

# MILLIONAIRES WHO ARE MANAGED BY THEIR DAUGHTERS

In Affairs of the Heart, Wealthy Papas Seem to Have Very Little to Say.

## GENERALLY SURRENDER WITH GOOD GRACE

Cases of Wilhelmina Busch, Helena Zimmerman and Mrs. Burke Roche—How the Many That Might Be Cited—Among James Van Alen Was Forced to Give In.

If millionaires are managed by no one else in the world, they are at least managed by their daughters. In an analysis which turns the limelight upon all the ways of the extremely rich man, from his early beginnings to his eating and drinking, his dress and appearance, his work and recreation, his words and probable thoughts, there is probably only one person of all those to whom he is a continual show and study, to whom he is not formidable.

This person is his daughter. When it was said that "a little child shall lead them" it should have been said that a bearded and befeathered grown-up daughter, with pink tinted fingers, shining and waving tresses, and all the complexities that go to make up the daughters as well as the little sisters of the rich, shall lead them.

The millionaire may guard himself with his millions, may interpose himself from the long arm of the law, may be silent, unapproachable, and impervious to questioning, investigation or attack, but all of a sudden some day he will be turned into a soft-hearted creature who does not what he would, but what his daughter, and does it with the best grace possible. All this is because his pretty daughter, at some particular crisis in her life, suddenly has taken it into her pretty head to do as she pleases, either with or without Papa Millionaire's consent, as the case may be.

The way he stands for her and what she does or plays the opposite part is a final test of his character in the hearts of many people, and one which throws a revealing light upon his true self, although it is one which seems to be lost sight of by G. R. Clarke, Owen Sweet Marsden, and other millionaire students and experts.

Case of Wilhelmina Busch. Whatever may have been the eccentricities covered either in herself or her lover by the arrangements which Papa Millionaire Busch made in order to wed Miss Wilhelmina Busch properly and conventionally to Lieut. Scharner, nobody could doubt that in everything he showed first, last, and every-

thing, it always has been in the history of American millionaires. Not long ago the world held its breath at the rashness of Helen Zimmerman. Was she married? Papa Zimmerman said "No." He also said that he would know something about it if anybody would, provided such a thing had happened, and yet cablegrams kept coming that she was.

"You cannot make my denial too explicit," he said, "for there is absolutely nothing in the report. If there had been I certainly would have heard of it, and not a word have I received. Why, my daughter is on the ocean this minute on the steamship Campania, which is expected to arrive at New York on Wednesday. She will be accompanied by her aunt, Miss Evans, and by no one else. Now that she has sailed to this country, will you tell me how she could have married?"

It was suggested that the marriage took place on the Wednesday before, which the millionaire denied, but which, it turned out, was just what had happened. The young people had decided to get married, but to keep the ceremony a secret until the bride could go to Cincinnati. But the suddenness of the ceremony and the secrecy had been decided upon because of the wild and unsettled affairs of the duke, and the ceremony was performed with the consent of the bride's aunt, Miss Ette Evans. She and the bride expected to sail on Wednesday, and had so called Papa Zimmerman. A necessary trip on the part of the bride to Paris, however, to get her wardrobe and close her apartment there made an unforeseen delay, and the sailing had to be postponed until Saturday. She was detained in Paris and missed the boat, and when she arrived in London the duke insisted on going to Tanagerage castle. This was not according to the agreement, but the girl was again persuaded, the aunt and guardian again going along. Of course, the Tanagerage trip made the announcement of the wedding necessary, and then it was that the newspapers were cabled back and forth, the newspapers asserting and Papa Zimmerman denying. The next thing Papa Zimmerman

match with all his might, but they were married and went to London. It was only a little while after that Mr. Work was sending them \$7,000 a year to live on. A little later he increased it to \$12,000. Then he cut off all allowances. He said his daughter never would make a living, and that he was tired of furnishing allowances and paying bills at the same time.

With the "wherewithal" cut off, Mrs. Burke Roche soon returned with her children. She went straight to the house on Twenty-sixth street. In 1891 she obtained a divorce from her husband in Delaware, and ever since has been living at her father's house as his beautiful mistress. As has lately come forth, she has had little spotted ways of her own ever since which were not exactly in accord with the fussy notions of an old man. He has flown into a rage at her more than once, which is not anything remarkable when it is considered that he is 87 years old. But she is her father's daughter, and moreover, she is not in the least afraid that he means it, and she knows exactly how to manage him. So, when he reprimanded her for having her luncheon served on a little tray in the parlor, she ordered her maid to pack up her trunks and remove to the Buckingham. A pretty bluff, wasn't it, when it is considered that she is the \$60,000 which he allows her a year.

