

## HONORS FOR DEWEY.

Entire Nation Will Unite in Welcoming the Brave Admiral.

The People to Present Him with a Handsome Residence at Washington—A Talk About Marine Architecture.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Admiral Dewey is coming home on the first-rate protected cruiser Olympia. He will take several months to make the trip, because it is a trip for recreation, for health and for pleasure rather than a hurry-up business trip. He has earned a right to four months of leisure; and the American people would probably vote him perfect leisure for the remainder of his lifetime, if he desired it.

Speaking of the "first-rate protected cruiser" reminds us that, outside of men of the navy, probably few people understand what are meant by the terms "battleship," "armored cruiser," "protected cruiser" and "gun vessel," or "gunboat," as used in describing types and classes of naval vessels. They are not strictly limited in their scope of significance. Generally speaking the term "battleship" is applied to a type or class of vessels which are protected by as heavy armor and armed with as heavy guns as they can carry on a given displacement and at the same time leave sufficient flotation to enable them to carry machinery powerful enough to drive them at a fair speed, usually about 15 knots per hour, with a good supply of coal and stores.

The "armored cruiser" is a vessel also protected by armor and having its guns mounted in turrets or shields. The essential difference between battleships and armored cruisers is that in the latter the armor is much thinner and the guns smaller and lighter, and the ship itself is much more highly powered for greater speed, and also has

tleship and the armored cruiser types. That is to say, in the designing of battleships within the last two or three years naval architects have reduced the thickness and weight of armor and also the caliber of the guns and increased the engine power and speed, in the direction of the armored cruiser type, while on the other hand there has been a tendency to increase the size and fighting power of armored cruisers to a point more nearly approaching the character of the battleship. Consequently at this time the line of demarcation, from the naval architect's point of view, as between the battleship and armored cruiser is becoming quite indistinct. In fact, it may be said that about the only material distinction between the two in the most modern designs is that the armored cruiser is planned to be two or three knots faster than the battleship at maximum speed, and to have a somewhat greater coal-carrying capacity.

Now you know as much on the subject as a naval expert; at least superficially.

Admiral Dewey has lived aboard ship for almost two years without intermission. Ever since he sailed into Manila bay and began to whizz, bang and smash things with his big guns and rapid-firing guns, he has lived on ship-board.

For several months more Admiral Dewey will dwell on the Olympia, and then he will permanently reside in the national capital. On his famous flagship he will go to China for a change of climate. He will then go to India, and thence around the Suez canal, sailing over historic and sometimes sacred waters. Over him will float the four-starred flag of an admiral, and wherever he goes that flag will receive an appropriate salute.

The sensible people of this country have concluded to give Admiral Dewey a welcome such as no naval commander ever before received. They will not have him carried around the country like a curiosity; nor will they attack his health with the banquets of 50 cit-

## CHICAGO'S NEWSBOYS

They Are Hard and Depraved, But Bright and Brainy.

Many of Them Make Lots of Money Which They Usually Lose at the Gaming Table—Aristocrats of the Trade.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

Those who are desirous of studying human nature in embryo in all its phases should spend one day in Newsboys' alley. The noblest and the lowest traits of man may be found there. There are probably not less than 3,000 newsboys in Chicago, and among this number every variety of the genus homo may be encountered. Nearly every nationality on earth is represented. From before daylight till after



FULL OF BUSINESS.

dark they swarm like bees, waiting for the different editions of the papers. They fight, and play, and trade, and swear, and gamble. Their ages will range from five years to 30—for no matter how old one may be, he is a "boy" as long as he sells papers. Italians, Jews, Turks, Swedes, Negroes, Germans, Poles, Russians, Americans, all mix together indiscriminately. They will eat together, sleep together, shoot "craps" together and fight together, but when it comes to selling papers they "go it alone." In business every boy is for himself. The weak are soon pushed to the wall. The strong and the aggressive come to the front, and the old story of life is enacted and reenacted again and again.

"What do I think of the newsboys?" repeated the big policeman who has charge of them. "Say, they're tough propositions. They could teach some of the old criminals lessons. There are some good boys, but for a fox give me a newsboy. You can't beat him if you lie awake all night."

The prevailing trait among the newsboys is independence. As soon as they are able to walk they are thrust out on the street and, under the charge of an elder boy, given their training. The school of the street is a hard one. The courtesies of life are neglected and the one prevailing rule is to look out for self. Before a newsboy knows how to make change he is taught how to fight. He is taught to push in ahead and sell his papers before the other boys. The importance of the word "hustle" is impressed upon him. Then the rest comes easy.

