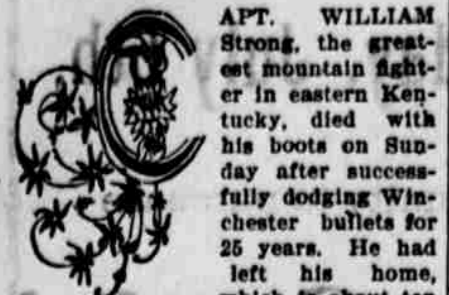


WITH HIS BOOTS ON

CAPTAIN STRONG, NOTED KENTUCKIAN, SURRENDERS.

The Wealthy Mountaineer Shot Down Near His Home by Parties in Ambush—Seven Bullets Pierced the Old Federal Soldier Before He Could "Draw."



APT. WILLIAM STRONG, the greatest mountain fighter in eastern Kentucky, died with his boots on Sunday after successfully dodging Winchester bullets for 25 years. He had left his home, which is about ten miles east of Jackson, to go to the house of a neighbor. He had been gone but a few minutes when his family was startled by a fusillade, which appeared to be not more than half a mile away. Members of the family ran toward the point from which the sounds of musketry came and found Capt. Strong dead on the roadside, shot to pieces, seven bullets having penetrated his body.



He was lying on his back with his eyes wide open and his revolver clutched in his right hand, which had barely been drawn from his pocket when a bullet struck the arm. Not a shot had been fired from the revolver. Investigation showed that a "blind" had been constructed on a point immediately above the road, commanding a full view of the thoroughfare for a distance of several hundred yards. Scraps of bread and meat were found behind the blind, and other signs, which showed that seven or eight men had been "laying out," as the mountaineers call it, for Capt. Strong. His relatives in Jackson were quickly notified of the tragedy and a large posse began searching for the assassins.

Capt. Strong was credited with killing and having killed more than a score of men during the feuds in which he has participated for more than a quarter of a century. He never admitted having killed any of his enemies, but on one occasion he told the story of the death of several of the Amos faction who were trying to assassinate him at his home. He said: "I looked out at some little holes I had made in my house and I saw a number of men with guns."

"Did you kill any of them?" asked the reporter. "Well, they didn't all get away." Further than this he would say nothing about the men being killed. On one occasion a citizen of Breathitt county was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for killing a man. He met Capt. Strong a few minutes after the sentence had been passed and asked: "How is it, Capt. Strong, that when I kill one man they send me to the penitentiary and when you kill twenty men you are not even indicted?"

The captain replied: "I was right when I killed my man and you were wrong." This is the only admission he was ever known to make that he had killed a man. Capt. Strong was one of the wealthiest and most enterprising citizens of Breathitt county. He owned two large farms and a half interest in 400 acres of the finest canal coal land in Kentucky. Since he had made peace with the Calahans a few weeks ago the old captain had settled down to hard work, and expected to make a great deal of money in mining canal coal this summer. He was also largely engaged in farming, and had just planted a large crop.

The feud which led to the killing began shortly after the war. It seems at the close of the war and after Capt. Strong had gone to work to pay for his home the KKK began to terrorize the community. It was generally conceded that the clan was composed chiefly of young men who were not old enough to enter the breaking out of hostilities between the states, but had grown up with a deep-seated prejudice against the unionists. Capt. Strong was considered a leader among the ex-federal soldiers.

He was outspoken against the depre-dations of KKK, and is credited with having organized an anti-klux party, which did much toward putting down the clan. About two years ago some of the new men, who had come into Breathitt since the advent of the railroad, organized a band of regulators patterned somewhat after the old KKK. Again Capt. Strong was outspoken against the methods of the mob, and denounced the regulators in unmeasured terms.

The regulators committed outrageous depredations. They whipped and

robbed an old man named Ed Spicer. They hung old Joshua Neace to a limb, allowing his toes to barely touch the ground, and kept him in that position for hours. They robbed Wiley Morris, and, going through farms, shot stock to death, and on Capt. Strong's farm tore down fences and shot his stock, badly wounding several head. The captain was loud in his condemnation of these acts of vandalism, and when he was told by persons who pretended to be his friends that Ed and Sam Calahans were at the head of these regulators he denounced them. Then the tale-bearers went to the Calahans and told them what Capt. Strong had said about them.

