THE BOOM FOR GRESHAM.

SOME OF THE TRAITS OF A MAN MUCH TALKED ABOUT.

The Enthusiasm of his Friends—His Entry Into Public Life—Appointed Without a Recommendation—An Indiana Republican's Admiring Recital of the Judge's Greatness.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—"Judge Walter Q. Gresham is going to be a very obstinate man in the downing process now going on among the Republicans of Indiana. He is the most impregnable Presidential quantity in the State. While the friends of other men are quarrelling and making trades, he sits complacently on the bench at Chicago, fearing nothing. He has the most zealous and firm friends of any public character that I know of. And this is the result of his own steadfast friendship."

Such were the words of a well-known Indianapolis Republican, now in the city.

"Gresham is the most lucky man Indiana ever had," continued the gentleman, "and his easy fortune in public affairs has brought to him more trouble than all else in politics. Other men in both parties work and worry and stay awake o' nights fretting over and scheming for political advantage, while Gresham, snoring in his bed, has grown with the people. Curious, too, considering that he is such a positive character and has a side on every question. The lament of the prominent Indiana Republicans for almost a score of years has been that Gresham, although he never does anything in politics, gets the best of everything without asking for it.

"In the first place Judge Gresham stepped into public life without soliciting it, and every promotion he has had has come to him without effort. He is the political Mascot of the West, and that is why I anticipate his nomination in in 1888. Gresham is a Grant type, through and through. You see Grant gave him his first place. It was during the early part of the now deceased General's first term that an Indiana Republican was at the White House when the President inquired:

"'Isn't there a man in your State by the name of Gresham, who was in the army?'

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'I remember him very well,' said the President, adding, with a rising inflection: 'He can have anything I can give him.'

"A few days afterward a telegram was sent to Gresham by President Grant, asking if he would accept the United States District Judgeship, the President having learned meantime that Gresham was a good lawyer. Not a soul recommended the appointment. I think Gresham must have taken his cue from Grant about such matters, for he has followed much the same course in doing for friends. Whenever he wants to do anything for a friend he never hesitates, but does it on the impulse of the moment. And his friends are true as steel. This is why he is going to be so hard to down. If a delegation goes to the Convention for him, it will stand by him like the 306 did for Grant and the New Yorkers for Arthur.

"Speaking about Gresham's warm friendship reminds me of an incident which came to my notice while he was Postmaster-General. I was in the office of one of the assistants one day when the General came in. There was a troublous expression in his face.

"'What's the matter, Mac,' said he, addressing the assistant, 'that you would telegraph the District Attorney and special agent o release the man they have arrested charged with rifling the mails.'

"'But,' exclaimed the assistant, in an expostulating tone of voice, 'we cannot do that, for the proof of the man's guilt was found on his person.'

"'I have directed,' said the General, firmly yet pleasantly, 'that you make the order.'

"'What ground shall I place it on?'

"'Make the order peremptory,' was the reply. 'If anybody comes to you for reasons, tell them you did it at the direction of Gen. Gresham, and send him to me.'

"The order was made and the prisoner released. A few hours afterward I learned that the man who was under arrest had lived at Gen. Gresham's old home; that he had known him for years from boyhood, and that as soon as the Postmaster-General learned of his arrest and the circumstances surrounding it he made up his mind to release him, and he did so without being asked to do so. The release proved to be a wise step.

"Gen. Gresham is a liberal-minded man. He entertains broad ideas as to personal liberty and good citizenship. This makes him strong with all classes. An incident occurred to illustrate the point just before he took the Treasury portfolio. Senator Voorhees, Col. Dick Bright, and other prominent Democrats—he recognized no party in social matters—and two or three Republicans prominent in the State, among them Col. Dudley, then Commissioner of Pensions, were in Gen. Gresham's room at the Post Office Department, relating anecdotes, and, by the time the party got up to go the General invited them out to take a drink, for he occasionally takes a social smile. All accepted but one, who is known throughout the State as a teetotaller.

"'What!' exclaimed Gen. Gresham, 'won't you join us in a little drink?'

"'I never drink anything,' was the reply.

"'Well,' continued the General, 'come down and take a cigar.'

"'No, thanks. I never smoke.'

"'Don't you ever swear?' asked the General.

"'No,' was the reply.

"'Don't drink, don't smoke, never swears,' repeated the General. 'Do you know,' he continued, with a smile, 'that you have the traits of a very bad man?'

