

WHO IS THE AMERICAN PRINCESS?

but the rooms between have no windows, and are dark and unheated. The little parlor shows evidences of Bertha's taste and desire for decoration. The blue brocade sofa and chairs have bows of ribbon upon them, and over the sewing machine there is a crocheted cover.

STRANGELY SILENT SEWING SOCIETY.

Gertrude Vanderbilt, Whose Father Is as Powerful as Kings, or Bertha Krieg, the Bowery Girl.

Each Presents a Type Worthy of Earnest Study and Respectful Admiration.

The Millionaire's Child is No Pampered Darling of Fashion.

She Is Charitable as Well as Accomplished, and, Above All, Thoroughly American.

BOWERY GIRL'S BRAVE STRUGGLE.

A Cheerful, Self-Respecting Maiden, Who Is Quite Contented with Her Lot and Does Not Envy Miss Vanderbilt a Bit.

THE rumor of the engagement of Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of the present head of the house of that name, suggests in the secrecy which is maintained regarding it the red tape connected with the marriage of a princess royal. No daughter of the Prince of Wales ever had an engagement of marriage more carefully guarded until time to announce it, and no princess of Europe ever had the luxury surrounding her life from birth that an American princess enjoys.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, be she engaged or not, is at this time the most striking figure in American society. She is hedged in by ceremony and guarded by family pride until the world seldom sees her. Yet from her originate countless charities, numerous employments for persons who would lack them but for the "American Princess," and entertainments for young and old, American and strangers who visit her country.

It is said that Miss Vanderbilt has entertained during her first two seasons in society more families of Governors and Presidential aspirants than any other young woman that ever lived since the colonial days of General Lafayette, whose one young woman was hostess for the nation. The subject of this sketch is a young woman of about twenty years of age. She is of medium height, very brunette, and is not a handsome girl. Her hair does not lie in natural ripples around her face, and her eyes are a little too far apart for great beauty. There are flaws in her appearance, but this only makes her more like an everyday young woman with the halo around her actual gold.

Take these conditions, and you have the American princess as she is to-day.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt possesses the first requirements of a princess in that she has a castle. Yes, and more than one. The marvelous residence in New York City was built for her special use alone. At a cost of half a million for the property all the adjoining houses were bought and torn down, and on the plot upon the rear was constructed a lawn which lies under the young girl's windows and keeps her view clear to Central Park. This property is opposite the open plaza by which the Park is entered, and to estimate the cost of this American Princess's lawn would be to figure in figures that could not be believed. Even the square in front of Windsor Castle would sell for less in dollars.

The suite of rooms overlooking the plot are fairyland itself. Below them lie wonderful plants, kept ever glorious by a trained gardener, and a fountain, a dream in white and blue decoration. Famous painters frescoed these walls. The bathroom is in actual gold, and colored stones, and semi-precious gems.

In Newport there is a mansion so stately that reports of its grandeur around the world as its work progress. The play inside; conservatories shed their fragrance through the house; statues that were made in Rome and figures that are actual chisellings of the old masters or great reproductions stand around. The two colossal figures that guard the entrance to the grand salon are declared to be alone worth a fortune.

In making all these preparations the father of the American Princess has been very liberal to his own countrymen, and very generous to the world. In knowing that his daughter's delight is due largely to the number of people he supports in living luxury to her.

In London there is another palace; it is occupied yearly, unless forgotten for a busy season; and down on Long Island is another. Some idea of the elegance of the last-named little country house may be had when you consider that the twin house was so costly that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. It occupies acres of land with Summer houses, tennis courts, and arbors, and the American Princess who runs down here with her young playmates can afford to be a princess and be a little girl again.

As princesses are known not so much by what they have as what they give, this American Princess steps far over the royal boundary in her benefactions. These, besides being numerous, are generic. She has certain charities which she supports herself.

