

# THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG.

YEAR 74.

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NO. 4.

## NICE TAKES ON NEW LEASE OF LIFE

Many Americans crowd into the popular resort and gaiety reigns supreme



Nice, Jan. 26.—A few years ago I thought that Nice was rapidly losing popularity as a winter resort. I find that I was wrong. What has given it this new lease of life, I wonder. Three years ago the Promenade des Anglais was a howling desert, and the villas to be let for the winter were legion in number. Now all has changed. The sea front is crowded in the early morning, and again between 2 and 4 in the afternoon, and it is a matter of difficulty to approach the wonderful shops of the Quai de Massena.

Of course, most of the visitors are English and American, and of the latter there are more than the ordinary crowd. For Nice has become a favorite winter abiding place with the fair daughters and stalwart sons of Uncle Sam.

What has caused this changed state of affairs? I am convinced that the municipality of Nice has pulled itself together and sought to make its beautiful town more attractive than ever.

Already preparations are being made for the arrival of King Carnival, and great stands and pavilions are in course of construction in the Place de Massena; but of this more anon.

One may ask: What is there to do at Nice? This is not a difficult question to answer, for one apparently can do everything or nothing. It is a busy yet a lazy place. Should one want to be up and doing, opportunity presents itself every moment, and should one desire to dole-fauntly to coin a word—well, one can sit about and listen to music from ten in the morning till midnight, and at the same time enjoy delightful spring weather, for at the present time it not only is spring weather out here.

Most people rise betimes at Nice; the bright sunshine forbids lolling in bed. It is cheerful and sunny at 8 o'clock in the morning, and warm, too; but not in the shade, and this must always be borne in mind.

**At the Flower Market.**

One thing I always do at Nice, and that is to pay a visit to the flower market near the fine opera house. It is a sight not to be forgotten, for here in one long line sit hundreds of women with baskets and stalls crammed full of the most lovely flowers, which they sell at a price that would make Covent Garden turn pale with envy. This year there has not been any great amount of frost, consequently you may buy great bunches of pale pink or creamy yellow roses for a few francs. There are more carnations for sale than I ever remember seeing at Nice—fine, long-stalked fellows of sulphur yellow, bright crimson, rosy pink or fresh color. It is quite yet for orange blossoms, but before long you will be able to buy any quantity, and anemones, too, of almost every shade. As for mimosa, Roman hyacinths and magnolias, they are almost given away. I would advise those who wish to purchase flowers to go to the market early, for at noon a bell rings, and the market is over for the day.

and shortly afterward there is not a blossom to be seen.

Music lovers will find much to attract them at Nice this season. There are capital concerts at the Casino, and also at the Jette Promenade, with fine orchestras at both; semi-classical entertainments take place at ten o'clock, and in the afternoon there are symphony concerts. In addition to the Grand Opera House, the two Casinos have operatic performances every night. Popular comedies, such as "Le Vieux Marcheur," "Hauratus," and "La Duchesse des Falles-Bergere," are being given at the Municipal Casino, while "Fred" is attracting big houses to the Jette Promenade.

The races at Le Var have brought enormous crowds to Nice, and at the Grand Prix I am told that at least 6,000 people were present. Among those who have contributed to make Nice gay is the Grand Duchesse Anastasia, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, another of the Crown Princesses of Prussia, and Countess Torby, wife of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. Mrs. Almeric Paget, nee Miss Whitney, of New York, is one of the leaders of the American colony.

**New Hotels.**

Since I was here last year several new hotels have been added to the already formidable list. The most attractive is the Royal, which is on the Promenade des Anglais, and next to the Hotel Westminster; it has a fine terrace, and there is a charming winter garden, too. Luigi, the former popular manager of Riviera Palace at Monte Carlo, is just about to open another hotel at Nice. It is called the Hermitage, and judging by what I saw of it, it should prove a fine and attractive hotel.

