

# GOSSIP OF NEW YORK

What Is Being Talked About in the Eastern Metropolis.

## YOUNGSTERS WITH FORTUNES

Some of Them Must Carry Grave Responsibilities with Their Money—A Glimpse at the Newspaper Field.

New York.—By his father's death Harry Payne Whitney is added to that considerable number of young Americans who have inherited large responsibilities while yet young. Like Clarence Mackay and Alfred Vanderbilt at the time of the deaths of their respective fathers, Mr. Whitney is a thorough sportsman. Like Mr. Mackay again and unlike the younger Vanderbilt, he has already shown some aptitude for business. Two years ago his father turned over to him some of the directorial responsibilities he had exercised, just as John D. Rockefeller has more recently surrendered to his son his directorship in the steel trust.

Young Whitney will be a far richer man than his father was. New York remembers when the elder Whitney was a practicing lawyer. He first entered politics by serving a term in early life as city counsel. Wealth beyond a modest competence was not in his sight until he married Flora Payne, daughter of the Standard Oil senator of Ohio, H. B. Payne. Mr. Payne purchased for the young couple a Norman baronial mansion upon Fifth avenue, paying for it \$600,000 at a great bargain. Modified within according to modern ideas it is still one of the most satisfactory houses in New York and it is the city home of Harry Payne Whitney. It stands opposite the home of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. The marriage of young Whitney to Gertrude Vanderbilt was as natural as the espousal of two young village lovers who have lived across the street and played together in their childhood days.

The share in her father's estate of Mrs. Whitney was \$10,000,000.

**New York's Rich Bachelors.**  
Oliver Payne, a bachelor of studious tastes, occupies a fine mansion upon the avenue where he keeps bachelor's hall with the aid of a complete staff of servants. He has given generously and unobtrusively of his means to Yale university and is one of the men in New York who are less known than they deserve to be, though quite as "Bachelor's Hall."

It is the correct thing in New York for very wealthy bachelors to dwell in mansions of their own and there entertain. Mr. James Henry Smith, the "silent man of Wall street," is soon to erect a house remarkable enough to suit a remarkable man.

Mr. Smith was almost unheard of up to the time when his bachelor uncle died in London a few years ago, leaving the greatest succession tax on record in the British metropolis. Since then Mr. Smith has come rapidly forward in social circles in New York, and has had the best of chaperonage for his lavish entertainments and his new house will doubtless be the scene of highly considered "functions." Mr. Smith is one of the heaviest owners in the St. Paul and others western lines and is credited with acting in harmony with the Standard Oil party in their administration. He is anxiously, but with scant hope, eyed by New York mammas as the most desirable match in the city.

The house Mr. Smith is to build will be remarkable. In the first place a seven-story hotel was pulled down to make room for it, as a part of the extraordinary campaign which a few millionaires have undertaken to prevent trade from going up the avenue beyond the house of Miss Helen Gould. In the second place, it will be the most conspicuous example in the city of tasteful and lavish decoration; for the commission for its erection was not given to any architect, but to a firm of decorators.

**The Newspaper Kaleidoscope.**  
That newspaper letters should so often speak of newspapers may betray bad balancing of city gossip. But then newspapers in New York are always doing things.

The report that Mr. Hearst has mortgaged his newspapers for a million dollars has gone all over the country and in that form does him an injustice. What he has done is to organize a "holding company" to control three of his separate journalistic corporations. This hold-

ing company has issued a million dollars' worth of bonds, all of which Mr. Hearst retains. If later he should sell any of them that's his own affair. I presume the new company will finance the new paper which Mr. Hearst is to start in Boston, where his venture will surely have a big swing.

It is a common mistake to assume that Boston is a staid town, which insists upon things solid and dignified. It is really a frivolous place, just the town to appreciate big headlines, while the surrounding manufacturing villages are full of advanced political partisans, who are anything but conservative. Another advantage that Mr. Hearst will gain by operating in Boston is that a new paper there will cut off 40,000 circulation which his New York Evening Journal has there now. It may seem odd to speak of cutting off circulation as an advantage, but that is precisely the case when, as with the Evening Journal, the circulation is already bigger than any local advertiser will pay corresponding rates for. Local advertisers are not much benefited by circulation in Boston. By starting a paper there Mr. Hearst can make the Boston advertisers pay for circulation there; New York men won't.