To one who is not familiar with the habits of the newsboys their language is almost unintelligible. They speak a



THE GAMBLERS IN THE ALLEY.

jargon of their own that is a mixture of thieves' jargon and modern slang with a dash of gypsy talk and foreign phrases brought among them by the Russians, Turks and Poles. In the downtown district there are about one thousand boys. The others are scattered in various parts of the city, the papers being brought to them in wagons. Scarcely one of the boys who come down town is known by his real name, as all are called by some nickname. And in selecting these names the boys evince a great deal of originality and wit. In every case there is some characteristic that gives a lad his nickname. There are such names as "Squint," "Monkey," and "Limpy," the origin of which is too obvious to require any explanation. A boy never thinks of taking offense at a nickname, no matter how ridiculous it may make him appear. For instance, there is a

boy called "Block-Head," but he takes no exception to it and responds readily when it is applied to him. It is doubtful if he would answer if addressed by his own name. Another boy, who is tall and lanky, is known as "Lamp-Post." A sanctimonious-looking lad goes by the appellation of "Saint Man," for the reason that he attends the different missions in the city in order to get clothes and other benefits.

The average newsboy is as bright as a button. He is industrious and business-like and quick to make money. I spent some time among them recently and found that a smart boy—and they are nearly all smart—can earn all the way from 50 cents to four or five dollars a day. During the world's fair some of the older boys made as high as \$8 and \$10 a day. If they had the same faculty of saving money that they have of earning it they would soon have the means to go into business for themselves and become independent. As a matter of fact some of the prosperous business men of Chicago have risen from the ranks of newsboys. One of the most notable examples is Mr. Isaac Wolf, a successful clothing merchant, who shows his appreciation of the little fellows who are in his old calling by giving them a bounteous dinner every Thanksgiving.

Then there is Charles W. Curry, a well-known stationer, who began life as a newsboy and who worked up the ladder of life step by step all by his own exertions. There are many others who have become honored and useful citizens. The large jobbing houses have given employment to many a boy who sold papers on the streets, and some of the most trusted employes came from the ranks of the newsboys.

Tommy Burns, a newsboy selling papers on the street to-day, owns two good houses, and Patsy Murphy, another lad still in the business, is possessed of considerable real estate. Mose Solnya, better known as "Mose the Miser," is reputed to be worth \$25,000 which, it is said, he has accumulated entirely from the sale of papers.

Another newsboy, Jack Shehan, whose tendencies are all of a sporting



"BROKE."

trend, is the owner of five race horses. But it is this same love of sport that keeps most of the newsboys on the street. The majority of them would rather gamble than eat, and they like to do that well enough, too. As soon as the morning editions are out of the way one may see them pitching pennies in the alleys. The smallest tod that can crawl around and holler "Extra!" learns how to gamble. But the bigger boys play for higher stakes than pennies and nickels.

John "Hopps"—that isn't his name, but he is called that because he is lame—who has reached the dignity of assistant circulator of an afternoon paper, has, in the language of the big policeman, "made and lost three or four fortunes—all by gambling." When Hankins' gambling house was running wide open on Clark street John used to be a habitual player there. Another high roller was "Abe the Jew," whom John "Hopps" says he has seen lose as high as \$1,000 at one time.

"Maj. Rabbit," sometimes known as "Good Rabbit," is called the king of the "crap shooters," because his equal in that line of gambling has not yet been found. There are many others who are classed among the greater sports of the newsboys, all of whom have obtained more or less distinction.

In addition to gambling, however, the newsboys have acquired extravagant habits. It is feast or famine with them. On the days that they are "flush" they eat at the better class of restaurants, and nothing is too good for them while their money lasts.

These newsboys whom I have just been describing make their living down town—that is, in the business districts of the city. There are probably 2,000 boys outside of this circle who sell papers in the outlying districts—in the resident streets on the west, north and south sides. They are a far different class than those who go down town. Nearly all of them belong to respectable families—many of them to very good families. They attend school and are free from the vicious habits of the street Arab proper. These respectable lads would stand little show with the trained "hustlers" who haunt the alleys back of the newspaper offices.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

The best marksmen are usually those with gray or blue eyes.

## GULCH GOSSIP

Social and Other Happenings at Givendadam Gulch.

By M. QUAD. Copyright, 1898.

