WHAT BECOMES OF BABIES.

HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF LITTLE ONES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

Not the Petted Darlings of the Rich, but the Infants Born to Shame—These Are the Ones that Are Given into Alien Hands—Regular Traffic in New-Born Babes—A Money-Making Trade in Humanity.

What name awakens such universally tender feelings as that of "baby?" Last week some philanthropist wrote to THE WORLD to suggest that I try to find out what becomes of all the baby waifs in this great city. Not the little ones who are cordially welcomed by proud parents, happy grandparents and a large circle of loving relatives, but the many hundreds of babies whose coming is greeted with grief and whose unhappy mothers hide their little lives in shame. Unhappily there are hundreds and hundreds of them, but it is an impossible task to tell what their fate is.

However, here is a condensed account of my studious inquiries in this direction. I took several Sunday newspapers and made note of many of the medical and manicure advertisements. The following is the result: Dr. Hawker, of No. 21 West Thirteenth street, has a suggestive advertisement. I thought from that he might know something on the subject I wished to investigate, so I called on him. The door opened in response to my knock, and a well-dressed, short man, with a bald head, looked out over his glasses at me. I saw a young man in the office, so I said, with a blush not at all assumed: "I want to speak with you privately, please."

"Oh, yes, yes," he said, stepping out into the hall and closing the office door; "step this way. Wait here, I will see you presently."

He opened a door and I entered a back room. It was already occupied by a man and woman. From appearances, the bed-lounge, cupboard, table, kitchen-stove and bureau, I think that room answered the purpose of an entire house. No one spoke, so I sat down on the lounge and took in my surroundings.

The front office, into which I was soon ushered, was vastly different from the room in the rear. The floor was nicely carpeted, and the chairs, desks and medicine case all helped to lend the air of the office of a well-to-do physician. The doctor drew his chair close to mine in a confidential manner and waited, inquiringly, for me to begin. My position was a delicate one, and I knew it. So I said: "I read your advertisement, and as you say you give 'advice free,' I thought I would come to you for aid. There is a—a baby I want to dispose of. Can you help me?"

WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

"Yes. How old is the child?"

"It was born on the 5th of May," I answered, with a gasp.

"Yes; pretty good child by this time. Boy or girl?"

"Oh, a girl!" (I hadn't thought of this before.)

"A girl? too bad. They are very hard to get rid of. Now, if it was only a boy you would have more chance." I got a little quaky by this time, and I almost felt like assuring him that it made no difference to me, that really if boys were easier to bargain for it might just as easily be said a boy. Luckily I kept still.

"The child is healthy?" I nodded my head. "What complexion?"

"Neither dark nor fair," I replied, as I couldn't tell the complexion of a babe I had never seen. "What shall I do with it?"

"The child is yours?" he asked.

I was almost stunned, for I feared next he would ask me questions I could not answer without disposed of without any questions being asked. Can it be done?"

"Yes, it is done daily. It is mostly done when the child is born. However, I can advertise for you. Will you make a full surrender?"

"What is that?"

"You give up the child and never know where it goes or anything more about it. I will do this for you for $25; you to pay advertising and all outside expenses."

This was soon agreed on. I did not hesitate at $25 when I was never going to pay it.

"Tell me something about such cases. It is all new to me. What becomes of the babies and how can the mothers tell whether they live or die or are treated well?" I asked, aiming for the news I was in search of.

"After a mother makes full surrender of a babe, which is done at the place it is born, she has no way to tell what becomes of it. Of course, it may be ill-treated or reared in the wrong manner, but it has to take the chance. We advertise and people reply. We never ask them who or what they are. I don't know as much about them as I do about you this moment. Many of the women come veiled and we never even see their faces. If satisfied they take the babe, pay their fee, jump into a carriage and drive no one knows where. The child has no chance ever to find out who it is. The ones who take it have not the faintest idea who or what the mother is; they never even see her.

"Of course there are some women who do not make full surrender, but get me to procure boarding places for the babies. I had a woman who lived in Fifty-second street that did all this work for me, but she died a few weeks ago, and I have no one since. I can have your child boarded for $4 a week. No, the care is not what mothers would give. What is the death rate of such children? At the very least eighty out of one hundred. You think it horrible? Well, it's the way of the world. Women who do not want the expense of a child, and who do not wish to make full surrender, leave them at the Catholic Home in Sixtieth street, near Lexington avenue. When the home is not full, a basket is hung on the door-knob at night, and women drop their babies into it. If you are not a Catholic you won't want to do that. Others give them to the Commissioners, who send them to Ward's Island, where there are 800 children. If you dread bad treatment and large death rates you should see that place!"