The Boston press is far inferior to that of Chicago, where Hearst's American stirred things up so energetically; competition will do it good. It will increase the pay of Boston newspaper men, which is now low. Constant wars of competition have had that effect in New York, where the pay of competent newspaper writers is probably the highest in the world.

**Waking Up New York.**  
Perhaps New York hasn't needed that waking up process which Boston is now to get!

When I came to the town it was afflicted most shockingly by dry rot. News paper writers earned low wages. Advertising rates were high in proportion and managers never canvassed for business.

First came from St. Louis Joseph Pulitzer, private soldier in the union army, lawyer, journalist, legislative reformer. The World made him wealthy in five years. He bought the site of its present building with a single check, the profits of less than a year. He erected a million-dollar building the next year, paying for it as it went up with his weekly profits taken in across the counter. Meanwhile he had overturned every newspaper tradition. Managers were no longer content to sit and take what advertisements came in, but went out and hustled for them. Pictures were printed. The journalism that does things was introduced.

Some of the World people succeeded to take hold of the Recorder, a forgotten paper, which in its brief day had an extraordinarily able staff. In a week the wages of capable men went up 50 per cent. and they have never lost the advantage.

**The Rush to New York.**  
Only a few years later came from San Francisco Mr. Hearst and took the Journal. He needed men. He could get them gradually, but that wasn't his way. Instead he would hire \$50-a-week men for \$125 a week and give them contracts for one, two or three years as was necessary. It was expensive, but in a very short time he had a fine staff. In no other way could it have been assembled so quickly. The rank and file did not of course get such extraordinarily advances. They came floating in from other cities, some from far California. And they woke up the town again. Some of those men have found that when their contracts expired their services were less valuable. But it is not Mr. Hearst's fault that they did not save their money while they were getting it.

St. Louis and San Francisco having aided in the education of New York, along came a man from Chattanooga, Mr. Ochs, and turned the New York Times into a one-cent paper. He also taught New York to think. New York thought it thought the experiment a failure. But Mr. Ochs, without sacrificing the quality of his paper has run it up to nearly 100,000 circulation, and now has combined the Times and Ledger of Philadelphia into a strong paper, besides building a 16-story home for his New York paper. So much for Chattanooga.

The latest instructor in journalism is Mr. Strauss from Des Moines, Ia. The Commercial Advertiser is the oldest paper in town. For years it was conducted by Hugh Hastings, of the famous Albany Regency. For 20 years it has lived at "this poor dying rate." Mr. Strauss has renamed it The Globe—for the characteristic reason that newsboys can yell that better—dropped the price to one cent and sells the paper for 25 cents a hundred wholesale. At that rate he loses money upon the actual cost of the white paper.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett is the only New York newspaper proprietor of consequence who was brought up in the city. Its publication business is constantly revolutionized by men from smaller towns.

OWEN LANGFON.

# KOREA—LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

Peculiarities of the Little Eastern Kingdom That is Now War Ridden by Japan and Russia.

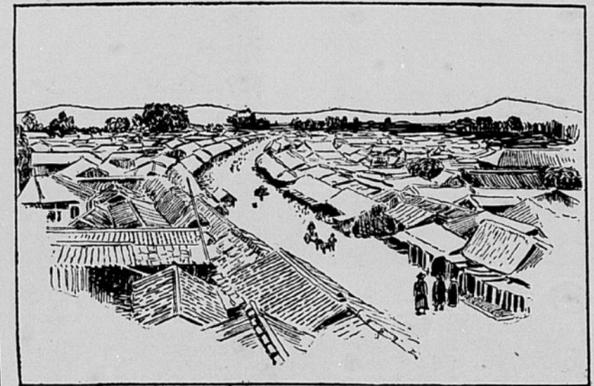
**K**OREA, now war-ridden, is the frowzy corner of the eastern household where Nature, like a careless housemaid, has broomed the refuse sweepings of Asia. In that little, knobby peninsula of Cho-sen ("Land of the Morning Calm"), mixed and irreconcilable nationalities jostle one another, keeping alive the antagonisms of caste and kind. The son of the mikado is at daggers drawn with his celestial cousin, most of the Europeans are not on speaking terms, and the Korean himself cordially detests everybody, and is in turn distrusted by all parties. Korea, in regard to its limited area (about two and a half times the size of Scotland), is more prolific in internecine dissension than any spot on the globe. In no more suitable area could be struck the first blows of the world's approaching Armageddon.

