

SWELLDOM RAVES FOR TITLES

New York's Aristocracy Sigh and Sob for an American Peerage.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY A BARREN IDEAL

Foreign Nobility Passionately Envied and Fondly Courted by the Rich - Fads and Follies of the Smart Set.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—How long will it be before a titled aristocracy like the peerage of England can be established in the United States? That is a possibility candidly and hopefully discussed in New York society, where any woman nearly who has the cash and the opportunity will gladly lay down a hundred thousand or even more for the legal right to fasten a high-sounding handle to her name.



NEW YORKERS REACHING FOR TITLES AND CORONETS.

energetic and ingenious where its desires and ambitions are concerned, and to wish for a thing is synonymous with straining every nerve to procure it. It will probably be some little time before congress takes upon itself the organization of a nobility, and genuine nobility is what these aspiring souls want. They don't hanker in the least after the empty sort of titles worn in France. They want a close copy of the British institution, with pomp and powers attached, and without actually assuming any of the lordly cognomens they are preparing to do the next best thing. Not only are there more plans on foot than ever for matrimonial alliances with noble Englishmen, but our smart society itself is growing more and more exclusive every year.

If you will take pains to follow the wills of such rich men who have died within the last two years or who are known to have made their wills you will be sure to comment on the fact that the bulk of the fortune now goes to the eldest son along with the great city or Newport house, and the fine jewelry, pictures, etc., and the wife and the other children make no demand. If a son is lacking, then the oldest grandson comes in for the lion's share, and thus perfectly quietly a group of great families, such as the Vanderbilts, Astors, Sloans, Loribards, Gerses, Belmonts, Mills and Marquands, are being built up as securely as the dual houses in Great Britain.

To draw the lines more sharply yet, it has been demonstrated this winter that no man or woman can claim to have a place in New York society unless he or she has made an appearance in some one of the six houses on upper Fifth avenue the mistresses of which are the acknowledged leaders. No matter who you are, if Mrs. William Sloan, Mrs. Ogden Mills or the two others have opened their door to your recognition of your place socially is prompt and rather cordial; without it, you are nothing, though you may speak with the tongue of men and angels, are beautiful and wealthy and go everywhere else. Of course there is one other chance for you, and that is



THE FAIR CUBAN BLEND.

is to go to London, be presented at court, marry a title, however impoverished and obscurely its wearer may be. All that opens a door to this exclusive New York set, which, as one woman candidly confessed, is bound to be limited and difficult of entrance so long as there are no titles by which to ticket guests and women not thus discriminate between the classes and masses.

Fair Cuban and the "Doodadles."

From among the Cuban refugees in New York City one, and a woman at that, has found her exile in the United States a blessing unmitigated. This pretty little woman lived in Havana and what she did not know about tobacco was hardly worth knowing, so when in New York her money gave out, and she went humbly about seeking some remunerative occupation, her one accomplishment was a remarkable facility for preparing and rolling the most delicious little cigarettes. She made a few as a thank-offering to a fashionable, tender-hearted, rich woman who had sent her very substantial aid. The young woman smoked them in the dainty seclusion of her own chamber, but so exquisite not only was the flavor and the effect of the wee tissue paper cylinders of tobacco that she confided her delight and a few cigarettes to a few bosom friends.

To make a long story short the little Cuban has more orders for cigarettes than she can fill and the debutantes this winter, with their mothers and their maiden aunts, all smoke and carry not at all the sort of cigarette cases the average would-be emancipated woman affects. Their cases are very small because the cigarettes are small, and the cigarettes are also most expensive. They cost about 25 cents apiece and hold just enough tobacco to give the smoker four or six delicious puffs after a meal. Only after a meal are they smoked, for the reason that a fashionable physician



table that your neighbors cannot rival and that is the product of your country place is the keenest excitement in society during Lent. This is what is indicated by the attention of specialties and the hiring of gardeners at fabulous prices.

