

LOS ANGELES DAILY HERALD

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Entered at Postoffice, Los Angeles, as Second-class Matter. THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco will find The Herald on sale daily at the news stands in the Palace and St. Francis hotels, and for sale at Cooper & Co., 812 Market; at News Co., 8, P. Ferry, and on the streets by Wheatley.

It is intimated that the seven Panama canal commissioners agree on only one point and that is the collection of their fat salaries on each monthly pay day.

Santa Barbara's financial solidity is attested by the snapping up of its water works bonds at a high premium. The bonds were for \$40,000 at 4 1/2 per cent interest. A premium of \$2305 got them.

The legislature of Missouri has taken measures for the investigation of "the campaign contributions of both political parties." Usually investigations on that line result in either a "hush up" or a whitewash.

Turn this morning from thoughts of the delightful weather yesterday in Los Angeles and read in reports from the east thus: Chicago temperature, 6 degrees below zero; Kansas City, 10 below; Salinas, 22 below, etc.

It is important that the city should have the best obtainable equipment for extinguishing fire. The question of a few days of time in determining which is the better of two kinds of fire engines is not especially important.

The precedent has been set in Los Angeles that a dog with a weakness for inserting his teeth in the anatomy of a human being is an expensive luxury. One insertion of that kind cost the owner of a canine pet the tidy sum of \$100 plus costs.

The holidays have passed, the United States senator has been elected and this end of California, at least, is happy. There is nothing in sight now to prevent a general bucking down to business in the lively fashion that characterizes this community.

In approaching action on the ordinance relating to the gas service it is well for the council to remember that the issue is between the comparatively few holders of the gas company's stock and the rest of the 175,000 inhabitants of Los Angeles.

A Texas member of the lower house of congress introduced a bill last week "prohibiting the payment of mileage to senators and members of the house who ride on free passes." It is safe to say the Texan's attempt to cut that "graft" will be a failure.

It is pleasing to know that Americans are not subjected to all the suffering entailed by strikes. Nearly seventy thousand coal miners are engaged in a strike in one district in Germany, with the accompaniment of violence quite like the late scenes in Colorado.

Sooner than was generally expected comes the announcement that a company has been incorporated, not only to build all sorts of aerial craft but, as announced, "to carry on aerial navigation business." It is claimed that the snug sum of \$3,000,000 is behind the enterprise, but it is not stated how far behind.

The federal house committee on public lands has reported in favor of provision for taking care of the ruins of the cliff dwellers and cave dwellers in Arizona and New Mexico. It is proposed also to safeguard all historic and prehistoric objects of especial interest on other public lands.

The San Bernardino County Medical society has adopted a resolution praying the legislature to "take the necessary steps for establishing sanitarium for the treatment of the tuberculous poor." In support of the plea it is averred that "there are more deaths each year from this disease than from pneumonia, diphtheria and scarlet fever combined."

No wonder that the residents of Buena Vista street objected to the change of the name of that thoroughfare. Both in significance and euphony that name is ideal. The old Spanish street nomenclature, compared with much of the English kind that we have in this city, is as the ripple of a brook to the clatter of a wagon on a corduroy bridge.

The report that the Harriman railway system has absorbed the Denver, Northwestern & Pacific railway is of importance to Los Angeles. The acquired road is a new enterprise, with only about fifty miles completed, but the route is between Denver and Salt Lake, and ultimately it will give a direct Denver connection with the Los Angeles & Salt Lake railway.

From the home of Howard Gould on Long Island comes the report that Mrs. Gould has ordered the keepers and workmen on the estate to wear a livery, after the English nobility vogue. An appropriate emblem would be a reproduction of the rat trap which Jay Gould invented and sold when he was reaching for the first rung in the ladder of wealth.

Again the "irony of fate." Not many months ago Gen. Kuropatkin, on his arrival at the head of the Russian army in Manchuria, announced grandiloquently that "the treaty of peace will be dictated at Tokio." Now from Nagasaki comes this: "Today the transport Kamakuru from Port Dalny with Gen. Stoessel and others on board arrived here—not as conquerors but as prisoners of war."

The state senate consumed a good deal of time last Friday over a resolution to the effect that the legislature should use the word "request" instead of "instruct" when it has occasion to communicate with the state's representatives in congress. Unless congressmen have higher regard for the wishes of legislators than the latter appear to have for the wishes of the people of California it matters little which term is used.

