FAMOUS PSEUDONYMS

Well-Known Authors Tell the Stories of Their Nom De Plumes.

NAMES THAT CARRY WEIGHT

Adopted by Noted Writers to Conceal Their Identity.

INTERESTING FACTS FOR READERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

While to thousands the nom de plumes of favorite writers are as familiar as household words, to but a comparative few is known anything of the real identity of the authors whom the pseudonyms screen. And to even a smaller class is anything known of the significance of famous pen names, and the circumstances under which they were adopted. We all know, perhaps, that "Mark Twain" is a leadman's cry in shallow water, and that it so originated with the famous humorist. Likewise are the particulars of the pseudonym of "Charles Egbert Craddock" familiar. But these are exceptional instances. For the most part, nothing is known concerning them. Accordingly, for the past three years, I have sought by mail and by personal solicitation to prepare an article which should embody the facts so long withheld from public knowledge. I confined myself almost exclusively to living writers. The results of my efforts are subjoined, and will prove, I think, the most complete and exhaustive contribution ever made to the literature of the subject treated.

EDWARD W. BOK.

HISTORY OF A FAMOUS NAME.

How Grace Greenwood Obtained Her Literary Nom De Plume.

How did I come by my nom de plume?
Most naturally and legitimately.

My mother gave it to me; the first part at my birth, the second "twenty years after."

She was romantic and liberal enough to fly in the face of old, Puritanic and prosaic family customs, and called me "Grace" after a dear friend, an exceedingly lovely girl of Israelitish descent, and the accomplished daughter of a rich merchant of New Haven. This Miss Grace Ingersoll, by the way, had a history. Her father seems to have been ambitious for her, for he took her to Paris. When she was introduced into high society, she was recognized as one of the beauties of the court of the First Napoleon. She married a French nobleman, on whose estates she mostly passed the remainder of her life, quietly, and, let us hope, happily. I sported her pretty name during my infancy, up to the time of my christening, which did not take place till I was 3 years old. Except that we were a procrastinating family, I can give no reason for this postponement of that sacred rite. Yet I have always been belated in such matters. I did not have the measles "till I was in my teens, nor the scarlet fever till I was out of my twenties."

As ill luck would have it, just at the time of my christening, my dear mother was confined to her room with illness, and my more unromantic father stole a march upon her, saying, "I must have this thing over." He took me to church, when, wishing to do honor to particular friends of his, sisters and maiden ladies, "rich and rare," he bestowed on me, with all due solemnities, the very respectable but commonplace appellations proper, "Sara"-"Jane," a little redeemed by the patronymic "Stuart."

They were strange words to me, and I felt doubly aggrieved when the minister not only flung cold water in my face, but called me names. Yet though to the rest of the world graceless, I was always Grace to my mother; and when, in about the year of our Lord—well, somewhere this side of the "drift period," I wanted a nom de plume for my magazine stories, etc., and called on my best friend to cognominate me, she at once suggested my resuming the name which I had been basely and baptismally deprived of. I assented, but my dear mother had a weakness for alteration, and "Grace" and "Ingersoll" did not alliterate well. So she thought again, and in a moment's time gave forth the word "Greenwood," as the second name; which certainly had the merit of appropriateness for a rural writer, as I then was much given to wild roving and wilder riding in the woods. I had before become pretty well known, and been generously encouraged as a writer of poems—so called—under my own name. I used only for my prose letters and sketches the nom de plume, which for some time was a family secret; so that in literary society I more than once heard my identity discussed. I used the new name first in the *Home Journal* of Morris & Willis.

The literary field for women is not only broader now than it was in those days, but more inviting and flowery, with more honey to the square acre, and it swarms with bees and butterflies, bearing alliterative pseudonyms. I have often wanted to drop mine, as no longer appropriate in any way; but it will not be dropped. I belong more to it than it to me; and must remain to all intents and purposes except check-signing ("but that's not much.")

GRACE GREENWOOD.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S STORY.

He Nearly Lost His Head in Obtaining His Name.

Saint Jesquin was the husband of Saint Ann, who was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and is the patron saint of sailors. The shrine of Saint Ann de Bonpere, below Quebec, Canada, holds a lifesize statue of Saint Joaquin. Secondly, Joaquin Marietta was a boy of good family in the San Joaquin country of California in 1852. But some "roughs" despoiled his home, hung his brother, misled his wife, and drove him to desperation. The Mexicans were sadly treated by the Americans in the early Californian days, and Joaquin Marietta vowed revenge. He killed at least 20 of the roughs with his own hand, and finally had a band of Mexican outlaws so brutal about him that both State and Federal troops were called out. A reward of $5,000 was offered and the brave boy was finally killed and his head cut off and exhibited in San Francisco. But many held that he never had been killed; that some other fellow's head was substituted to get the reward.

