

THE MAGNIFICENT TOWN HOUSE OF THE
NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.



The palatial residence of Mr. William C. Whitney, ex-secretary of the navy, street railroad magnate and multimillionaire, can hardly be adequately represented in a single photograph on account of the contiguity of other structures in "millionaires' row," Fifth avenue, New York, but is very well depicted in the accompanying illustration.

Although Mr. Whitney has several spacious houses approaching this in size and so large that they, too, may well be termed palatial, it is said that he looks upon this residence as his home. And it is much more, for, with its magnificent reception hall, its grand staircases, its beautiful and spacious dining room and particularly its fine picture gallery, it is like a "show place" of old England. Here are gathered the results of Mr. Whitney's travels in Europe in the shape of curios and paintings, notably the famous Raphael, purchased at a cost of \$150,000. These treasures the generous owner is not averse to showing to an appreciative public. Indeed, he is said to delight in doing so.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN.

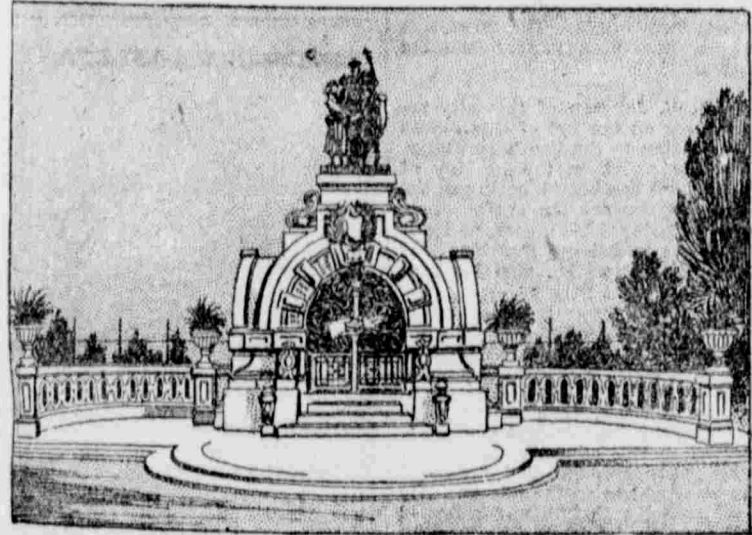
It is not often that the portrait of the world's richest man appears in print, for the simple reason that he is not seeking notoriety—or, in fact, anything else—since his fortune of some \$100,000,000 gives him enough to think about.



The original of this portrait, Mr. John B. Robinson, as is probably well known, was one of that fortunate quartet, comprising himself, Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato and Albert Belt, who "struck it rich" in the early seventies, down in South Africa. Barnato left about \$5,000,000, Belt owns up to \$100,000,000 and Rhodes admits \$25,000,000 as the size of his little pile. But the richest of them all, the least conspicuous and the least given to charity, it is said, is Robinson. Since that happy day when he kicked a diamond out of the dust as he and his wife were tramping from Bloemfontein to Kimberley his good fortune has been confirmed. He was once an intimate friend of Oom Paul, but now, the reports say, he wouldn't recognize Kruger if he should see him across the street.

A MEMORIAL TO FRENCH SOLDIERS IN PUEBLA, MEXICO.

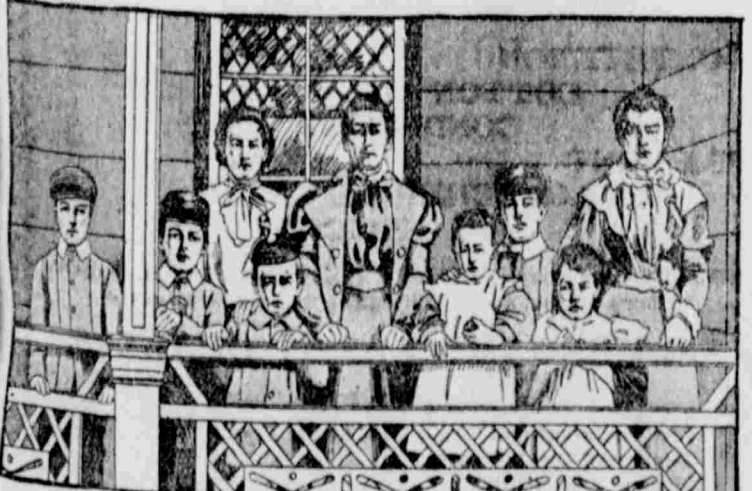
It is now 34 years since the French were driven out of Mexico and the republic across the Rio Grande was left to work out its own salvation. In the progress of the invaders from the coast of Mexico to its capital they encountered resistance everywhere, and at Puebla, in 1862, fought a hard battle with the Mexicans. This event and the complete fraternization which has since