Mrs. Elliot Shepherd, at Scarborough, pays in salaries something near \$25,000 a year to her head gardeners and laborers under them. In return they produce for her big gooseberries than you can find in English gardens and remarkable little golden tomatoes, absolute spheres in shape and that are served at her table as relishes with meat. Pierpont Morgan gladly pours out thousands a year at Highland Falls, on the Hudson, in order to raise more gigantic chrysanthemums than any professional or amateur gardener in the United States, while Mrs. Ernest Crosby cultivates with her own hands and an expert Frenchman's aid a green grape, the bunches of which must weigh twelve pounds each.

The miniature painters have a rival in the oval portrait painted on glass. Alma Tadema demonstrated the beauty and effectiveness of the glass portrait by painting one for the princess of Wales, another for the beautiful Lady Napier, and now she has a rich American woman who goes to London to pay Tadema \$5,000 to catch their likenesses on polished crystal ovals. Lady Terence Blackwood and Miss Emily Hoffman were the first of the New Yorkers to sit for glass portraits and to set the fashion on this side of the water of every woman wearing her own picture.

One of these novelty likenesses is done on an oval of flawless crystal about a fourth of an inch thick, about four or five inches long and three inches to three and a half wide. The crystal is slightly convex, and the painting is done on the concave side so artfully that the face looks at you through the flawless glass.

With the tobacco an aromatic herb is mixed and it leaves the room where these charming smokers have been redolent of a most sweet and delicate perfume, while their lips are as fresh as roses after the harmless dissipation.

NEW WOMAN IN THE WEST

Success Achieved in Nearly Every Commercial and Industrial Field.

ONE OF THEM BUILDING A RAILROAD

Another Wins a Fortune as Butcher and Speculator—Doings of a Sawmill Girl and a Mining Expert.

The western new women have entered nearly every commercial and industrial field. Indeed, one who has investigated the subject recently says that the only pursuits for livelihood in the west are mining, running railroad trains and steam cars and the military and naval services. Every month there comes news from some locality in the southwest territories and in California that a new woman has broken down the barriers of a hostile and unfeeling world, and she comes to the front in search of glory and wealth. How rapidly they are coming to the front is set out by a California correspondent of the New York Sun in the stories following:

The way that Mrs. Julia M. Camp became a heroine in the west, illustrates the spirit which possesses some of the ambitious new women in the west and her experiences have been somewhat similar to those of a large number of her sex in the sparsely settled territories. Among the immigrants to Arizona at about 1830 were a young couple and their one baby child. They came from Akron, O. The husband and father was George B. Camp. He had been a butcher in Ohio for ten years and had moved to Prescott when his physicians had told him that the only chance of life for him was by living in a dry climate.

He followed the physicians' advice, but not until his consumption had progressed into the second stage. Mrs. Camp was a jolly, pretty German woman, not yet 24, and she took hold to help her husband. Her golden opinions among the residents of the little city among the mountains of northern Arizona. The Camps opened a meat market and a slaughter house in Prescott. Over half their capital was invested in the new business. Trade was good for a few weeks and the business prospered and good one. But it was the year of the bank failures and the period of the cattle industry's greatest distress. When summer came and all the ranchmen in Arizona had cattle to give away the Camp meat business flattened out suddenly. During this time Mrs. Camp dropped dead with hemorrhage.

Many women similarly situated would have drawn the few hundred dollars remaining in the bank, gathered together the babies and the household effects and started back at once to the east. But the young widow was of different mettle. She had known all about her husband's investments and plans and she had faith that she could carry the business to success. Moreover, she possessed and buckskin ranchmen from the ranges about the little city. She had a number of women and the creditors of her husband came forward to agree to give the widow ample time to pay them back. That was the beginning of the business career of one of the most successful and ceaselessly industrious women in business in the southwest.

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since that she almost invariably turns it to the California group of mines of San Bernardino county.