I pretended that I had some love for the imaginary child, and really I did have, so I said I should take the night to think it over, and if I decided to relinquish it I would return on the morrow.

BOY BABIES BETTER THAN GIRLS.

> Mrs. Conradsen,
> Healing Medium. Hours, 9 to 9,
> West 15th st.

So read the next advertisement on my list. I had no idea who she was or what, but somehow the notice seemed to suggest that I would not apply to her in vain. She lived in a large, three-story, brown-stone house, which had the appearance, from the closed shutters and doors, of being unoccupied. I rang the bell repeatedly before I was shown into the presence of the woman, who was not ill-looking. My first story had been such a success that I decided to repeat it, with a slight difference. As the doctor said girls were hard to get rid of, I determined this time it should be a boy, and so have every chance there was.

"I have a child I want to get rid of, without being known or appearing in the case. Can you help me?"

She then asked the age, health and complexion of the baby boy. Apparently she was satisfied, for she said she could board him out at $4 a week for me. When I told her it was necessary that I cut off all connection with the child, she said for $10 she would get me some one to take it. She noticed my accent and she asked me how long I had been from France. I told her I was a Southerner and she said she knew I did not belong to New York or I would not have to ask so many questions on the subject.

"It seems odd for you to keep the child so long," she said. "I always advertise them in about a day after they are born. I do not charge anything for placing babes when they are born here, but, as yours was not, I will have to charge you $10 for my trouble. That is little enough, and, you must bear all other expenses, for I may not be able to place him for a month or so. How do I place them? Well, if the mother makes a full surrender I advertise them and lots of people answer. Plenty come only through curiosity and many in hopes of getting a trace of news. Sometimes they imagine they can see resemblances in the baby's face to one they suspect. I always know such people, as they ask who the mother is, what she is like, where from, if I have any knowledge of the father, and what sort of a man visited the mother while she was here. I very quickly show them the door. Those who want babies never ask a single question.

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM.

"What do they do with them? Ah, that is hard to say. I have known women to get babies repeatedly, but I don't know what for. Who are the mothers? They are never poor girls, but all come from the middle and higher classes. Not one out of a hundred is a working girl. Do they get rid of the children? Only occasionally. They generally tell me to get a home and they will pay for the keeping. I have a long list of people. They mostly live in flats, who keep themselves on the incomes derived from mothers. Sometimes the mothers know where their children are and visit them, but oftener all the business is done through me. No, I do not suppose the best care is taken of babies. What can one expect of a woman who may have twelve to care for? When they die they are buried as the woman's child and no questions are asked."

"Are there many babies?"

"Why, my dear, there is no place that can equal New York. There is a doctor who runs a large place on Sixth avenue for aristocrats alone, and his place is always filled. He keeps all the babies, but I can't say what he does with them: He never knows who his visitors are, and he only asks one question of them; that is, What should he do with them in case they die. I have had girls come to me whose homes were only a few blocks above here and no one was ever the wiser. It is seldom I know my guests. I have no desire to know. They do not see one another. I charge from $6 a week to $25. Do I have plenty? My house is never empty. I have only one room unoccupied now. In connection with this I am a doctor and I give massage and electric baths. There are free homes for children, but if you want the child to live you won't take the chances there. Yes, a number of children die at birth. The mothers are never here longer than two or three weeks."

I had all the news I wanted from her and so I bade her a friendly good-by, promising to bring the babe and pay her $10 for its disposal in any manner, so that I was left entirely clear of all connections with it. She asked me no personal questions.

In West Sixteenth street I called at several manicure parlors, but they were found to be legitimate, as far as I could ascertain, although very few of them seemed at all surprised at the nature of my visit. From an advertisement of Mrs. Stone's I concluded she could give me some valuable information as to what became of all the babies. I asked the woman who made her appearance if she was Mrs. Stone. She said no, that the advertisement was put in for a regular practicing physician of Brooklyn. I wanted the address, but she said she was not allowed to give it, but if I would return in a few hours she would ascertain if I could see the party.

A BROOKLYN "HOME."

I got the address on my return, and I went away over to Howard and Monroe streets, Brooklyn. A commodious frame house, surrounded by an ill-kept lawn, stood directly on the corner. It proved to be the one I wanted. From all indications the house was but recently occupied. To the woman who answered to the name of Mrs. Stone, I repeated my oft-told tale, and asked her prices. She could not think of having the child adopted for less than $50.

"I presume you have plenty of this business to do," I suggested.

"Plenty; why there is no business that can compare with it."

"It is a blessing there is some one to take charge of the babies, else it would be hard on them, I suppose," I suggested, in hopes she would venture some information.