take place between the two republics are now commemorated by a beautiful memorial in marble, recently erected in the French cemetery at Puebla. Surmounting the monument is a group composed of a French zouave and a Mexican soldier, with clasped hands, with an angel, having one hand on the shoulder of the Frenchman and in the other an olive branch.

THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET.

A speaking commentary upon the accusations that have been hurled at the British in South Africa—that they have committed terrible atrocities—is the fact that most of the families of the Boer leaders still fighting in the field are under British protection. While Oom Paul is in Europe, being feasted and hon-



ored, but unable to get a hearing on his woes, his wife and a large number of his children are safely ensconced within the British lines. While General Christian de Wet is inflicting all the injury he can upon British outposts and causing General Kitchener a vast deal of anxiety to locate his whereabouts, his wife and children are safe under the protection of British soldiers in Johannesburg. They are well and, judging from the pictures presented herewith, from a recent photograph, are contented. At all events, in looking at this comely wife and mother and at the brood of pretty children, one may be able to imagine the distress of the husband and father, separated from them for months, a rebel and a fugitive, and wonder at the courage of a man who under such circumstances can prolong resistance.

MAINLY ABOUT MEN.

France's chamber of deputies costs \$1,500,000 a year. Rev. Father Charles Bowden, whose raucous on Victoria has excited so much favorable comment in London, is a cousin of Algeron Charles Swinburne and an intimate friend of John Morley. King Edward VII, contrary to widely circulated reports, has not resigned from any of the London clubs of which

as Prince of Wales, he was a member. He has, however, retired from the committees of the Marlborough on which he had been serving. The late Lord Derby was a levithian of wealth. The rental of his Lancashire estates is estimated at about £250,000 a year, and the accumulation was enormous. He was an excellent land-lord and regularly gave away large sums in charity. One alone of Lord



EASTER LILIES.

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTT.

He told me to fetch you these, ma'am,
① If you are the girl they're for.
"And at Easter morning at eight," said he.
"You can carry them round to her door!"
He patted me queer on the head, miss.
③ And he said to me, "Boy," said he.
"These lilies themselves, I guess, are all
The message there needs to be!"

And I asked if he'd put in his pasteboard, miss.
② But he shook his head and said no.
And he took up one of these lilies, miss.
Where 'twas lying there white as snow.
"She's kind of a sister to lilies," said he.
④ "With a soul that is just as white.
And they'll say to her better than words my boy,
The things that I needn't write!"

So I've fetched you these Easter lilies, miss.
⑤ And carried them up with care;
And I guess if you peep in the heart of the bunch,
You'll find the message is there.

MME. AMY SHERWIN, THE
SINGER FROM TASMANIA.

