

AROUND THE

BY GENEVIEVE GREEN.

I HAVE been going about the exposition persistently expecting "something to happen," and perhaps "deep in my heart of hearts I should have been a trifle disappointed had things gone along quite smoothly. I looked at the elevated electric railway and pronounced it unsafe. That I knew no more about the requirements of such a thing than the proverbial pig knows about astronomy I am willing to admit. I simply reserve the feminine privilege of having an opinion without any earthly reason. Confirmed as it was, however, my opinion did not prevent me from making frequent excursions on this same electric railway. It is so convenient for getting from one part of the exposition to another, and, then, I

confess to a keen enjoyment in the whizz and whirr of an electric train. For you in America this sensation has ceased to be a novelty, but spend a few months in Paris wobbling along in antiquated omnibuses, and the electric tramway will again become a delight. The other day we and the electric car were on the top of the highest trestle, when, click, the thing commenced to jump with the movement of a kangaroo; then it galloped along for a few paces, kicking up its heels like an incorrigible young colt, and finally stopped short, refusing even to quiver. We were duly grateful for this unexpected denouement, as it would have been just as easy to gallop off from the trestle. As it was, there we were, high in the air with no power to get us down.

"There, I told you that this thing wasn't safe," I said to my friend, in the full glow of an "I told you so" triumph.

"Well, you needn't blame me for it," she said, in a tone that lacked her usual amiability. "I didn't drag you on it."

"I am not blaming you, my dear. However, you must acknowledge that you thought there was no danger, while I have been sure all along that something was going to happen." I couldn't prevent myself from feeling a little superior, but I failed to impress my friend that way.

"Well, if I had been as sure as all that," she said, quite disdainfully, "I shouldn't have been idiot enough to get on the thing."

We had plenty of time to discuss our relative idiocy. Fifteen minutes, half an hour, an hour went by and there we were, yet unrescued. The moving sidewalk runs parallel and on a level with the electric tramway frisked by us with an air of unwarranted superiority. It is not so unimpeachable itself, this moving sidewalk, for one day it ran away, causing great consternation throughout the exposition. No one could get on nor off as it sped along with all the fury of a belated express train. Paolo and Francesca flying before the face of the wind were mildly punished compared with the moving sidewalk victims. Perhaps he who writes the twentieth century "Inferno" will find a "circle" of runaway sidewalks, for if Lucifer be at all up to date he probably will lose no time in adopting this new horror. It was quite an hour and a quarter before things were sufficiently in order for our car to limp along to the station. I have firmly resolved never to go near the thing again—but will I keep my resolution? The speculation of will I or will I not arrive at the other is fraught with all the fascination of the "rouge-et-noir."

On account of the delay we arrived too late at the Champ de Mars for the opening of the California mineralogical exhibit. Every one said that we were too late but no one told us why. The minerals were all there, the guards were there, no ceremony had been performed; why, then, were we late? In the midst of my interrogatories my foot encountered something on the floor. Ah! it was a cork!

A very wonderful gold specimen in this exhibit is owned by Mr. Fricat of Grass Valley and is valued at more than \$29,000. It has been in a French bank since 1864, having been brought here by Mr. Fricat's father, who was a California pioneer. In shape it is something like a branch of coral. Although of French parentage, with many relatives in this country and speaking the language more naturally than English, Mr. Fricat is homesick for California. "Were I not detained here by important business," he said to me the other day, "I should take the first steamer for America." Mr. Foote also confesses to being homesick. He is weary already of the bustle and confusion of Paris and, I think, is longing for the soothing peace of the Fair case.