GROWTH OF COLOSSAL FORTUNES

The report of a society event which occurred last week in New York affords a whole meal of "food for thought." It is the account of a grand ball given by Mrs. Astor, leader of the "400" and recognized queen of society in the metropolis. By a tentative edict of this queen the number of the social elite was raised to 600 or more in the invitations to the ball and nearly every person thus honored gladly responded.

A report of the ball says: "It was estimated by a person fully competent to judge that at least \$20,000,000 worth of diamonds adorned Mrs. Astor's lady guests. Ten detectives, eight men and two women, were employed in the guise of guests to keep a sharp lookout for disguised thieves. Mrs. Astor herself wore diamonds valued at \$750,000 and several other ladies displayed jewels valued at \$500,000 or more."

In the closing year of the American Revolution a young German butcher emigrated to New York. He had stopped in London for a time, where he worked for his brother and where he picked up some knowledge of the fur business. Having saved a little money, he engaged in that line in New York in a small way, branching out gradually until he controlled the fur market. His profits he invested in real estate in New York, and when he died in 1848 his fortune was rated at \$20,000,000.

John Jacob Astor was not only the richest man in America with his \$20,000,000, but there was only one other man in the country whose wealth approached his. That was Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, whose fortune was figured at \$10,000,000. Nearly all of Astor's estate was inherited by one of his two sons, William B. Astor. The other son was an imbecile. When William B. died in 1875 the Astor inheritance had grown to a figure variously estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000. Two sons, John Jacob Astor and William Astor, inherited nearly all the fortune, and both of them died several years ago. It is estimated that the two present branches of the Astor family have fortunes approximating \$200,000,000 each, this enormous increment resulting from the great increase in the value of New York real estate since the death of the Astors of the third generation.

So much for the growth of the Astor fortune down to the fourth generation, and now what of its future? The present representatives of the two branches are John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor, great-grandsons of the original John Jacob Astor, the first named of the great-grandsons being the son of the Mrs. Astor who figures as the queen of New York society.

The \$400,000,000 which the two Astor families command is almost wholly in New York real estate, including thousands of acres in the upper part of the city, which is growing in value with amazing rapidity. It will not take many years for the value of these fortunes to double, and it is quite likely that before the present Astor generation passes away the fortune will have doubled again.

But the Astor fortune is not the only one in the United States that is piling up thus to stupendous proportions. How long will it be at the present rate of increase in such fortunes before the Astors, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, etc., "own the earth"?

LET THE PRESIDENT TACKLE IT

The logic of the president's special message to congress relating to the Panama canal commends it to every person of large business experience. The gist of it is that the commission of seven members, as now constituted, is "inelastic and clumsy." He recommends, therefore, "that the commission be reduced to five or preferably three members, whose duties, powers and salaries should be assigned by the president."

The president intimates clearly that he desires to have a free hand in pushing the canal work during the four remaining years of his executive office. As the responsibility for the work rests upon him, it is right and proper that he should have authority commensurate with the duty imposed. Therefore he suggests that broader discretion be given to him by congress in order that he may not be hampered by such limitations as attach to the cumbersome commission.

It always is good policy in a great work of public improvement to concentrate both power and responsibility. The same rule will apply in nearly all important business undertakings. A striking example in point is seen in the construction of the great \$50,000,000 subway in New York, which was completed only a few weeks ago. That vast and exceedingly difficult enterprise, from the engineering viewpoint, was controlled absolutely by one man in the construction department, Two men managed both the financial and the constructive features, August Belmont handling one and John D. McDonald the other.

The American people will indorse the president's suggestion that his discretionary power concerning the canal be broadened to meet his views. The people have absolute confidence in his ability to handle the great enterprise in a general way, and they know that he would brook no unnecessary delay in prosecuting the work.

The present canal commission is a group of well-meaning old gentlemen, but they are individually slow and collectively unwieldy.

What the people want, earnestly and urgently, is the completion of the canal at the earliest possible date. They would be assured on that fundamental point if President Roosevelt had such general control of the work as he now desires. Give him that control and dirt will fly in the canal zone during the next four years as it cannot be expected to fly under the guidance of a ponderous commission.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

As the plan of assessing department stores for each specialty has been advocated in this country to some extent, it is interesting to note the result of a test of the plan in Germany. The modern department store wherever it appears affects the business, more or less, of concerns that operate in single lines, particularly small dealers. It is the latter class who urge the taxing of every line covered in each department store, for reasons that are obvious.