But she knew exactly how to manage her father, who is given to imagining things—so say her sons—and it was only a short time until he was denying the rumors that were flying about that he had disinherited her, and was sending for her to come home. It has been said, though, that he has put it in his will in the form of a request that his granddaughter, Cynthia Burke Roche, shall not marry a foreigner, as her mother did.

Miss Van Alen's Victory. In the late notoriety of young Robert Collier it was remembered that a strenuous opposition was put up against him as a son-in-law by James Van Alen. Mrs. Van Alen was the daughter of Mrs. William Astor, and it has been said that Mr. James Van Alen is one of the most snobbish men in America. He refused the offer of Grover Cleveland to send him as minister to Italy, and, like William Waldorf Astor, he has decided that England is the only place to live in and bring up his family. When his youngest daughter, Sara, fell in love with Robert Collier, his only objection to the young man was because he was Irish. The rumor of their engagement was at first scornfully denied by the Van Alens.

Mr. Van Alen was obtuse, and, although his daughter declared she would marry him and nobody else, she was whisked off to Europe in the hope that she would forget him. Instead, she followed, and she said such a step to her father that he looked on it with a little more favor. She returned home, where she exercised the grand coup and won over her grandmother, Mrs. William Astor. She also joined the Roman church. Finally, one day, with a bad grace and perhaps because he had to, but none the less because he was managed, James Van Alen capitulated.

It was not, however, until the day of the marriage, when he reluctantly gave the bride away at a civil marriage in the drawing-room of a hotel, one of Mr. Collier's family was present, and immediately afterwards a second marriage took place at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, at which Mr. Collier's parents were present and Mr. Van Alen remained away.

Charles Oelrichs' Surrender. Charles Oelrichs was forced to give in much the same way to his daughter Lily when she became Mrs. Peter D. Martin. He, contrary to the other papas, had marked her out for a titled Englishman. But she took a desperate fancy to the young Californian, who, although he had some wealth and position in the western state, had only recently acquired it.

Miss Lily, who is a beautiful blonde announced from the first that she intended to marry Mr. Martin, but her parents tried the same tactics of freezing out that had prevailed at Papa Van Alen's. Three times the engagement was announced, and twice the wedding day was set, and then it was postponed, and young Mr. Martin returned to California. But at last

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# UPTON SINCLAIR STRIKES BACK

Author of "The Jungle" Faces Prince of Packers with Awful Array of Facts Calculated to Destroy the Infamous Industry.

In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post Mr. J. Ogden Armour makes the assertion that the government inspection of the beef trust slaughter-houses is an impregnable wall protecting the public from impure meat, and that not an atom of diseased meat finds its way into the products of the Armour's. Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle" (a terrific statement of packing-house conditions), studied the meat industry for two years, including much time spent in the Chicago stockyards as a workman; he is the best equipped outside authority on stockyard conditions. In "Everybody's Magazine" for May Mr. Sinclair makes a startling and convincing answer to Mr. Armour's assertion. Commencing with the statement that J. Ogden Armour is the absolute and not the nominal head of the great packing house industry which bears his name Mr. Sinclair says: "I know that in the state-

ments quoted, Mr. Armour willfully and deliberately states what is absolutely and positively known to be falsehoods."

That he might be properly equipped to describe conditions in "Packing town" Mr. Sinclair worked for a period as a laborer in the plant of Armour & Co., and he tells of sights of filth and horror such as he hopes never to see again, but the strongest evidence of the truth of the charges that meat unfit for human food is put on the market comes from a man for years superintendent at Armour & Co.'s Chicago plant, Thomas F. Dolan. Mr. Sinclair in his article says:

"At the time of the embalmed-beef scandal at the conclusion of the Spanish war, when the whole country was convulsed with fury over the revelations made by soldiers and officers (including Gen. Miles and President Roosevelt) concerning the quality of meat which Armour & Co. had furnished to the troops, and concerning the death-rate which it had caused, the enormity of the 'condemned-meat industry' became suddenly clear to one man who had formerly supervised it. Mr. Thomas F. Dolan, then resident in Boston, had up to a short time previous, been a superintendent at Armour & Co.'s, and one of Mr. Philip D. Armour's most capable and trusted men. When he read of the death-rate in the army, he made an affidavit concerning the things which were done in the establishment of Armour & Co., and this affidavit he took to the New York Journal, which published it on March 4, 1899. Here are some extracts from it:

"There were many ways of getting around the inspectors—so many, in fact, that not more than two or three cattle out of 1,000 were condemned. I know exactly what I am writing of in this connection, as my particular instructions from Mr. W. E. Pierce, superintendent of the beef houses for Armour & Co., were very explicit and definite.

"Whenever a beef got past the yard inspectors with a case of lumpy jaw and came into the slaughterhouse or the 'killing-bed,' I was authorized by Mr. Pierce to take his head off, thus removing the evidences of lumpy jaw, and after casting the smitten portion into the tank where refuse goes, to send the rest of the carcass on its way to market.

"I have seen as much as 40 pounds of flesh afflicted with gangrene cut from the carcass of a beef in order that the rest of the animal might be utilized in trade.

"One of the most important regulations of the bureau of animal industry is that no cows in calf are to be placed on the market. Out of a slaughter of 2,000 cows, or a day's killing, perhaps one-half are with calves. My instructions from Mr. Pierce were to dispose of the calves by hiding them until night, or until the inspectors left on duty. The little carcasses were then brought from all over the packing-house and skinned by boys, who received two cents for removing each pelt. The pelts were sold for 50 cents each to the kid-glove manufacturers. This occurs every night at Mr. Armour's concern at Chicago, or after each killing of cows.

"I now propose to state here exactly what I myself have witnessed in Philip D. Armour's packing-house with cattle that have been condemned by the government inspectors.

"A workman, one Nicholas Newson during my time, informs the inspector that the tanks are prepared for the reception of the condemned cattle and that his presence is required to see the beef cast into the steam-tank. Mr. Inspector proceeds at once to the place indicated, and the condemned cattle, having been brought up to the tank-

room on trucks, are forthwith cast into the hissing steam-boilers and disappear.

"But the condemned steer does not stay in the tank any longer than the time required for his remains to drop through the boiler down to the floor below, where he is caught on a truck and hauled back again to the cutting-room. The bottom of the tank was open, and the steer passed through the aperture.

"I have witnessed the fards many times. I have seen the beef dropped into the vat in which a steam-pipe was exhausting with a great noise. The head of the beef striking the truck below could not be heard, and in a short time I have witnessed Nicholas bringing it back to be prepared for the market.

"I have even marked beef with my knife so as to distinguish it, and watched it return to the point where it started.

"Of all the evils of the stockyards, the canning department is perhaps the worst. It is there that the cattle from all parts of the United States are prepared for canning. No matter how scrawny or debilitated canners are, they must go the route of their brothers and arrive ultimately at the great boiling vats, where they are steamed until they are reasonably tender. Bundles of gristle and bone melt into pulpy masses and are stirred up for the canning department.

"I have seen cattle come into Armour's stockyards so weak and exhausted that they expired in the corals, where they lay for an hour or two, dead, until they were afterward hauled in, skinned, and put on the market for beef or into the canning department for cans.

# GOSSIP FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Greatest Criticism of a President Is Heard in Washington—City Full of Grumblers.

WASHINGTON.—The good old Biblical saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" might be paraphrased as "a president is not without honor in Washington." It is the fate of every chief executive to be criticized and to become unpopular in the capital city. None in recent years has escaped this fate. Even the sainted McKinley had his critics here at the seat of the government, and his popularity was much greater beyond the confines of the District of Columbia than within them. President Roosevelt is simply on the same plane with his predecessors, and there are few places in the country where less enthusiasm is shown over him than right here among the people who see him and know of him every day.

It is perfectly natural that the greatest criticism of a president should be in Washington. As chief executive he has to act for the whole people, and nowhere is he so representative of the people as in the capital city—a city where some 25,000 of the people are on the government pay rolls and whose ruling passion is to grumble about their jobs and look upon their superiors as creatures who are trying to get the best of them. Then when congress is in session there is always the minority party that is picking at the president and trying to discover causes for complaint. Then there is a large contingent of his own party who believe they have been ill treated because he will not boost every piece of legislation they want or distribute patronage upon their demands.