Building a Railroad. For twenty years Mrs. Rickett has been traveling back and forth over the rough mountainous road from Stockton to her mines at Sumnerville, Tuolumne county. Like thousands of men who have been over the road time and again, she saw that a railroad up there would be a good commercial investment and would do much to develop mining in Tuolumne county. But, unlike the men, she set about scheming to build the railroad. At an expense of several thousand dollars from her own pocket she had the preliminary survey made. She said the other day: "I knew Tuolumne county must have a railroad and that the road, if built, would pay. I took a horse and pack and started over what I thought would be the best route to travel. From Sumnerville I went almost due west and eventually made a preliminary survey all the way to Stockton. It was an arduous task, but the roughness of the country would permit. The track will be about sixty miles long. I began to project this railroad ten years ago and for a long time I was alone in my contention as to the scheme's practicability. Of course I am pleased to see the scheme going ahead so rapidly, but it is what I have fully expected from the day the idea first entered my mind."

Last summer the work of constructing the San Joaquin and Tuolumne railroad began under the management of Annie Kline Rickett, president. The railroad company was incorporated last March. Handsome offices were opened at the corner of Market and Montgomery streets in San Francisco. Under the presidency of Rickett and her corps of engineers, contractors, directors and clerks have been doing business that would stagger an old-time business man. Tens of thousands of dollars have been expended up to date. Her husband, Mr. Rickett, made her preliminary survey no one believed that a track could be laid from Stockton to Copperopolis through the heavy forests and over exceedingly hilly ground. A bridge 300 feet long had to be thrown across the Stanislaus river 100 feet above the water. This was but one of a series of obstacles that defied the pioneer railroad woman of the country. She began to get the lay of the land by driving forth in a buggy from Sumnerville toward her mines. She traveled nearly the entire route by means of this unhandy vehicle and forsook it only to mount the horse and proceed with it alone into the forests where the buggy could not go.

Every one in Tuolumne valley knows the stock ranch of Miss Elizabeth Eccles. For ten years she has managed with remarkable success the largest stock ranch in this region and the Eccles cows and bulls have had medals and prize ribbons at several cattle shows and county fairs. Mrs. Eccles came from Bethlehem, Pa., to southern California in 1858 for the benefit of her health. She was once a student at Cornell university. She was ordered by her physician to live out of doors as much as possible in the hope of recovery from a lung trouble. She went and lived upon a ranch and in that way she became interested in the cattle about her. A year later, when she had recovered her health and inherited a comfortable fortune, she turned to fancy-breeding cattle as an investment for her money. She started in a small way and has pushed the business on to success. Every day she may

be seen at her foothill ranch, near Glendale, in the northern part of Pomona valley. She rises at 4 in the morning, summer and winter, and is ceaselessly employed with her herds in some capacity. She knows the pedigree of all the best known breeds of cattle and she can talk about cattle stocks by the hour. At the big state fair in Sacramento in 1894 Miss Eccles was the most prominent person. Thousands of people had heard of the young woman stock breeder and herder and wished to see her.

Miss Alice Westover, who is young and pretty, drives a four-horse stage fifty miles thrice a week in San Diego county. Her father, M. N. Westover, has the contract for three stage mail routes in San Diego county and Miss Alice is helping her parents by driving the mail and passenger stage from Ramona to Mesa Grande. The route twists through as desolate a mountain volcanic region as man ever looked upon. The average man would hesitate a long time before undertaking to drive a team of trained horses along that narrow mountainous road, when the swerving of the vehicle a foot might throw the driver, wagon and horses on jagged rocks to sixty and seventy-five feet below. But Alice Westover drives a double team and a heavy Concord coach over the route. She always has a Winchester rifle on the seat with her and a big pistol within hand's reach. She has never been held up by road agents yet, but a small army of stage drivers in California have been. Miss Westover says she has no fear that any one will ever molest her, even if the mail is robbed.

Ottawa's Mayor Concerned. Mayor Payment of Ottawa, Canada, is wrestling with a conundrum which comes to him from the far west. Yesterday he received the following letter from a daughter of the Rev. G. I. Fish of Brimley Springs, Neb. It does not need any comment: "Mayor Payment: Will you please explain to me the enclosed clipping from Lincoln Evening News of January 2, 1896, and justify feminine curiosity."

"Ottawa, Jan. 2.—(Aberdeen Thomas Payment was elected mayor of Ottawa by a 7,000 majority. Payment is the son of a French blacksmith and is the seventh son for seven generations. "Does it mean that you are the seventh son of the seventh son for seven generations, or does it mean that you are the seventh son of one among seven sons of each foregoing generation for seven generations preceding your generation?"