There is no doubt about it that California is advertising herself at the exposition in a most effective fashion, and is becoming more than ever "individual" in the minds of foreigners. There are few people over here who think of California as being a part of the United States. A hotel keeper told me one day that he had five Americans and two Californians in his hotel. Just where they would locate us in drawing an impromptu map I have not discovered, but I am sure they think of us as quite an independent affair, perhaps with a king and princes and dukes. How divinely picturesque we should be were their ideas true! Such titles, for instance, as the Prince of Monterey, the Duke of Sacramento and the Count of Siskiyou would be most euphonious and distinctive. The exaggerated nuggets at the exposition are making people open their eyes. I opened my own eyes very wide when I saw them, although with foreigners I am loyally concealing my surprise and am affecting a most blasé air, quite as though the children at home played with nuggets of this sort. I have noticed that the other Californians are thus loyal. You couldn't feaze them at the exposition with a chunk of gold as big as a wagon wheel nor with a peach the size of a watermelon. There is an unexpressed conspiracy among us to make all the world believe that such things are everyday occurrences. Now this scheme, believe me, is so unselfish

that almost savors of heroism. It is all very well for you who are safe and sound on the other side. We who are here must be the victims. These foreigners demand that we pay dearly for the golden reputation of our California. Coming from a land where nuggets grow on trees, the question of price cannot be a serious one. A Californian might proclaim his poverty till he became black in the face and the people over here would take it as a joke. Poor, and coming from California, *Jamais de la vie!* You may tell that to the marines.

I have met a young Frenchman who is saving his money to go to California. I find him interesting, as he tells me things about my native land that I never heard before. This is his plan: He is going to

buy an orchard somewhere in California where he will raise huge peaches and pears such as he sees in jars at the exposition. Oh, yes; an raisins—large, delicious raisins—he is going to produce in the utmost abundance. These, however, he will not be beta enough to "give away." With a greater thrift than the Southern Pacific Railway Company is manifesting at present in giving away boxes of raisins, he will send these things to Paris and sell them. In a few years, when he shall have made a million or two, he will return to Paris and live in contentment for the rest of his days. He will buy a house on the Bois de Boulogne and have automobiles galore. This true he will find it hard to stay away from Paris for the several years necessary, but he realizes that in making a fortune some sacrifice must be made. It all sounds so easy, so simple, that I reproach myself after each of these conversations for not possessing a row of houses on the Bois de Boulogne and a whole factory of automobiles.

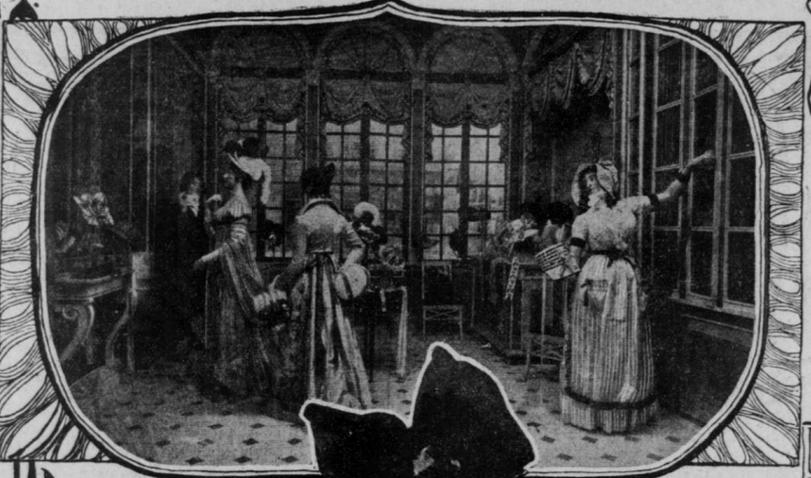
Not far from where I live, in the region of the Arr de Triump, a new hotel has recently opened that I find a constant source of amusement. It was opened, of course, for exposition purposes, avowedly for the American patronage. The proprietor, refusing to beat about the bush, has given his hotel a very American name and advertises that he caters to this particular class of visitors. He thinks that he has analyzed the American taste and that he knows it in detail. The following is one of the results of this analysis: In the doorway, conspicuously stands a tall ebony darkey—not a "colored gentleman," but a real "nigger," as black as the ace of spades. His livery consists of knickerbockers made of bright yellow cloth, a vest of screeching blue stockings in red and black stripes, a red necktie and a black coat with gold buttons. This costume is completed by a yellow cap with black and red tassels. Altogether he is a veritable young circus. One day I went to this hotel looking for a friend whom I had heard was in the neighborhood. "Can you tell me whether or Mm. — is here?" I asked the grinning object at the door.