"It would make me sick to try to tell you what is done many times by girls who have not enough money to pay for having their babies adopted. I knew one girl, the daughter of a clergyman in Jersey City, who ran away from home and came to New York. After all her expenses were paid she had not enough money to pay for having the child adopted. When she was able to return home, she rolled up a bundle of clothing and, taking her baby, started, saying that she was going home. On the way she smothered the child. That was the last of it.

"What do I do with the babies? Well, I advertise one as soon as it is born. I never allow the mother to even see its face. Sometimes I know who takes the child, but more frequently I do not. Some people are particular and want the child born in wedlock, so I have several marriage certificates on hand to satisfy them. They never see the mother, or she them. We know nothing of the child after it is taken away. Oh, yes, the business pays, for it is only people of the higher classes who are our patients."

"Mrs. Stone, if babies die while in your care, is it difficult to obtain a burial permit?"

"No, it is very easy. We always retain a physician who never asks any questions, but writes out the burial permit according to our instructions. No, we never give the correct name, but assume any we wish. I seldom know who my patients are. If a patient dies she is buried under the name she gave me. In the Potter's Field? Certainly. It is as easy to get a burial permit for a woman as for a child."

I promised to take the baby to Mrs. Stone the next day, and to sign a paper to the effect that I would never inquire after the child after the time I gave her $50 to dispose of it.

A MONEY-MAKING TRAFFIC.

The next advertisement was that of a man who proclaimed himself "ladies' physician," in Sixteenth street. He advertised under the name of Morgan, but the plate on the door bore the name of Dr. Clarke. However, I asked for Dr. Morgan and was told that he was in. The general appearance of the house bespoke good business. Dr. Morgan grew very confidential when he found that I would not hesitate at any price, so the child was taken out of my hands. I had by this time a very tender feeling for this imaginary child. I had lessened its age, as most of them complained that it was too old, and I had changed its complexion. I had long ceased to pretend it was my own. It now belonged to a friend of mine. This was a more comfortable position for us. My mind pictured it one of those handsome, dimpled baby boys we read about, and I occasionally felt a mild surprise that the mother could part with it. One's imagination is a wonderful thing when one once gives way to it.

"What becomes of all the babies?" I asked earnestly.

"Most of them die," he replied, "and those that live are given to women who advertise that they will take them. What becomes of them then, no one knows. They procure full surrender and so no one has the right to ask. Or it is very easy to say that some one adopted the child, but they don't know who. It all depends on the mother. If she is willing to spend money she can get a home for it."

Fully eight out of every ten who advertised medicated, vapor, electric or any sort of baths were in the habit of taking children for money considerations. What do they do with them? is a question unanswerable. They all say that the entire year does not bring them a slack week. Of course the majority of children die, but is it supposable that there are rich families enough to be adopting daily without ceasing? Every one said that only the rich adopt the babes. If it is only the rich, then the supply must be greater than the demand.

The gentleman who wrote to THE WORLD said that his wife called on Mrs. Gray in Sixth avenue, who advertises manicure and vapor baths, and while there she found that the house was filled with mothers and babies. I climbed two flights of narrow, dirty stairs and saw Mrs. Gray, who said she would take the baby on full surrender only, for $50. She said the mother could never know what became of the child afterwards.

AFRAID OF DISCOVERY.

"I get lots of children; but one has to be careful, as there are so many schemers going around. I had a woman come here the other day that acted as if she were a detective. I gave her no information. One never knows when they will get caught up."

Mrs. Gray then brought an infant from an inner room and showed it to us. As I grew liberal with my price she grew more confidential, but throughout the interview she displayed a shrewdness and a fear of betraying something.

"I had a woman come to me one day and say that her husband threatened to leave her if she did not part with a child she had previous to her marriage. She got me to take the child and put it in a home. She paid me well and paid the child's board, visiting it every week, while the husband thought she did not know where it was. It is now seven years old. Burial permits are easy to get. I retain a reputable physician and he never asks any questions. Where do all the babies go? Why, rich people adopt them, of course." I promised her the baby and a fifty-dollar bill, and I was never to know anything of it afterwards.

DR. MAY — W. 24th, graduate of University, Phila., Pa.; 25 years' experience, skilful, safe treatment; one interview sufficient, consultation strictly private.

I called on Dr. May and I really thought the man was insane. In order to inspire us with confidence he told of the most criminal actions. He readily consented to take charge of the child for the modest sum of $500, and he told us he could not be asked to do anything that he would refuse. He showed us diplomas from a New York and also a Philadelphia medical college. He also said he belonged to the Board of Health and was a member in good standing in the Masonic lodge. Notwithstanding all this, he confessed to the most criminal actions, and when we started to go he asked me if I had any money with me. I told no, and then he begged that I give him, if but 25 cents, to retain his services. I shudder when I think of what a horrible creature he is, according to his own confession, yet see the position that at least he claims to hold.

