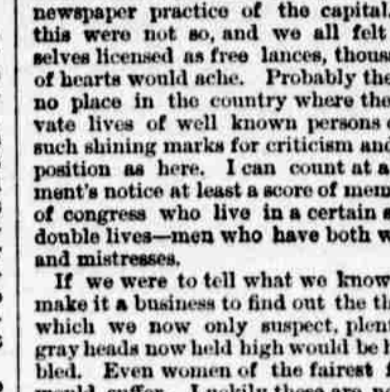
THE WASHINGTON PLACE RESIDENCE.

In 1829 he removed to New York, against the remonstrance of his wife, who pleaded that they were prosperous, having already a fortune of \$30,000, and that they should be content. He lived in Stone street, near the Battery, for a time, then hired a modest tenement in East Broadway, but soon tiring of his cramped quarters he took his family back to his old home in Stapleton, where his mother was living. This, however, was only a temporary arrangement, for he was then preparing to build his first house, on the corner of his father's farm. This corner was known as "Commodore's lot," and the old mansion he built upon it was the first of the series of houses mentioned.

It is, considering its surroundings, rather an imposing building, with a high portico and tall Corinthian columns in front, but compared with the later Vanderbilt houses, is a modest country house. It stands midway between Stapleton and Tomkinville, a rising piece of ground overlooking the water. There he lived with his wife and children until 1848, when the increasing cares of business drove him to the city, and he made a residence at No. 10 Washington place, where he remained until his death in Aug., 1876, when he was 82 years old.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

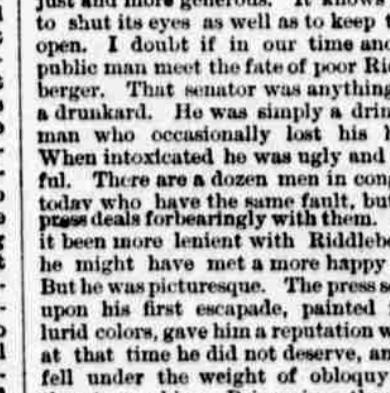
Chess problem No. 62.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Checker problem No. 62—By B. C. Reed.

Black—1, 6, 13, 16, 23.



White—4, 7, 11, 24, 31.

Black to play and win.

SOLUTIONS.

Chess problem No. 61.

White. 1. B to K 5. 2. R to B 3. B to Q 4. B to Q 4.

Black. 1. K to B 5. 2. P to B 3. P to B 3. 4. P to B 3.

White. 1. B to K 5. 2. R to B 3. 3. B to Q 4. 4. B to Q 4.

Black to play and win.

Checker problem No. 61. By P. M. Heath.

White. 1. 13 to 19. 2. 15 to 9. 3. 10 to 16. 4. 17 to 22. 5. 13 to 22. 6. 12 to 19. 7. 7 to 13. 8. 7 to 13. 9. 3 to 8. 10. 8 to 12.

Black. 1. 15 to 9. 2. 15 to 9. 3. 13 to 19. 4. 19 to 16. 5. 19 to 16. 6. 19 to 16. 7. 19 to 16. 8. 19 to 16. 9. 19 to 16. 10. 8 to 12.

White. 1. 13 to 19. 2. 15 to 9. 3. 10 to 16. 4. 17 to 22. 5. 13 to 22. 6. 12 to 19. 7. 7 to 13. 8. 7 to 13. 9. 3 to 8. 10. 8 to 12.

Black wins.

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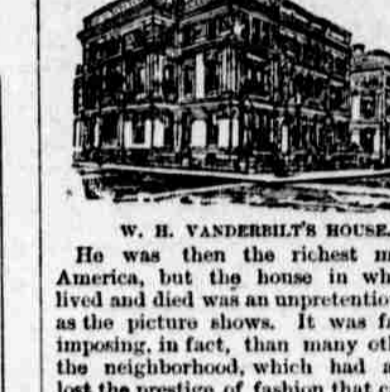
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W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE.

He was then the richest man in America, but the house in which he lived and died was an unpretentious one, as the picture shows. It was far less imposing, in fact, than many others in the neighborhood, which had already lost the prestige of fashion that came to it after the commodore settled there. It was greatly inferior indeed to William H. Vanderbilt's house at No. 640 Fifth avenue, and that was by no means the most elegant of the Fifth avenue mansions of that day and was a lowly house in comparison with the later residences.



W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE.

William H. Vanderbilt was, in fact, the greater accumulator of the two, though he had not, as his father had, to begin with nothing. His real period of accumulation was from 1876, when he inherited a hundred millions, to the time of his death, in December, 1885, when he had doubled his inheritance. He had indeed begun life with little, for his father had been and even disliked him, and would make no further provision for him at the time of his early marriage than to buy him a seventy-acre farm with a little homestead on it. It was unimproved land in New Dorp, Staten Island, and by his management of that insignificant property he first excited the respect of his father. The cottage he lived in stood near the southeastern shore of the island, facing the open ocean, where two-thirds of the horizon only was of land. It contained five rooms, including a primitive kitchen built on an addition to the house; was two stories in height and square in shape. In this house he lived from 1842 till 1864, though he enlarged and beautified it in 1855, and then expected to live there as long as he should live. Yet seventeen years later he had built for himself and was living in the costliest and most elegant private residence in America, and had built for his sons and daughters a little settlement of palaces in the most eligible spot in the whole country. The house at Fifth avenue and Fortieth street, which he had occupied for

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY.

SPRING MEDICINE.

Do not let it deceive you into a cold, a fever, malaria or pneumonia.

Do not throw off your Winter season early. It is better to suffer a little inconvenience than to take cold. You do not want to feel tired, feverish or overworked. You do not want to feel "Spring medicine" coming down and in this way help your system and purify your blood.



PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD.

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