There is far more gambling at Nice nowadays than there used to be, and crowds of punters are to be seen all day at the Municipal Casino; while at the Jette Promenade there is a mad arrangement for losing your money even more quickly than at Monte Carlo. A long table is arranged, with spaces set out and numbered up to nine; in the centre is a sunk wooden disc, surrounded by pockets or holes for the reception of the India rubber ball, which is sent spinning round and round by a croupier, until it finally settles into one of the holes numbered up to nine. It is a fiendish ball, and I am certain that it contains an evil spirit, for it dances about from hole to hole, and just as you think it is going to settle down, off it goes again to the other side, and there finds a resting place. To appreciate this impish ball it must be seen—one cannot describe it.

Holder's restaurant, I find, is as good and popular as ever, and all smart Nice collects here for lunch and dinner. This is the restaurant on the Place de Massena where one can get all the delicacies in and out of season; the cooking is excellent, and delicious caviars may be obtained here. By the way, I heard with regret that young Bigo, the conductor of the band

that one remembers so well a couple of years ago in London, died last year of pneumonia. When he and his red-coated musicians left London, they came to Nice, and were to be heard two or three times a day at the Heller restaurant during the season.

**A Gay Scene.**

To see Nice at its best one should walk or drive about the town in the afternoon. Every one is out shopping or listening to the capital town band that plays in the gardens of the Place de Massena, and here the scene is a very gay one—children abound, and nearly all are flying a bright crimson air ball, to which is attached a little tri-color.

The shops in the Quai de Massena are wonderfully attractive, especially the costumers' and milliners'. Outside one of the latter emporiums I found quite a crowd watching a woman inside trying on hats. I spent an amusing five minutes with the crowd, listening to their remarks, which were most sympathetic. Monsieur, who was inside with madame, looked rather foolish as hat after hat was put on and then laid aside. I watched madame put on a little arrangement of tulle in which nestled five or six bunches of grapes—green and purple; then as this did not prove becoming, she made entirely of market bunches of violets and their leaves was essayed. This, in turn, was put on one side, and I believe the final choice was made of an arrangement of green grapes and Parma violets. Then the crowd broke up and passed away.

The jewellers make a brave show, too. The gold purses are much bigger than they used to be, and I saw one decorated with diamond swallows, all of life-size, while another was set with emeralds the size of cob nuts. I saw at Morgan's one or two little fantasies in the way of necklaces that struck me as being new. The most striking was literally a twisted rope of five or six rows of pearls, which were tied in knots and the ends finished off with a large black, pear-shaped pearl. Another conceit for madame when she goes to gamble at Monte Carlo, is a bouquet of red violets, with an exquisite model of a large ear-violet made in diamonds in the centre. This I believe, is supposed to act as a charm.

Viviana is said to have the largest and finest illuminating fountain in the world. The illuminating power will equal 900,000,000 candles. It includes twenty-seven immense reflectors capable of giving seventy variations in light effects every seventeen seconds.

**Dyspepsia.**

Medical science doesn't seem to be able to cure it. One professor says one thing about it, another professor says another thing, and all the time people keep on suffering terribly. Now what's the use of wasting words in arguing the matter? Why don't you get some Hutch Tablets and try them? Take one after each meal. Plenty of people have cured themselves in this way, and that ought to be proof enough that it will cure you, too. It is an unusual medicine and does unusual things. It is a motor for ten cents. 200 for \$1. One gives relief

which there never was any good and substantial reason. The remarkable revelation of the week has been the meeting between President Roosevelt and Mayor Schmidt, the first and second mayor of San Francisco. Mayor Schmidt was ready to fight the whole United States to keep it from interfering with the San Francisco schools. He met the president, this week, and after a short conference, handed down his rebellious flag. He declared that the president was the most wonderful man he had ever met; that he had completely misunderstood him, and that he now saw nothing in the way of a peaceful settlement of the question. This announcement will bring all of his fire-eating and revolutionary followers into camp. Score one, Hurrah! These cheers and a tiger for our "Teddy."