"A physician is bound not to reveal the secrets of his patients," he said. "Once I was taken to court in a divorce case. It was just another story of a jealous husband and a pretty wife in love with her physician, but I refused to reveal anything, and the man lost his case. An insurance company also took me up in a case where a man died of hard drink. I treated him for it, but I would not tell, and so the company was the loser. Women always trust me. They know that once they pay me I'm bound not to tell on them."

CHILDREN ADOPTED FOR A PURPOSE.

LADIES can confidentially consult Mrs. K. Gollas, ladies' physician, West 29th st.

Mrs. Gollas was at home and ready to be consulted. She would take the child for $25. "I always have children taken away by the time they are a day old. It is a great deal of trouble to have several-months-old babies adopted. Why? Well, women want to pass the babies for their own and so they get them young. I have had women come from France and Germany to adopt a child. They have had property that depended on an heir, or they wanted to cheat other relatives out of it, and so buy a child. Customers always say what complexion they want the babe. I think they are all rich people who take the children, for what would poor people want with them? We never knew anything about the child afterwards. The charitable homes where infants are taken, are horrible places. Last summer at one asylum the babies died by the hundreds. I keep a physician who gives burial permits for infants or adults who die in my house. The mothers seldom, if ever, keep their children. A short time ago a woman gave up her babe, and the parties who adopted it told me accidentally that they had bought a home on Long Island and from whom. I told the woman, and strange as it may seem, they had bought their home from her father who is a farmer, and would be her neighbor, though they never knew it. So you see the woman can see her child every day."

I visited the New York Foundling Asylum in Sixty-eighth street, near Third avenue. The Sister at the desk kept attending to her finger nails while I was talking to her. "I will only make arrangements with the mother. If she gives us the child, she never sees or hears from it again. We only take full surrender and no one can know where they go."

As I left the asylum I met sixty-two girls in blue dresses and 100 boys in line, crossing Lexington avenue. I do not know where they were from, but their orphanage was stamped on them.

NELLIE BLY.

CHEERS AND A BRASS BAND.

Wonderful Enthusiasm in Cherry Valley When Dr. Bean Was Admitted to Bail.

[Cherry Valley (Ill.) Dispatch to the Chicago Herald.]

Never before in this village of 600 souls has there been such a commotion as exists here to-night over the case of Dr. Benjamin H. Bean, who, upon the strength of a writ of error and supersedeas issued by Judge Sheldon yesterday, was, upon giving bonds in the sum of $10,000, released from the Rockford jail. He had been tried and convicted for assaulting Miss Fanny Reed, of this place, and sentenced to a term of one year in the penitentiary. From the very outset the people of Cherry Valley, with not more than half a dozen exceptions out of the 600 inhabitants, believed him to be innocent of the heinous crime charged against him. He was convicted on the strength of the young lady's testimony alone, and an effort was made to secure a new trial, but on last Saturday Judge Horton overruled the motion, and the Doctor received his sentence and his attorneys at once carried the case to the State Supreme Court, and a writ of error issued. When he was released on bail last evening, he was driven from Rockford to this place, a distance of about eight miles, in a carriage, arriving about 6.30, and he was met on the outskirts of the town by more than half of the population, men, women and children, headed by a band. Most of the men carried torches, and a procession was formed and the Doctor escorted to his residence, where he was greeted by his wife, child and mother, who had been almost heart-broken over his brief imprisonment. The demonstrations continued nearly all night, and the people appeared unable to find means to vent their disapproval over his conviction and their gratitude because of his release and restoration to his family. Dr. Bean is thirty-two years of age; is a graduate of Rush Medical College, and he was married in 1878 to Miss Nellie McLaughlin, daughter of the late Hugh McLaughlin, ex-Warden of the Cook County Hospital and ex-Deputy Coroner under N. B. Boyden, who died about five weeks ago.

The McLaughlin family, who reside at 328 South Morgan street, Chicago, including Mrs. Hugh McLaughlin, Mrs. T. S. Quinn and P. S. McLaughlin, arrived here this evening to join in the general rejoicing, as also friends from Rockford and other points in this vicinity, and the people of Cherry Valley were by no means satisfied with last night's celebration, and to-night Sanborn's Hall has been thrown open and the people have turned out in mass. The Doctor and his wife were escorted from their residence to the hall by a procession headed by a band, where, upon their arrival, they found a magnificent banquet in readiness. It was impossible for the people all to crowd into the hall, and those who could not press themselves through the doors secured a band and paraded up and down the streets within hearing of the banqueters. There were but five families in town that did not turn out, these included that of the opposition doctor, of course, and that of the young lady in the case, Miss Fannie Reed, and in the crowded hall were Rev. Henry St. Clair, the Baptist clergyman of the village; Dr. Dewey, of Gilberts, Ill.; Mrs. Hugh McLaughlin, of Chicago; B. S. Sanborn, proprietor of the hall and the leading grain merchant of the place; B. B. Hovey, land agent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway; E. A. Dutcher, a hardware merchant, and other prominent business men, all with their wives and children. There were not less than two hundred and fifty ladies in the crowded hall and nearly as many children.