The chamber of commerce of Chemnitz, a city about the size of Los Angeles, recently issued its annual report, in which we find a statement bearing on the department store tax question. After a thorough trial it is declared by the chamber that "the department store special tax has entirely failed of its purpose." Strange as it may seem, the owners of such stores are not the chief complainants, nor does it appear that they made any great objection to the special tax. But there is loud complaint from nearly all manufacturing interests. This because the latter, as stated in the report, "find it more difficult to dispose of their products in large quantities." Hence, in order to prevent restricting of their own market, "the manufacturers have been compelled to pay the tax in order to place their goods in the department stores."

This experience in Germany is simply another illustration of the folly of attempting to regulate by statutory laws the natural laws of economic production and marketing.

A FAMOUS CALIFORNIA RANCHERO

Written for The Herald by Col. Joseph D. Lynch

One of the most remarkable characters developed in Los Angeles during the past forty years or so was undoubtedly L. J. Rose. As the creator of Sunny Slope, a horticulturist, a viticulturist and a breeder of horses, he combined many merits, and those of a high order. For many years his Sunny Slope was the beauty spot of Southern California, and his stallion Sultan and many others of his famous stud were known all over the United States.

L. J. Rose came to Los Angeles from a western state with little but his fine intelligence, dauntless pluck and indomitable industry to depend upon for success. Of money he had no share. His keen eye saw the opening for enterprise in the superb San Gabriel valley. He at once purchased, mainly on credit, a considerable tract of land near the foothills of Sierra Madre range. It was covered with chaparral and greasewood and some stunted timber. He paid for his land and improvements by chopping wood, hauling it into Los Angeles and selling it for what he could get. In those years he was always compulsorily a large borrower of money and he paid for it the large usance which was common in those days. Indeed, he was a large borrower until the last five or six years of his life. He probably paid enough interest money, while carrying out his splendid schemes of improvement, to make an ordinary man rich.

He carried out his plan of making Sunny Slope the most magnificent orange grove in the state. If there were any rival to this noble plantation it was the Wolfskill orchard in the city of Los Angeles, on a portion of which the Arcade depot of the Southern Pacific railway now stands, and which consisted of an unbroken sixty acres, all now covered with blocks and blocks of warehouses and residences. The great distinction of Sunny Slope was its double avenue of orange trees. These were enormous seedlings and its fruit was of exquisite flavor. I have heard Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks say, while devouring a lot of them with school-boy ardor, standing under their boughs, to Col. Charles Crocker and others that in his trip to Spain and Italy he had tasted nothing so good in those storied lands.

But L. J. Rose's fine orange grove was kept well in countenance by his splendid vineyard, with its amply winery, from which he turned out great quantities of the sweet wines for which Los Angeles county has always been noted. In those years he also succeeded in making a light wine of the hook variety, which gained a great reputation and for the production of which Los Angeles sun and soil were thought not to be adapted. It is a great pity that the making of these light white wines, such as Mr. Rose's Blanc Elben, have not become a specialty in Southern California. This section needs all the productions its latent resources admit of developing. Not only was L. J. Rose a great vigneron and a great orchardist, but, like Mr. E. J. Baldwin ("Lucky" of that ilk) he was a great horse-breeder as well. His "Sultan," "Stamboul" and other crack-jacks were discussed all over the country, and added to the fame that Baldwin, Titus, Hancock, M. Johnston and others had given to the stud of Los Angeles county.

Mr. Rose was an exceedingly valuable citizen. He had had vast experience in horticulture and viticulture, and for that matter, in all lines of country life. This he was always ready to give to any inquirer. For years he was a frequent contributor to the press on practical subjects, and he wrote forcibly and intelligently. As he was a German he was somewhat diffident of his literary style, and was wont for years to intrust to me his matter for revision, and which nearly always first saw the light through my paper when it did not take the form of an interview on current events through the reporters. He was a valued member of the state and local agricultural societies, and his word carried with those bodies probably more weight than that of any man in the state, with the possible exception of Gov. Stanford. In 1884 he was elected to the senate of California and he did good work in his four years' service in that body. In politics he was a staunch Democrat, though he was never known to seek office but once. Had he desired it his opportunities for holding it were abundant in the years of Democratic ascendancy in Los Angeles county.

Promising Career Ends in Gloom

Having passed a long life in unremitting toil or, at least, business preoccupation, the proprietor of Sunny Slope took advantage of the boom which prevailed in Los Angeles in 1885-87 and 1887-88 to sell out. He disposed of his vast interests to an English syndicate for a large sum, generally believed to have been in the neighborhood of one million dollars. He had selected a most auspicious time of sale for himself, for almost immediately upon the Englishmen's taking hold the scale visitation played havoc with the orchards and the phylloxera devastated the vineyards.