Gen. Gresham was very severely wounded in the campaign about Atlanta. He received a ball in the left hip. The surgeon probe informed him that the limb would have to come off. To this he vigorously protested, declaring he would prefer to take the risks of dying from the effects of the wound and having the chance of retaining his leg. It was only by the earnest entreaties of his friend, the surgeons' knives from his hip, and he kept his left leg by it. But he suffers greatly from it. Often he has shown impatience on the bench, and may be said to be unpopular with the attorneys on account of it, but this is explained by the condition of his leg. It affects his nerves and at times makes him shriek with agony. Frequently when an Indiana or other friend called at the department to see him he would retire to a back room and look himself in, because he was in too much agony to talk to the run of people who came to see him. He always had an abundance of patience with his friends. A change of weather affects him painfully. Strangers in his court often remark the number of lemons he eats. They not as counter-irritants on his nerves and the acid augments digestion; otherwise, he says, his pain at times would be unbearable. Once when he was suffering intently on the bench at Indianapolis he adjourned the court over a day. A criminal case was in progress. The lawyer for the defence was asked by the prisoner as they left the room what he thought would be the outcome of the matter.

"'It all depends on the condition of the Judge's liver,' was the answer. 'If he feels well, maybe he will acquit. If he feels badly he will hang you.'

His bravery was so great that he never complained, and even the lawyers in the room did not know what moved the Court to adjourn when he was suffering from his wound.

"Judge Gresham has always lived very unpretentiously. He owned a little cottage in the suburbs of Indianapolis. It was probably not worth over $4,000. It was surrounded by a large yard, and when his day's work was done he went to his home. He married a most excellent lady down in Harrison county, where he was raised, and used to visit his old home and look after his parents as tenderly as he did when a boy. He is about 50 years old now, and has two children, a son and a daughter. His son, Otto, studied law with Baker, Hord & Hendricks, and went to Chicago to practise some time before his father was appointed to a position there. The son is about 25, and the daughter—a lovely type of Brunette, with large black eyes, raven black hair, and long eye lashes—is probably 21. She made her début in society here two years ago, and has just left school.

"While Gen. Gresham has been fond of spending his idle moments with his family at home he has not been what is known as a home body. While he was in Washington he took pleasure in acquainting himself with all newspaper correspondents, and spent many hours in the row. He would go out at night and take a piece of news to the correspondent most interested in it, and the habit of visiting the offices in Newspaper row he learned much of the ways of journalism, and at the same time made warm friends of those he visited. He was accused by his more stiff rivals of "courting favor," but it seemed that this method finally came his way.

"General Gresham would have gone much deeper into politics had it not been for his rivals, and he would have begun earlier. It was only a question of endorsement by the leaders in his party in Indiana that kept him out of the original Hayes Cabinet. There were some who through jealousy refused to endorse him, and it was not till Arthur was made President, and General Grant spoke the word, that Gresham was called."

One of the old secretaries to Gresham was lamenting to-day that he did not stay with him.

"Every man who has been connected with Gresham," said he, "has done well. The same luck follows those about him that is always with the Generals. Paul Hendricks, whom everybody knows who knows Gresham, was with him to Chicago, and although Gresham was loath to let him go, he put Paul into a splendid railroad practice and did him God speed, preferring to deprive himself of the young man's assistance to seeing him held back as a Secretary. The same can be said of John Cook, who was Gresham's law clerk in the Post Office Department. It is an incentive to people to stand by such men."

A Game that Requires Nerve.

Young Mr. Sissy (to bartender)—Give me a soley w' real good twandy to steady my nerves.

Bartender (indignantly)—Why, I'm Sissy's father. Gets' to take in a progressive jackstraw party I 'spose.

TRUTHS OF THE THEATRES.

A COMPLETE VIEW OF THE TRAVELLING ACTORS' BUSINESS.

Good Entertainments Generally Prosperous this Season—Benefits of the Combination System—Several Fallacies Corrected.

The theatrical manager does not take account of stock at the close of the year. The peculiar character of his enterprise forbids. He did not even have a holiday yesterday, like the ordinary man. He was unfashionable enough to keep open house, and he did it with an affable complacency born of a foregone conclusion that his was a disregard both profitable and excusable. In truth, the theatrical season does not finish, like your every-day business, with the last day of December. New Year's is only a half-way post, and he among managers who reaches it with a few dollars to the good generally considers himself reasonably safe for the remaining five months of the amusement period. They were saying on the Rialto yesterday that there hadn't been very much to complain of so far this season. Nobody could be found who dared to claim that 1886 had not turned out a great deal better than 1885. The optimistic leading man, who had taken nothing save seltzer and milk all day, was quite agreed upon this point with the pessimistic unshaven "heavy," who had become somewhat logzy on casual beers at the "Uncle Tommer's" corner, which, it may be well to point out, is the Fourth avenue end of the Rialto. In the groups of unemployed talent, if there was not wealth there was at least harmony, and certainly there was no lack of hopefulness. A SUN reporter, who ran across some actors and managers, read, with little difficulty, the lesson of half the season, and picked up points enough to discount all that is left.