Well, in 1854, I, a long-haired lad, took up my abode with the then wild and splendid savages of Mount Shasta, afterward famous as the Modocs, and as no one seemed to see any purpose but that of plunder on the part of one casting his lot with these denizens of the mountains, why, of course, I was called a robber; and finally it began to be said that I was the original "Joaquin," and must be killed or captured. I finally had to leave my leafy home, and next turned up in Washington Territory as a schoolteacher. Here I wrote, in verse, a sketch of Joaquin Marietta. In 1866, when a lawyer and County Judge of Grant county, Ore., I published this poem in Portland, Ore., along with some other verses and called the book "Joaquin et al." At the same time it was still vaguely hinted that I was the original Joaquin Marietta. My horsemanship and knowledge of Spanish gave color to this, and even when a candidate in the hotly-contested election for judge this charge was brought up. This poem is now called "California" in "Songs of the Sierras." Thirdly, I was almost compelled to accept the name "Joaquin" after I published "Joaquin et al." To have tried to deny or explain would have made matters worse, and so I at once, 1866-67, took the name and tried to make it respectable. I can only add that I am not the robber Joaquin Marietta, and also should like to add that I should count it no great reproach even were it so; for he was driven to his bloody deeds, and was not bad at heart.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BILL NYE EXPLAINS

That He is Not as Dangerous as His Name Suggests.

You ask me how I came to adopt the nom de plume of Bill Nye, and I can truthfully reply that I did not do so at all.

My first work was done on a territorial paper in the Rocky Mountains some 12 years ago, and was not signed. The style, or rather the lack of it, provoked some comment, and two or three personal encounters. Other papers began to wonder who was responsible, and various names were assigned by them as the proper one; among them Henry Nye, James Nye, Robert Nye, etc., and a general discussion arose, in which I did not take a hand. The result was a compromise, by which I was christened Bill Nye, and the name has clung to me.

I am not especially proud of the name, for it conveys the idea to strangers that I am a lawless, profane and dangerous man. People who judge me by the brief and bloody name alone, instinctively shudder and examine their firearms. It suggests daring, debauchery and defiance to the law. Little children are called in when I am known to be at large, and a day of fasting is announced by the Governor of the State. Strangers seek to entertain me by showing me the choice iniquities of their town. Eminent criminals ask me to attend their execution and assist them in accepting their respective doom. Amateur criminals ask me to revise their work, and to suggest improvements.

All this is the cruel result of an accident, for I am not that kind of a man. Had my work been the same, done over the signature of "Taxpayer" or "Vox Populi," how different might have been the result! Seeking as I am, in my poor, weak way, to make folly appear foolish and to make men better by speaking disrespectfully of their errors, I do not deserve to be regarded, even by strangers, as a tough or a terror, but rather as a plain, law-abiding American citizen, who begs leave to subscribe himself

Yours, for the Public Weal,
EDGAR WILSON NYE.

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT

Brought Mrs. Partington Before the Public's Rude Gaze.

The beginning of the Partington paragraphs was something like the loss of Mr. Silas Wegg's leg, "in an accident." There was no intention or premeditation in the matter, and the result was a great surprise to me. It was at a time when steamers twice a month brought news from Europe, and one arrival brought the intelligence that bread stuffs had advanced in price. This was the occasion of a three-line paragraph, which I think, I "set up" without writing, stating that "Mrs. Partington said that it made no difference to her whether the price of flour increased or not, as she always had to pay just so much for half a dollar's worth." The name was not chosen, but it came with a sudden memory of Sydney Smith's dame who mopped back the Atlantic when it overflowed into her cottage at Sidmouth. I had no intention for aught beyond the moment. Flattered by the success of this virgin effort, which was copied everywhere, I tried it again, with like success, and what was begun in a sportive moment became a sort of point d'appui for many things latent in my inkstand, until the little one became a thousand. I was surprised to find that Mrs. Partington was a bona fide name, and I regretted that, under the circumstances, I had not taken another, but it had grown into public favor, and would not be changed without being abandoned altogether, and therefore was continued until the offence became mountainous. I justified it to myself by laying the original blame on Sydney, to whose assumption I had merely given "a local habitation and name" on this side of the water. His character, however, said nothing; mine was garrulous, and that is all the story.

B. P. SHILLABER.

HER GRACE, THE DUCHESS.

The Merry Jest of a Host Sticks to a Novel Writer.

As to the origin of my nom de plume, there is not very much to say about it. Many yearsago while engaged upon my first novel, "Phyllis," I happened to attend an "At home" at the house of one of my intimate friends. As I was about to enter the reception room, my host saw me and came forward. He waved the footman back, and himself announced me to the guests, within, as "Her Grace, The Duchess." Very solemnly he said it, and being all well known to each other, the laugh was universal. Then somebody else took up the plot, and said the title well became me. I was a person of such an "august presence;" being full five feet in height, and at that time very young and slight. This still further delighted us all, and from that hour the sobriquet clung to me. It was all very foolish, very trivolous, very light-hearted, but we were all young together, and a laugh seemed to us then the best life could give.