As to the course I have pursued in these letters in regard to the "Teddy" case, always my sympathies have been with the weaker side, the under dog in the fight. Stanford White was dead, his lips were sealed in the grave, all sorts of disreputable characters, whose lives had been one long continuing infamy, were heaping coals of shame on his memory, of which the majority of the world had never heard before, and I was glad when a friend came forward to speak for one who can no longer speak for himself.

If the sworn statement of young Mrs. Thaw is true, and I have no reason to doubt it, for it bears truth upon its face, there were two Stanford Whites, one a clear and distinct re-incarnation of the other; there was a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde. The one was a skillful architect, whose monuments glorify the city. The gentleman between forty and fifty, welcome everywhere, versed in the usages of the best society, a man to whose companionship a father or husband would be willing to trust his wife or daughter. The other is the lustful, remorseless fiend, who could lure a girl of seventeen into his den, drag her and ruin her. This is a depth of human depravity which has no parallel and before which I stand shocked, paralyzed and appalled.

How can one sympathize with either this sort of creature, or a murderer?

—BROADBRIM.

Outfits costing from £1,000 to \$2,500 are provided for our ambassadors going to foreign capitals. The sum represents months' expenses, etc. The statue perched 200 feet in mid-air, on top of Philadelphia town hall, is of William Penn, and stands thirty-six feet in height.

**Grand Duchesse Anastasia**

**Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget**

**RESCUED SON.**

**Splendid Saving of Three Fishing Boats.**

Portsmouth, Feb. 16.—The Scarborough lifeboat crew were, last night, entertained at dinner by Lord Londesborough, who provides the crews with a dinner each time they are engaged life-saving. In yesterday's splendid rescue of the crews of three fishing boats the first boat rescued by the lifeboat in darkness was the Rescue, the crew of which included the son of John Weston, coxswain of the Scarborough lifeboat.

**Let Health Sound Upwards.**

If you are run down start running up towards sound health. Delicately wear a pair of a portion of life itself. Vitality means new life, new energy, freedom from disease and the power to accomplish things. Wads from Tomie Pills build health by supplying the system with rich vital blood.

They are a great nerve strengthener and blood maker. In boxes, 25c., at Wade's Drug Store. Money back if not satisfactory.

**Empress Josephine's Hair Sold.**

London, Feb. 16.—A Grecian pattern gold hair, surrounded by a chain set with paste amethysts, rubies and turquoises, which was made for the Empress Josephine, consort of Napoleon I., by Frederick Grigson, of Soho-Square, was sold for \$100 at Messrs. Patten & Simpson's rooms yesterday.

**Order For Massacre For Sale.**

London, Feb. 16.—The original manuscript order for the massacre of Gladstone, signed by Major Robert Duncan-Smyth, and directed to Captain Campbell, of Glasgow, will be included by Messrs. Patten & Simpson in an early sale of autograph manuscripts.

**Death On The Stage.**

London, Feb. 16.—Frank Ottaway, a music hall artist, of St. James' Road, South Belgrave, dropped dead on Thursday night while he was singing a comic song at the Public House, Barking.

**To get More Strength from Your Food.**

WHEN the bowels are filled with undigested food we may be a great deal worse off than if we were half starved.

Because food that stays too long in the bowels decays there, just as if it stayed too long in the open air.

Well, when food decays in the bowels, through delayed and overdue action, what happens?

The millions of little Suction Pumps that line the bowels and intestine that draw Poison from the decayed Food, instead of the nourishment they were intended to draw.

This Poison gets into the blood and, in time, spreads all over the body, unless the Cause of Constipation is promptly removed.

That cause of Constipation is Weak, or Lazy Bowel Muscles.

When your Bowel-Muscles grow flabby they need Exercise to strengthen them, not "Physic" to pamper them.