Not many years ago, when the stock-company system was dying hard, managers who controlled theatres in the cities were fond of alluding to "the combination evil." There were excellent and many reasons why they should, and did consider the new arrangement an evil. Their out-of-town patrons naturally diminished, city competition became greater through successive and frequent visits of leading stars with their own supports, and, as star joined star in the organization of his own company, the stock manager—he, likewise, of the "stock play" and "stock scenery" day—read his doom. For at least six years past the combination system has ceased to be considered an evil, and it is never so referred to now unless by disgruntled managers with unfair motives. The survival of the fittest among the stock companies is illustrated with rare felicity in the Daly, Wallack, and Boston Museum players; yet "the road" has at times prompt the applauded each of these companies, and their excursions may be taken as a tacit and inevitable endorsement of the plan of combination travel. from which there is seemingly now no escape. In 1878 there were fewer than one hundred regularly organized troupes in transit; a month ago the "routes ahead" of nearly 400 were made known in the *Clipper*. Before these figures it is folly to claim that the results of the combination era have been disastrous. It is more to the point to admit that by its remarkable spread a small army of actors and actresses have been afforded employment who would otherwise have been idle or less congenially disposed of, and that by the movements of these many companies interest in the drama and music has been intelligently awakened in sections of the country previously supposed to be woefully neglected. There is no boast of culture, no intimidating threat of refined discernment in the playgoers of Butte City and Leadville; yet when a big star plays there he charges $2.50 and $3 for a seat, and the house in either city is packed to the limit. It is probable that no good company ever left Butte or Leadville without a large profit. Combination managers discovered the play-loving propensities of the rough people, and discreetly traded upon them. Out of the combination "evil" have come to this age as stars Robert Mantell, Louis James, Robert Downing, Effie Ward, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Effie Ellsler, Kate Forsyth, Roland Reed, Rose Coghlan, Mrs. Bowers, Henry Chanfrau, Margaret Mather, Minnie Maddern, Edwin Arden, Cora Tanner, Harry Dixey, Flora Moore, Nell Burgess, Sara Von Leer, John Jennings, Tom Keene, Jenny Calef, Charley Bowser, Myra Goodwin, C. A. Gardner, Tony Hart, Ezra Kendall, Horace Lewis, Benjamin Maginley, Jim Herne, Dan Sully, Eben Plympton, Ada Gray, Jennie Holman, Newton Beers, Mark Prescott, Richard Mansfield, James O'Neill, Robert McWade, Joe Murphy, Rosina Vokes, Mattie Vickers, Frank Frayne, Louise Pomeroy, W. J. Scanlan, Fred Bryton, Ben Thompson, Frank Aiken, Lewis Morrison, J. M. Ward, and as many more—good, bad, and indifferent, if you like, but all stars, and the word goes in theatrical, and all contributing to the one big result—which statisticians will do well to note, for it may never have been asserted before, as it is now, that the United States spends more money for its theatrical entertainment than any other country in the world. The men who run the up-town manager who would like to bet on that.

Now, a defence of the combination manager or of his system is not intended here. It is sought to give a plain setting forth of facts, lest thoughtless people run away with the idea that the old "evil" is a blight on the land. That has been the dismal cry of some writers and a great many managers for four or five seasons past. The complaining manager is always himself a combination or road manager, whose failure is due rather to his own incompetency or lack of judgment than to his overcoming in the ranks of his competitors. There has never been a season in the history of the recent stage when a strong play, capably acted, and staged with appropriate embellishments, did not at least work out its expenses, and it would be generally close to a profit. There has never been a period in which the public—take the country through—has got more and better entertainment for its money than since the inception of the travelling company system.