With an immense sum in his hands, Rose fared poorly. Amongst other things he made large investments in Ventura county, which turned out disastrously. Like most early Californians—southern and northern they were alike in this—L. J. Rose was very fond of playing poker, and was understood to play a very good hand. Luck must have changed with him, for very well supported rumors of heavy play and great losses began to reach his friends in Los Angeles from San Francisco and New York. I shall recur to this later on in my story. Believing that he was entitled to enjoyment and even splendor he built himself a palace at the corner of Grand avenue and Fourth street.

In a few years after the erection of this magnificent home for his old age and that of his faithful helpmeet, the world was startled with the announcement that L. J. Rose—useful man, pioneer of California agriculture and horticulture, magnificent patron of the turf—had committed suicide in the barn attached to his residence. Profound and lasting was the amazement thereupon.

Quite a lot of years ago I was sitting in the office of the Palace hotel in San Francisco when a notorious man passed through the doorway, walked up to the desk and registered himself. I recognized him instantly, and he looked as he knew that he had met me before, but as I made no sign of recognition, he probably concluded that he was mistaken, and con-

tinued his way to the desk. This individual was no less a person than Ned Stokes, the murderer of Jim Fiske, and whom I supposed to be in the New York penitentiary, to which he had been sentenced in 1872. There could be no two Ned Stokes, just as there could be no two Jim Fiskes, or Jay Goulds. The moulds in which such men are made, fortunately for mankind, are broken when used.

When Ned Stokes had passed me going to the elevator I emitted a low whistle and wondered who was going to get it now out here, for the gracious Ned was so constituted that he must always be doing something and somebody. I also opined that he probably wanted the penitentiary air to blow off of him before resuming his operations on the people of his native city. Being obliged to spend some time in San Francisco I soon saw that Stokes was spending much of his leisure in the Golden Gate with John W. Mackey, L. J. Rose and men of that stamp, and I was satisfied that those gentlemen would soon have cause to regret their making his acquaintance. No human being who ever had anything to do with Stokes ever failed to regret it.

In the fall and winter of 1871-2 I had an office in Demas Barnes' building in Park Row, New York city, right amongst the newspaper boys. Being a briefless barrister, and having been a newspaperman—having nothing to do in fact, I was in the habit of spending a good deal of my time with the reporters. A particular chum of mine in those days was Harry Brown of the Tribune. I was in and out of the Tribune frequently. Ned Stokes was a great intimate of Shanks, the city editor of that journal. As I would be going up to see Brown, he, Stokes, would be coming down from having seen Shanks, or vice versa. I thus learned to know him very well by sight, although up to that time I had not been introduced to him.

He was a man not likely to be forgotten. He was a strikingly handsome fellow, one over whom a woman, like Josie Mansfield, would go wild. This infatuation was by no means confined to that fascinating demoiselle. He was unquestionably, and remained to the end, the king of lady-killers.

I was walking down Broadway one day near the Grand Central hotel, in the winter of 1871-2, when there was a tremendous commotion, which arose from the fact that Stokes had just shot Jim Fiske as he was ascending the staircase of the ladies' entrance of the Grand Central. The next day I was present in Sheriff Brennan's private office where Stokes was staying preparatory to his arraignment. The space around the new city hall was black with people, who thought the right thing to do with this elegant of the ladies of easy virtue was to take him out and hang him to a lamp post. The persons who were with Stokes on this occasion were his counsel, the celebrated John Graham, Sheriff Brennan, Deputy Sheriff Judson Jarvis, Harry Brown of the Tribune and myself.

Stokes was exceedingly nervous when I was introduced to him by Sheriff Brennan. Just as we were shaking hands a tremendous yell to hang Stokes went up from the crowd outside. Thinking of nothing better to say, I remarked, "That's the price one is obliged to pay for fame, Mr. Stokes."

"I wish to God some one else had it," he replied.

I am about to relate a fact which will be looked upon as almost incredible. When Stokes assassinated Jim Fiske his hair was as black as a raven's. The next day in Sheriff Brennan's office I could see that his hair had begun to change. Two or three days after the scene I have described I took Col. J. J. Kerr of Pittsburg, a brother of Hon. Michael C. Kerr, speaker of the house of representatives, to the Tombs to see Stokes, and his black locks were perfectly white. He was still in a state of great excitement. He thought his lawyers, who were fighting for delay, the only thing under the heavens that could save him, had betrayed him. Col. Kerr, who was a very distinguished lawyer himself, tried good naturedly to combat this wild idea, but without avail.