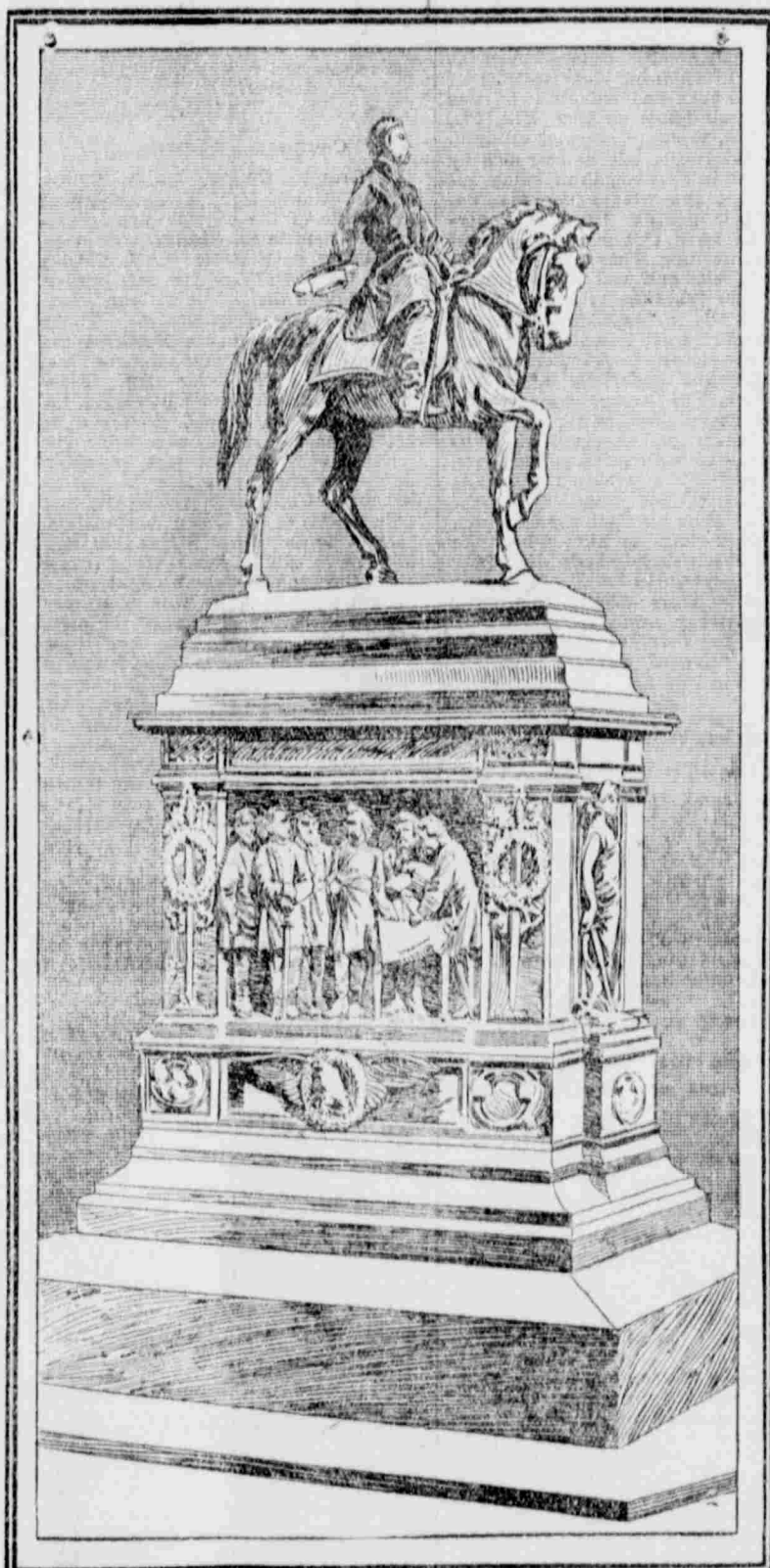
The lady whose portrait accompanies this article is known in grand opera as the "Australian Nightingale," but in private life she bears the name of Mme. Amy Sherwin and is the wife of Mr. Hugo Goritz, who at one time was Paderevski's manager. The great pianist, in fact, is the grandfather of Mme. Sherwin's little daughter, with whom he is quite a favorite. It was in the wilds of Tasmania, according to report, that this singer, "dowered by nature with a voice of ex-



ceptional beauty and quality," first discovered her birthright, and as a girl she longed for some appreciative fairy to come along to set her on the road to fame. And by accident one day she was gratified by having an auditor Signor Poppel, who took a fancy to the songstress and introduced her to the world of song. Since that time she has sung herself around the world.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

The great equestrian statue of General John A. Logan in Washington which will be unveiled April 9 adds another to the list of 30 or more memorials in marble or bronze which now adorn the streets and squares of the national capital. The contract for this great work was signed on the 4th of December, 1893, in accordance with an act of congress approved March 2, 1893, appropriating \$50,000 for the purpose. The famous sculptor, Franklin Simmons, an American, for the past 30 years resident in Rome, was the honored "party of the first part" who was selected as the delineator of Major General Logan in



bronze, and most excellently has he done his work. His contract called for an equestrian figure not less than 13 feet 6 inches high and a pedestal not less than 15 feet 6 inches high, and the completed work exceeds these dimensions. The figure on horseback is of heroic size, while the pedestal is ornamented with 20 life size high relief figures made from portraits. At the two ends of the pedestal are allegorical figures, "Peace" and "War." On one side is a group in bronze depicting General Logan taking the oath of office as senator, with Vice President Arthur administering it, together with six other famous men of Logan's time, all of whom are now dead except Senator Cullum. Mr. Evans being the last to depart. On the other side is Logan with the principal generals of the Army of the Tennessee. Taken altogether, it is a magnificent work of art.