In England I am not known by this title. My editors here strongly disapprove of my making use of it; but on the first sheets of "Phyllis" it was inadvertently printed, and these sheets, uncorrected, were sent across the water. Hence your knowledge of me by that name.

There have, I believe, been foolish reports to the effect that I am dead, or else have sold the right to my nom de plume. Let me here once and for all declare that such reports possess no smallest tithe of truth.

MARGARET HUNGERFORD.

THE BOYS' FAVORITE.

How William T. Adams Adopted the Name of Oliver Optic.

The words of the name "Oliver Optic" have no meaning in themselves, and I can best give you the information you require by copying a paragraph from the Boston *Past and Present*, for which I furnished the material many years ago:

Mr. Adams' nom de guerre had its origin in this wise: The Boston Young Men's Total Abstinence Society was more a literary than a temperance organization. Its meetings were for lectures, poems, debates, etc., by the members. Governor Banks was a member, so was Rev. Mr. Studley (Methodist), Hon. J. M. Lincoln, Rev. J. A. Ames, some of whom here began their career as speakers and literary men. Mr. Adams wrote a poem for this society, which was published in the *Flag of Our Union* under this caption: "1851. A Poem Delivered Before the Mutual Admiration Society, by Oliver Optic, M. D."

This was the first time he ever used the name of Optic. A drama, written by "a gentleman of Boston," was performed at the Museum, in which was a character, a philosophical physician, played by W. H. Smith, called "Dr. Optic." Mr. Adams used the name with the alliterative prefix of "Oliver," without thinking he should ever do so again. He next used it in a couple of essays in the *Waverley Magazine*. The domestic stories under this name were so popular, that he felt obliged to continue the use of it even when he desired to drop it.

And this is the story of "Oliver Optic."

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

PRETTY OCTAVE THANET

Got Half of Her Name From a Freight Car.

Some years ago I was on a train going from Boston to Chicago. I had written a few newspaper articles, and was ambitious for magazine work. I had not enough confidence in myself to use my own name, and I was casting about in my mind for a pseudonym. Just at that moment my eye, roving over a row of freight cars, fell on the name "Thanet" written in chalk on one of the cars. I forgot now whether it was a place or a man's name. Anyhow, I adopted it on the spot, because it might be Scotch (there is, I think, an Isle of Thanet), or it might be French. And I wanted to use the name of my room-mate at school for the first part of my false name. Octave is a man's name in French and a woman's in English. So I put the two names together, and first introduced the psudonym to the public in connection with a story published in 1878. That is the whole history of "Octave Thanet."

ALICE FRENCH.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

Had No Particular Design in Choosing Her Nom De Guerre.

I really do not think I can give any very good reason for choosing the nom de plume of "Josiah Allen's Wife." I remember when I chose the name I had become rather weary of the more fanciful pseudonyms adopted by literary women, and I had a great liking for the sensible names of George Eliot and Artemus Ward. When I chose the nom de guerre, I did not expect it would ever become widely known, but I wished to choose a good, plain, sensible name, one that would, if ever it became famous, have a solid, substantial sound and be adapted to the characters in my stories. I took great pains in the selection, and thought for a long time before the right name suggested itself to me. Finally it came to me, and of my own creation. And thus "Josiah Allen's Wife" came into the world.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

SHIRLEY DARE

Was Adopted When the Writer Was Young and Loved Pretty Names.

Few names were in fashion when I began to write, and I wanted one which should have the initials of my own name, yet give no clew to the sex of the writer. Being young, of course I wanted something pretty, according to juvenile taste, so "Shirley Dare" I became. Other juveniles seemed to find it so at least, for it was so parodied in imitation that I vowed ten years ago never to use it again. But editors found it an ornamental flourish to finish an article, and signed it themselves to my work, whether or no. It serves as a convenient veil of personality, and I use it with the drawback that funny people always ask upon introduction, if I am "The woman who Dared," which is the last I ever want to hear of them.

MRS. S. D. POWER.

ARTEMUS WARD PLAYED GODFATHER

And Gave Melville D. Landon His Name of Eli Perkins.

Artemus Ward spent several weeks with me on my plantation in Louisiana in 1865. It was here that, when in a very funny mood, he would call me Eli Perkins. The name Eli Perkins was a never-ending source of amusement between us two. Whenever Artemus wished to describe a certain character he would say:

"Oh, he's a regular Eli Perkins of a man."

An Eli Perkins kind of a man was a dry, humorous, statistical man, with odd conceptions and clumsy movements.

It was thus that I came by the nom de plume of "Eli Perkins." Artemus Ward gave it to me.

MELVILLE D. LANDON.

GOT IT BY MISTAKE.

A Careless Printer Gave to the World Ik Marvel.