Not more than one-third of the crowd could find accommodation at the three long tables that extended the full length of the hall, so that it required three settings to supply all. Meanwhile the band discoursed lively music and the crowds enjoyed themselves. Rev. Mr. St. Clair invoked the divine blessing upon the food and upon him in whose honor the demonstration was made. About 10 o'clock a crowd of some twenty or thirty gathered about the hall on the street corner, some of them badly intoxicated, and began to discuss the case pro and con, using strong language against the Doctor. James H. Reed, the Deputy Sheriff at this place, is a brother of Miss Fannie Reed. He and a number of sympathizers had been somewhat feared during the evening. It was not expected that there would be an open assault, although it was said that a number of them carried revolvers. But there were apprehensions that certain buildings might be fired. The opportunity for this was good. Nearly every residence in the town was deserted by its inmates, who were at the banquet. The banquet was provided by spontaneous contributions, something after the style of an old-fashioned "country tea meetin'." Geese and turkeys were killed by scores, and the ladies made pies and cakes and provided other good things in such abundance that there was enough for a thousand and to spare, while the number who sat down did not exceed five hundred in all. There were present over one hundred young ladies, all pretty and handsomely dressed, and hence when the tables were cleared away and the pure, orthodox church people, headed by Rev. St. Clair, had gone home, the young people found the temptation to conclude the demonstration with a dance too strong to be overcome. Taking it all in all it was one of the most novel demonstrations held in this State for many a year. The Doctor and his wife were the objects of constant congratulations and the strongest assurances of sympathy. The feeling at Rockford is not so strong in favor of the Doctor, but is growing.

MODJESKA ON DRAMATIC ART.

She Tells Aspirants for Fame What They Must Do to Acquire It.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—Mme. Modjeska visited the Chicago Conservatory yesterday afternoon upon invitation of Director Samuel Kayzer and delivered an informal address to some eighty or a hundred pupils of the Dramatic Department, together with a sprinkling of private pupils in music, elocution, &c. The noted actress has been a warm friend of the institution since it was founded, and by her open indorsement of its system has contributed materially towards its permanent establishment. Her address was short but earnest. It impressed upon the minds of her hearers that "the true artist loves his art better than himself. He considers it his object and not his means." The words of the famous actress were listened to with deep attention and were loudly applauded. Modjeska bowed her acknowledgments and smiled when Mr. Kayzer announced that she had agreed to answer such questions as any of the pupils desired to ask. One pupil desired to know how the actress studied a part. She replied that she carried the part in her pocket—had it always with her until she was perfect in the lines. Then she studied the character and endeavored to merge herself into it. It was not necessary, she said, to adopt all the vulgarisms of a character in order to be true to nature. Above all, she was opposed to all tricks and "points" for applause.

Mr. Kayzer wished that she would explain to the pupils in what way general accomplishments were of value to the actor. Mme. Modjeska replied that the actor's art had need of all knowledge, all accomplishments. She showed how a knowledge of music would aid the actor in appreciating the lights and shadows of his part, and thus be of service to him if he never sang a song or played an instrument. She gave a number of amusing illustrations of the absurd gesticulation of actors who were deficient in general knowledge and accomplishments, and remarked merrily, to the delight of the young lady pupils, that she had played all kinds of parts—boy parts, girl parts and old women parts.

In answer to other questions Mme. Modjeska said that a knowledge of the history and literature of all times was indispensable to the artist. If one was to play a character taken from a certain age he must familiarize himself with the habits and customs and thought of that age. A knowledge of the early English poets and novelists was of value to impersonators of Shakespearian characters. She particularized Thackeray among the later novelists on account of his intimate knowledge of men.

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

A GLANCE AT M. GREVY AT HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.

A Pen Picture of the President—His Surroundings—How He Lives and Receives—An Audience Given to "The World's" Correspondent—Some Interesting Gossip—In Ante-Chamber and Audience Room.

I.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WORLD.]