HOW PRIZE GREYHOUNDS LOOK IN ACTION.

The accompanying illustration depicts two prize greyhounds, Fearless Footsteps and Farndon Ferry, coursing after an unfortunate hare. Whether they caught the hare or not is of no moment compared with the scientific information conveyed by this snap shot of the greyhound in action at the top of



its speed. We have had the horse in action and the human being in every attitude, showing most surprising results and very ludicrous postures. It may be said in passing that Fearless Footsteps, the hound in the lead, was the winner of the famous Waterloo cup for two years in succession, and that, too, after being pitted against the fleetest animals that could be found.

THE CITY OF TANGIER, MOROCCO, WHICH THE CRUISER
NEW YORK RECENTLY VISITED.

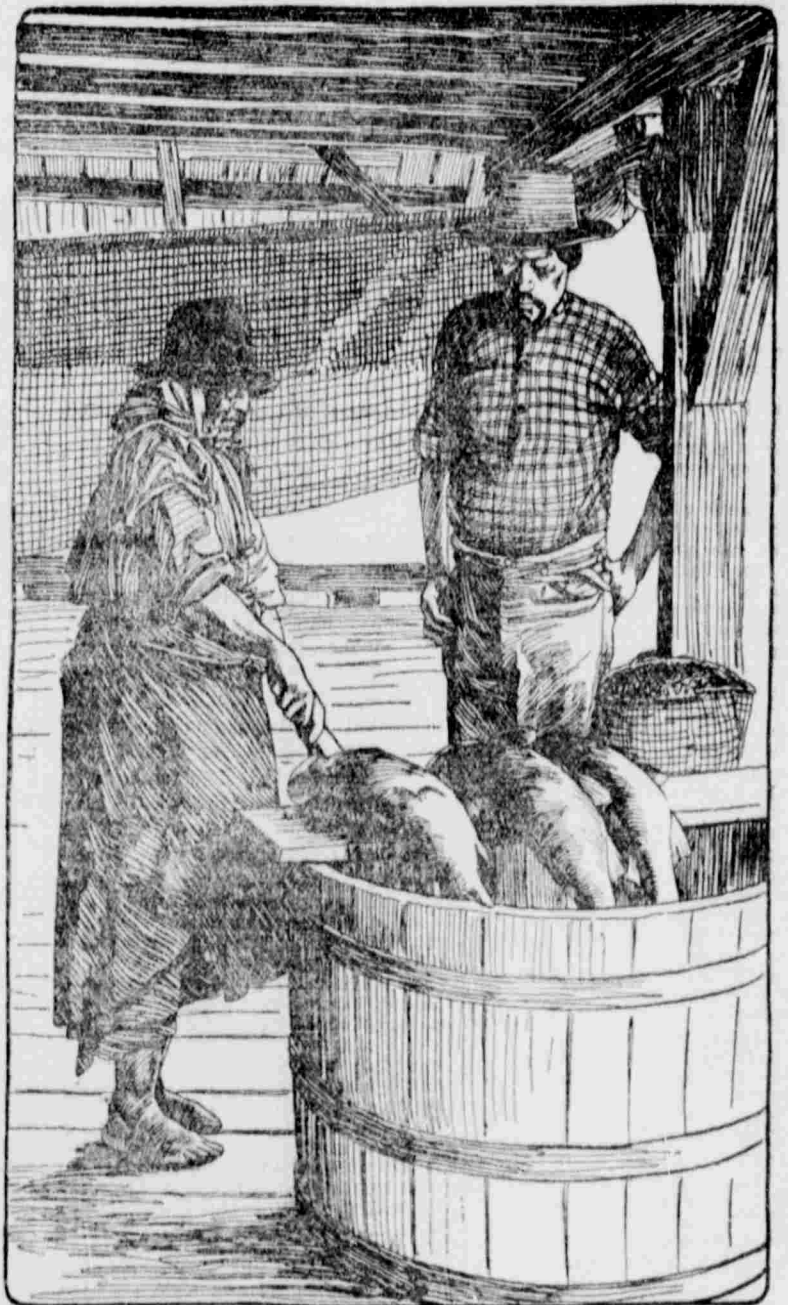
The city of Tangier, Morocco, of which a portion is shown in the accompanying illustration, is one of the most picturesque, most filthy and yet most fascinating places in the world, new or old. It is nearest to Europe of any African city and yet is as remote in respect to its usages as any portion of the farther east where the customs of Abraham and Mohammed prevail and where the unspeakable Turk still holds sway, untrammelled by European opinion.