It was in the winter of 1846-47 that, at the instance of Henry J. Raymond (then managing editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*), I wrote some rambling letters from Washington, D. C. To the first, and without much thought, I appended the signature of "Ik Marvel" (sic). The New York compositor, however, misread the matter, and printed "Ik Marvel," which seemed to me an improvement; so "Ik" I allowed it to stand thenceforward throughout my correspondence and at the front of my earlier books. It is a short story, and not much worth, but here you have it all.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

AFRAID OF FAILURE.

The Reason Henry Harland Adopted the Name of Sidney Luska.

I determined to publish my first novel over a nom de plume, so that in case the novel failed I should not be handicapped by it. Then, as the novel dealt with Hebrew subjects, I thought for the sake of verisimilitude I had better don a pseudonym that would be Hebrew, too. Hence, "Sidney Luska." The name "Luska," was an invention of my own. I never saw it elsewhere, though it is possibly a genuine name, nevertheless. "As it was Written," published in September, 1885, was the first story printed over the name.

HENRY HARLAND.

A MOTHER'S MEMORY

Led to the Adoption of the Name of Fanny Fern.

When she had finished her first article she tried to think of some nice name to sign it; but got no further than "Fanny," which she wrote down on another piece of paper. Then her thoughts wandered to her mother, and to her mother's extreme fondness for ferns, and how often she had gathered large bundles of sweet fern for her when they were in the country together. So, at last, she said to herself, "Why not Fanny Fern? It is a pretty name." And it was "Fanny Fern."

JAMES PARTON.

DROPPED HER HUSBAND'S NAME.

How Mrs. Hector Became the Famous Mrs. Alexander.

When I made my first venture and wrote "The Wooing O't" I had but faint hopes of success; and, not liking to have my name associated with failure, I determined to use only the first half of it. I have (as is the fashion with you as well as with us, I believe) my husband's first and second name; and am Mrs. Alexander Hector. Therefore only dropped the latter. My first book was published in *Temple Bar*, 1872.

ANNIE HECTOR.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

The Name Fitted a Poem and Pleased the Public.

I hardly know why I happened to adopt my nom de plume, except that the name is thoroughly German, and fitted well into the stanzas of the poem, "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," as originally blocked out. The name was received with favor, and I found the name of the poem so strongly associated with my own that I retained it; hence the nom de plume of "Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

A Combination of Ancient and Modern Names.

My father's nom de plume, I hardly think, has any particular significance. The word "Nasby" was coined probably from a remembrance of the battle of Naseby. About the time the Nasby letters were commenced in the Toledo *Blade* the petroleum excitement was raging in Pennsylvania, and Vesuvius was used for euphony. Father never gave any other explanation of this pseudonym than the above.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

How Max O'Rell Came by His.

My grandfather was an officer in the French army, and was called Max Blouet. During the Napoleon war he was taken prisoner by the English and sent to England, where he met an Irish girl, Miss O'Rell, whom he loved, courted, married, and brought back to France. Such is the origin of my nom de plume. I first used it on the title page of "John Bull and His Island."

PAUL BLOUET.

Whence Came Naughty Ouida.

My pen-name was born from the lisp of a little girl—a relative—who, calling me by my first name, Louisa, lisped it to sound "Weesie." I took the pronunciation from the child's lips, dressed it, and it became, as it has remained,

OUIDA.

From Caustic Nym Crinkle.

The words "Nym Crinkle" were put together with the one purpose of disguising my personality with an odd but euphonious combination. There is no character to the pseudonym other than has been conferred upon it by the articles to which it has been appended.

A. C. WHEELER.

FLIRTING A FINE ART.

Clara Belle Reduces Society Flirtation to an Exact Science.

MAN IS A SUSCEPTIBLE CREATURE.

Unique Hobbies of Our Fashionable and Wealthy Women.

THE AUTOCRATIC POWERS OF A BUTLER

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, November 9.

THE mail has brought to me a letter from a girl who asks for advice as to how to flirt. Now, if I were writing for a magazine, I should reply: "Take *Punch's* direction, and 'don't.'" But a newspaper doesn't care to have matter so ancient and meaningless as the magazines take, and so I will try to instruct the fair reader of THE DISPATCH. Of course none of us flirts. But it won't do to be too sincere with men. We must all find that out sooner or later. Life is pretty serious, especially for the boys. People must amuse themselves. Girls must learn to let men say pretty things to them, and do pretty things for them, without either losing their own hearts or heads or making the mistake of holding the men too strictly responsible for what they say or do. Because a man finds a girl attractive, likes to be with her, enjoys doing the gallant thing by her, it need not mean that he has an idea of marrying her or of breaking her heart.

The management of such pretty complications as our rather free society brings about, in relations between men and women, is worth thought. Friendship is too exacting. Grave attachments are to be avoided. But there is a big middle ground of sociability, congeniality, airy sympathy and gallantry, that is worth cultivating, and which should be safe as well as legitimately amusing. In other words fencing is

A PRETTY PASTIME.