Situated at the elbow of that bone of contention, Manchuria, with the direct road to Peking stretching from the western gate of its capital, Seoul, it is not surprising to find the Mongolian leaven prominent in Korea. Originally conquered by Koral, a warrior of Fuyu, it acknowledged the suzerainty of China for several centuries, and annually paid tribute. The latter custom, however, fell into desuetude, and was renewed only as late as ten years ago, when Japan first began to flirt with her cousin of the Yellow sea. Nevertheless, the Korean is not faithful to any blood-strain, and is as thoroughly cosmopolitan in physiognomy and

seething for a whole twelvemonth, settled in a most primitive fashion, and often half the town is drawn into the brawl. The creditor, catching his debtor abroad, may thump and pound him to his heart's content, and no one may interfere. For 14 days a veritable pandemonium reigns, and as a method of "clearing the air" it is certainly not without interest—for the spectator.

Seoul, the capital (generally and incorrectly spelt Seoul by the westerner), on the Hang Kang river, is an untidy, ill-built city, surrounded by 20-foot walls. The curfew system, common to feudal England, still prevails as in most Korean towns. A great bell is rung at sunset, and the gates are immediately closed, not to be reopened until the following sunrise. No lights may then be carried in the streets, and no one may go in or out of the city, with one rather startling exception. All funerals, by immemorial custom, take place only at night, and for this purpose there is a special exit called "The Gate of the Dead." Between the hours of sunset and dawn, no male is allowed to be abroad in the streets; these hours are sacred to the women, and constitute their only privilege. They usually employ the time in paying visits. Up to a few years ago any masculine philanderer found out after dark was beheaded, but since the Europeans have introduced their own customs the entire system is in danger of revolution.

Seoul is one of the filthiest and worst-kept towns to be found in all the east. The idea of drainage has not



A STREET IN SEOUL.

character as he is in the instincts which, contrary to those of his neighbors, early led him to throw open wide his gates and welcome a heterogeneous commingling of races within his borders. You will find him facially resembling the Tibetan, the Mongol, the Hindoo, and even the African, with sometimes the oval face cast of the Egyptian. The higher classes of the kingdom are not infrequently as fair as the Caucasian, with features distinctly of the Aryan type, the eyes straight and devoid altogether of the conventional "slant." The hair varies from deep black to light brown, but red hair is totally unknown in Korea. Physically, the average Korean, though muscular, is undersized, and rarely attains to more than five foot six; the women seldom reach this.

Broadly speaking, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Koreans



TYPES OF COREAN SOLDIERS.

are the laziest people on earth. All day long they lie about the streets smoking their gigantic pipes (a native pipe is a six-foot length of bamboo with a metal bowl, and is carried tucked into the neckband and down the trouser leg). All work, of very nearly every kind, is done by the women, who occupy, perhaps, the most degraded position held by the sex of any nation. The unfortunate female population is collectively a beast of burden, and denied even the most elementary recognition as human beings. A Korean girl has no name; she is merely known as "Daughter of—" During the first moon of each year the Cho-sense throw off their inordinate laziness and allow their naturally quarrelsome proclivities full play. This is the period permitted by law when anyone and everyone may fight in the public streets, or anywhere they choose, with impunity. And full advantage of the license is taken! Now are family disputes, which have been

as yet entered the official mind, and that pestilence has not made there its abiding home is proof of a beneficent Providence. During the writer's sojourn some years ago it was not an unusual occurrence for the agile leopard (Korea's most common "wild-fowl") to scale one of the walls, and entering the nearest house, carry off a child in the darkness. To-day, however, we have changed all that; but Seoul's greatest need, from a western point of view, is still a decent hotel. The native dwelling house is an impossibility to all but a salamander. The flooring, in most cases, is composed of neatly-jointed flat stones, over which mats are laid. Underneath is a hollow space, in which firewood is laid in bundles and lighted. The paper doors are then slid into their grooves, excluding all air, and soon you find yourself in a Turkish bath. The average newcomer only tries it once.