It is inevitable that since there are so many good and bad among him, the road manager should make enemies; his room is a specimen severity against him that he has forced actors' salaries down to a pitifully low point; that he has little regard for the public's wish in the matter of the quality of their diversion so long as they can supply it at trifling expense to himself; that he is a tyrant of course, morally and intellectually; and that, by his adroit manipulation, the press has become his easy tool. The charges can be met seriatim. As to the salaries, two of the leading dramatic agents in this city agreed that they are higher as a rule than they were five years ago. Star actors, besides, live more extravagantly to-day than they did twenty years ago. Taut the vast number of musical and dramatic entertainments to-day given in town and country are on a higher and more artistic plane than those fewer ones of the olden days is confessed by the more observing of experienced theatregoers and theatre caterers, such as Augustin Daly, Lester Wallack, and Montgomery Field, all stock managers and presumably impartial judges. To class all road managers and agents as loud-mouthed "akins" is, perhaps, the most unjust out of all. Anybody who has met and talked with quiet Daniel Frohman, now the Lyceum's energetic director, will certainly recall him as a well-informed and courteous gentleman, whose word was a bond in every city in the country, and he probably knows every hamlet, for he has managed minstrels in his time, and didn't lose his dignity at that. Gentlemen like Arthur B. Chase, Theo. Bromley, and Joe Levy of Lawrence Barrett's staff; John Cobbe, John Warner, and J. H. Copleston of Wilson Barrett's; Ormond Butler of Booth's; Jim Collier of Edmund Collier's; Marcus Mayer and Charley Matthews of Henry Abbey's; Charles E. Locke and Fred Berger of the National Opera Company; John Russell of the Casino's road troupe; Gus Mortimer of Louis James's staff; Harry Hine and Ned Jack of Roland Reed's; Jay Rial of Genevieve Ward's; Frank Goldwin of Clara Morris's; Count Bozenta and little Fred Stinson of Modjeska's; Owen Ferree of Rhea's, C. A. Chizzola, "Jimmy" Gottschalk, and H. Wertheimber of Salvini's; Charley Thomas and Charley Hoyt of their own companies, together with Harry Mann, C. D. Davis (who stutters badly), E. A. Rockwood, Gus Piton, T. Allston Brown, Col. Sinn, Arthur Rehan, John W. Blaisdell, Louis E. Cooke, "Tody" Hamilton, Clinton Edgerly, C. E. Callahan, Will Duffy, E. E. Kidder, W. R. Hayden, Joe Mack, A. S. Sydney and old-time "Sherry" Corbyn, are all gentlemen under any circumstances, and at least as conservative in statements regarding their enterprises as any gilt-edged merchant who is giving you a bargain, or any suave broker who is letting you in—"as a favor," you know. The trouble is, the road agent's critics have mixed the breed, and condemned him as a class for the faults of the few. Of course there are some blatant men in the lot. They are commonly attached to the smaller and less pretentious companies, are necessarily of seedy get-up, and are prone to call themselves "busters." They are unscrupulous enough to "jump" hotel bills at short notice, and in the matter of dodging baggage attachments or box-office garnisheeing they delight to be thought "fly." The world looks askance at them, and they fight that world on every step. It will be most charitable to lay at their doors the origin of that now extensive fraud of late seasons—the quoting of false or garbled criticism of New York newspapers. It is within the knowledge of THE SUN's writer that this reprehensible practice has been descended to by some reputable managers, even in a late date. Stars and plays have been seen and censured here without reserve; yet, by a bold elimination of the condemnatory phrases in a criticism, and a juggling of three or four words not directly applicable either way, or, perhaps, a forged semblance of an enthusiastic endorsement is made out; and this is transferred in brazen type to big posters for the street, or proofs are printed for use as advance notices in the provincial press, whose critics have little or no way of verifying these alleged "New York press comments." If the deception is to be carried on any longer, it is likely that measures will be taken in this city to make an exposé by way of example.

Of the 400 troupes that started out in September, not over fifteen per cent. of the number have thus far disbanded. The fact may be taken as indicating an increased prosperity this season over the showing at a similar date last season. There is not, it may easily be told, any danger that the combination system will pass out of vogue in this country. Provincial playgoers have built opera houses in too large numbers, since the travelling plan began, to permit them to remain idle; the ranks of the profession have swelled so fast, and so much capital is ever ready for investment in substantial road enterprises, that no advocate of the old stock days can possibly predict the collapse of the road business. With all its faults, it has brought many benefits, and the magnitude of its operations has already caused it to become a good-sized factor in the country's industries. It is undeniably here to stay.

The movement toward lower prices of admission was never stronger than it is to-day. New York has naturally not felt the popular pressure in this direction so strongly as have the smaller cities; but the force of the movement is seen when it is made known that of the troupes now in transit about 80 per cent. are playing at less than the rates of the up-town theatres—that is, at 75 cents and $1 for the best seats. Carrying the investigation still closer, it is found that of this 80 per cent. nine in ten are playing at 25, 35, and 50 cent prices. These facts stare managers in the faces. The museum-theatres, it is true, are responsible in a measure; but the public has long been disposed to a reduction of prices, and hence the support of the movement. The foothold gained in the city by Jacobs and Proctor, the kings of cheap-priced amusements, is significant; the movement of Abbey, Amberg, and William Austin (the latter a Boston dime-museum manager) in these latitudes in favor of patrons low prices, no matter which of the three shall obtain the house. New York has held out against the extreme low prices better than any city in the country; but the Grand Opera House and the east side theatres have plainly filled a need that is likely to be further extended when the mistaken prejudice against cheap amusements shall be removed by some manager who will here, as in other cities, offer excellent entertainment at reduced prices.

Meanwhile the actor himself has learned that cheaper prices in the good theatres does not lower the tone of the professional so engaged. McKee Rankin admitted this last week when he played at a Chicago museum and curio hall. He was at all events sure of his money; and "49" went nicely, even if the ladies in the orchestra—best seats, 50 cents—didn't take off their bonnets.

PARIS, Dec. 21.—This is the season when Paris is annually invaded by "nageurs." In the slang of the theatres those are show people who started out with more or less promise of grand success in the provinces a month or two ago, or even less, and have now returned on foot, penniless and hungry. It is not always the poor actor and second-rate companies that come to untimely grief in the country. Public taste differs everywhere, and while at Paris the audiences are generally indulgent with a singer or performer, in the country the utmost severity prevails. The prestige of a run in Paris counts for little. It was a matter for boasting, for instance, among the people of Rouen for many years that they invariably hissed the great Talma. The actor yesterday whom I had supposed at Carpentras, in response to my surprised inquiry he said: "I went there. At the first performance they threw hard apples at me; the next night the apples were baked—I had at least compelled them to cook; the third night they asserted that I did not have voice enough, and they howled for me. Style, method, the art of singing, these count for nothing in the country. They want clowns. However, I might have succeeded if it had not been for my agent."

