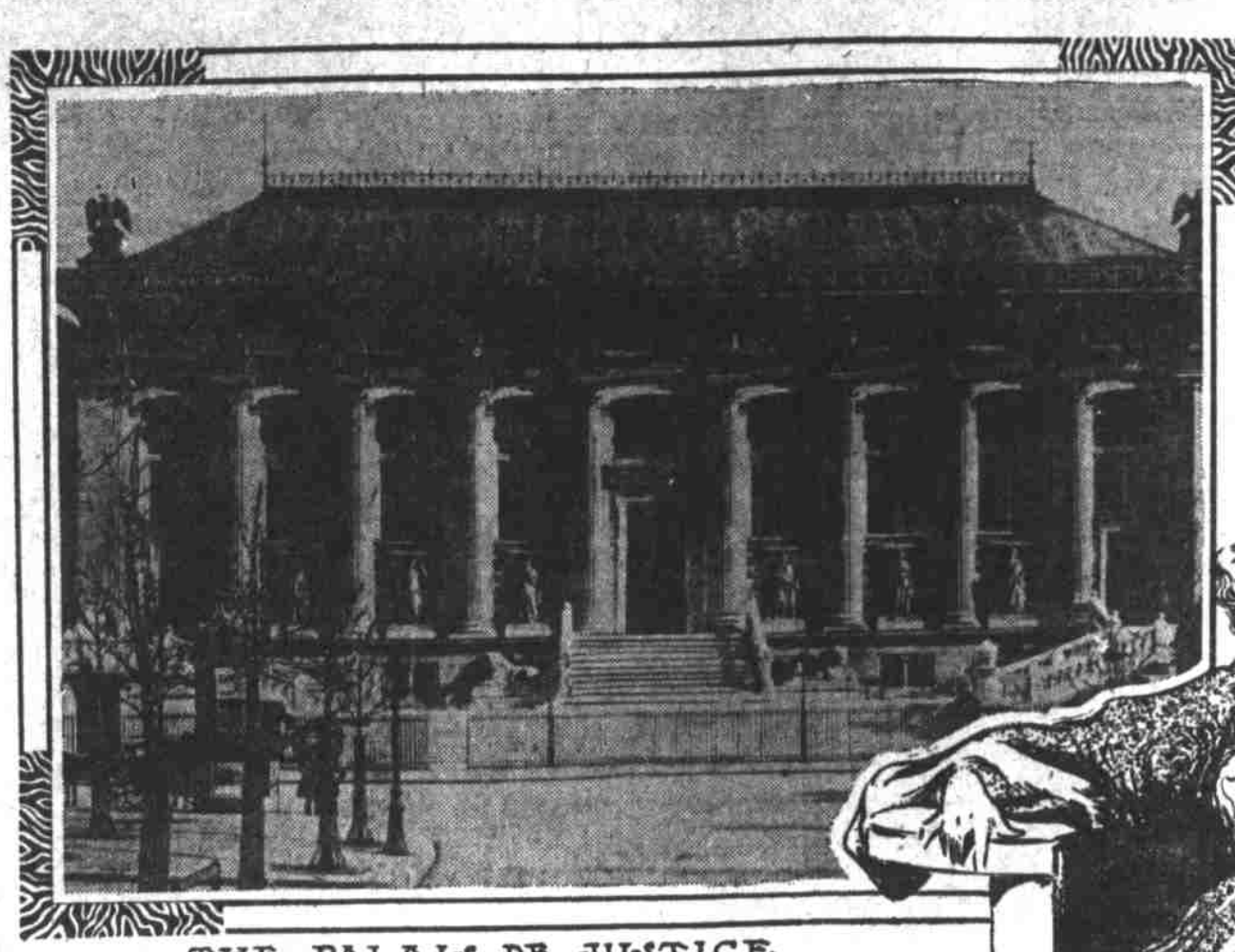


FIRST GIRL LAWYER IN PARIS

She is Only Twenty-One, But She Makes a Hit With Her Very First Case—Brilliant Career in View for Mademoiselle Mirolosky