In St. Bartholomew's Church, where she is a member, there is a charity for small children which looks to Miss Vanderbilt nearly for its maintenance. She gives it not only clothing and shoes, but money, checks, gold and dollars—actual dollars.

Another charity—and this one is said to be almost entirely sustained by her—is the Institution of St. Bartholomew's Mission. This occupies a large building in the business quarter of New York, and reaches out its arms in every conceivable direction. Men find work and children find food. Education is the chief object of the beneficence of character and recommendations are given as merely so many gracious words.

To this charity Miss Vanderbilt goes often in person, and to it she gives immense sums. It would not be fair to say that she supports it, for this would cost perhaps a million a year, but if her private contributions were withdrawn a year the mission would lack all things sadly.

Privately, this American Princess gives away stacks. No other word tells it. Clothing, music lessons, railroad tickets—everything that the struggling can want—come from her. She gives these things incidentally as they are asked for. It takes up none of her time. It is done by a word to her secretary or companion or maid. A word from the princess carries almost a fortune to those who want it.

Fabulous stories are told of Miss Vanderbilt's private luxuries. It is said she has four sets of golf clubs for her favorite game wherever she may be—in London, at Newport, down at the country place on Long Island, or up the Hudson. Her kennels of dogs and packs of hounds await her wherever she goes. If she were "to lose her dogs of war," according to those who have seen her with her animals, she could stand in a field four miles square and have friends gathered around her until they faded off in the distance like toy dogs, so many are her kennels.

Her horses and equipments are wonderfully described, but to all is added the fact that men have constant employment caring for them. Though the Princess may not use them for seasons, they never are rented or loaned to throw any one out of work.

A small green enamel piano, costing \$15,000, is one of the most recent sensations connected with Miss Vanderbilt's luxury.

The latest rumor is that this American Princess is engaged to be married. There is a splendid foundation for this story—most safe to say it is true. But, like the Princess Maude of Wales, this American Princess is protected from embarrassment until the news is ready for the world, and

then all will rejoice that the most favored girl of the nation is going to take a step which means the consummation of all things for a Princess.



Gertrude Vanderbilt, of Fifth Avenue. (Sketched from life.)



Bertha Krieg, of the Bowery. (Sketched from life.)

BRAVE EAST SIDE GIRL.

Sells Veilings in a Big Store, and Only Regrets That She Can't Study Music.

Bertha Krieg is a typical East Side working girl. She is as far removed from the tough Bowery girl of the "Kitty Lynch" type as Mulberry Bend is from Murray Hill, yet she lives and moves and has her being in the same atmosphere. Very frequently, too, she attends the same "receptions"—wedded East Side functions, at which the men in charge are distinguished by large and very ornate badges.

Bertha is not yet twenty. She is plump, and has brown eyes of the kind that shine. Her hair curls about her forehead and ears, and her cheeks are tinged with pink, which deepens when she is pleased or excited or angry. She is shapely and sprightly, and has a winsome smile, a good digestion and an equally good temper. In fact, Miss Krieg reminds one of Maggie Murphy as portrayed by Emma Pollock in Harrigan's "Four Hundred."

She works in a big dry goods store on Third avenue, and gets so a work for waiting on customers at the velling counter.

Out of her \$8 a week Bertha manages not only to live and dress herself nicely, but to help to support her mother and sisters.

Only a year or two ago Bertha's father was alive. He was the proprietor of one of the largest beer halls on the East Side, and it seemed then as if Bertha and her sisters would never have to work, but would live their lives in luxury among the social elite of the Bowery.

But when old man Krieg died Bertha's mother found it no easy task to keep her self and seven children from want. So Bertha, the oldest, became the first wage earner for the family.

She walked into the big dry goods store and asked the manager for a position. She was experienced, but he had her place at one of the centre tables, with a salary of \$3 a week to start on.

That was three years ago. Since then Bertha has been advanced in salary and importance. Now she is head of the velling stock and her wages have been doubled in recognition of her merit.

