

EX-MAYOR PRINCE

WAS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S GRAND OLD MEN.

Recently Passed Away After a Very Useful Life—Twenty-Four Years as Secretary of the Democratic National Committee—A Beau Brummell.

The late ex-Mayor Frederick O. Prince was a sort of Beau Brummell, reflecting the elegant manners and breeding of a former generation of Bostonians. Once, when there was an unverified report around town that the Prince of Wales had taken to wearing a bell crown hat and that faithful New York, of course, and Boston, perhaps, would copy the royal headgear, a reporter was sent to get an opinion on hats from the ex-mayor, and incidentally got a story on the ex-mayor himself. "Well," said he, "a great many persons will always do what the prince does. They are fond of aping royalty. And so he is wearing a bell-topped high hat? Well, I can't say that there's much style about that. I don't remember the day they were worn here. I was a member of the Somerset Club for years, up to last April, when I resigned, and I never remember seeing that style of hat there. I was secretary of the national demo-



FREDERICK O. PRINCE.

cratic committee for more than 20 years; I attended all the conventions from 1850 to 1884 and I never saw such a hat worn. I used to wear a rather odd-shaped, straight-brimmed hat myself until about eight years ago, when I last went to London, and where I took to wearing another style. I remember that whenever I went over to New York and walked down Wall street the fact was always chronicled as the arrival of my hat. It was the same at the Democratic conventions. The hat was a feature of them. I remember wearing it in Paris one time when Harrison Gray Otis and myself were roaming around the continent. We were staying at the Grand hotel. Otis, I must tell you, disliked the hat exceedingly. One day it vanished, and in its stead I found a brand-new, a la mode Parisian hat. I was chagrined. We went out on the Champs Elysee that afternoon, and along toward the Elysian field, or the Bois du Boulogne, as it is called. And on the way I saw something. 'Otis,' said I, pointing to the head of the man in front of us, 'that looks like my hat.' Otis only laughed. He had given the hat to one of the servants at the hotel and had substituted the new beauty. But I never saw a bell-topper in those days either.

MRS. LOWE AS A LEADER.

She Is One of the Best Housekeepers in the World.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Lowe of Atlanta, Ga., who was elected at the convention in Denver last June to the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, serves as an example of the fallacy of the theory that club women are not home makers, says the Philadelphia Times. In addition to her many other accomplishments, Mrs. Lowe has the reputation of being the best housekeeper in Atlanta. As a model wife and mother she has proved a home maker in the best sense of the word. Born with all the old southern liking for domestic affairs, she superintends personally every detail of her own household and a visit to her beautiful home is convincing proof of her efficiency. But her home, well kept as it was, proved too narrow a limit for her broad mind and as her children's growing up gave her greater leisure she turned her attention toward the broadening, not only of her own life, but that of other women. Before her election to the presidency a Philadelphia woman asked if she favored a certain reform advocated by the society she represented. "I am in favor of anything," was the reply, "which tends to the advancement of the cause of women." That the south has appreciated the honor paid her is proved by the large number of clubs which have federated during the year. And in speaking of them a southern woman says: "The web of clubs spreading over our states is already doing a very gracious work."

Apothecary Humor.

Mrs. Leary—"I want to get some quinine pills." Clerk—"Those with coats on them, I suppose?" Mrs. Leary—"No; them wid their coats off." Clerk—"Oh, I understand. William, bring out some of those quinine pills in their shirt sleeves."

Accommodating.

"Do you send home your customers' purchases?" inquired the new customer in the wet-goods emporium. "We do more than that, sir," replied the genial proprietor. "We often send home our customers."

A DAY IN THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

How She Spent Her Time in Early Part of Her Reign.

It may be interesting to recall in these days a picture of Queen Victoria's life in the earlier portion of her reign, says the London News. It is drawn by Creville:

The life which the queen lives is this: She gets up soon after 8 o'clock, breakfasts in her own room and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the dispatches and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At 11 or 12 Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact.

At 2 she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides on her left hand and the querry-in-waiting generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road and the greater part of the time at a full gallop; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with the children, if there are any in the castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there) or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally 7 o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near 8. The lord-in-waiting comes into the drawing room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of the household and followed by the duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men and goes immediately into the dining room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American minister (although he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on L. r. left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room and then they go into the drawing room, when she goes around and says a few words to each, of the most trivial nature, all, however, very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When the little ceremony is over, the duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged and then the round table is marshaled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the queen and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about 11:30 she goes to bed, or whenever the duchess has played her usual number of rubbers and the band has performed all the pieces on its list for the night. This is the whole history of her day; she orders and regulates every detail herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the castle, settles about the riding or driving and enters into every particular with minute attention.

THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY.

Thomas G. Shaughnessy, the new president of the Canadian Pacific railroad, is a native of the Third ward of Milwaukee. He left that city in 1881 with William Van Horne, to whose chair as president he succeeds. Milwaukeeans are looking forward to the queen's knighting of Mr. Shaughnessy as she knighted Mr. Van Horne. The new president of the transcontinental steam highway is only 46 years old. After leaving school he entered the em-



T. G. SHAUGHNESSY.

ploy of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, and in ten years he had worked his way up to the position of storekeeper. In 1882 Mr. Shaughnessy became purchasing agent of the Canadian Pacific and began the circum-spect, economical and saving policy that has won him the presidency. From purchasing agent he rose to the posts of assistant general manager, assistant to the president and director of the road. Few railroad men are more efficient than the new head of the dominion line.

Exception Worth Noting.

One of those positive men who are prolific in maxims for the general guidance of mankind was holding forth to a group of listeners. "Never tell your dreams," he said. "They interest nobody but yourself, and if they have any significance at all they merely indicate some mental weakness on the part of the dreamer." "Yes," replied one of the listeners after a pause, "what a fool old John Bunyan was to tell that long dream of his about the pilgrims!" After this was another and longer pause.

The Congo river has at one place 32 waterfalls within a distance of 154 miles.

BLAND AS HE WAS.

ONE OF THE PLAINEST MEN IN THE COUNTRY.

His Recent Death Caused Widespread Sorrow—Plain Everyday Farmer Who Came Near to a Presidential Nomination.

The late Richard Parks Bland was born near Hartford, Ky., Aug. 19, 1835. He received an academic education. He moved to Missouri in 1855, thence to California, and thence to that portion of Utah now Nevada. He located at Virginia City and practiced law. He was interested in mining operations in California and Nevada. He was county treasurer of Carson county, Utah territory, from 1860 until the organization of the state government of Nevada. He returned to Missouri in 1865, and located in Rolla, where he practiced law with his brother, C. C. Bland, until he removed to Lebanon, in August, 1869. He continued his practice there. He was elected in the Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third congresses. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth congress as a silver democrat, receiving 24,605 votes, against 19,754 votes for T. D. Hubbard, republican, and 1,467 votes for J. H. Steinlepher, populist. He was elected to the Fifty-sixth congress by a handsome margin.

Mr. Bland was never more interest-



RICHARD P. BLAND.

ing than at the time of the democratic national convention in 1896. As every one knows he was a strong figure before the convention. At one time there was a belief that he stood a strong chance to become the nominee. At that time Mr. Bland was at his home, two miles away from the town of Lebanon. He had no telegraphic or telephonic connection from his comfortable home to the town near which he lived. Instead of remaining close to means of direct communication with the exciting scenes in Chicago, he continued to pursue his daily habits on the farm. Along toward the evening of one of the most exciting days of the convention there were signs that there would be a Bland landslide. In the minds of the knowing ones in the convention it may be that this was not so but this impression got abroad and was felt in most parts of the country. Every telegram that reached Lebanon said something about it. The same thing, in a moderate way, had happened a number of times in the two or three days' proceedings. Each time there had been a rush for Bland, and each time he astonished the rushers by showing them that his concern was much less manifest than theirs. On this particular evening an effort was made to make Mr. Bland come to town. He had been in for the mail in the afternoon and had purchased some groceries, but he announced to his friends, before starting for home, that he would not come back except under extraordinary conditions. Some one told him that the conditions were extraordinary, and that his nomination was imminent. Mr. Bland shook his head and smiled. "If I am nominated tonight," he said, "I will hear about it in the morning."

Accompanied by two or three of the children he climbed slowly into his not too gorgeous equipage and drove out the dusty street in the direction of his home.

Mr. Bland had another reason at this time for sticking close to the farm. "Help" is scarce down that way, and at that time Mrs. Bland's "hired girl" had left her, leaving only a mere slip of a child to assist in the large amount of general work and the care of the children. So it became a part of Mr. Bland's duty to assist about the house when he could, and this duty he performed.