Buttons on the swords you know. There may be all the graceful movements, quick passes, swish of blade and flash of steel, and yet the swords are tipped, and it is quite harmless. Fencing with points bare is another matter. I don't pretend to advise those who do it beyond suggesting bandages and a doctor, or perhaps I had better say bans and a divine, ready at hand. Girls are too inclined to place something of a matrimonial value upon "attention." They are too prone to look upon every man as a possible lover and husband. Dear me! That is the most foolish thing in the world! One cannot, and one does not want to marry every man who makes himself agreeable. Men ought not to feel themselves required to back up with a proposal every compliment they pay.

Better regard every man as merely so good a partner in passing time as he is clever enough to make himself. If he is to be more the fact will develop naturally. You need not seek it. Don't take things too seriously. Flirting at best and worst is pretense. At best it is pretense, recognized as such by both parties. Judgment, tact and constant presence of mind are necessary to keep to mere pretense—to keep the buttons from getting knocked off the swords' tips. That's what gives zest, I suppose, to the amusement.

Every girl should be versed in the required tact, equipped with the judgment necessary and capable of sustained presence of mind. Of course, granted that mutual amusement is all that is sought, each desires to avoid deceiving the other into belief in sincerity. If you encourage your friend to get in earnest you will have cause to blame yourself. Hence the necessity for constant presence of mind. Remember a woman need never say anything. She hears. It is the province of the stronger sex to ask; and a question can be answered or not, as one chooses.

A COQUETTE'S TRIUMPH.

By the way, the triumph of coquetry is to hear "I love you" said and avoid reply.

But I am telling my correspondent about flirting, not coquetry. The comfort and safety of a flirtation lies in letting each say firmly its own story. Begin all over again every time you meet, else that inexorable law of progression which governs the emotions will soon rush you out of pretense into seriousness, out of comedy into complication, out of flirtation into heart-break or matrimony. Keep that law of progression in mind. Never be surprised into taking things in earnest. Men like to talk deeperately, but they don't usually want to be believed. It is expecting too much of Alfred to wish him to go and really shoot himself because he says he is going to. Because Dick says he is thinking of you with dangerous frequency you need not get scared. He likes to put it that way. You must have too much tact to embarrass him by taking him in earnest. Because moonlight and the music afloat from the ballroom inclines Mr. Montmorancy to sentiment you need not horrify him by fluttering into blushing embarrassment, or put a vision of breach of promise action before him by expecting him, at his call the next day, to renew the moonlight melody. Of course I don't mean you are to laugh. Dear, no. Always be gentle and sympathetic. Because a man with fine eyes likes to let them soften and melt as he looks at a girl is no reason why she should think he is going to propose, or fall in love with him, or think he wishes her too. It is quite right that girls should be treated with much deference; that flowers should be given them, pretty things said to them, attention paid them. It is the homage the other sex delights to pay them. Let it be taken gently, graciously, simply as homage, and so valued.

MEN ARE SUSCEPTIBLE.

I know there are men who do not find themselves sufficiently amused unless they fancy they are making a genuine "impression" on the girl to whom they devote themselves. Well, well! it is a harmless enough vanity. Let them fancy so far as your judgment permits, and as safely as your tact can accomplish. The idea is simply not to let the genuine impression be really made, and not to let the man get too interested trying to make it.

Men are awfully susceptible. They can afford to be. Failing in and out of love means less to them than it does to us. You really need not worry about them. First attend to yourself. As long as you have not fanned the spark of sincerity that ignites their fancy you can without worry depend upon going harmlessly out. Just take care of your own family, that's all. Don't think you must help him to "get over it." He will do it very nicely all by himself—just give him a chance to recover and a loophole to believe you never noticed his slip. It hurts a man's dignity to know that you realize he not only made a fool of himself, but would have made a bigger one had he been allowed to. Don't rub that in. Let him fancy you thought him pretending all the time. So the wee affair will blow over without a whir of ashes and the man will always have a sneaking regard for you as a good fellow. Never be a goose and talk friendship to a man who even fancies himself in love with you. It simply makes you seem vastly irritating in a calmly superior way, and inclines the man to rage and recklessness. Put yourself in his place and you will promply see why.

Here are two good rules: Never lead a man on, and always leave him free to withdraw. Two more: Don't get scared when he comes on of himself, and don't get angry when he withdraws. Two more: Don't let him think you don't know that he is coming on, and don't let him think you notice when he withdraws. One big one for always: Use your head and not your heart. Save your heart for the time that will not be a flirtation.

A CANDLESTICK CRAZE.