"Your agent! How is that?"

"All actors who are poor, you know, get our engagements through an agency. Now, the agent conspires with the manager in this way. Whenever we obtain an engagement we advance to the agent five per cent. of our first month's pay. The manager compels us to fall after a performance by employing an adverse claque. He has to have somebody in our place and applies to the agent; the agent sends him a new singer or actor from whom he gets the five per cent. also; and in consideration of having many engagements to give out for five per cent., the agent pays the manager to divide with the manager the poor artist's percentage. Thus the game works well in every way but for the artist. He gets paid only pro rata for the performances in which he appears, so the manager loses nothing whatever, and the agent does a thriving business as a keeping vacancies supplied. If by chance among the vast number of artists engaged the manager should happen on one who was irresistibly pleasing to his patrons, who could overcome an opposition claque, such an artist would be retained as long as there was big money in him."

This statement of the methods of theatrical managers and agent is not exaggerated. The show business is a tempting speculation, involving the engagement of many men and women and the incurring of big bills. If success is attained at once everything goes merrily. If not, and the public fails to patronize, the responsibility is left to the manager, the speculator's only device, is to desert his people. I know a clown who went a short time ago to Brussels in a company which went to pieces after the third performance. The manager ran away and the clown started for home on foot. They lived from day to day on money picked up at impromptu performances in the street or in restaurants. It seemed many times as if they would all perish with hunger before they saw Paris again, but even when they arrived here their troubles were not ended. The clown complained to his agent, who simply said that he could do nothing about it, but would find something else for the performer to do. Something else was long in coming, and for three days the funny man went with the troupe to the right afterwards, in Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hooh-wah! Diddy, diddy, Dartmouth! Wah-hoo-wah! It is very picturesque, and only a sophomore can Wah-hoo to the best advantage. The hoo is like a human owl's hoot.

Everybody has heard Columbia's Hoorav! Hooray! Hooray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a! The name spells out rythmically. John Hopkins University at Baltimore has taken the ground plan of the cheer and built on it, adding J-o-h-n H-o-p-k-i-n-s, instead of C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a. Yale's Institute at Hoboken and Union College at Schenectady have similar cheers.

Rutgers has a cheer almost as original as Dartmouth's. It is 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Bow-wow-wow! Rutgers! Williams has an entrancing and resonant 'Rah! 'Rah! Williams! (rumal yang! rumal yang!) Pennsylvania University has a wild Philadelphia cheer without any special charm. It is the three 'Rahs and Pennsyl-van-i-ah! The College of the City of New York cheer better. They say 'Rah three times and add Ci Ci N! Yi

Cornell has a cheer that once heard cannot be forgotten. It is like the rhyme of the passenjaire. It is given with proper emphasis only in times of excitement. Here it is: Cornell! Cornell! Cor-cor-cor-nell! I yell like —! Cornell!

OVER THE FROZEN TRACK.

ON TOBOGGANS AND SNOW SHOES.

The Incursion of the Toboggan—Its Cost and Its Speed—The Great Slides of the Country—Snowshoers in this Snowless Town.

"The American people are only just beginning to learn how to live," said the President of the new tobogganing club as he picked up his Indian sled at the end of the Brooklyn slide, and prepared to clamber up hill again for another coast. He was dressed in clothes made out of red blankets, had a worsted night cap on his head and moccasins on his feet, and looked like an Indian in winter war paint. "It has been all work with us," he continued, "and we haven't had time to take care of ourselves or enjoy life in a rational way. But we are finding out that it is a good thing to get away from work, breathe fresh air and rest ourselves by playing once in a while. Not many years ago a grown man would have been laughed at for going coasting, and even skating has been left to the youngsters. When we were boys in the country, we kept healthy and good natured by getting out of doors in the cold weather and stirring our blood with exercise. We strapped on our skates and raced for miles up and down a frozen river, or divided into sides and played hockey on the mill pond. Skating is first-class exercise and royal fun. I mean ice skating, not going around on wheels in a big barn, like a raccoon ina cage, bumping against people and obliged to go one way and at a set pace. I'm not sorry to see that hot-house sport die out, and I hope ice skating will now revive. The skates of our boyhood days had to be fastened to the feet with straps and bound so tightly as to check circulation, so that it was no rare thing to get one's toes frost bitten, but modern skates are free from the objection, and it is but a second's work to put them on.