The attention of Americans was recently attracted to this delightful old city by the dispatch thither of the armored cruiser New York for the purpose



of taking aboard the United States consul general, Mr. Gummere, and transporting him to the Atlantic port of Mazagan, whence he was to make a perilous journey to the political capital, Morocco city. There at present resides the sultan, who owes a little bill on account of an affront from his grand vizier and an outrage upon an American citizen. The trip to Morocco city from either Tangier or Mazagan is not in any sense a pleasure excursion, as there are no roads outside the city walls, and the country swarms with brigands. The consul general therefore must have been greatly relieved when a dispatch was received countermanning the order and obviating what would have been a disagreeable journey.

INDIAN SQUAW AT WORK IN A SALMON CANNING FACTORY.



This illustration shows an Indian squaw engaged in cleaning a freshly caught salmon preparatory to its being cut up into chunks, cooked and "tinned" for exportation. This process of canning salmon has now been going on for many years, and its effect upon the annual catches of that noble fish has been lamentable, for in many places where the salmon were formerly abundant there are now no signs of them at all. A common sight on some of the northwestern rivers, the Columbia, for instance, is that of the great fish wheel which scoops up the salmon by hundreds and deposits them on the docks. Spearfishing is another method by which the noble red man especially secures his prey. It was probably owing to the dexterity acquired by long practice in cleaning the red man's captures that the squaws came to be employed in the fish factories of the northwest.

Derby's almoners distributed £10,000 a year for him. The king of the Belgians has ordered 15 panels for his yacht from the painter Giltoul. They are all to be views of Belgium, so that when the king is traveling he may always be able to imagine himself at home. The fund for a status of Longfellow for Longfellow park, in Cambridge, has reached \$616.44, and work will be begun on the memorial early in the spring. Edouard Strauss, the Viennese com-

poser, who has just returned to Vienna from his tour of the United States, will have to undergo an operation. A fragment of his shoulder blade, which was broken in a railway accident, prevents him from using his right arm. Peter Benoit, the great Belgian composer who died at Antwerp recently at the age of 61, wrote many operas which were played on the continent with much success. Paul Leicester Ford, the author of several entertaining books, like "Janice

Meredith" and "The True Washington," and of two instructive works, "The Franklin Papers" and "The Jefferson Papers," is just home from Italy, where he and his bride have been spending two or three agreeable months. If Mr. Ford had never written another book, "Janice" would have built and furnished his new home for him. Senator Evans' dairy farm up in Vermont was a hobby that only a lawyer at the head of the bar could afford to keep up. It was when offering his guest a

little good cheer that the senator, pointing to the champagne and the fresh milk, cheerily remarked: "Take your choice; take your choice. They're both refreshing, and they cost me the same." A doctor out west claims that apple cider vinegar taken in reasonable quantities is a sure preventive of smallpox. Dr. Dudgeon, who died recently in Peking, was perhaps the best known of all the Europeans in China, with the exception of Sir Robert Hart. He went out early in the sixties to take charge

of the British legation hospital, and the walls of the hospital were adorned with tablets testifying to his surgical skill. For 20 years the doctor was daily at his post, receiving all sorts and conditions of Chinamen, and at times his patients numbered a hundred a day. Dr. Cook, the antarctic explorer, brought back 30,000 new words from Tierra del Fuego. Last year nearly 5,000 workmen were killed in the course of their ordinary work in the United Kingdom.