The Koreans have a far keener sense of humor than the Chinese or the Hindoo. They are more kindly disposed to the poor, and more ready to help them than are the Japanese. But in childish superstition of every conceivable kind the Cho-Sense have few, if any, rivals. The religion is largely Shamanism; serpents, as in India, are reverently worshipped, and the country is overrun by astrologers, magicians and fortune tellers.

BERNARD ESPINASSE.

## SWISS CITIZENSHIP.

How the Native Born Can Be Relieved of His Military Duties.

The vast number of Swiss watch-makers who have taken up their abode in this country will no doubt be interested, says the Jeweler's Circular, in the following warning to Swiss-Americans returning to Switzerland, by Consul A. Lieberknecht, Zurich, Switzerland:

"The attention of students and others intending to remain for any length of time in Switzerland is called to the necessity of providing themselves with passports. Many naturalized American citizens labor under a misapprehension as to their old and new citizenship rights and responsibilities. They return to Switzerland with naturalization papers or passports, only to find themselves Swiss citizens again.

"In this country a person never loses his citizenship, no matter how long he may absent himself, unless he goes through certain necessary formalities. If he returns and is owing a military tax, he is compelled to pay the same in spite of the fact that he is an American citizen. The only way to be released from old responsibilities is by making a written request to his home community for such release submitting proof at the same time that he has acquired American citizenship."



## PLAYING HOSTESS.

When Maggie takes her Thursday out, I have a lot of fun, And up and down I fly about 'Till everything is done! Because we say that on that day The house belongs to me, I ask—it's such a lovely play!— My pa and ma to tea.

"Now, ma'am," I say, "Don't let me make Your cup of tea too sweet; And, doctor, take a piece of cake, It's from a new receipt." Then pa replies: "My dear Miss Brown, Your cake is always nice; You make the very best in town— I'll have another slice!"

Then mamma asks what luck I had With my last raspberry jam, And papa says he should be glad To try my cold boiled ham. And then I pass the cups about— It's such a lovely play— If only Maggie's Thursday out Came every single day! —Blanche Tremor Heath, in Good House-keeping.

## WHEN ZOZOKA COMES.

The Story of the Fish Hawk's Life and Ways Told for the Benefit of Our Young Readers.

Near the river mouth three children were at play on the sand, an Indian lad, a small American girl and her brother. Suddenly the Indian stood up, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed long toward the southward. "Zozoka comes," he said; "plenty fish."

"Where?" cried the white children, eagerly scanning the sea and sky. "His wife, too; it is good," said the Indian. "The Great Spirit smiles on my people. He sends Zozoka to tell us that we shall have big catches of fish, all we can eat and plenty to dry for the cold moons."

The children could see two birds coming from the southward. Fascinated, they watched till over their heads swept a pair of magnificent ospreys. "Fish-hawks," they cried in the same breath. "Zozoka," said the Indian lad. "They go to their old home up the river."

A gleam of silver showed just beneath the river's blue. Like a shot the fish-hawk dropped and was half buried in the water before he rose, holding a fish in his strong talons.

Mounting with a few graceful sweeps of his splendid wings, which spread over five feet, he seated himself on his favorite branch, and tearing the fish into pieces, devoured it with great relish.

For a fortnight this devoted couple spent many a busy hour searching for material to repair their home. A few rods from the bank was a dead tree, and Mr. Fish-hawk decided that some of its branches would be exactly right for propping up the sagging east side. Then



HAWK WITH FISH.

he performed a wonderful acrobatic feat, something no other bird ever dreamed of doing. He rose in the air to a great height, and dropped straight as an arrow to the branch he had selected, breaking it with his weight and catching it before it reached the ground.

While Zozoka was busy breaking the tree branches, his mate searched the shore and river banks. She brought long streamers of seaweed, red and brown, green sea grass and a wisp or two of salt hay from the marshes. With these she wove a new lining for her home, and soon it held two spotted eggs, a little larger than a hen's.

When the babies appeared there was work indeed. Zozoka would swoop down, dive into a wave and come out on the opposite side, with a catfish in his claws. Before starting for his home up the river he always turned the fish edge ways to the wind, for he was a wise bird, and knew that if he carried it broadside out it would present a larger surface to the wind's resistance.