Only several weeks ago I wrote of the time and money spent by some well known ladies in making collections of certain toilets or household things. Mrs. Jesse Grant has just brought to her home a dozen candlesticks. She had plenty already. The lady is candlestick struck; she has been filling her cabinets ever since she married, and her husband rarely returns from a journey without bringing her another one. All nations, art schools, potteries and kilns are represented in the modern, while her antiques are like a museum collection in number, rarity and value. A peep at her chinas is like a glimpse of the certain Broadway house where Dresden figures, French studies and floral effects in porcelain rival the nature in her gayest mood. A virtuoso would forget his contentment looking at the dragons, vestal virgins, harlequins, reptiles, sea monsters, dolphins, warriors, fishmongers and fabled deities modeled in bronze, wrought iron, brass, silver and ormolu. The quaint bits of color and the lovely forms of laid work and under glazing would make a suppliant of an independent artist. Aside from their artistic value many of the candlesticks are priceless as souvenirs, coming as they did from immortals, living and dead.

Mrs. Wilber F. Storey, until recently the owner of the Chicago *Times*, and who is as much at home in the Windsor Hotel as she is in her Michigan avenue house in the Lake City, is a slave to her handkerchiefs. When her husband was alive he used to have them made to order, not by the dozen, but by the hundred. Most men will admit that pretty underwear is the most witching part of a woman's trousseau, but Mr. Storey put the handkerchief at the head of everything and

PAID THE BILLS CHEERFULLY.

There was one French firm that used to fill his order, and the delicate squares were sent home in an oaken box big enough to hide a family of children in. One specialty of this house was a bobinette handkerchief made with a two-inch ruffle of the same web and finished with bands and bows of ribbon. Usually it required 15 a day to supply the lady, and she kept a maid who did nothing but wash them, pull them dry, and baste in the ribbon. There were mulls and sheer linens, batiste and fine lawns, lavishly trimmed and stitched flat, and point lace in a hundred different varieties; but the gem was and still is the bobinette. Nothing like it was ever handled by many women. As a supplement Mrs. Storey wears attar of roses that costs $60 an ounce, one drop of which is a veritable benediction to the senses.

Mrs. William Livingstone has a weakness for window draperies of applique lace, with her monogram picked out of the delicate web in batiste lines. Mrs. Major General Schuyler Hamilton, who on the day of her marriage to the distinguished soldier, was presented with the famous pearls in the Hamilton family, has an inordinate love for the jewels, which she is more fond of playing with than wearing.

The actresses go into fads for advertising purposes, just as they sign literary contributions which most of them are incapable of writing. Lillian Russell is an adept, and yet I can hardly leave her out of this letter, for she has a really remarkable collection of silver bound toilet articles. She is mad on the subject of brushes, and I really believe there are three dozen alone in her outfit. She has nail brushes, jewel brushes, brow brushes, hair brushes and manicure brushes, all woven with imported bristles and backed with silver—sterling, every inch of it, and superbly carved or hammered. These things are spread over her dressing and toilet tables, backs up, and if you didn't see the French bed with its silken canopy and hangings in her chamber, the polished wardrobes of her dressing room, and the porcelain tub and swinging health lift of her bathroom, you might fancy yourself in the shop of a dealer in exclusive novelties. These brushes, with the hand mirrors, jewel and powder boxes, are distributed over the tables of three rooms, and against the white drapery they suggest a mosaic of pearl and silver. To the sight they are admirable. To the chambermaid, who has to shine 'em up every Monday morning, they are appalling.

AN IMPORTANT FUNCTIONARY.

Let us consider that climax of pomposity in servitude, the butler. "When a man comes to me and wants me to find him a situation as a butler, I have no opinion of him from that time on." This is the statement of the proprietor of an up-town employment agency where more than one member of the Four Hundred has obtained her servants, and it is a statement that holds equally good in other agencies. Why butlers who are in need of employment should be discriminated against in this fashion is more than the ordinary mind can grasp. It is nevertheless a fact and a sad and cruel fact for more than one butler who suddenly finds his imposing presence no longer in immediate demand.

"Most families," continued the dispenser of domestic patronage, "especially those families that belong to the best society, never think of going to an agency for a butler, though they have no hesitancy in calling for a maid, a coachman or a hall boy. Butlers see more of society than any other servants and they are expected to have polished manners. These can only be acquired by living in families of high breeding and culture. Sometimes the butler is evolved, often he starts in service as a sturdy little hall boy. As he gradually attains height and angularity he becomes a valet in the household of his master and in course of time he is graduated a tall, imposing, full-blown butler, with dignity and grace and manners that send cold chills of terror up and down the spines of unsophisticated guests from the country.

"The ideal butler is one who is addressed as 'sir' by the country cousin. This may be said to be the great test of his fitness for the high office he holds, and such a salutation is treasured by the perfect flunkey as an emotional actress holds the tears of her audience. When a family breaks up housekeeping the butler is disposed of to some favored acquaintance.

A SOCIAL ARBITER.