I left New York for California about four months after the murder, and I thought very little of the Stokes case. My recollection is that his lawyers fought off the trial till the public excitement had died down, and that the jury brought in a verdict under which he was sentenced to the penitentiary for seven years.

Whatever the period of his detention, he thought it best to spend some time on the Pacific coast after his release. In a quiet way, John W. Mackey was a good deal of a high roller—that is to say, he controlled such enormous amounts of money that they would appear like a bagatelle to him which would be a big game to a well-to-do Southern California ranchero like Rose. Stokes was always the center of a crowd of men as the bonanza king ran with. That it was not a thing of profit to Mackey was shown by his attempt to recover six or seven hundred thousand dollars in the courts which he claimed Stokes owed him.

The proprietor of Sunny Slope was away beyond his financial depth in trying to run with such leviathans of high (?) finance as those with whom Stokes consorted. After his meteoric career in California, Fiske's assassin went back east and got hold of the Hoffman house. Soon it was announced that the Hoffman had the most gorgeously embellished bar in the world. It was not said, but was well understood, that added to his bar were other facilities for pleasure.

Ned Stokes never forgot his friends and was always solicitous for their wellbeing. He was doubtless quickly informed that his friend had sold his Sunny Slope ranch for a million or so spot cash. One thing is undoubted, and that is that L. J. Rose dropped, in a single night, in a brace game of poker in Ned Stokes' Hoffman house, the snug sum of \$63,000.

I was exceedingly well acquainted with Mr. Rose. One day we had a conversation about Stokes and about his (Rose's) own career. It was in no sense confidential, but it was highly tinged with regret, as much so as any blooded man who does not admit much of the religious cult, ever indulges in. During that talk he intimated to me that at a critical stage the whole course of his life was changed and marred by his association with the versatile and vicious New Yorker. Before he took me into his confidence I knew the lamentable story well. Handsome Ned Stokes was the bane of both sides of the continent.

THE IDEALISTIC SOUTHERN WOMAN

Picturesquely Discussed by Ben C. Truman

During the past fifty years, or since there have been society papers or other journals that have reported doings of society people, the southern girl, or woman, has always been placed in the foreground. Take up any paper in any northern city and turn to its society column and you will learn that "Miss So-and-So is a southern girl," or "from the sunny south," or "is a maid from Southland," etc. At the same time, no matter what may be the blandishments of the girl from Rhode Island, from Indiana or South Dakota, she is never catalogued as the pretty Miss Joy from the north, nor the charming Miss Love from the west, nor the vivacious Miss Chief from the Pacific slope. But just let her blow in redolently from Lexington, Richmond, Savannah, Tallahassee or from any of the merer breeding places below Mason and Dixon's line, and the society scribe catches her up and parades her as the beautiful Miss Gay "from the south," and attires her in all the glory and beauty and bewitchment attainable in the writer's "bright lexicon" of flowery adjectives.

"Now, why is this?" I asked a radiant daughter of Tennessee—there I go myself, committing the same little mannerism—the other day, and she replied about as follows: "There is an engaging openness of manners and a naturalness which gracefully veils the self-consciousness of the southern girl and adds to her social charm. The girl not southern born is often more intellectual, more self-reliant, more particular, possibly, and more ungenerous of look and smile. We meet a sturdier mental positivism, greater reserve and, in the best examples more solidity of character and less spontaneity of deportment than in the southern sisters, whose outflow of temperament seems as natural as song of bird, without the perceptible mental circulation, balance of motives and incisive directness of the particular aim in view of the former type."

"I can go to a tea or other reception where I am thoroughly unacquainted and in half an hour pick out the southern born from the other women present. But the more I examine into these conditions the more I have concluded that they have arisen from the land rather than from the living. For instance, as we go south in Europe, manners indicate an increasing attention to general courtesy, with a disposition not merely to please, but to make one pleased with one's self. This last feature, it has struck me, is the chief token of southern manners, as its too frequent absence portrays is the chief defect of the northern."

"I think the southern girl more than the northern betrays a lively feeling and sensibility to beauty for its own sake, of whatever nature, and joy in manifesting in its varied manifestations; and when joined to sound mental culture the choice impersonifications of the southern characteristics are extremely fascinating, because of their impressibility, frankness, vivacity and high-toned breeding. I freely admit that the southern woman is often more gushing and more effusive than her severer sister, but this is really a lesser fault than northern brusqueness, haughtiness or indifference. Vue pensee vous?"