This brought on the feud between Capt. Strong and the Calahans, and when Tom Barnett, who was known to be a friend of Strong, was found murdered, Strong's friends declared the Calahans were responsible for Barnett's death, and not long after that Tom Sismore, a friend of the Calahans, was found on the roadside dead with a bullet through his heart. Realizing that Breathitt county was about to be plunged into another of those wars which have earned for it the title of "Bloody Breathitt," County Judge Day and several of the leading lawyers and citizens of Jackson decided to use their influence toward bringing about a settlement of the trouble between Strong and Calahan.

Accordingly warrants were sworn out by them against Capt. Strong and four or five of his leading friends to make them keep the peace, and similar warrants were sworn out for the Calahans and several of their friends. Both sides were cited to appear on the same day, and they came in, each side under heavy guard summoned by Sheriff Tom Deaton. The men met in Judge Day's office, and on comparing notes Capt. Strong and the two Calahan brothers found that they had all been victims of talebearers and they shook hands, promised to bury the hatchet and let bygones be bygones.

JUVENILE CRIMINALITY.

Search for the Causes and Appropriate Remedies. For our juvenile criminality we must search for the special causes and for appropriate remedies, says the Chautauquan. According to the statistics, the check on crime attains its culminating point from the ages of 21 to 30 years. It falls a little from 30 to 40 years and falls rapidly from 40 to 50. It is therefore youth which is the critical age and everything depends on good direction at the beginning. Children have been defined as little savages and also as little criminals, willful liars, cruel and selfish. It has been said that the child reproduces in its developments all the phases of the human race passing from barbarism to civilization. Certainly the instincts that are bad and even criminal are frequently found in children. But a good education almost always gets the better of these instincts with considerable facility. The good sentiments acquired at that age rapidly become instinctive and lasting, only no mistake must be made as to the choice of means.

CARRIED NETTIE AWAY.

Nettie Isabelle Smith Was Not Present at Her Lover's Burial. While Preston Thornton, the self-slayer, was being buried at Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville, the other afternoon, the girl for love of whom he killed himself was speeding away to Hot Springs, Va., on a special train, provided by her father, President Milton M. Smith, of the L. & N. railroad company. The funeral brought together one of the most distinguished gatherings ever witnessed in Kentucky. The residence of his aunt, Mrs. John Mason Young, where the services were held, is a mansion in Louisville's most aristocratic quarter. The house and lawn were crowded. Most of the



NETTIE ISABELLE SMITH. (For love of whom Preston Thornton ended his life.)

tendants were visitors from outside the city, and numbered members of the Hardin, Preston, Wickliffe, Breckinridge and Thornton families, each having an ancestry with Kentucky's written history. At the head of the casket the aged father of the deceased stood when Rev. Dr. Minnerode referred to suicide the elder Thornton gasped. The preacher was bewildered and hesitated. There was confusion, and the speaker lifted his voice until silence among his hearers was again secured.

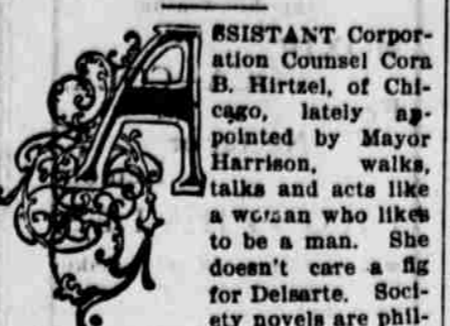
Gordy May Be Innocent. It is claimed that James M. Gordy, who is under sentence of death at Georgetown, Del., for the murder of one of his many alleged wives, as detailed in the World, is innocent. It is said that two men have confessed to having done the murder.

Beers made of maize or barley are manufactured by almost every native African people.

MISS CORA HIRTZEL.

ASSISTANT CORPORATION COUNSEL OF CHICAGO.

The First Woman Ever Appointed to a Like Position in the West—A Sketch of an Ambitious Woman's Busy Life.



ASSISTANT Corporation Counsel Cora B. Hirtzel, of Chicago, lately appointed by Mayor Harrison, walks, talks and acts like a woman who likes to be a man. She doesn't care a fig for Delaarte. Society novels are philosophical fimsies. She loves Thackeray and Blackstone, writes without putting the point of the pencil in her mouth, and whittles with the edge of the knife blade toward her body. She plants her foot down hard when she steps, is an expert at bringing legal fights to a compromise settlement, wears shirt waists and collars, and the biggest law firms in town trust her with the preparation of their briefs. She is and does all this, but she dodges when a man asks her how old she is—proof that she is a woman despite the fact that her name is on the office door as a lawyer.