PARIS, Oct. 25.—The President of the French Republic lives in as much state and surrounded by as much ceremony as the sovereign of any country in Europe, saving, perhaps, the Czar of all the Russias. The Prince of Wales is much more accessible and is better known to the English than the French President is to his people. He is now seventy-four years of age. He has served one term of seven years and is just entering upon the third year of his second term. He is able, adroit with a discretion which has enabled him to keep a prominent place in French politics, although with the general Paris public it cannot be said that he is popular. His full name is Francis Paul Jules Grévy. He was born on the 15th of August, 1813, at Mont-Sous-Vernet. He comes from a line of magistrates. He was himself educated to the legal profession, and is considered one of the ablest of the advocates in France. He has been prominent both in his profession and in politics. He has always been a Republican, but a conservative one. He has always opposed the Communistic and extreme Radical elements of his party and has always sided with the law and order side. He has the cool, logical methods of a thoroughly trained lawyer, and rarely, if ever, employs emotional means to make an impression. He is a very eloquent speaker, and when in the House of Deputies was considered one of its ablest parliamentary debaters.

In the hastily organized Republic of 1848 he held the office of Commissioner in the Provisional Government. In 1850 he was a member of the Senate. It was through his efforts that the Constitution of France was amended so as to permit the election of a President by secret ballot of the Assembly. He was, like all the true Republicans of that period, bitterly opposed to the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. When the latter triumphed Grévy went into retirement and gave himself up to the practice of his profession. He did not re-enter public life until 1868 and then was elected by his home district a deputy. His political promotion now was very rapid. He was noted then for the very things now conspicuously absent in his conduct as chief magistrate. He was then aggressive, eloquent and bold. He was one of the fiercest opponents of MacMahon, who undoubtedly aimed to established a dictatorship. It was Grévy's personal influence as much as anything else which secured the defeat of the amendment to the Constitution, making the term of the Presidency of the Republic ten years. If this point had been carried undoubtedly the next step would have been to have increased it to a life term. His eloquence and his powers of leadership secured him the election of Speaker of the House of Deputies, and from this he was promoted in 1879 to the chief office of the Republic. He has held this place now for nine years and has demonstrated his great capacity and fitness for guiding and controlling the Republic in safe and conservative paths. It was through his influence, courage and good sense that the Boulanger war party was overthrown this year. He saw France being swept without sense or reason into a position where war with Germany would have been inevitable. It required great courage, great firmness and great knowledge of the French populace to be able to overthrow the Boulanger hero from his throne of vantage in the War Office without awakening any real serious opposition to his course.

II.

THE PAY AND EMOLUMENTS OF THE OFFICE—GREVY'S FAMILY.

The President of the French Republic receives a salary of 600,000 francs a year, or $120,000. He receives an equal amount for expenses and entertaining, for which he is not obliged to make any account, so that it is practically a part of his income as President. He gives three public balls each season, to which all of the prominent people of Paris are invited. Ample refreshments are also furnished at these balls. These are the only serious entertainments that the President is called upon to give during the year. He gives a number of entertainments of a smaller kind, but these are in the shape of dinners. There should be a very liberal margin left from his $120,000 expense fund. M. Grévy is very rich. He inherited a large property from his father and it has accumulated steadily upon his hands. He is supposed to be worth at least ten million francs and I have heard a number of people put his fortune at three times that. He has but one child, a daughter, Alice. She married some years ago a M. Wilson, of a French family, but a descendant three or four generations back of an English county family.

Mme. Grévy is a quiet, refined lady of domestic tastes, who abhors society.

Wilson was rich, or at least reported to be, when he became President Grévy's son-in-law. But he appears to have lost much money and to have dipped quite heavily into his father-in-law's fortune. At any rate, Wilson is the hero of a great many scandals in this most scandal-loving of cities. His being implicated in the affair of the decorations, although it has made some sensation, would have made a much larger one if it had been the first time that M. Wilson had been held up to the public in connection with a scandal.

This is the third great scandal of Wilson's career as the President's son-in-law. Once before M. Grévy was called upon to pay 500,000 francs to release his son-in-law from the menace of a bad speculation. The second scandal was in connection with the actress-manager of a prominent Paris theatre. This second case would undoubtedly have led in England or the United States to a sensational divorce trial. But in France men have much greater liberty than in any other country. Families have a way of arranging all such scandals privately, without having recourse to the courts. M. Wilson's escapades have all been forgiven and smoothed over. The affair of the decorations will go in the same way. M. Grévy is devoted to his daughter and her children. That was one of the reasons why the Caffarel affair was not further exposed. It was found that it was uncovering altogether too many people. It does not appear in any of the evidence disclosed that Wilson had been anything more than imprudent and careless, but the record of his previous scandals made the public ready to take the worst possible view of the case as it was presented. I have been told by those who are familiar with official life in Paris that the sale of decorations has been carried on here for years, and that there is no fact more notorious than that unworthy people have been able to procure decorations through money payments. Nothing is more common than the sight of red ribbons worn in the buttonholes of pedestrians on the streets of Paris. The man of any position in life who has not a red ribbon is apparently the exception. I do not recall now seeing any man who was at all well dressed during my stay here who did not wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole.

