



THE New Orleans carnival is one of the few bits of romance left on this very practical continent. It has all the old world picturesque-ness, combined with the enthusiasm which every American puts into his work or his play. Each of the nine societies who vie with one another, and with "Rex" himself, to make every year's festivities more gorgeous than those which went before, choose a queen whose beauty and presence is the center about which their gaieties gather.

Of late years it has been the custom to select the most prominent among the débutantes of the season to bear these honors. We give portraits of the most prominent queens of this year and last, two of them having shared the throne of Rex himself.

To be chosen of Rex is the crowning honor of the carnival. The first ball of the season is always given on the 6th of January by the Twelfth Night Revelers. At



Miss Jennie Gibbs.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.



Miss Emily Poitevent.

From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

this their queen—one of the nine sovereigns of the carnival—is chosen, ostensibly by chance. A great “bean” is hidden in a cake, and the maiden to whom it falls is proclaimed queen; but the shrewd have long suspected that the honor is not wholly a surprise. It has never fallen to a Cinderella. For weeks beforehand, each carnival queen knows the honor in store for her, although it is always kept a profound secret. From the first ball where the bud makes her entry into society, she looks daily at her own face in the glass, and anxiously into the faces of all of her sisters, wondering which will be chosen.

To only one of the nine queens are given

the emblems of royalty—the crown, the scepter, and the girdle of jewels—which mark her night's sovereignty. These are put away to become heirlooms, and to show future generations that the triumph of belledom has been in the family. Although the jewels are necessarily paste, they are so superbly mounted and so elaborate that they have a large intrinsic value; but this means nothing to the proud and happy girl who wears them. They mark her supreme hour of triumph. She has been named queen, and the emblems are more valued than the Kohinoor would be.

On the night of Shrove Tuesday Rex gives his great ball. This is more a ball

for the people generally than an exclusive social function. Rex has had his procession during the day, and at night, while his hosts make merry, Comus is leading his train through the streets. By the time Comus has reached the hall where his care-

she was only a school girl, she was known far and wide as "the queen of the coast." They are used to talking of queens in New Orleans. When her first year in society came, it was a foregone conclusion that the chief honor would be hers.



Miss Lydie W. Fairchild.

From a photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

fully chosen guests have met to dance before him, Rex' queen has also come to do him honor. A box is given up to the two queens, who watch together the most splendid sight of the whole carnival.

Last year Miss Lydie Fairchild was the consort of Rex, and no more royal figure ever ruled the carnival. It is singular that the title of "queen" should have been given to her almost from babyhood. When

Miss Emily Poitevent, who was queen of Comus in this year's carnival, belongs to one of the old Huguenot families of the South. Her father is a prominent and wealthy citizen of New Orleans, and Miss Poitevent already had a reputation as a beauty and a wit. She traveled a good deal with her aunt, the late Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, who was famous as the owner of the New Orleans *Picayune* and as the poetess "Pearl



Miss Artemis Baldwin.

From a photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

Rivers." Miss Poitevent is very handsome, with wonderful dark eyes and a magnificent carriage, and those who met her during the festival of last spring carried away a brilliant picture of the romantic beauty of Louisiana.

said to be the handsomest ever worn upon any occasion in the Crescent City.

Chicago has been showing her wonders to the East and the West and the South in the last few years, and by no means the least of them have been her beautiful and



Mrs. Charles B. Macdonald.

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago.

This year, the honor of sharing the crown of the great Rex fell to Miss Artemis Baldwin, who was also queen of one of the societies, "Les Mysterieuses." Miss Baldwin is one of the most popular women in New Orleans, which is proven by the fact that she was chosen to rule over the Mysterieuses, a woman's society, almost unanimously. Her gowns for her two mimic coronations were

charming daugh-
cally American than any other women. Nearly every one who is prominently known in the society of the Lake City is of American parentage, and has been able to realize her own individuality to the fullest extent by having a large income and a high degree of freedom. Nearly every one of these American beauties is full of life, of

keen intelligence, and of *savoir faire*. The New York woman models herself a little more upon European standards, and the Southern woman lives up to traditions which she of Chicago, although her mother may have come from New England or Virginia, has long ago cast aside. The beauty, brilliancy, and charm of these Western maidens and matrons is a revelation to her Eastern sisters.

artists who have had commissions to paint her portrait. She possesses not only a fascinating appearance, but the dramatic instinct. Muller Ury, the well known portrait painter, has made two beautiful pictures of her. One of them, showing her in a dark hat and gown, drawing on a pair of white gloves, was exhibited in New York, and attracted a great deal of attention.

Miss Jennie Gibbs, of Columbus, South



Miss Lulu B. tt.

From a photograph by Hall, Augusta, Georgia.

Last summer, at Newport, Mrs. Charles B. Macdonald, of Chicago, was one of the surprises. Her husband won the title of golf champion of the United States at the tournament held there. Mrs. Macdonald was a Miss Porter, one of three beautiful sisters.

Mr. Du Maurier must delight in Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor when he sees her in London. She might have stood for his famous *Duchess of Towers*. She is nearly six feet tall, with hair and eyes and coloring which fully carry out that ideal of stately grace. She and her clever husband spend a great deal of time in London, and she is often seen in New York, both at the entertainments of her sister, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and at the smartest functions during the season.

Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor is a delight to the

Carolina, has ties with the North as well as the South. She is a distant cousin of the Astors, being a kinswoman of the Miss Gibbs who married the third John Jacob Astor, and whose son is the present William Waldorf Astor. She might be taken for one of Thomas Nelson Page's heroines, a late blossom on an old family tree. During the Atlanta Exposition, the Woman's Building was decorated with colonial furniture and portraits, famous old relics, nearly all of them from Charleston. To Miss Gibbs it was like walking through her ancestral halls, so many of them were old friends of her childhood. Almost all the representatives of the old Southern families who found their way to Atlanta had a story to tell her of some famous aunt or uncle of the old historic days.

The Southern girl as she is shown on the

stage today is a strange creature who walks through her part in a muslin gown and the throes of negro dialect, so thick that she can hardly be understood. She might be

Miss Lulu Butt, of Augusta, Georgia, came to Richmond last year, and was as great a novelty as though she had come from anywhere else but that land which is



Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor.

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago.

mentioned with Mark Twain's description of the James Fenimore Cooper Indians, as belonging to "an extinct race which never existed." The characteristics of different parts of the South differ widely, but no lass of Dixie is at all like the theatrical conception.

known as "the South." She was one of the belles of the season, and left an impression of firefly lightness and brightness. Augusta is famous for its pretty women, and although Miss Butt is so young, she has already taken her place with the elect.

THE LOBSTERMAN: A STORY OF THE MAINE COAST.

THERE is an entry in my vacation notebook, dated August 3, 189-, which reads as follows:

The Maine lobster law has been in force since July 1. This is not an event of universal importance, but it is a fact of tragic interest to our little world of fisher folk, whose lives are affected by it. The law prohibits, with heavy penalty, the catching of lobsters under ten and one half inches in length. This size is scarce, and is known as a "count" among the fishermen. The smaller sizes are plentiful, and are called "cullin's" by my lobsterman. He is dependent on his traps and the short season's trade with the cottagers at the Point, and can see no justice in the law. To throw his daily catch back into the sea means the denial of bread to himself and family.

But thereby hangs a tale not in my notebook. Let me tell it.

It was an unusual summer morning. Along the Maine coast a great calm had settled over land and sea. The sky was cloudless. A shining peace was over all. The islands lifted their sides and moved nearer by half their distance, bearing with them the fleet of fishing vessels, lazily drifting on their way to the fishing banks.

It was a morning for dreams, but our reveries were disturbed by the homely realities of sea shore life. A typical water scene attracted our attention, and earnest voices made us listen.

Half a mile off shore two fishing dories rode lightly on the water, and four strong brown arms rested on the oars; the occupants were in earnest conversation.

"Them law makers up at Augusty don't know nothin' what we needs down here. They hain't no business, nuther, takin' our bread outen our mouth—hey, Dave?"

"I hain't gut my bill to the store paid yit," answered Dave. "My rumatiz wuz bad nigh all winter, an' I run myself onto a bill of 'bout sixty dollars. What with the hens an' clams we pulled through without goin' on the town. 'Tain't likely's we'll pull through next winter. What with the six child'en an' the woman eatin' an' wearin' I can't git ahead. 'Tim here knows."

"We're all on us into it, Dave. The smack paid me sixteen dollars yisterdy for four weeks' ketch, me'n Ned pullin' all the time like dogs."

"Same here. Lord knows me'n Tim works arly an' late—wet? My boots hain't fit no longer, an' Tim's is all gone. An' as fer oils—no oils, I can tell ye, under this law. John, this law's agin us. It'll make liars, an' liars makes thieves, an' thieves makes murd'ers."

"I've ben thinkin', Dave, as the fish wuz put here by the 'Imighty, that no law can't stop us takin' 'em."

"I'm nigh crazy thinkin' of noth'n else. Here's my family an' my two hands an' me's don't know noth'n else; an' here's the old sea what's gin my father an' me a livin' fer years. I tell ye, John, the sea hain't changed; God 'Imighty hain't changed; but the law makers, what knows noth'n of our work, says we shan't live by the sea. The old ocean never'll run dry. I say let ev'ry man have his pull an' his rights to the sea. There be strong risin' agin the law up shore."

The speaker stopped his passionate speech to recognize the signal of a customer, and then turned his dory towards the cottages.

"Good morning, Dave."

"Never's one better. God 'Imighty's good. Man makes the world bad by laws."

"Well, what's up today, Dave?"

"Things is all wrong. I've pulled fifty traps, an' here's just thirteen counts. That's a day's work for me 'n Tim, an' the woman an' child'n eatin' an' wearin'."

"Is the law hard on you?"

"Hard on us? It'll ruin us. I tell yer it's wrong. We've our rights to the sea. Law don't make right wrong."

"But you respect the law, Dave?"

"Respects the law? It makes us liars an' thieves. Is it wuss fer me to sell a short lobster nor ever afore? The sea gin me my rights. Law makers don't own the sea. God 'Imighty gin us our rights to the sea. The dep'ty's ben roun'; Ed Bass gut ketched an's sot down fer jail. The woman cries an' pulls me back, but I've gut to git my livin' outen the water. I hain't gut no respects fer no law what starves me."

Still talking, Dave backed his dory away from the rocks and pulled for home.

Dave Decker was a typical shore fisherman. He seemed born to his dory. He