Before a week had passed they were famous flyers. To learn to fish successfully was very difficult indeed.

First the young hawks fished almost wholly in the river, not venturing to try their luck in the ocean, but one day the bold son flew far out over the breakers, farther than he had ever been before.

Suddenly there was a splash and he saw a great fish gambling below. Pausing a moment to take a good aim he shot downwards, struck the fish and firmly inhaled his claws. He attempted to rise, but to his dismay was drawn down, deeper and deeper beneath the water. He struggled desperately to disentangle his claws, but now his lungs were filling with water; his strength was ebbing. His struggles grew more and more feeble. His ambition had cost him his life.

The next morning, when the hawks flew seaward, they saw a great codfish lying on the beach, with a dead young osprey grimly clutching its back.—Boston Globe.

**ALBINO DEER KILLED.**  
Its Coat Was Pure White, Its Eyes Pink and Its Fur of Softest and Silky Texture.

An albino deer, with a coat as white as the drifting snows, eyes a delicate pink, and with a tread as soft and discreet as an elk fawn, was killed in the Canyon mountains of southern Oregon recently. It was one of the very few albino deer ever seen in the mountains of the west. Old hunters tell of seeing them, usually separate from the main herds, and at various times during the early days; but they were too shy and discreet to be approached near enough for a shot.

The deer shown in the accompanying illustration, from the Scientific American, and which was killed in the Can-



AN ALBINO DEER.

yon mountains, was with four other deer at the time it was found, and had not this been true, the hunters would not have taken it for a deer. Its white coat made it far more conspicuous than the remainder of the herd, and it is perhaps for this reason only albino deer are shunned by their mates.

The albino deer bears exactly the same relation to the deer family that the albino of the African race does to the human kind. Aside from its white coat and pink eyes, it is like all other deer; possibly its fur is softer and more silky. The specimen found in the pine forests of the Canyon mountains will be made a part of the exhibit of albino animals at the Smithsonian institution.

## JOKE PLAYED ON HAWK.

Bird Was Very Curious at First, But Later On Became Frightened and Dropped His Prey.

Hawks, writes the author of "Travels in a Tree-top," have an unusual amount of curiosity. They are trapped, he says, almost as often through their curiosity as through their fear. Sometimes in winter, when there is little to attract their attention, an unbaited trap, if of a new shape or variety, is quite as likely to land a victim as if it held a most appetizing mouse.

Once a trick was played upon a splendid black hawk that had been mousing over the fields for half the winter. It often perched upon a straw stack, instead of in the lone hickory tree that stood sentinel-like in the center of the field. Early one morning a plump meadow mouse, with an inflated bladder attached to it by a string, was placed on the top of the stack. The bladder and cord were concealed by the straw. The hawk was apparently a little suspicious when he first noticed the mouse. He was not used to seeing a mouse remain perfectly still in that way, especially when he began to circle about with his great black wings close down to the stack. Presently he alighted in a wary way on one end of the stack; then he walked nearer, eyed the mouse sharply, and pecked at it. At last he seized it in his talons and made off for the hickory. Halfway there, however, he noticed the bladder attached, and gave the mouse a violent jerk to free it from the strange appendage. This only served to make the bladder bob up and down more furiously, and with a scream of terror the hawk dropped the mouse and all fled to the woods. It was some time before he was again seen in the neighborhood of the straw stack.

## How Various People Sleep.

In the tropics men sleep in hammocks or upon mats of grass. The East Indian unrolls his light portable charpoy, or mattress, which in the morning is again rolled together and carried away by him. The Japanese lie upon matting with a stiff, uncomfortable wooden neck rest. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved, and supporting only mats or coverlets. A peculiarity of the German bed is its shortness; besides that it often consists in part of a large down pillow or upper mattress, which spreads over the person, and usually answers the purpose of all the ordinary bed-clothing combined. In England the old four-posted bedstead is still the pride of the nation, but the iron or brass bedstead is fast becoming universal. The English beds are the largest beds in the world. The ancient Greeks and Romans had their beds supported on frames, but not flat like ours. The Egyptians had a couch of a peculiar shape, more like an old-fashioned easy-chair with hollow back and seat.

## Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple tower at Bristol, in England. It is a square tower of early Gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions, without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 111 feet high, is five feet out of perpendicular at the summit.