Bertha lives in a big, double-decker tenement house. It is a narrow hall with two rows of letter boxes on each side. The hall is rather dark and cold,

The American Girl from Two Distinct Points of View.

Here are two American girls. Their names are Gertrude Vanderbilt and Bertha Krieg. Everybody knows who Gertrude Vanderbilt is. Very few people know who Bertha Krieg is. Yet Bertha Krieg is every bit as worthy of attention, by title of being an American girl, as Gertrude Vanderbilt is.

Bertha Krieg is a Bowery girl. Gertrude Vanderbilt is an American Princess. Let no democratic scoffer dispute this latter proposition. The granddaughter of the Staten Island farmer is every whit as much a princess as if she had been born to the royal purple in the proudest of European monarchies. Her father wields a greater power than any noble or royal personage not an actual despot.

And the American Princess—what manner of young woman is she? The popular conception is of a girl who spends that portion of her time which is not consumed by balls and routs, and what the society reporter loves to call "smart functions," in loling behind a pair of high steppers in the park, or lounging in her boudoir sipping chocolate out of a priceless Sevres cup, or combing the tresses of a hideous but expensive poodle.

Gertrude Vanderbilt, as will be seen, is not that kind of girl. She is really a Lady Bountiful of the most approved order.

And the Bowery Girl? She has been celebrated in farce comedy and in humorous ditty for a long time, but do people who are not of the Bowery know what she is like? We shall see. Here is Bertha Krieg, for example, the hard-working, self-respecting, cheerful little body whom the Journal has chosen to share with Gertrude Vanderbilt the distinction of presenting a type of the American girl.

Who shall say which is the worthier?

but the oilcloth upon it is well scrubbed and carefully mended here and there. The Krieges occupy the north part just over the store. It consists of five little rooms, all running into each other, like a train of cars. There are two windows in the front room and one in the back room,

I asked her to tell me about her life. "I get up at 7 o'clock," she said, "and dress in fifteen minutes. Then I have breakfast and walk to the store. I am in my place every morning promptly at 8."

You must not think that the brief time for then on Third avenue people come out is careless or untidy. No; her hair is curled to perfection, and if she had spent hours dressing her clothes could not have been adjusted more neatly or effectively.



When They Sew They Can't Talk and When They Talk They Can't Sew.

The Only Club of its Kind in the World, and the Members Never Speak a Word.

to buy veils as early as 9 o'clock, and some of them require lots of waiting on. 'Cranks' we girls call them; but we must be always patient and have a cheerful smile for even

Women, Young and Middle-Aged, Meet without Discussing Friends or Politics.

These Deaf Mutes Sew and Knit Cheerfully Together and Enjoy Themselves Heartily.

They Never Read Papers, Sing Sentimental Songs, Play Duets, Piano Solos or Murder Recitations.

GRACEFUL FINGERS CRACK JOKES.

The World's Most Remarkable Social Organization Meets Every Wednesday Night in New York.

HERE is a new woman's club in New York, which as a sewing circle would be either a glittering success or a dreary failure. All this reads like a riddle. The answer is that it is a club of silent women, who cannot speak or hear—deaf mutes.

All this reads like a riddle. The answer is that it is a club of silent women; women who speak not, nor hear—deaf mutes—silent women those.

It was started as an experiment by Father Stadelman, of St. Francis Xavier, who is the pastor of the Catholic deaf mutes about New York City.

About twenty young and middle-aged women usually meet at the Notre Dame clubroom every Wednesday night.

The effect of being introduced into a roomful of gesticulating girls from whom not one sound is heard is not to be compared with anything so slightly embarrassing as being in the midst of forty Sioux Indians when the intruder's stand-by-tongue is plain Yankee.

To have all these girls look you over and then gravely discuss you without even whispering gives you an Alice in Wonderland sensation. It is no use trying the usual resorts, boarding school French and boarding house German.