PARIS, Oct. 24.—Mademoiselle Helene Mirolosky, a talented young lady barrister, made her debut last week at the Palais de Justice. For the first time in the history of the modern Paris law courts a woman stood alone before the solemn judges surrounded by all the robes and majesty of justice, pleading in her own right the legal counsel, the cause of another woman who was being tried for murder. No wonder that the court was crowded with an eager public and all the eyes were turned to the young and old alike, who were not engaged in other cases that day, thronged to witness the scene. Clad in the sober black gown and white bib of counsel, but without the medieval bob-wig so familiar in England, Mademoiselle Mirolosky was not in the least overawed or outwardly nervous. She had doubtless looked at herself in the mirror that morning and recognized that the verdict of "her men" could not be other than favorable. Mademoiselle Mirolosky is a handsome brunette with fine dark eyes; a wealth of wavy black hair clustered off from her forehead, and her hair is gathered together she is pleasant to look upon, for she is in the bloom of twenty-one summers. Her father, a lawyer, her mother, her adversary, unborn from his sister's mission as the avenger of justice and made a graceful little speech, welcoming his learned friend to the outset of her legal career.



THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE

her arms lay down on her bed to await death. When, some hours later, she awoke, she found the baby was dead. The young barrister could hardly have had a more grateful case to defend than that of this bereaved and broken prisoner, alive in spite of her

at last she left the hospital it was to find the prison doors open to receive her. The young barrister could hardly have had a more grateful case to defend than that of this bereaved and broken prisoner, alive in spite of her

self and now childless. Mademoiselle Mirolosky drew such a picture as only a woman could draw of another woman's feelings when she had finished the tears stood in the eyes of many of her hearers. The jury's conviction was brief. There was only one possible answer to such an eloquent appeal. Helene Jean was unanimously acquitted. The young advocate's cheeks flushed with emotion and triumph, was warmly congratulated by a crowd of admiring confidants who pressed forward to touch her "pretty learned sister's hand."

Helene Mirolosky's triumphal debut was followed the very next day by another "masterly" pleading in the same court. This time, however, the subject was an ungrateful one. It was the trial, for attempted murder, of a female Apache. Last December in the gray light of early morning an old widow, named and as it was proved that she had drunk two cups of coffee and four glasses of absinthe just before going to bed, entered and made to throw down the shutters, when a young woman, entered and made to throw down a blouse. While Madame Deleillie was busy getting it, the young one was trying to get to the bill. Unfortunately, Madame Deleillie turned around at the critical moment, caught in the act, the Apache rushed at the old woman, seized her by the throat and kicking her violently in the stomach with her knees, laid her on the floor. The old widow struggled desperately but Louise Brut held her round the throat with a grip like a vice. A few seconds longer and the victim would have been a corpse. At that moment a second customer entered the store. The Apache fled precipitately, but was arrested shortly afterwards.

The prisoner pleaded that she was intoxicated at the time of the outrage and as it was proved that she had drunk two cups of coffee and four glasses of absinthe just before going to bed, entered and made to throw down the shutters, when a young woman, entered and made to throw down a blouse. While Madame Deleillie was busy getting it, the young one was trying to get to the bill. Unfortunately, Madame Deleillie turned around at the critical moment, caught in the act, the Apache rushed at the old woman, seized her by the throat and kicking her violently in the stomach with her knees, laid her on the floor. The old widow struggled desperately but Louise Brut held her round the throat with a grip like a vice. A few seconds longer and the victim would have been a corpse. At that moment a second customer entered the store. The Apache fled precipitately, but was arrested shortly afterwards.