Miss Hirtzel has lived in Chicago a good part of her life. She is what she is because she has earned the distinction. It has never been her fortune to walk a path of roses. It probably would have made no difference had she been taught in her girlhood that the proper thing for a girl to do is to sit still, look pretty and get married. Ambition is ambition—rich or poor. She



MISS CORA B. HIRTZEL.

had ambition. She says it was fortunate. In gratifying her zeal she was saying up treasure against the day when ambition and necessity to earn a livelihood might be one and the same thing. This was before women denied that their single place in life was beside the cradle. Mrs. Hirtzel reasoned with herself. She concluded that had she been born a man rather than a woman she would have been a lawyer. She reasoned more. There was no reason why the woman who wanted to be a lawyer should be debarred from being a lawyer simply because men thought she ought not to be one. She couldn't see any reason why men should pick out the future for women, anyhow, and she gradually allowed it to become known that she was going to be a lawyer and possibly sit on the bench. It made a good many of the young men she knew laugh, but she has not heard of any of the scoffers becoming assistant corporation counsels. Judge Gary, up in Oakkosh, was her first tutor. She read in his office. Her parents came from Germany. They don't like to have women do much in the professions in Germany. Miss Hirtzel did not inherit any prejudice along this line, and it did not particularly matter that she did not get much encouragement among the men and women she knew. She learned to think for herself early in life, and she is still doing it. The more she dug into the books of the judge's library the more she became wedded to her resolution. The more she read the more she saw there was to be read, but work, and not play, was to be her lot. The preparatory course brought her to Chicago ten years ago. She entered the Chicago law college. It was not pleasure at times for her to sit the single woman in the class of seventy-five men who finished in 1890. She felt conspicuous. The men looked upon her as out of place. There were other days when Miss Emma Bowerman was with her, and side by side the two sat as the men smiled, and the smile was a plain sign of pity for womanly folly.

Miss Hirtzel's views are worth considering. She knows what it means for a woman to take hold of her shoe lops and left herself into professional distinction in a big city. There are only eight or ten others who have gone through the mill. There is none other

who has been honored as she has, and the struggle has left no mark. There are no wrinkles in her face, and her keen eye is a true sign of a shrewdness which lawyers have learned to value. She is short in stature, without mannerisms, plain in speech, convincing, businesslike. She carries her cards with her, but they are not the common cards that women use.

QUEEN MARGUERITE'S POODLE

King Humbert Used His Hair Dye on the Little Beast.

King Humbert's gray hairs and the dye that was to cure them are the subject of an amusing little anecdote in the Berliner Tageblatt. The king, it seems, favors the iron gray of age and sees nothing to object to in the years that lead to reverence and the silver hair. But Queen Marguerite was very zealous on the other side and wished to see what Paris and the colfleur could do in the work of restoration. She therefore thought of an imperial hair-dye, the only modern witchcraft that science allows. The king one day found on his dressing table the elixir, carefully packed, with directions for use, and guessed whence and why it came. Now, Queen Marguerite had a favorite poodle, white and fleecy, which was wont to pay her a morning visit every day, but on one of his duty calls shortly after the elixir arrived the faithful toutou arrived sleek and glossy as ever, but the snow white fleece was changed for a garment of bluish black. As there was no reason why court and courtier should go into mourning, the queen was horrified at the change. "You poor creature," she cried, "how grotesque they have made you look." "And your husband?" was all the king said, and the queen asked no more questions. The poodle is said to have resented the parable; the snow white fleece never came round, and

having once dyed he was obliged to dye to the end.

HARRISON S. MORRIS, POET.