One of the most trying positions in the government is that of secretary to the president. As chief executive he has to act for the whole people, and nowhere is he so representative of the people as in the capital city—a city where some 25,000 of the people are on the government pay rolls and whose ruling passion is to grumble about their jobs and look upon their superiors as creatures who are trying to get the best of them. Then when congress is in session there is always the minority party that is picking at the president and trying to discover causes for complaint. Then there is a large contingent of his own party who believe they have been ill treated because he will not boost every piece of legislation they want or distribute patronage upon their demands.

Early in his service in the position of secretary to the president Mr. William Loeb, who fills that place, was made the target for all sorts of complaints, and many a night after his day's duties were ended he wondered if life was really worth living. He was new to the city and not so familiar with national characters as some of his predecessors had been, and he had had hard road to travel. It can be said, however, that but few men placed in that trying position have developed so rapidly and proven so efficient. Compared with several lamentable failures of president's secretaries in the last few years, the administration of Mr. Loeb will stand out as a pronounced success.

Few people know the responsibilities of a secretary of the president. The public has no idea of the diplomacy that he has to practice to keep dangerous and undesirable people away from the chief executive. In this matter the secretary is assisted by the uniformed police and the plain clothes secret service men who are to be found in the ante-chamber at the White House offices. It is very rare that any scenes are enacted, but the president is inclined to make a fuss. Where one of these cases is noted in the public press there are 50 that never get publicity.

Not long ago a United States senator who has been disposed in times past to criticize the manner in which strangers are scrutinized at the White House sent a woman there with a letter of introduction to the president. She was admitted into Mr. Loeb's office, to whom she talked in a manner which she said was commended of God to lay before the president. It required all his nerve and diplomacy to get the woman out of the office and out of the building, and he then notified the United States senator that the woman was insane.

"I didn't know the woman," said the senator, "but she belongs to one of the best families in my state, and so I gave her a letter of introduction to the president."

The agricultural department has done a good deal in the way of improving the breeds of horses and cattle, destroying the mites which marred two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, and achieving success along lines that are calculated to benefit the whole country, but now there is a proposition on foot to do away with all the government experiments of the past in the shade. Prof. Willis M. Hayes, assistant secretary of the department, has a scheme to improve the human race by the careful selection of parents of future Americans. The scheme is to select the best of the human animals has called attention to principles that Prof. Hayes thinks can be usefully applied, of course in a lawful, legitimate way, in the development of man.

Just what plan Prof. Hayes envisions, he does not explain, but society can be brought to a standard where fathers perfect physically, morally and mentally and mothers perfect in the same degree can be guaranteed the highest human development. His scheme involves the mating of none but the best type of men and women, and a good deal of curiosity is felt as to what scheme he will propose in a pamphlet which he will soon prepare on the subject.

Secretary of War Taft is a happy man. After five months of dieting and strict physical exercise he has reduced his weight 75 pounds, and today only weighs 250. He is in the course of training shortly before New Year's, with the fixed determination to acquire a sylph-like form that would not be over 250 pounds. Through all the season of feasting in Washington, when his social duties compelled him to attend a big course dinner nearly every night, he heroically abstained from rich foods and ate nothing but crackers and lean meat. He now indulges in good square meals of steak, veal, and keeps in mind the consequences of food that is full of starch and other fattening materials.

Mr. Taft took a special course of dieting, exercising and massaging under the direction of an expert who had been recommended by Senator Spooner. Mr. Spooner is not a heavy man, but he has kept himself in the finest physical condition all his life by persistent training and last fall put himself under the care of an expert who would allow no departure from his strict discipline. Mr. Spooner's muscles are like steel, and he recommends his trainee to Mr. Taft. The latter obeyed implicitly every order, both as to dieting and calisthenic exercise.

Reptiles Once the Food of Slaves Are Now Scarce at \$50 a Dozen.

It is difficult to realize that terrapin were once so plentiful that slaveholders around Chesapeake bay had to inflict them upon their bondsmen more than three times a week, on the ground of cruelty.

The female terrapin are preferred because of the richness the eggs impart to the sauce. They range in price from \$50 to \$100 a dozen, says What to Eat, and are hard to get at that price.

Most of these come from Long Island, since the Chesapeake bay diamond backs became so exceedingly scarce that they are used principally to supply the demand of private houses.