It is not generally known that prior to the great revolution of 1789, no woman was admitted to the bar. The rules of the order were extremely strict, and excluded the deaf, dumb, mad, minors of sixteen, women, judges, notaries, policemen and persons belonging to a religious order. When the revolution broke out the corporation of barristers shared the fate of every other privileged body; it was dissolved and the bar was thrown open to everyone. Many prisoners, most indeed defended themselves and there is more than one famous instance of women having come forward to plead the cause of their husbands and fathers. The first woman was Mademoiselle Nina d'Amberg, whose father, the Marquis de Merle d'Amberg, colonel of the regiment of Royal Marine, had quitted France without permission for England, in order to put his wealth in a place of safety. On his return he was seized as an emigre and brought before the terrible revolutionary tribunal, before which hardly anyone ever dared to appear as a defending counsel of a prisoner. Mademoiselle Nina d'Amberg fearlessly presented herself on behalf of her father. The tribunal could not in decency refuse to listen to her, but her eloquence was in vain. The marquis was guillotined and his unhappy daughter died broken-hearted.

It is a curious fact that the Paris bar only now reckons 1,200 "maitres," fully half of whom never don the robe. So there should be plenty of room for "mesdames," in spite of the fact that we are clearly less litigiously inclined than our fathers.

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AMERICAN ARTISTS IN FLORENCE—Ancient Art Center Holds Colony of Brilliant Men and Women

By Eva Madden.

FLORENCE, Nov. 17.—America plays no small part in the art life of Florence. To begin with, Mr. Gerardo, the authority on art, has a villa just outside the city at Ponte a Mensola. Then George de Forest Brush spends part of his year in Florence, having there both a villa and a studio. The studio of Hiram Powers may still be visited, and the Casa Guidi, used for art exhibits, is in charge of an American, Mrs. Cobb, wife of the late Arthur Murray Cobb, the artist.

goldsmith. He took art lessons at night at the Cooper institute while working at his first profession during the day, and finally won the success Americans love. The centennial brought him east with his father, and New York success encouraged him to become a pupil of Dusseldorf. Later, leaving Munich, he was one of the 15 young students who followed Duvencek to Italy. After Paris came London and the position as water-colorist of rare quality, of course, after portrait painter, and author of such productions as the fine one at Milan.

Professor Albert Harnisch, also of Philadelphia, dwells at the upper end of the Via del Dardi, his studio boasting a delightful garden. In the days of Patis IX, Friziacelli played his part in the fine old society of W. W. Story and those of the Browning set. His retreat is the Hotel de la Piazetta no longer visit the studios as they are. "In my Roman days," he told me, "I would look into my studio bearing my statues and famous buildings, America and largely into Belgium. They brought life and inspiration, and the artist never noted picture more than the statue or picture in return. One who came to me for a bust of a woman was the artist, Morgan. Of others, I have done a bust of Miss McGraw of Ithaca, of Professor Willard Fluke of the same city, and of General Woodruff of New York. These are, perhaps, the best known."

Early this spring there was much to be seen, for Mr. Levick was just ready for his exhibitions, which followed in the Casa Guidi, in particular, of a collection of most lovely etchings, monotypes and black and white drawings of flowers, bell flowers, and other things perhaps unequalled in beauty in any city of Europe. They are quite honey-combed by the attention of the artists of all nations, who rejoice in a good north light and find inspiration in picturesque surroundings.

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Mr. Levick's next door neighbor is an American, and from Philadelphia, the sculptress, Miss Katherine M. Cohen, well known by her bronze of Lincoln, her first exhibition at the Centennial, and her "Vision of Rabbi Ben Ezra Expounding the Law" by her seat of Gratz college, her portrait of Mrs. Moore, her bust of Dr. Plummer, and her statue of a young daughter married Julia Story, and that of General Weaver in the Smith memorial. Patmos.

How did you happen to have peace-keepers put on your butts? of each are had luck. Don't you know they say they see everything you do out of those eyes? "If they can see over the brim of this hat," said the pretty girl, who wore a hat about the size of a medium size umbrella, "they can rubbuck all they want to, but I don't think they can."

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WHY NOT COOPERATIVE KITCHENS?—Charles R. Lamb Strikes Out a Plan That Would Solve Housekeeping for an Entire Block

"T IS all very well," said the artist's wife, "to plan memorial arches, new boulevards and that sort of thing, but why don't you think of something to help housekeepers like myself—make us independent of servants, who are always leaving, and of drunken cooks?"