Sometimes there is a struggle to secure his services, for a well-trained butler can do much toward building up the reputation of a family just beginning its acquaintance with fashionable society. This is particularly the case with butlers who are imported from some titled English family. In some instances such butlers have been known to exercise the functions of a social arbiter in matters of taste and etiquette.

"New York has not finished laughing over the revelations of a butler imported direct from the family of a noble British Duke. He soon left the service of his importer and found more congenial employment with another family of more established social standing. After his initial dinner party with his first employer, he was taken into the library and consulted concerning the manners of the guests, and his opinions were so highly regarded that those guests he criticised were not invited to the second party.

"There is another point about butlers," continued the agent. "They must be over 5 feet 10 inches tall. The sight of a short man in knee breeches, back of the table, is ludicrous in the extreme, and such unfortunates seldom find their services in demand. There are many exceptions to this rule, however. I know one instance where a family have been obliged to take their butler to Europe with them every summer as a valet because they found it impossible to place him in another household. He was a valued servant, and a feeling of sentiment prevented his discharge."

CLARA BELLE.

Icy Fingers

Seem creeping along the back bone of the individual who feels the malarial chill. Don't wait for a second attack, friend, but away with you to the nearest drug store or dealer where Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can be procured. That's the article that will enable you to snap your fingers at chills and fever. Use it, also, for rheumatism, indigestion, liver complaint, debility, nervousness and kidney inactivity.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

Rhymes Which Cheer the Sailor as He Hauls the Tarry Ropes.

SOME FAVORITE OLD CHANTIES.

Rollicking Choruses Sung on Fast Atlantic Clippers.

A BLENDING OF HUMOR AND PATHOS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

All who have been within sound of the sea have doubtless heard, on a fine bright morning, the merry click of the windlass on board of some outward-bound craft, while there also came, occasionally heard, strains of song, peculiar in rythm and melody. This curious song was a chanty, or sailors' working song. Merchant sailors do no heavy work without a song. Men-of-war's men are led in their motions by the shrill notes of a whistle, or heave at the capstan accompanied by fife and drum; but merchantmen "lift up their voices and"—sing. Collections of these songs, as sung by sailors of all countries, have been made, and form a curious library of melody and nonsense. For it is not so much the sense, but the sound principally that influences the men in their choice of a "Chanty." These songs are not without a certain beauty of their own, especially when sung to the accompaniment of the tempest and the boom of the flopping sail. They are usually the genuine compositions of sailors, and are frequently improvised in part, at least. The melodies are recitatives, which are sung by the best and usually the loudest voice, while the chorus is taken up by all, suiting the labor to the rythm. They are of various kinds, some being adapted to the monotonous clank of the windlass or pump-brake, others suited to the quick pulls at toprail halliards or main sheet. Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast," says, "A song is as necessary to sailors as a fife and drum to soldiers. They cannot pull in time, or pull with a will, without it." Some captains say a good chanty is worth an extra hand.

Sailors have inherited this penchant for the stimulating song. The Argonauts moved to the sound of Orpheus' lyre, and the rowers in the ancient galleys kept stroke to the strains of the Keleusura. This was explained by the whistle in the middle ages, which usage remained to the navy, but merchant sailors returned to the song. Boatmen are noted for their use of rowing songs in many parts of the world. Venetian gondoliers formerly repeated whole passages of Tasso's poems, singing in alternation the glowing verses. They still repeat parts of familiar operas, but "in Venice Tasso's echoes are heard no more." Improvised verses to some familiar melody are more commonly used. Love songs are very popular with them. Boat songs were and are still popular among the highlanders, whose picturesque lakes resound to the echoes of the stirring melodies. These were called "Jorrams" and one is given in Scott's Lady of the Lake. A favorite one is that beginning:

"Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands."

Another fine song is given in Black's yachting romance, "White Wings." Its burden is "Ho, ro, Clansmen!"

The keelmen of the Tyne have many cherished songs, of which the best known is "Weel May the Keel Row." The same is true of the bargemen of the Loire, and other French rivers, a famous rowing song with most of them being "La Corsarienne." Nor is Venice the only Italian port where boatmen's songs are heard. They are exceedingly popular in Naples, and no visitor to that charming port has failed to hear "Santa Lucia," a barcarolle, in the mouth of every fisherman and boatman.

AMERICAN BOAT SONGS.

On this side of the Atlantic such songs are not so common. In Canada, however, they continue to be heard, and Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" is but a specimen of a class of them. A recent traveler in Brazil describes the Amazonian boat songs: "The best wit on board starts the verse, improvising as he goes on, and the others join in the chorus. They all relate to the lonely river life, and the events of the voyage, the shoals, the wind, how far they have to go before they go to sleep, and so forth." The boatmen of the Nile are particularly adept in the songs, having one for each separate occupation. Hindoo, Chinese and Japanese have them, and no boat is rowed in the South Seas, among the many islands, without a song, consisting of a short solo and chorus. "Wilkes' exploring expedition found them using one with an undoubted reference to Captain Cook:

"Cook tells you, pull away;
I will do so, and so must you."