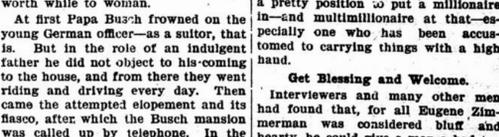
Next best are the Jersey turtles, but they are not numerous. Below North Carolina, whose best terrapin average \$50 a dozen, the quality deteriorates rapidly and prices naturally correspond. The Gulf terrapin are large in size, seldom measuring less than seven inches in length, but the flesh is coarse in texture and flavor. These sell as low as \$12 a dozen.



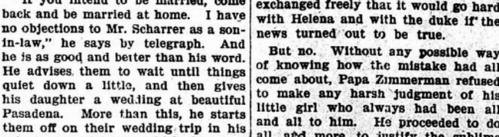
MISS WILHELMINA BUSCH SCHORER



MRS. PETER MARTIN



MISS VAN ALEN



MRS. BURKE ROCHE



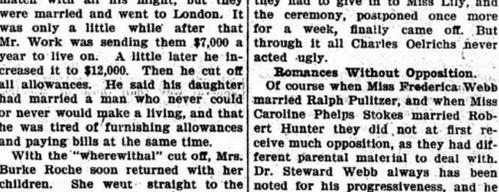
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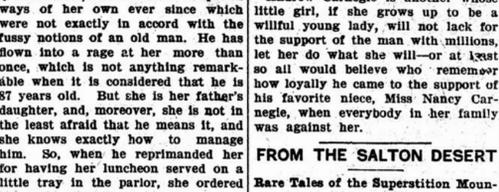
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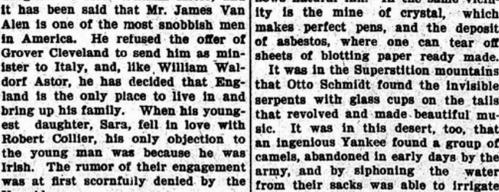
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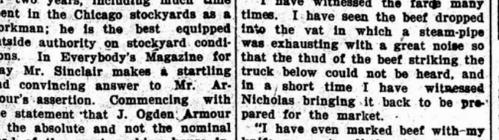
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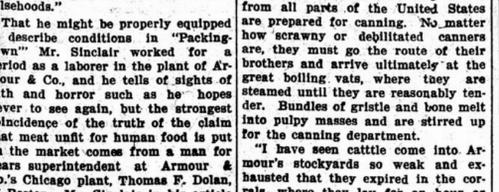
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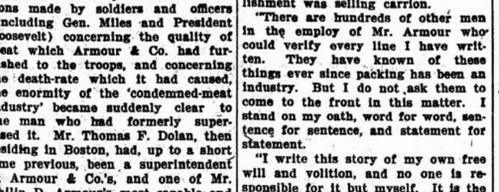
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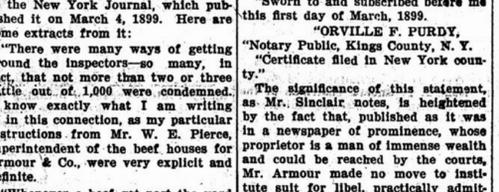
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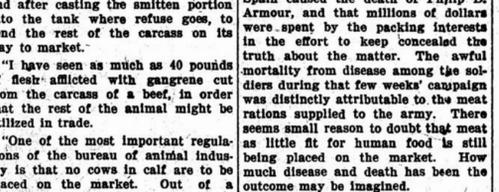
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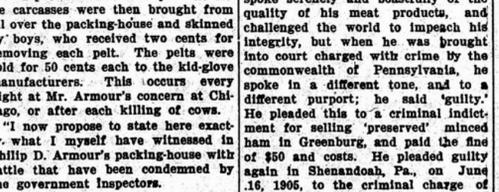
THOMAS F. DOLAN



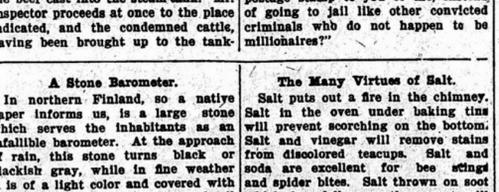
PHILIP D. ARMOUR



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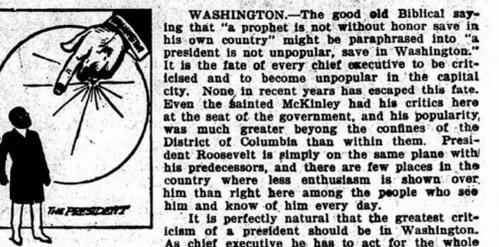
WILLIS M. HAYES