In order that no mistakes may be made or blunders committed we deem it best to announce right here and now that the editor of the Arizona Kicker, who is ourself, will continue to lead the social world at Givendadam Gulch in the future as in the past. There was a rumor afloat around town last week that we intended to withdraw from society this winter and devote our evenings to the game of seven-up, but our friends need pay no attention to such gossip. We have had our dress-suit cleaned up, patched and rebuttoned, our white shirt lengthened and overhauled, and we shall introduce several Chicago and St. Louis ideas into the high teas and card parties to be held among our elite. Our new way of tucking a blue-bordered table napkin down behind a red-spotted necktie is just too swagger for anything, and other pleasant surprises will be sprung as time goes on and opportunity admits.

### The "G. G." Idea.

We regret to announce that Mrs. Col. Anderson, Mrs. Judge Truefoot and two or three other female leaders of our town society are out with address cards in which the letters "G. G." are substituted for Givendadam Gulch. This looks to us like cutting things rather too fine. The man who founded this town was old Dave Coppinger. He was a man of noble sentiments, and in naming the place was actuated by lofty patriotism. Here was a spot where the sun always shone, and the grass was green for ten months in the year. Cuss-away creek brought down the mountain's water as pure as pearls, and the soil needed only to be scratched with a stick to grow beautiful crops. Old Dave put up a shanty, killed a bear, and as he looked around him he decided that it was a paradise on earth, and that he didn't give a dam for any other locality short of heaven. It pains us that any of our people should go back on an honest name, and one which signifies so much. While "G. G." stands for Givendadam Gulch, the letters also stand for "Great Guns" and several other things, and are calculated to mystify a stranger. Let us have no feeling of false pride about this thing. Givendadam Gulch is euphonious, expressive and significant. It is a name you can dwell on. It strikes the ear of a stranger with no uncertain sound. Any attempt to change it to "Rose-dale" or "Daisyville" would simply mix up our saloons and poker rooms and set society back for half a century.

### Social Jottings.

Mrs. Brutus Johnson returned from Florence Sunday evening, after a two weeks' visit to her sister, and it is understood that she will give at least six hops during the winter. Gossip also has it that she has a new receipt for hair-dye which makes an old gold color in one night.

We regret to announce that Maj. Callahan, who acted as floor manager at so many cotillions last winter, will not be with us this season. He intended to return from Salt Lake last week, but through some irregularity in handling public funds he will be "detained" for a year or two.

John Q. Jones, the architect, informed us the other day that he had no less than five orders for stairways on Cochise place to replace old-fashioned ladders. The day will soon be here when all our best residences will be provided with these conveniences, and the ladder relegated to the past.

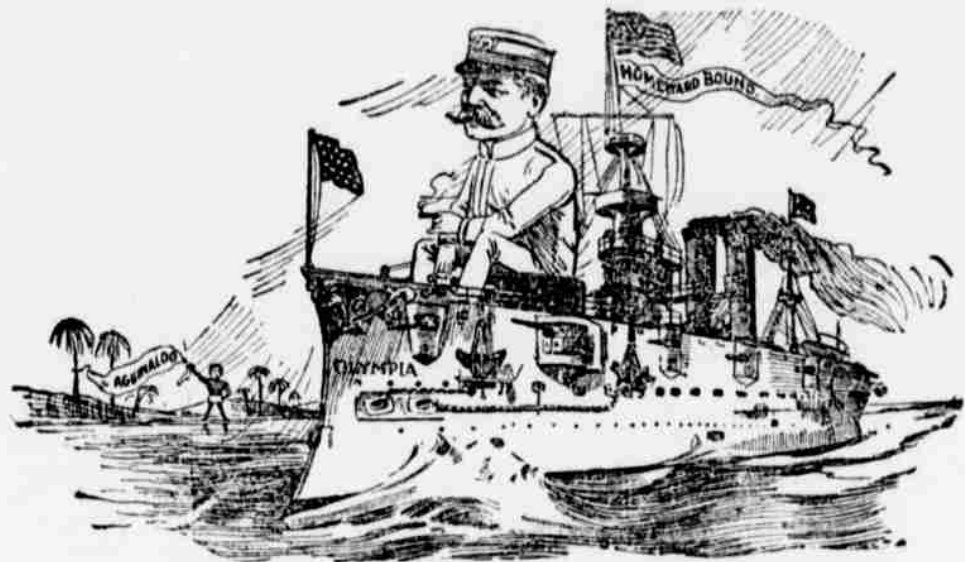
Mrs. Jack Thompson arrived here the other day on a visit to Mrs. John Hepworth, and may remain for a month. She speaks three different languages, kills rattlesnakes with a club, and is the only woman in the territory who can skin to the top of an 80-foot tree without getting dizzy-headed.