The time has passed when a man can be all a poet. Poems are read nowadays, but the public will not pay for them as they did in a golden age now passed away. Happy, therefore, is the poet who can find an occupation that is congenial and at the same time akin to the art which he himself cultivates. Prominent among these happy fortunates is Mr. Harrison S. Morris of Philadelphia, poet by taste and habit, managing director of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts by way of serious occupation. Though poet to the finger-tips, as Mr. Morris showed in a recent collection of his pieces, he is at the same time an accomplished and zealous man of affairs. This he shows,



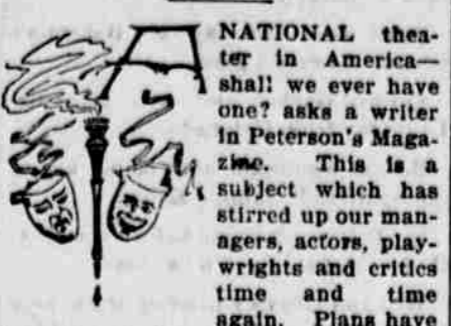
HARRISON S. MORRIS.

year by year, in his direction of the academy. Exhibitions of the academy Mr. Morris directs improve each season, and if not the most notable held in America, they are certainly not inferior in interest or quality to any others. It is, as we understand it, Mr. Morris who has kept this oldest of American art societies up to the high modern mark, and he deserves great credit for the achievement. Among the members of the Browning and contemporary clubs of Philadelphia Mr. Morris is a personage of distinction, just as he would be in Boston, New York or London, were he not so fortunate as to be more at home in homelike and charming Philadelphia.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE PLAYERFOLK.

A National Theater for America—What It Would Take to Establish a Creditable Play House—A Theatrical Romance—The Summer Exodus.



NATIONAL theater in America—shall we ever have one? asks a writer in Peterson's Magazine. This is a subject which has stirred up our managers, actors, playwrights and critics time and time again. Plans have been discussed, arguments have been advanced, pro and con, essays and lectures have been made public, but the project has never taken on definite shape or progress. To establish a theater that would reflect credit as a national organization; to erect suitable buildings, with all the necessary scenic equipment; to engage the high class actors and secure the high class plays such a theater would call for, would require an immense outlay of money, and besides the immediate expenses, a sufficient sum for future obligations would have to be contributed or allowed. The Theater Francaise, which seems to be the ideal theater of the world, is under the control of the French government; actors enter its service for a stated term of years, and while the training and surroundings are undeniably of inestimable benefit to a player, many have been glad when their engagements expired. Of course the highest forms of art are fostered under the auspices of an organization like this; the finest dramas and the most finished acting are possible, but would such a project be practical in America? We are so democratic, and commercialism has invaded the drama to such an extent that it would take us some time to become used to a subsidized theater. And it does not seem likely that our government would endow such an institution; if it ever comes to pass, it will be more apt to be supported by private subscriptions of wealthy citizens. Besides, supported by the government, would not such a theater in this country be subject to the corrupting influence of party politics, the wire pulling, the red tape, and the personal preferences of its directors? And, on the whole, would a national theater, conducted the way we fear it would be done in this country, either benefit the cause of art or uphold the drama?

"The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is the title of a bright and entertaining farce which was presented at the Lyceum theater, New York, lately. The author is Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley, who has already produced two other admirable comedies, and who gives promise of becoming one of the foremost dramatists of America. "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is a light and airy piece, sufficiently humorous to amuse, with much sparkling dialogue and considerable highly original "business," the creation of Mrs. Ryley's own clever brain. Annie Russell made her debut in farce in this play, and displayed much aptness for the new role; Joseph Holland and Guy Standing were admirable in light comedy parts.

A very pretty romance has developed during the season in the Lyceum company. Last fall Mr. Frohman brought to America a new leading woman, who soon blossomed from a complete stranger into a warm favorite with New York audiences. In every play in which she appeared the leading man was compelled by the exigencies of his part to make violent love to her. The task must have been a pleasant one, for the lady was young and beautiful, as well as gifted, and it now appears that the love making which seemed such excellent simulation on the part of the young man was the real thing, and that the young lady was inclined to look with favor upon his gallant

Tim Hurst is in bad odor with Earl Wagner. The Washington magnate is very warm, judging from the following: "Hurst will never umpire a game of ball in Washington again if it costs me every dollar I'm worth," said Mr. Wagner. "He harbors ill feeling toward three of my players, and has made the threat publicly that he will get even with these three men every chance he can get. He is giving our pitchers the worst of it, and is constantly looking to do up my team. If it were not for me he would be umpiring in a second-class league. When he was discharged from Young's staff of umpires for associating with prize fighters and all-round toughs, I was the first to go to the front for him. The language he uses to the players on the ball field would cost his life if it were not that he was protected by base ball law."