The true sailors' chanty is of the same class as these boatman's songs. There are many such in use among mariners of all nations, although English, American and Scandinavian sailors take the lead in this nautical minstrelsy. A noted Italian writer on these themes says the Italian sailors bring the English songs home and sing them in preference to their own. These chanties are of various classes, adapted to each class of work. First, there are the anchor songs, used in weighing anchor. These are best known to landsmen, because most frequently heard. The true capstan song is generally in "long meter" and the airs are rather pathetic in their melody. One of these best known is that given below:

"Yo, heave ho!
Round the capstan go;
Round men, with a will:
Tramp, and tramp it still;
The anchor must be heaved,
Yo, heave ho!"

In the days of our clipper ships and sailing liners, there were many popular songs of this class, such as "Valparaiso," "Round the Horn," "Santa Anna" and "Rio Grande." The latter consisted of any number of solo verses, with a resounding chorus, as,

Solo—Were you ever in Rio Grande?
Chorus—Away you Rio!
Solo—O, were you ever in Rio Grande.
Chorus—I am bound to the Rio Grande.

Away you Rio, away you Rio,
Fare you well, you pretty young girl,
I am off to Rio Grande.

The history of the pretty milkmaid who will not wed is embodied in verses sung to this tune. Our characteristic American chanties mostly come from the darky sailor, whose strong and melodious voice and musical instincts fit him for the role of leader in these working songs. "Oceanida," "Johnny's Gone," "The Black Ball Line," and others were formerly well known. One of these is "Slopandergosha:"

SPECIMEN CHANTIES.

"Have you got, lady, a daughter so fair?
Slopandergosha.
That is fit for a sailor that has crossed the line?
Slopandergosha."

One of the finest of these songs is the weird ditty known as "Lowlands:"

Solo—I dreamt a dream the other night.
Chorus—Lowlands, lowlands, hurrah, my John!
Solo—I dreamt I saw my own true love.
Chorus—My lowlands away.

But perhaps the most cherished of all these chanties is "Old Stormy," decidedly of negro origin. Sometimes the verses are sung alternately as solo and choruses.

"Old Stormy he is dead and gone,
To me, 'way hey, storm along, John.
Old Stormy he is dead and gone,
Ah! ha! come along, get along, slom along, John!
Old Stormy he was a bully old man,
To me, 'way, you storm along!
Old Stormy he was a bully old man,
Ii Ii Ii masss, storm along."

Frequently, however, there is a long verse, descriptive of the death and burial of Storm Along, and a rollicking chorus after it. Among the old negro songs was one with a beautiful melody, the words of which ran thus:

Oh! the wildest packet you can find,
Ah, he! ah, ho! are you most done!
Is the Marg'ret Evans in the Black X line?
So clear the track, let the bulgine run,
To my high rig-a-rag, in a low-back car,
Ah, he! ah, ho! are you most done?
With Eliza Lee all on my knee,
So clear the track, let the bulgine run!

"Heave Away, My Johnny," "Sally Brown" and the "Dreadnaught" are well-known capstan songs sung by our sailors in the palmy days of clippers and liners, while tramping about the capstan.

Norwegian and Danish sailors' chanties are much like those of our own sailors, and are frequently composed of native and English verses. "Heaving the Anchor" is one of these, the chorus of which is English:

"Goodby, fare you well, goodby, fare you well,
Hurra, my boys, we're homeward bound!"

There is another, entirely Norwegian, entitled "Opsang." Russian sailors have two favorite songs for heaving the anchor, the melodies of which are very fine. Windlass songs are much like those just spoken of. The meter is apt to be shorter, as the motions are quicker. "Shanandore" is a famous one:

"You Shanandore,
I long to hear you,"
Chorus—"Hurrah! you rollin' river."
You Shanandore, I long to hear you."
Chorus—"Ah, ha! you Shenandore."

Another is "Rolling Rio," and a true favorite is this:

"For seven long years I courted Sally."
Chorus—"Hurrah, you rollin' river!"
"I courted Sally down in yon valley."
Chorus—"Ah, ha! I'm bound away on the wild Missouri."

Still another celebrates the Mexican "Santa Anna."

"Did you never hear tell of that General?"
Chorus—"Hurrah, you Santy Anna."
"Did you never hear tell of that General?"
Chorus—"All on the plains of Mexico."

HAULING SONGS.

Somewhat similar to these, yet having peculiar features of their own, are the hauling songs which are in general use all over the world. These are of two kinds, one is for the "short haul," when the men stand in line and pull on the ropes "hand over hand." Then there is the long pull chanty, used when there are many men who "walk away" with the rope. In the "short pull" chanty stress is laid upon particular words, at which signal the pull is made. One of