About that time some friendly biographer wrote to him thus:

"Though he wears socks, he does not wear a collar except on Sunday. He wears knee-high boots, and his trousers are two or three inches too short.

He chews a quarter of a pound of tobacco a day. He is poor, honest and independent. He lives on a farm near Lebanon, which, he says, he would sell for the value of the improvements. His house is built of red brick and is two stories high. His family consists of a wife and six children. His oldest child, a girl of 20, is at school in Washington. The younger children run around barefooted and are healthy and happy. Mr. Bland is 61, and his wife, who is 43, has the placid, quiet face of a Madonna. She believes that her husband's chances of landing in the white house are slim, and so far as she is concerned she would rather continue to live on the farm. She does all the housework herself. One hired man is kept, and he eats with the family. The great silver agitator is plain-looking. He has a plain, sallow face, with a square forehead, running into a baldish expanse surrounded by blonde hair. He has a rough, brown beard, slightly touched with gray, cut in the plainest way, and the hoarse voice which comes over it has a sort of twang in it which carries out the plainness of its owner. Bland dresses plainly, and he prides himself on being one of the plain people. He is one of the few Congressmen who make farming pay. He has one of the largest apple orchards in this country, and for some years has been making more out of his apples than his congressional salary."

SEEKS THE NORTH POLE.

Prince Luigi, the Duke of Abruzzi, who is now on his way to the north pole, is the only royal personage who

TO JOURNEY ALONE.

PADEREWSKI WILL NOT BE TEMPTED BY CUPID.

The Rumor Recently Circulated Founded on a Divorce Case—He Is More Interested in Agriculture Than He Is in Marriage.

The latest rumor of Ignace Paderewski's marriage had as little foundation as the various reports of his engagement to the American women he met on his visit to this country three years ago. His relations with the Gorski family have long been well known. His invalid son lived with the Polish violinist and his wife during the years that followed the death of his mother, and he has been their intimate friend, at times making his home with them when in France.

When Mme. Gorski and her husband were divorced, there was no change in the famous pianist's relations with the family, and his son has lived with Mme. Gorski recently, and her life has been in a large measure devoted to the care of him. It is not believed by any of the pianist's friends in New York that he has been married secretly or in any other way to Mme. Gorski, who



PADEREWSKI.

is somewhat older than he. The rumor of his engagement to a New York woman was so persistently reported three years ago that her father had to make a formal denial of it, says the New York Sun.

As a matter of fact, the acquaintance between the two was slight. The pianist has little more taste for society than the average musician of his eminence. His only appearances in that way during the recent visit to London were in the drawing room of a man of wealth, when he received \$5,000 for his contribution to the program of a musical and at the farm of a titled agriculturist.

He is more interested in agriculture than in anything else save his profession. One of the mistaken reports concerning his American tour is the statement that he is to receive \$250,000 from a manager here for 40 concerts. Ever since his first tour here the pianist has come on his own responsibility, and will continue to do so in the future.

Paderewski is now at his Poland estate. He was hastily summoned there by his lawyer as a consequence of the defalcations of one of his principal clerks, whose books show a deficit of several thousand pounds.

CARDINALS.

Pope Leo Has Seen 124 Die in His Pontificate.

Rome Correspondence London Leader: The Romans have a popular tradition which, curiously enough, is often confirmed by facts, that when a member of the Sacred College dies two of his colleagues quickly follow him. At a few days' distance two Cardinals, Bausa, Archbishop of Florence, and Kremenz, Archbishop of Cologne, have departed this life, and now good Romans are quite in a flutter of expectation speculating with cheerful resignation as to which Torporato will be third. Apropos of the death of Cardinals, it is a curious fact that the most likely candidate to the tiara, such as the late Monaco la Valletta, Gallimberti, Di Ronde, Sanfelice, appear to have been specially singled out by death during the pontificate of Leo XIII., no fewer than 24 Cardinals having died during the 21 years of his reign. Indeed only four of the Cardinals created by Pius IX. survive, and should they precede the aged Pontiff into the tomb, Leo XII. will be able to say to his Cardinals, as Urban VIII. did: "Non vos elegisti me, sed ego elegi vos." (It is not you who chose me, but I who chose you.) There are now 16 vacancies in the Sacred College.