III.

THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT.

President Grévy lives at his country home at Mont-sous-Vernet during the summer, but when he comes back to Paris he lives at the Palace of the Elysée. It is in every sense of the word a palace. This palace is about half way between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe, and is one square back from the Champs Elysées itself. It is the palace which was occupied by Mme. de Pompadour. The grounds of the palace reach to the Champs Elysées. They are encircled by massive stone walls fully fifteen feet in height. Above these walls there is a green lattice woodwork extending five or six feet higher. The interlacing of this lattice-work and the tall shrubbery make it impossible for any curious sightseer from the top of the highest omnibus to secure the slightest glimpse of the closely trimmed and carefully laid out grounds of the palace. This building was erected in 1718 by the Count d'Evreux. Under the reign of Louis XV. it was the residence of Mme. de Pompadour. Its next occupant was the Duchess of Bourbon, and during her stay it was known as the Palais Bourbon. The house has had a most eventful history. To-day it looks as solid and substantial as if it had been built within the last five years. During the revolution it was used as a Government printing office. Under the Directory it was given up to the people for public dancing and gambling rooms. It was in this building that Napoleon III. planned his coup d'état. Napoleon I. once occupied it as a residence. Murat, Louis Bonaparte, Queen Hortense and the Emperor Alexander have been occupants also of this famous house. But the strangest occupant whoever held the palace was the present German Emperor, who remained here a tenant for three days during his visit to Paris after the surrender. It is now the official residence of the President of the French Republic in the same way as is the White House at Washington the official residence of our President. A part is given up to the executive offices and the other part is occupied as the private residence of the President, as at Washington.

Last Wednesday I had a special audience with the President. This was secured through Minister McLane. The French President is not as accessible as the President at Washington. He has no days when he sees the general public. The only events which approach general receptions are the balls given during the year, and which I have already mentioned. Tuesday I called at the palace for the purpose of securing an appointment for my reception. The palace is a large, rambling building, two stories in height, of a modest gray-drab color. It stands back from a square court, the iron gates of which during the hours of executive business stand open. Upon each side of the gate is a sentry-box, with a soldier in full uniform on duty, as at the doors of royal palaces. I was informed as I entered that the private secretary of the President could be found up a narrow stairway to the left. There was no sign or indication to assist a stranger in finding his way. At the head of the first clean-polished wooden stairway there was a handsome and venerable messenger, in blue silver lace-trimmed livery. His seat was in a hallway, near a wide, leather-covered table. Near it were two or three leather chairs. There is no audience-room attached to the office of the private secretary. I was kept waiting but a few moments. I reached Gen. Bergère, the private secretary of President Grévy, nearly as quickly as I would be able to reach Col. Lamont at Washington, but I was afterwards told that it was owing to the letter of the United States Minister that I was given such a swift and polite admittance. Our Minister stands very high at the palace, and any introduction coming from him certainly meets with prompt and courteous attention.

Bergère, the private secretary, is a Brigadier-General in the French army. The position of private secretary to the President is usually held by an officer of this rank of the army. There are several secretaries attached to the staff of the French President and they are all army officers. The subordinate secretaries all wear their uniforms when on duty. Gen. Bergère wears civilian dress except upon formal and ceremonious occasions. He is a tall, straight, virile, active looking man. His complexion is a deep olive. His short-cropped hair, thick eyebrows, crisp mustache and sharp pointed Van Dyck beard are as black as ink. When I entered the room he was seated at a fanciful buhl and ormolu desk. The furniture of the room was more like that of a drawing-room in a private house than that of a business office. The ceiling was in white and gold. The walls were a dull red, covered with military pictures. The carpet was also a dark red. The chairs had gilt frames upholstered in red brocade. The decorative features of the room were rich and in good taste but at the same time simple. Gen. Bergère said that I would have no difficulty in seeing the President, but that the Cabinet was then in council with him and I might have to wait some time. I told him that I would come the next day if more convenient and he said that I would be more certain to have a pleasant interview, as the Cabinet was then occupied with the President upon a very important matter, and the conference might last some time. I afterwards learned that the subject of this conference was the Caffarel affair. The French Cabinet meetings take place in the morning, before breakfast, or, rather, the French second breakfast, which corresponds to our lunch. After making an appointment for the next day, I left the Elysée, Gen. Bergère following me to the door, and calling out as I turned from him to present his most respectful compliments to the American Minister, for whom he had the most profound admiration and esteem.