There's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowel-Muscles. Its name is "CASCAETS," and its price is Ten Cents a box.

So, if you want the same natural action that a six mile walk in the country would give you, (without the weariness) take one Cascaret at a time, with intervals between, till you reach the exact condition you desire. One Cascaret at a time will properly cleanse a foul Breath, or Coated Tongue.

Don't fail to carry the Vest Pouch Cascaret Box with you constantly.

All Druggists sell them—over ten million boxes a year.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedial Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

**Countess Torby**

that one remembers so well a couple of years ago in London, died last year of pneumonia. When he and his red-coated musicians left London, they came to Nice, and were to be heard two or three times a day at the Heller restaurant during the season.

**Paranomic view of Nice**

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**Classena Avenue and Public Garden, Nice**

daughter laying dead in the hall. On the instant her screams alarmed the neighborhood. The people rushed in to find the old woman in an agony of tears that almost threatened her reason. A party of sharp detectives from headquarters was set upon the case, and those sagacious officers of justice formed the theory, invincible as the laws of the Medes or the Persians. They took the old woman down to the coroner's office and there surrounded her with detective and for six martial hours they persecuted this poor old woman with such questions as these: "Didn't you murder your daughter?" "What's the use of lying?" "Why don't you confess and tell the truth?" And then they placed a piece of the daughter's skull and a hatchet in the wretched old woman's hand and said, "Is this the way you struck her?"

Merciful God, was such a mal-administration of justice ever permitted in a Christian land before?

The legal brute who conducted the prosecution was said to be an assistant from the district attorney's office. If this be so the sooner he gets rid of such help the better for the profession he dishonors and of which he is a standing disgrace. The practice has been in the cross-examination of a witness, to browbeat, insult and bully him, and so confuse him as to make him contradict himself. The gentleman and polite method of Michael Delmas, not only comports itself to every lover of decency and justice, but it has a financial value. Politeness and decency pays. No vulgar attorney in our day ever received a hundred thousand dollar fee. Delmas is worth every dollar of it; no wonder that he never fails. There is nothing so successful as success, and Michael Delmas Delmas is one of the most remarkable legal successes of the century.

It is with profound satisfaction that I am able to record the melting away of the Japanese war cloud for

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**BROADBRIM'S**

Letter From Greater New York.

**WHY DELMAS WINS**

HE IS A LAWYER WHO NEVER BULLIES.

Broadbrim's Opinion on the Thaw Case and Sanford White—The San Francisco—Japan Episode and Teddy Bears.

Special Correspondence Letter, No. 1,551.

New York, Feb. 15.—The week has been marked by two murder trials of the most extraordinary character. In one trial a wife tried to swear away her husband's life for the murder of her father, and in the other the wife told a story of a life of shame unparalleled in our criminal courts. To save a husband from the electric chair.

The names that represent the opposite extreme methods of conducting a criminal trial are represented in one case by Counselor Delmas of San Francisco, who is said never to have lost a murder case, and who, if report is true, received a retainer of fifty thousand dollars before he would consider the case. Mr. Delmas' method of conducting the case is the perfection of gracious suavity. His voice is low and sweet, he is as respectful and deferential to a gate-keeper or court clerk as he is to his honor. This velvet glove covers a clenched fist of chilled steel, ready to strike on the slightest provocation, a blow that means death and silence his adversary forever.

Now mark the difference! A few months ago a woman was murdered in Brooklyn, who had been living with her mother. Mrs. Nelson, a woman of over eighty years of age, for over twenty years. Her daughter was not a widow, but she had been a widow for many years. She had property valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and of it this thorough attorney desired to get control. By methods that will not bear investigation he succeeded in involving her in indebtedness which threatened the loss of her entire property. When she was on the verge of financial ruin, a knock came at the door, one night, which her daughter proceeded to answer, wondering at her delay in returning she went out towards the door and found her

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**and Shoes**

**A Pair**

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