THE COUNTRY STYLE.

morals of the Territory is rapidly improving. Tobogganing is glorious sport, and is bound to become and remain popular. It entices people out of doors, fills their lungs with fresh air, and sends their blood dancing through their veins. Why, it is making boys again of us old chaps. The expense of the sport is not great. You can get a first-class toboggan for $5, or make a pretty good one for yourself for a dollar or two. If you join a club you buy a blanket coat of gorgeous hue, a pair of knee breeches, stockings, moccasins, sash, and toque, and for $12 get yourself up like a regular Canuck and look stunning, just like me. A club of fifty members can put in $10 a head and build a first rate slide and keep it in order. The incline should be one foot in four and the width of the track forty-five inches—about twice the width of a toboggan. Side boards and rails keep the machine from flying from the track, and there is no danger at all. A man sits behind and steers the craft with his foot, but if he steers badly he can't hurt anybody. If your club is composed of lazy men, you can have a rope and pulley and an old horse to haul the toboggans up, but a six-foot toboggan weighs only fourteen pounds, and it does a man good to drag or carry it."

BRISK RIVER.

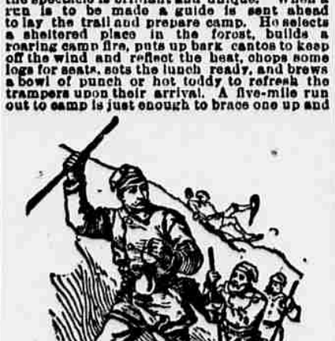
Next to tobogganing as a winter sport comes snowshoeing, and the most exciting and lively is the Norwegian style. The Norwegian shoe is a thin strip of ash about four inches wide and seven feet long, turned up at the front end and having a groove in the bottom to prevent slipping sidewise. It is sometimes called the Swedish snow skate. A block in the middle of the upper side gives support and fastening for the feet. The Scandinavian snowshoer slides on skates over the surface of the snow, and can make twelve miles an hour on level going. Going down hill he just shinzes, guiding himself with a steel-shod staff trailing behind, and acting as a rudder. A snow skater sliding down a mountain side is a mere streak in a cloud, and if he comes to a ravine anything less than one hundred feet wide he just shoots over it like a bird. At the club meets in Norway and Sweden, wide gullies are made across the slides and leaping contests are engaged in. It is on record that a snow skater going down hill at full speed cleared 83 feet at a leap or shoot. Skill and nerve are required in this mountain coasting on skates, but the enjoyment and excitement are great. Imagine runs of a dozen or twenty miles across comparatively level country, taking in the hills that are not too steep. Snow skating is popular in Colorado and Nevada, and there is one Norwegian snowshoe club in Hoboken. But the Norwegian "ski" is being adapted to mountain work and skating over the crust than walking on soft snow, and for the latter purpose the Indian mesh shoe is preferable.

"It is supposed," says Mr. G. M. Fairchild, President of the Orinani Snowshoe Club of New York, "that the Indian learned the use of the snowshoe from the broad hoof of the moose. The gigantic deer of the north travels over the deep snows with comparative ease, and in tracking him in the winter the Indian probably discovered the advantage of the animal's clumsy looking feet, and imitated by the delivery. The Indian snowshoe is a light ash frame or bow strung with thongs, like the bow of a lacrosse stick. The size of the shoe depends upon the purpose for which it is used. The trapper, who travels through the woods where the snow is soft, and carries a pack of considerable weight, uses a very long and broad shoe. For ordinary use on roads or in open country, where the crust is likely to be strong, a smaller shoe can be worn with advantage. It is a mistake to suppose that the knack of walking on snow shoes is very difficult to acquire. A man with any gumption can learn to travel reasonably well in a day or two, and I have known men to become as skilful as old snowshoers in a day's running. The shoe looks clumsy, and the novice thinks he must keep his feet wide apart in order to avoid tripping on shoe on the other, but he soon discovers that it isn't so. The shoe is made fast to the foot only at the toe, leaving the heel free to rise from the shoe at every step. In walking the shoe is not lifted from the snow and put down in the ordinary way. The snowshoer shuffles along, dragging the shoes over the snow with very little effort. In bringing the foot forward the toe of the rearward shoe is raised just enough to let it slide over the other, and the peculiar shape allows one foot to be put down just in front of another without interfering. A skilful snowshoer can make surprising speed when the snow is not too light. Maltby, a Canadian runner, has made a mile in 5 minutes and 48 seconds, the best time on record, and a forty-mile tramp is not considered a heavy day's work by the Canadian snowshoeing club. Snowshoeing is one of the most popular of Canadian sports, and every city has large clubs devoted to it. The clubs are uniformed something like tobogganers, and make a very fine appearance at their meets. The runs usually are made in the evenings, and as each runner carries a torch, the spectacle is brilliant and unique. When a run is to be made a guide is sent ahead to lay the trail and prepare camp. He selects a sheltered place in the forest, builds a roaring camp fire, puts up bark cantos to keep off the wind and reflect the heat, chops some logs for seats, sets the launch ready, and brews a bowl of punch or hot toddy to refresh the trampers upon their arrival. A five-mile run out to camp is just enough to brace one up and

HIGH SPEED ON SKATES.