### A Change for the Better.

When Mr. George Davidson took charge of the Red Lion saloon last month he quietly hinted that he would introduce eastern ways and methods to a considerable extent. He has carried out his promise, and we take pleasure in noting the change for the better. His bartenders are quiet and civil-spoken, and no clubs or revolvers are seen lying around loose. All callers are treated like gentlemen, and the moral atmosphere of the place at once has an effect. Now and then it becomes necessary to eject some vulgar individual, but it is done quietly and without any attempt to break his back or drive him head-first through a wall. One hears no brawling about the place, and nothing is said to the man who calls for two fingers of whisky and so far forgets himself as to pour out four. We trust that others of our saloonists may observe and follow suit. There should be at least four places in a town of this size where a gentleman can drop in for an appetizer and feel as safe as in the bosom of his family.

### She Was Right.

"I cannot sing the old songs now." She trilled in alto, cracked—and those who heard her try, all vow she couldn't for a fact. —L. A. W. Bulletin.



"HOMEWARD BOUND."

what is called greater "radius of action" than a battleship; that is, it can steam a greater distance on one coaling.

The "protected cruiser" is a ship without armor in the proper sense of the term; that is to say, without armor placed vertically on its sides. The word "protected" means that the ship is provided with a protective deck. This is a structure which begins at each side of the ship some little distance below the water line and slopes upward on each side towards the middle line of the ship to a point somewhat above the water line, and then the inner edges of these slopes are connected by a flat deck, covering what is known as the vitals of the ship, that is to say, the boilers, machinery, magazines and the larger part of the coal bunkers. The thickness of the protective deck varies in different ships, but usually it is about four inches thick on the slopes and about one and one-half to two inches thick on the flat or horizontal part.

A gunboat, or gun vessel, is simply an armed steamer of comparatively small dimensions, with no protection of any kind except usually a watertight deck of ordinary ship plate, which is worked over the boilers, machinery and magazines.

Under each of the above heads there are again wide diversities of type and model. In most navies battleships are divided into two, or sometimes three, classes—first, second and third. In our own navy there are thus far but two, the first-rate being represented by such ships as the Indiana, Iowa and Oregon, and the five new ones now building and also the three new ones just contracted for; the second rate being represented at present only by the Texas. Armored cruisers are similarly classified. At present we have but two armored cruisers, strictly speaking, in our navy, the New York and Brooklyn. Protected cruisers are also classified in most navies into three different rates. Under the French rating we have only two first-class protected cruisers in our navy. The Columbia and Minneapolis are the only protected cruisers we have which would be classed as first-rate in the British navy. The Olympia, which is the next largest, would be rated as a second-class protected cruiser in the British navy. She is generally considered a first-rate protected cruiser by our naval authorities.

The tendencies of more recent designs is to reduce the distinction which has hitherto prevailed between the bat-

ies. They will have him met at sea by a squadron of vessels of the new navy. They will have him royally received in New York, and then, when he reaches Washington, they will present him with a magnificent permanent residence. Popular subscriptions are being made, and the committee in charge of the matter believe that not only will enough be subscribed to purchase a splendid residence for the admiral, but that there will be left over a handsome sum for investment, so that his every want will be well supplied.

Already scores of real estate agents have begun besieging the committee, offering sites and complete houses; and each of them expects to profit by real estate speculations, because the land in the vicinity of the Dewey residence will immediately increase in value.

Sentimental people here affect to believe that they could pick out a mansion which Admiral Dewey would like to have, without consulting him. There is a splendid home about two blocks from the white house, which was occupied, during his later years, by Judge Lowery, one of the most popular and prosperous citizens of the national capital. One of his frequent callers was an obscure captain in the navy, who was spoken of as "a clever little fellow, quite dressy and refined in his manners, but not a man of much force. He likes the old man's daughter."

That was Capt. George Dewey, and he was undoubtedly fond of Miss Virginia Lowery. But she fell in love with a handsome attaché of the Spanish legation, Juan Brunetti. Ultimately she married him. He is now the Duc D'Arco, and Spanish minister to this country.

There are people here who affect to believe that the Lowery residence, which is for sale, would be exceptionally acceptable to Admiral Dewey as a gift from the nation. But at the same time it is suggested that, maybe, Miss Virginia Lowery, now the Duchess D'Arco, may desire to make use of her childhood's home as the home of the Spanish minister and his bride.

This sounds a little like romance. But it is gospel truth. SMITH D. FRY.

### A Talented Youth.

Johnnie—I wish I was Tommy Jones. Mother—Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys and more pocket money.

Johnnie—Yes, I know, but he can wiggle his ears.—N. Y. Journal.