IV.

THE AUDIENCE WITH THE FRENCH PRESIDENT—A PEN PORTRAIT.

The next day I called at the palace at 11.30. My name had been placed among the list of those who were to be received that morning, so I was shown without a moment's delay directly from the private secretary's room down two corridors to a square, well-lighted room upon the ground floor, where those who have permission to see the President wait their turn. This room is in the left wing of the palace. Its two windows look upon a court enclosing a smooth-shaven lawn. From these windows I noticed the upper windows of the private part of the palace. Several cages of canary birds and a number of hanging baskets of flowers were the outward indications that these apartments were reserved for the President's family. The waiting-room was in the same general style as the room of the private secretary. The ceiling was the same white and gold and the general tone of color was the same. In this room there was a magnificent piece of Gobelin's tapestry, strong in color, beautiful in design and harmonious in tone, inclosed in a heavy frame. This tapestry covered the entire side of the interior wall opposite the two great windows. At the lower end of the room was a white marble chimney piece, and at the upper end doors of ingress and egress of dark oak. There was not a spot or sign of wear anywhere to be seen in the furniture. Everything was as bright and as new and as carefully kept as if it were in the room of the private house of a man of wealth and taste. In the ornamentation of the windows and about the room I noticed the imperial cipher of Napoleon III. and Eugenie. This glittering "N" and "E" intermingled was upon everything. Upon the outer walls of the palace, between every one of the windows, was the coat of arms of the first Napoleon. There has been a great deal of talk in extreme Republican circles about the removal of these evidences of past imperialism; but thus far this movement has made no headway. The public architect, whenever called upon to make an estimate of the expense involved in making these changes, has always protested, saying that the change would involve tremendous expense as well as positive disfigurement of beautiful public buildings, and that the imperial emblems can have nothing now but a historical interest and should be allowed to remain untouched.

I found in the waiting-room at the time of my arrival three gentlemen and two ladies. Their names and station I learned as they were called to go in and see the President by the attendant. The latter was a grave-faced man of middle years, who wore the dark-blue silver-buttoned livery of a house servant. Near the chimney sat a venerable countess dressed in widow's mourning, a picture of grave melancholy and sombre resignation. Upon the sofa, under the tapestry, sat one of the most noted admirals of the French Navy, a burly, red-faced, manly-looking man, dressed in black, with the red ribbon of the doubtful Legion of Honor in his button-hole. By his side was a gray-mustached, German-faced advocate, a friend of Gen. Caffarel. Across the room from him was a tall, distinguished-looking, long-bearded savant, a member of the Academy. At the upper end of the room sat a black-eyed, alert-faced brunette. She was evidently of a much different grade of life than the countess who sat opposite to her. She was very nervous. She kept tapping her feet upon the carpet and pulling her dark hair down over her eyes in her impatience, as she waited for her summons. Each one who came into this room was received by the President in the order of his coming. With the exception of the nervous brunette, all were given a good portion of the President's morning time.

After waiting about fifteen minutes a messenger came to me and asked me to come to the private secretary's room, which joins that of the President. This was before the last of the callers in the waiting-room had been received. Here I was seated but a moment when I was suddenly notified of an unusual presence in the room by the action of Gen. Bergère and his two associates, who stood up. I arose, and turning saw a man of medium size and most benevolent and friendly expression who had just entered the room. Gen. Bergère advanced with rapidity and said: "Monsieur le Président." I was then presented to M. Grévy. He had left his room to meet me outside his own door. He opened the door and insisted upon my entering his room in advance of him. This was another marked compliment to the Minister who presented me in such kind terms to the French President.

The audience-room of the French President is larger and higher than the library-room of the White House where our President receives special visitors. The furniture was in harmony with that which I have already described. The pieces were perhaps more numerous and rich. There were a number of cabinets in the room and one or two great book cases. The tables, which were of buhl and ormulu, were few and artistic in design. The President's own table was low, wide and of black oak, just in front of a great open fire-place. The President stood by this desk, and moved up and down during the conversation which followed.

Seeing him thus close at hand I was able to disprove nearly everything that I have heard concerning his personal appearance. I found that nearly every one who had told me about the President had given me misinformation. He had been represented to me by people who professed to have an intimacy with him as being bent and broken with age, worn out with political excitement and anxious to escape to retirement by resigning his great office. In fact, I found him a gentleman of strong physique, vigorous health so far as mere appearance goes, and a manner certainly indicating ease and contentment so far as any surface indications were concerned. He looks fully fifteen years under his age. He does not look a day over sixty years of age. Although he is of slight figure, he stands very erect and shows none of the stooping of advancing age. He has a broad, deep chest. His complexion is good and his eyes have the fire