MARY MANNERING.

suit, for their engagement has been announced and the wedding of Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett seems not far distant. The annual summer exodus to Europe has left managerial offices deserted. The fact that the season in London begins to be gayest when ours is waning is a lucky thing for our managers. They can see their theaters safely closed, or their companies well started on a spring tour, and then he themselves to London, to seek, not a wife, like the lad in the nursery rhyme, but for new plays and novelties in every branch of amusement. The theatrical manager usually finds what he wants in London, for there are entered a number of popular dramatists, and there are first produced those English

plays which later are offered for our delectation. Occasionally a manager makes a "find" in the way of a clever actor, but as a rule American actors are good enough, and the English play is brought over for our own favorite players to embody.

With the comic opera, concert or vaudeville managers it is different. They journey to Paris, as well as London, for novelties, and often the musical managers (i. e., the managers of music—the men themselves are not always musical) travel all over Europe in search of talent. A singer may be picked up in some obscure little Swedish town, as Christine Nilsson was first discovered; a brilliant pianist may be found in Poland, Paderewski's home; a violinist may be unearthed in some German hamlet, and so on. Vaudeville managers usually find what they want in London or Paris, the great majority of absolute novelties coming from the French capital.

Du Souchet's new farce, recently produced at Hoyt's, while not in several respects equal to "My Friend from India," is nevertheless highly entertaining and decidedly humorous. As in the author's first play, the well-meant, but highly aggravating efforts of a friend to be one in reality as well as name, are the basis on which the play is built. Some cleverly interwoven bits of prevaricating give extremely ludicrous turns to the plot. Willie Collier plays the principal part admirably, but almost equally good work is done by M. A. Keane, John B. Maher and Louise Allen. The Mexican locale of the play affords opportunity for some pretty scenery, taking music and an enlivening dance, and the scene in Sing Sing introduces a group of convicts in full prison regalia.

Another theatrical marriage, this one having already occurred, is that of Odette Tyler to R. D. Shepard. Miss Tyler is the most popular and prominent ingenue on the American stage, and her husband was widely known as an actor in Shakespearean and standard dramas, under the name of R. D. MacLean, when he used to tour with the late Marie Prescott, his first wife. Miss Tyler's marriage will deprive the



ODETTE TYLER.

stage of one of its most charming figures, for she intends to retire permanently, her husband having a fortune of nearly a million dollars. She is at present appearing in London in "Secret Service," in her original part. "A Round of Pleasure" is the happy title of the extravaganza production now on view at the Knickerbocker. The entertainment is a combination of music, dancing and comedy, with beautiful scenic and sartorial embellishments. The company is an unusually clever one and the piece furnishes excellent and appropriate amusement for the summer months in the metropolis.

Wagner Warm.

Tim Hurst is in bad odor with Earl Wagner. The Washington magnate is very warm, judging from the following: "Hurst will never umpire a game of ball in Washington again if it costs me every dollar I'm worth," said Mr. Wagner. "He harbors ill feeling toward three of my players, and has made the threat publicly that he will get even with these three men every chance he can get. He is giving our pitchers the worst of it, and is constantly looking to do up my team. If it were not for me he would be umpiring in a second-class league. When he was discharged from Young's staff of umpires for associating with prize fighters and all-round toughs, I was the first to go to the front for him. The language he uses to the players on the ball field would cost his life if it were not that he was protected by base ball law."

A New Function.

Henceforth the way of the dilatory road contractor in New York city will not be a pleasant one. He has a new and exacting taskmaster in the bicyclist, who is naturally the keenest of all inspectors in road construction. If the schemes of the Associated Cycling Clubs of New York materialize every active wheelman in the city will be constituted a pavement inspector. Contractors who are slow or negligent in their work will be reported to the department of street improvements, and if that be of no avail a demand will be made for forfeiture of contract. This policy will be pursued incessantly by the A. C. C. of New York, until street pavers learn to do their work quickly and well.

Tom Linton, who was defeated in this country last year by Starbuck, but who is regarded in Europe as one of the greatest cycle racing men of the age, was recently defeated by the new phenomenon, Champion, sometimes called the French Michael. The distance was 3 1/2 miles, on an indoor track, in Paris, and the race was won by Champion in one hour, two minutes, 53 seconds, the fastest ever recorded in competition.