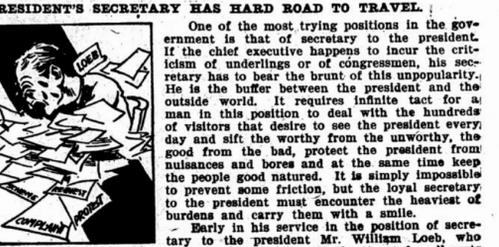
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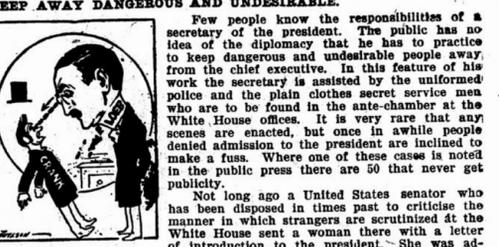
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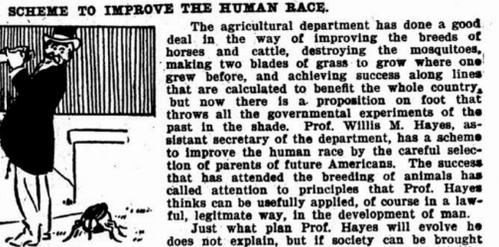
THE PRESIDENT



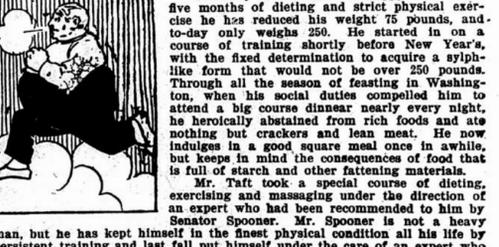
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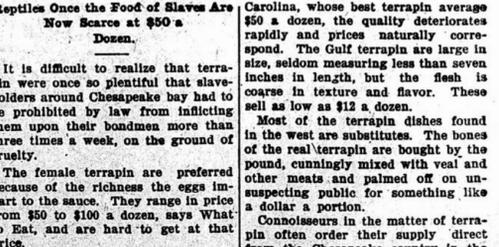
THE SENATOR



THE SECRETARY



THE SENATOR



THE SECRETARY

gether, that the love he bore his daughter was the kind which makes her misfortunes into triumphs—the only kind worth while a woman can have. At first Papa Busch frowned on the young German officer—as a suitor, that is. But in the role of an indulgent father he did not object to his coming to the house, and from there they went riding and driving every day. Then came the attempted elopement and its fiasco, after which the Busch mansion was called up by telephone. In the face of so flagrant disregard of his wishes and the failure of his little scheme of letting the matter wear itself out, what does Papa Busch do? He quickly capitulates.

"If you intend to be married, come back and be married at home. I have no objections to Mr. Scharrer as a son-in-law," he says by telegraph. And he is as good as better than his word. He advises them to wait until things quiet down a little, and then gives his daughter a wedding at beautiful Pasadena. More than this, he starts them off on their wedding trip in his private car Adolphus, which they only left at New York to take the trip to Europe. This and much more was provided by Papa Busch's generosity.

received was a cable saying that it was all true, and asking his blessing. A pretty predicament this was, and a pretty position to put a millionaire in—and multimillionaire at that—especially one who has been accustomed to carrying things with a high hand.

Get Blessing and Welcome. Interviewers and many other men had found that, for all Eugene Zimmerman was considered bluff and hearty, he could give a man a bad ten seconds who asked him questions or took any attitude which he regarded as an impertinence. Before that last cablegram arrived, and while the millionaire still was denying, beta were exchanged freely that it would go hard with Helena and with the duke if the news turned out to be true.

Two Points of View. Optimist—Every cloud has a silver lining. Pessimist—Every silver lining has a cloud.—N. Y. Sun.

Carolina, whose best terrapin average \$50 a dozen, the quality deteriorates rapidly and prices naturally correspond. The Gulf terrapin are large in size, seldom measuring less than seven inches in length, but the flesh is coarse in texture and flavor. These sell as low as \$12 a dozen.