"To skate rapidly and gracefully is quite an art to be acquired by long practice, but anybody can learn to skate tolerably well in a season. No form of exercise is more exhilarating, and it brings into play nearly all the muscles. The fancy figures and difficult movements are so numerous that the sport never need become monotonous. There is always something to learn and practice, and an ingenious, agile skater can devise new figures and feats for himself. Twenty years ago everybody skated, but of late years the sport has not been so generally indulged in, and there are few really accomplished skaters in this part of the country. The best skaters on this side of the ocean are the Canadians, and their champions and professionals can do astonishing things on the ice. A pair of first-class skaters cutting fancy figures or sailing along on the outside edge is the prettiest sight in the world. The fastest skater ever seen in this country was Paulsen, the champion of Norway, who came over here and skated away from our champions like a steeplechaser leading a field of plough horses, making ten miles in 29 minutes 7½ seconds. He used long, straight-edged skates, which are superior to rockers for speed, but not so well adapted to fancy movements, and when going at the best rate he bent forward and clasped his hands behind his back. The way he flew over the ice broke the hearts of the American experts.

"But the sport that is now coming to the front is tobogganing, and I think it has come to stay. The toboggan is the Indian's sledge, and has long been used in Canada, not only as a winter conveyance, but as a means of obtaining recreation and amusement. The winter carnivals at Montreal introduced Americans to the toboggan, and all who met it fell in love with it. Nobody ever took one trip down hill on a toboggan without wanting to take another, and keep on doing it. Country boys know what fun it is to get a crowd on a big, clumsy sled and coast down a steep hill, steering the thing with the tongue. But there is danger in that fun. When I was a boy eight or ten of us tried that one day, when the crust was very strong and the snow deep. At the bottom of the hill was a stone wall, just covered by the drift, and we thought we could go over it. The speed was terrific. The runners cut through the thinner crust near the wall, and there was an awful spill. The whole outfit went end over end, and the sled came down on top of some of us. I got off with a broken arm, and there were cracked ribs, smashed collar bones, and lots of bad bruises in the crowd. Clipper sleds and double-runners are improvements on that sort of thing, but serious accidents are not so rare as they ought to be in sled coasting. That is because sleds can be and are used on roads and streets. The toboggan is used on a slide specially built for that purpose, and if the slide is properly constructed no serious accident can happen. Raised sides keep the toboggan in the track, which should not be wide enough to let the vehicle slew around. The speed attained on a steep incline is something startling, and the first time a man tries to coast he thinks he is going to kingdom come, shuts his eyes, grips the handrail, breathes a brief prayer, and finds himself gliding along comfortably on the level ground without a hurt or scratch. Then he tries it again, and yells like a Comanche all the way down the slide. The toboggans most in use are faster and stronger than the Indian model. They are made of narrow strips of hard wood, slightly rounded on the under side. The centre strip and the two outside strips are a little thicker than the others, and serve as runners. Several other improvements that secure flexibility and strength are also introduced. The expert's toboggan is shod with steel strips, fastened on ingeniously without screws or rivets, and not lessening the flexibility in the least. On this machine the tremendous speed of three miles a minute has been made. The sensation is like falling off Liberty's torch when you travel down hill at that rate. The steel-shod toboggan is 25 per cent. faster than the plain wood machine, but the latter is fast enough to make your hair curl. On the Orange slide, 1,400 feet long, including the level, the plain toboggan makes the journey in 16 seconds and the expert in 12 seconds. The slide was built last winter, and was the first in the United States, barring a few near the Canada line. This year public slides are being put up all over the country, wherever water freezes in winter, and clubs are being organized and private slides built in many places. At Chicago 4,000 people attended the opening of a big slide, and at St. Paul and Minneapolis the sport is in full blast. New York and Brooklyn are going in for it, and even Jersey City has a club with 1,000 tobogans have already been sold by one New York firm. The Tuxedo Park slide is the best in the country. The incline is built on the slope of a hill and is 600 feet long. The total length of the slide is 8,200 feet, or nearly two-thirds of a mile, and the toboggan makes the distance in 30 seconds, which beats any other kind of travelling, except being shot out of a gun or jumping from the Brooklyn bridge, and I don't know but what it comes pretty near beating the latter; it does for comfort and safety, any way. Canadian sleds and dogs crazy over the toboggan. Every town having a public slide, just as all towns had roller skating rinks two years ago, and the whole population of the territory is sliding



TOBOGGANING

down hill. There is more fun and excitement in coasting down Dakota mountains than in stealing horses or chasing Indians, and the

A SNOWSHOE CLUB.

get his circulation in good shape. An hour or two around the campfire, with refreshments, pipes, songs, and stories, makes a good evening's entertainment, and then the torches are lighted for the run home. Canada snowshoeners have steeplechases for prizes, and it is the great ambition of a Canadian athlete to win a snowshoe steeplechase. The parade of the snowshoe clubs is one of the most attractive features of Montreal's winter carnival, and always attracts the enthusiasm of visitors for Canadian sports.