"I couldn't tell you, lady," he answered, "but I reckon not, as there ain't no ladies here at all."

His deduction was certainly logical. A head that could evolve so definite a conclusion, I thought, was worthy of a less ridiculous covering than the yellow cap. However, I entered. Inside the glory was quite bewildering. Three or four colored garçons, all arrayed as splendidly as the first one, bowed and scraped before me. I found the clerk or the proprietor behind the desk, and after having accomplished my errand incidentally asked him, "What is your idea in dressing your valets in such extraordinary fashion?"

"Oh, you see, I do that to please the Americans," he said, slyly. "The Americans like things very gay—very loud. The French people do not admire my livery, but the Americans are sure to find it tres elegant."

In spite of these most amiable efforts to please,



EXPOSITION

the troops of Americans are not arriving and his corner still remains desolate. The last time that I passed it there were two black valets instead of one grinning in the doorway. Should things not become more prosperous in the near future I anticipate that the whole force will be on exhibition to assure Americans of the establishment's abounding "elegance."

One of the most popular side-shows at the Exposition is the Palais du Costume, designed by Felix, the great dressmaker. Beginning with the wild Gaulish women at the time of the Roman invasion, he leads us through French fashions up to his latest

A SCENE FROM THE PALAIS DU COSTUME.

est creations. The latter, it is perhaps needless to say, are much more popular. In Paris who cares about history or the past? It is only the present that cuts any figure. Every woman in Paris is going to see the exhibition of gowns as a matter of education—the only kind of education, I may be permitted to say, that is of the slightest importance from the French feminine point of view. Here the cut of one's sleeve or the hang of one's skirt is such a grave consideration, it really makes or mars one's life. And, believe me, no one can escape it. There is no cleverness, no accomplishment that can atone in Paris for an old-fashioned gown. Every afternoon a band plays at the Palais du Costume and it is rendered very attractive. In the 1900 part of it real women promenade marvelously arrayed, but in the other departments the figures are of wax. I cannot say that it differs greatly from an elaborate waxworks show. Mary Antoinette and her friends sail in a little boat on the lake at Trianon. Famous personages of the courts of Louis XIV and Louis XV are there, while the Directoire is most realistically represented. There is a whole room devoted to different styles of coiffures and another one to the evolution of the corset. This latter is more interesting than it would seem, as the corset varies in shape quite as does the fashion in figures. We do not realize that the fashion in figures is so capricious, but this exhibition shows that every few years the "mold" for the female form changes in design. There are alternately big and little, long and short waists, hips and no hips. The corsetiere amuses herself in doing this on that with feminine flesh—quite like a child with a lump of putty.

The Death of General Custer.

Told by His Scout, Frank Grouard.

Continued from Page One.

to the east and north by the rapidly increasing enemy. Realizing now for the first time how futile it was to stand against such overwhelming odds, the brave general led his men toward the higher ridge in hopes that he might retreat across its brow. Again his movement had been anticipated by the enemy and the now decimated ranks of troopers met a fiery wall at the crest of the hill which sent them on toward the north and west in such a manner as to form a circle with their former pathway.