Trials of Mrs. George. CANTON, O., Feb. 23.—No jury will be required to pass on the technical point raised in the prosecution of Mrs. George. Her attorneys say the trial will probably commence within thirty days.

Works a Sawmill. A woman not yet 30 years old operates a sawmill in the Kern county mountains. She is Miss Marie Akers, born in Utah, and a resident of California less than six years. Her only brother, Edward, came out here a dozen years ago from Utah and put all his own and part of his sister's money in a lumber and shingle mill and sweet pine lands of the upper Sierras in Kern county. The young man made a specialty of timber for orange and lemon boxes and for shingles. With the rapid growth of the orange industry young Akers' business grew. He was crushed by the fall of a tree one day in the autumn of 1892 and his spine was so injured that he was paralyzed. In ten days his sister from the old home in Utah was at his bedside. For two years he lived. He had contracts on hand for the material for thousands of orange boxes and the sister undertook to see that the business went on just the same. A dozen times every day she would go out about the sawmills on tours of inspection and, returning, report to him the progress of the work. She had a catalogue of other things that she had undertaken to see that the business went on just the same. A dozen times every day she would go out about the sawmills on tours of inspection and, returning, report to him the progress of the work. She had a catalogue of other things that she had undertaken to see that the business went on just the same.

Takes a Turu at Wool. In two years Mrs. Camp had not only paid off all debts that she inherited at her husband's death, but had doubled the capacity of the market and slaughter house. Besides, she had several thousand dollars put away for her own use. She had a number of women and the creditors of her husband came forward to agree to give the widow ample time to pay them back. That was the beginning of the business career of one of the most successful and ceaselessly industrious women in business in the southwest.

Success in Mines. The field of gold mining has been deeply invaded by women. The old-timers in the territory are not so numerous as they were. Many women who have been bought up in mining camps and who have had practical lessons in prospecting and knowing pay ore when they see it have been eminently successful in this pursuit, which was formerly occupied by men exclusively. Miss Nettie Cushman is possibly the most famous woman gold miner in Arizona. Ex-Senator Whitson of Tucson said of her recently: "Miss Cushman is as accurate an expert in gold and silver mining as any man in the territory today. She knows she is experting a group of mines at Congress for a company of St. Louis people, who have apparently put more confidence in the young woman's skill and honesty than they have put in the several dozen experienced miners employed. Miss Cushman is a wonderfully plucky girl. It is about nine years now since she first came to Tucson. She was from Dodge City, Kan., and could not have been more than 17 years old. She got examining the ore as it came out of the Tucson mines and was soon as good a judge of its value as her brother Jim, who was foreman and miner-ologist in one of them. The boys in the Tombsone locality pretty soon began betting on her judgment, and she was right every time. She was a wonderfully good guesser and hit it close about every time. Her fame spread, and miners, who, as you know, are always superstitious, got an idea that to have her around and get her opinion some way brought luck. She knew where to dig for ore, too, and some of the ore in the Conventione was found by following her advice in running a drift.

Oxer in Graham county she made a big day on copper, and when she went to Tombsone afterward she passed her judgment on some mines there. Bill Wiggins sold the Excelsior and Grand View mines on her advice, and the only dividend they ever yielded was the \$15,000 he got from them. Other mines were bought after she had examined and reported favorably on them. They are good paying properties now. "In Tombsone, Bisbee, Tucson and other camps Miss Cushman has conducted general stores and big lodging houses for the miners. She was also in business at Castle Dome. She is as adventurous in pushing forward to a new region as any miner. No sooner does she hear of a new camp than she starts for it. She has had so much experi-

Don't use an imitation—especially imitations of Pearl-line. Many are dangerous. And dangerous washing powders can never be cheap—no matter how little you pay for them. Peddlers and untrustworthy grocers will tell you the stuff they offer is "Pearline," "same as," "as good as," "made in the same factory," etc. It's false. Pearl-line is the standard washing compound; never peddled; gives no prizes; simply stands on its merits as the best, safest, and most economical.

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