Well, as I had taken in her remarks attentively, I thought about as she did. Continuing the subject a little further, however, I noticed in the telegram concerning the controversy between Bishops Irvine and Talbot that a Mrs. Elliott, a prominent Pennsylvania church and society woman, and a divorcee of more than one court, in defending herself against the aspersions of her defamer, declared: "I am a southern woman!" Which meant that she was born in a land that produces some of the finest women in America; and that whether in purple or jeans the stamp is blown in and can neither be counterfeited nor effaced. She also declared that she was the daughter of General Desha of Alabama, who was a distinguished officer under General Scott in Mexico, according to the annals of our country. Now, had Mrs. Elliott been a native of New Jersey and her grandfather a general under Jackson at New Orleans, she never would have declared in her defense: "I am a northern woman!" and submitted her splendid reminiscence.

For a year or two a fair Kentucky girl, who was visiting in Santa Monica, was the subject of hundreds of paragraphs in the society columns of the daily press, and always was the reader informed that she was a southern girl. It was given out that she had fooled

more than one army and navy officer; that she had even thrown an old duffer with lots of coin, but that she wanted a young millionaire whom we all know; this southern girl! Now, had she been from Massachusetts! and had done all these things and even captured the young "spendthrift" of Lamanda Park, would she ever have been mentioned as the northern girl? In a charity play given in this city a few months ago five or six pretty young women took parts. The best impersonation was by a California girl of many accomplishments, and she was properly praised; but she nor no other from above "the line" was alluded to as northern—well, it would have sounded ridiculous. But the tall, pretty girl who essayed the little part of the Queen was pletorically posed as the southern girl, and Miss P., who also did a little bit of stage coquetry, was alluded to as from the south.

Even the newspapers in Paris and London have long been infected with this mild complaint. The newspapers of those two cities generally sympathized with the south during the civil war; the English papers, not that they wanted to see the south and its slaveholding scheme triumph, but that England was anxious for the destruction of the American republic; and the French papers because of their mercenary tendencies and the genuine sympathy of the French for "the under dog." Thus everybody, and especially the women from the south, particularly in Paris, were held in high esteem, while northerners of the best quality were hardly ever mentioned. I spent a month in Paris in 1866 and seldom took up Gaglian's Messenger that it did not quietly mention the arrival of some lady either from Boston, New York or Philadelphia; or, more exuberantly "from the south."

At a ball at the Elysee in 1900, at which Miss Cockrell, a very stunning daughter of the Missouri senator, was present, I heard Mrs. Palmer of Illinois many times in attracting attention to her remark: "She is from the south." There were also present Miss Gowdy, Miss Porter and other young ladies from the north, but no mention was made of their residential section. I had the honor of introducing Miss Cockrell to several ladies and gentlemen one evening, and found myself

adding: "She is one of our southern girls," or "she is from the south." Unconsciously, therefore, I must have caught on to the impressiveness of this mode of warm sectional reference or actually believed that in so doing I had made the mutuality of introduction more radiant and more effective. I also had the honor one day of introducing the sparkling and pretty Miss Thorn and the vivacious and handsomely-gowned Mrs. Lankershim to some admirers at the Longchamp races, but I did not add that they were from the north.

Throughout the west, and particularly in California, the daughters of northern and southern parents betray no pronounced dissimilarity of characteristics. They have attended the same schools, meet at the same concerts, theaters and tennis courts, and even partake of the same or about the same cookery. In the eastern cities, and conspicuously in Washington, where the best of the two extremes meet, the southern woman carries off the honors of the social circle and captures the admiration of the men folk while the northern woman is still in the act of preparation. The former is at once frank, gracious, smiling and full of pretty sayings and meanings; in other words she draws you up closely to her, metaphorically speaking, and makes you feel comfortable right from the start. The other surveys you intellectually and seems to antagonize those little graces and rapid acquaintances which are really the circulating coin of polite society. She is inclined to view concessions to the natural and the beautiful as tokens of mental or moral weakness. She is much more intellectual, more philosophical and philanthropic than the southern woman, and more angular and positive, more critical and prolix as well. This dissimilarity is growing less and less every decade, an assimilation of each other's sectional characteristics having commenced shortly after the civil war and the coming together of hundreds of thousands of eastern and southern families in the great and glowing west. But the southern woman will continue to be pointed out by her admirers and devotees just as the searchers of the firmament show you Arcturus as the highest and most beautiful of stars.