A bright-eyed woman with pink cheeks (the sister of a prominent politician and Federal office-holder, held up her two hands with the tips of the forefingers together and the thumb tips likewise. With another motion the four tips come together. From somewhere way back in our schooldays came a recognition of those motions.

Between explanations from a young woman who speaks and understands some of the sign language and obvious spelling out of every word by the funny little old alphabet that every school child, whoever got around the rule against whispering knows, it was a relief.

Members of the perfect club seaward-minded. Nobody expects to accomplish much, but it helps to pass away time. Their hands are too busy chattering to make much speed with needle work. There is a teacher in embroidery, and before Christmas, by denying themselves the pleasure of talking, some of the members undid headway with pretty Christmas gifts.

Milliner work is the only thing they had lessons in for a time. The club members insist on variety, and, as they learn quickly, it comes to be a matter of course. Novel and interesting occupations. Also teachers are scarce who can use signs. Most of the members work during the day, so they cannot talk then and they prefer talking to any other amusement at night.

Cooking did have a reign, and is going to have another. The younger members are fond of dancing, and when the monthly socials or receptions are held and the gentlemen are invited, every body dances with as much zest as if the finest orchestra in the country was playing its most seductive waltzes.

People who are gifted with all their senses wouldn't enjoy dancing without the music. It seemed queer, but the young lady with whom a Journal woman danced seemed to find just as much delight in the mere motions of waltzing as the ordinary girl does in waltzing to music. She kept time perfectly.

While a couple of girls were dancing others were swinging Indian clubs, and again the necessary count of rhythm was so accurate that it could be counted one by one. But the girl who was most adept said she didn't count in swinging.

The members are very jolly and agreeable. They have a habit of each one adopting the current phrases of humor that ordinary clubwomen do, because there are not signs to express their feelings. So the usual catch phrases are missing.

One of the expressions which passes for a joke in the sign language indicates "You're a bad girl." This is said in a very playful sense, not at all derogatory, with two fingers against the forehead, then pointed outward and downward, with the back of the hand uppermost and a look representing disgust, which turns into laughter.

So the opposite is another joke—"You're a good girl." It is indicated by the same two fingers on the forehead and the same downward motion of the right hand and the two fingers, but with the palm upward.

Another joke which a bright young girl tried to teach the Journal woman was altogether too complicated to be learned at once. But it was a joke, for the other members were laughing the whole time at it.

The president of the club is Miss Agnes Kayler, who was educated in Montreal. It is a delightful surprise to find that she is a deaf mute. The signs as she uses them are pictures of grace in motion, and any woman with pretty hands who sees Miss Kayler talk will wonder why such sign language is not a regular accomplishment in polite society, for the special display of the hands of women who are blessed with beauty in that line.

The president has been elected by the clubmembers. She has been educated to speak and is understood quite easily with her sisters who are not mutes.

The club is still in an experimental stage. Father Stadelman, who founded it in hopes of giving the unfortunate of his congregation a chance for social pleasure, is a frequent visitor. He tells them stories, which some of them seem to repeat to the club at its next meeting.

Telling a story of this kind is not always easy. It is done in the sign language, and its grace is eloquent. But not all the club members have learned that method of communicating, and this really, it was explained, would correspond in the ordinary woman's club to a lecture in French or some foreign tongue, of which the members had a smattering knowledge and wanted to know more.

Besides this, Father Stadelman has taught some of the most advanced members a card.

Next to gymnastics and dancing, cards are the favorite pastime. So are games of every sort which are not childish. A whist game would be perfectly happy with partners from this club, because they would have to preserve that silence that ought to accompany devotion to whist.

The members come from all over the city, and even in the coldest weather some come from One Hundred and Forty-second street to lower Seventh avenue just for several hours of amusement.

Before the club broke up, the men all knew what one of them said, and Lord's Prayer in sign language.