The hint struck the husband as a good one. He does not say how much the plans that followed were inspired by the belated dinners and housemaids who were not. The reader is concerned only with the results. The artist, Charles R. Lamb, started to work out his domestic redemption by making out his design of a cooperative kitchen and laundry.

The buildings of a New York block devoted exclusively to dwellings shelter at least 450 persons. There are between 50 and 100 dwellings in such an area. The typical New York city, according to the census ratio, consists of 4.5 persons. Such a block occupied only by families, therefore, would serve as the homes for from 400 to 450 New Yorkers.

merely telephone their order to the central kitchen, and when dinner time came would receive the food in covered dishes or pans, but fresh from the fire. The idea of giving each housekeeper precisely the sort of dishes she wanted, he continues, "is capable of almost endless variation. The housekeeper who preferred to do their own marketing could have their meats and provisions sent to their homes and thence taken to the cooperative kitchen merely to be cooked. Or the housekeepers in a block might agree upon a series of meals on the table d'hote plan. I don't know what our wives would think of that. In any case there might be a series of breakfasts and a list of dishes from which the people in the block could always order at pleasure.

wholesale in large quantities and use a checking system by which account is kept of all the supplies withdrawn from the stores every day. These very great economies, it is believed, could be effected by a general rule which applies to all food sold in restaurants.

Out a Plan That Would Solve Housekeeping for an Entire Block

Imagine this joy: To be the good young man, absolutely unknown, but shining in the eyes of the nation, and to flow the very first he understood everything, who alone, with his small but formidable resources, has managed to stamp out crime, and to do it, whatever all is ready, goes full of firm timidity and demands to see the chief of police at once on an affair of importance which breaks no delay—and who, when at last introduced, after many rebuffs, over which his gentle abhorrence is denoted, declares in a calm voice: "Do you know this mystery in which you are so absorbed? This crime in the unraveling of which I have had my finger? Well, it is all settled. If you will be kind enough to follow me, the murderer is at this moment at the end of such a street, such and such a number, where I can lay my hands upon him."

On the opposite side of the narrow Via del Bardo, the artist's wife has a studio as popular as that which he occupies in other days in London. His large apartment is decorated in true art fashion, and this spring his home has been the splendid large canvas, picturing a kind of Vanity Fair of life which was an exhibit at the Centennial in Milan.

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Mlle. Mirolosky, First Girl Lawyer in Paris.

IF YOU SHOULD CHANGE TO SOMETHING ELSE

By John A. Jayne.

HERE IT IS Sunday night again! How the days of the week do roll around! It seems as if the forelocks of Monday had not been sighted down the pike of life before the retreating fetlocks of Sunday were being shaken in our faces. The fathers of a hundred years ago talked about time moving with an eagle's flight. What would they say if they lived in this busy, bustling, bubbling twentieth century? Then foundations were established and remained for years. Today a building is remodeled, tomorrow three stories are added, next day the whole thing is pulled down and a skyscraper takes its place, and that, too, passes away. We are living in a time of constant evolution. The old order changes, new is being established. Change, frequent change, invariably spells restlessness in the life of the man who is changing. Let a man know that he is a fixture in one office, factory or store for a long term of years, and 99 times out of the 100 he will live peacefully, quietly, and happily. But him in a position where he knows not all circumstances, or if he hasn't been up to your standard, it isn't satisfied by a long shot. Tonight you are wondering what in the name of all devils has brought you to your tumble-down, wretched condition.

haven't had a reduction in time—the found of Cain rises within us. And once we have agreed, divided the correct amount of regrets and imprecations between the victim and the murderer, it is with pleasure—let us not fear the word—that we enter upon the phase of morbid and irresistible curiosity.

Why do we love stories of crime? We love crime because we are men. This is humiliating, but we find it difficult to tear ourselves from the tremendous interest that every crime of the first order excites in us as soon as the ghastly news bursts forth. A drop of the blood of Cain rises within us. And once we have agreed, divided the correct amount of regrets and imprecations between the victim and the murderer, it is with pleasure—let us not fear the word—that we enter upon the phase of morbid and irresistible curiosity.

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