The Orinani Snowshoe Club of New York, of which Mr. Erastus Wiman is honorary President and Mr. Fairchild active President, has a membership of fifty and applications for admission from about a hundred gentlemen. Doctors, lawyers, editors, and business men compose the club, and when snow is on the ground they don their bright colored blankets, suits, toques, moccasins, and snowshoes, light their lanterns, and tramp through the woods of Staten Island or New Jersey. The Orinani Club visited the various clubs of Montreal and Quebec to visit New York on Jan. 6 and participate in a snowshoe carnival. The invitation has been accepted, and about 500 Canadians, in brilliant uniforms and accompanied by bands and glee clubs, will parade in this city and join in an afternoon run through Central Park if there is any snow. In the evening there will be a reception in Steinway Hall, and the visitors will give an entertainment consisting of tableaux illustrating the sport, snowshoe drills, singing, &c. About 5,000 invitations to the reception will be issued, and the Orinani expect that the appearance of the Canadians will arouse in New York great popular interest in the invigorating sport of snowshoeing.

BRONCHO LOU'S WILD LIFE.

A FEMALE TERROR OF THE FAR WEST.

The Woman's Grief when her Son Tried to Swear her Life Away—His Wish to Have her Hanged, to Get Hold of her Property.

LAS CRUCES, N. M., Dec. 28.—Though new, this country has become old enough to have an occasional example of the effects of heredity. Broncho Lou, the woman desperado, who not many years ago was the terror of southern Colorado, has a son who has just distinguished himself by committing perjury in the hope of having his mother hanged, so that he might inherit her property. Up to 1881 Lou belonged to a band of outlaws which made its headquarters in Colorado. Since that time and under various names she has lived on a ranch in Lincoln county in this territory, where she has considerable stock. In her younger days she was a dashing woman, with enough of grace and health, brightness of eye, and freshness of complexion to make her pass as reasonably good-looking. She was as queer a compound of ferocity and gentleness, devilishness and decency, brutality and womanliness as was ever seen. She rode a horse like a man. She was strong and lithe and could endure anything. In spite of her hard life her figure was trim, her voice musical, and her hands deft. She could kill a man with revolver or knife and nurse a wounded or sick companion with equal dexterity. She was an expert in all games of chance, and on more than one occasion she figured as a dealer in gaming houses, where her shrewdness and nerve brought her big salaries. An unerring marksman, no one cared to get within the range of her rifle. She is credited with killing two husbands in Colorado, and nobody knows exactly how many she has made away with here.

When the band to which she belonged in Colorado became so troublesome that the settlers could put up with their lawlessness no longer, a posse was organized to go in pursuit. The desperados were encountered at an abandoned railroad camp, and after two or three men had been killed on both sides, four of the outlaws, including Broncho Lou, were obliged to surrender, the others getting away. Lou was not injured, but her three companions were all severely wounded. Although it was the intention of the crowd to lynch the fellows, Lou persuaded them to desist, and on her suggestion all were conveyed to the jail at Las Animas. Here the feeling was so great that no one would attend the wounded prisoners, but Lou dressed their wounds and brought them out all right. As little restraint had been put upon her, she did not have much difficulty in making arrangements for the escape of the entire party, and one morning the jailor found that all were gone.

If they had left the country then it is probable that they would not have been pursued, but they remained in the southern part of the State, committing many depredations. When these became intolerable another posse set out, and a pitched battle was eventually fought with the thieves, in the course of which several of the latter were again taken prisoners. The posse had ropes ready and were about to lynch their captives, when Lou and one companion, well mounted and armed, descended on the party with such impetuosity as to stampede it and give the prisoners a chance to escape. Lou drifted south, Lou was never afterward on Colorado soil. Her old-time companions scattered, and she married again and settled down in Lincoln county, the haven of Western toughs, making occasional journeys to the towns round about, as the inclination moved her. At that time she was known as Mrs. Yankers, though she was familiarly designated by her wild acquaintances by the old Colorado soubriquet of Broncho Lou.

She was in Socorro in 1883, and while engaged in a gambling game with Robert Black she shot him dead. It was known by her associates that Black had been the aggressor, and on the preliminary examination she was dismissed. Later on the Grand Jury investigated her case, but found no indictment. Apprehending no more trouble on this score, Lou went back to her ranch, and there married Wm. Dawson, with whom she lived on better terms than had characterized her relations with any of her previous husbands. But he became involved in a quarrel with John H. Good and was killed by him, and Lou came here to prosecute the murderer. While in this town word was received by her from Socorro to the effect that she had been indicted there for the murder of Black, and she at once took steps to investigate the matter. It was not long before she discovered that enemies had been before the Grand Jury, but she did not learn the full truth until last week, when her son came on for trial before Judge Henderson.

Besides the attorney whom she had retained, Broncho Lou had her son, a young fellow named William Raper, with