On this last detour a strange thing was noted by the Indian assailants. A large black horse ridden by an officer became unmanageable, and rushing headlong with his rider sped with lightning speed right toward the ranks of the enemy. Many shots followed the fleeing horseman, but none took effect. On went the frightened animal until he was far beyond the ranks of the red men, when, to their utter astonishment, there was a puff of smoke, and the man fell

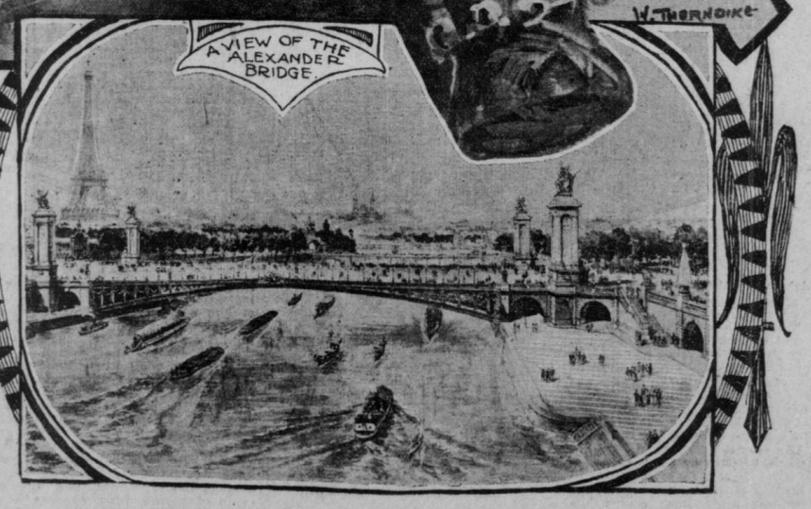
were men toward whom their hatred burned so fiercely that nothing short of barbaric torture could be thought of as a fit accompaniment for them in death. So General Custer was saved, as was Captain Fetterman at Massacre Hill, by direct order for the pang of torment.

One by one fell the few remaining men of the gallant troop until but a few were left. How strange that in that holocaust of death this one gallant man should not be hit by the flying bolts of death. One by one these few fell, and still the leader stood untouched by cruel bullet. Finally, beside the great and gallant general his brother, Tom Custer, fell in mortal agony. Oh, what a picture! There alone on that hilltop, with all human aid so far away; with no friendly eye to pity, stand the fair-haired and gallant Custer in the midst of his dead followers. The bright sun of that northern heaven smiled sweetly over those desert fields, while the mad, howling, devilish throng rose like a great locust host from every draw and every brush till thousands of warriors rent the heavens with their cheers. They would rush upon their foe and bear him away in triumph to deck their savage show. The circle narrows; escape fees away, and the bravest of the brave must yield to awful death. But, no; just as a thousand cruel hands clutch toward the victim he sees their embrace. Death was inevitable, life no longer treasured, when with his own revolver Custer sent a bullet into his own forehead and was free.

This story, which has been told with much regret, has been fully corroborated by Rain-in-the-Face and others. It is also



THE RUSSIAN BUILDING



A VIEW OF THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE.



AROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER.

borne out by the fact that Custer's body alone escaped mutilation, and by the custom among the Sioux to refrain from violence toward that one who dies by his own hand. On Custer's body was one wound—a bullet hole in the forehead; and nothing could be plainer than that Custer took his own life to escape inevitable torture. As soon as the bloody work was over the women and children and young warriors came upon the field and mutilated the bodies until they were led by weariness alone to desist from their ghastly work.

When the bodies were buried some four days later a small slab of marble was set upon the field to mark the spot where each trooper fell, and later on a monument was placed upon the hilltop.

In closing it will not be amiss to quote the following words uttered by Hon. Frank Mandell at the dedication of this historic field as a national cemetery.

"The field on which we stand is hallowed beyond that of any of the many spots on earth on which brave men have battled for the right, for these hillside rang with the hoofbeats of the steeds of a troop none of which ever lived to tell the story of the bloody contest. Here waged one of the only two battles ever waged in history from which there never came a courier of defeat; and twice hallowed is the spot, for beneath our regular lines of snow marble rest the ashes of those who fell upon the only other battlefield in history whence no remnant of the vanquished ever carried to the ears of their fellow-men the news of how they fought and lost. Custer and Fetterman! the two captains in all history of whose commands none shall live the tidings of defeat. Their names shall live in history and their memory be enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people."