Aluminum in the Kitchen.

A recent investigation in Germany of the suitability of aluminum for cooking utensils raises the question whether any danger attends the use of such vessels. While aluminum is but slightly affected by weak acids when they are pure, it is rapidly attacked in the presence of sodium chloride by sulphur dioxide, acetic acid, and even alum. But says Science, it remains a mooted question whether the amount dissolved would do injury to the system. Experiments indicate that aluminum salts have a somewhat detrimental effect on digestion; yet on the other hand, alum water is often beneficial to health.

A Close Question.

Dick—Isn't it always good to have a close friend? Jack—Not always. Suppose you want a loan for a few days. Do you think a close friend would be the one to approach?

STRONG DRINK

Saved the Life of a Woman Falling Sixty Feet.

New York Tribune: Falling a distance of five floors, fully 60 feet or more, and through a skylight scarcely wide enough to admit her body, Mrs. Kate Hayes, 35 years old, of No. 235 East Sixty-seventh street, landed on the ground last night, receiving only some minor scratches to show for her trip. But the whole neighborhood knew what happened within a short time. The woman's screams in part, the crashing of breaking glass and the shouts of the rescuers broke the silence of the Sunday afternoon and a large crowd gathered quickly to assist in the rescue. Mrs. Hayes, her husband, a small child and a boarder live on the fifth floor of No. 235. Between their tenement house and No. 237 there is an open space of six feet or thereabouts. In this latter space Theodore Cowes, a real estate man, has constructed a temporary office building of corrugated iron, not more than 5x15 and only a story high. The office is lighted by a skylight 2x7 feet in length, a mere slit of glass in the iron roof. All that is positively known is that Mrs. Hayes came through that skylight, and came fast, as if she had a long start. She was found lying on the floor screaming at the top of her voice, and the door of the real estate office had to be smashed in before she could be taken out. She was cut about the head, and has a gash in her left leg, but more than that she escaped. She was taken to Flower hospital. The doctors say her injuries are trivial. They say Mrs. Hayes had evidently been drinking, and the relaxation of the muscles incidental to indulgence in stimulants, they declare, is responsible for her escape from instant death.

STATUE OF GEN. ARTHUR.

The statue of the late President Chester A. Arthur, which has just been unveiled in New York, is one of the best creations of Sculptor George E. Bissell. The monument is, in its extreme measurement, seventeen feet eight inches high. The bronze figure itself is nine feet high. Mr. Bissell portrays Arthur standing and in an attitude as if he were about to begin a speech. Behind the figure is a Greek chair, from which the president has apparently just arisen. Over one arm of the chair is a drape suggesting the toga which, as president of the senate, Mr. Arthur might have worn. The pedestal is of gray marble highly polished and devoid of ornament save for bronze wreaths on the sides. On the front block is this inscription: "Chester Alan Arthur, Twenty-first President of the United States of America." The donors of the monument are eminent New York citizens, among whom are Cornelius Bliss and Levi P. Morton. The statue is at the northeast corner of Madison Square, and faces south. The pedestal was designed by James Brown Lord. The dedication Tuesday was attended by a large number of persons, including Mrs. John E. McElroy, a sister of President Arthur, who presided at the White House during his term; Gen. and Mrs. Howard Carroll, Miss Masten, President Arthur's niece; former Mayor William L. Sharpe, Gen. G. H. Sharpe, Charles E. Tiffany, Warner Miller, Elihu Root, Cornelius N. Bliss and George W. Lyons. Mr. Bliss presided. The statue was formally presented to the city by Mr. Root, who made an eloquent address eulogistic of President Arthur. At the conclusion of the address all in the inclosure arose, McElroy unveiled the statue by



drawing a cord and loosing the American flag, whose folds had hidden the handsome pile. The statue was accepted on behalf of the city by Randolph Gugenheimer, president of the council, in a brief address.

The Main Thing to Learn.

"To make a success at this business," said the experienced traveling salesman, "there is one particular feature at which you should strive to become an expert." "And what is that?" anxiously asked the young drummer. "It is to be able to explain satisfactorily to the firm when you come in off of a bad trip just why you haven't sold more goods."—Ohio Journal.

Overdoing It.

"They say that Perkins loved his neighbor as he did himself." "He did more than that. He loved his neighbor's wife and got a horsewhipping."