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## THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

### WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND THINKING AND SAYING.

**An Olla Podrida Prepared and Arranged by One of Them for the Sunday Union.**

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby,
Against the cottage wall.
A lily grew near the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger's lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart a jeweled chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the blue-birds whistled,
High up in the old roof trees;
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees,
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Reaching at shine and shadow
That danced on the window-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells;
His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain.
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah, me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves,
Dropped from a rose, lay still—
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited for him below.
And out of the darkened chamber,
We went with a childless moan;
To the hight of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

HOW TO RUN SATAN OUT OF BUSINESS.

The desire among women for financial independence, irrespective of class or condition, seems to be growing. A prominent Boston physician asserts that there is fully four times as much chronic invalidism among women as among men, and that a great deal of it is due to lack of sufficient food for thought.

In the face of this, Henry George goes about preaching that he looks forward to the time when nobody will have to work more than an hour a day! What a wretched race shall we be then! Even a cursory study of Dr. Watt's well-known hymn, concerning his Satanic majesty and idle hands, ought to show Mr. George, or anybody else, that human beings cannot, as constituted throughout all history, and as, presumably, to be constituted till they shuffle off this mortal coil, endure such a life of idleness. One can but shudder at the thought of the condition the world would soon be in, if but one hour's work per diem were exacted of every man.

Yet there are many thousands of women who do not work more than this, if as much of downright work. Minds once keen and intelligent become dull under inactivity; muscles loose their tension, even bones weaken. Above all, the will, that originator of energy, becomes impaired. Idleness is like a insidious plague, sapping every faculty we have. Moth and rust corrupt things unused, and bats and cobwebs seek deserted corners.

Most men object to having their wives do anything for money, as a matter of pride, if nothing more; but this foolish prejudice is gradually wearing away. A woman with a taste of art, literature or business, can only be happy while exercising that taste. To enter any of these pursuits without pay would be worse than foolish, as taking bread out of others mouths. Those women who are rearing little ones belong at home—there is no question about that; but the time soon comes when the children have to go to school during the greater part of the day; and that is the mother's opportunity. If she can manage it without neglecting any of the highest and paramount duties of home, let her gradually enter any line of work her tastes and capacity fit her for. A reasonable man will only rejoice when he sees his wife happy and usefully employed. He will know that it is our earthly salvation, mentally and physically, remembering that the cranky, fretful and peevish women are almost invariably those whose minds lie like fallow fields, or are allowed to prey upon themselves for want of occupation.

It is not enough that one can manage to keep busy by pottering around the house, or "running in" to gossip with the neighbors, or perpetrating useless fancy work, or doing jobs of various kinds that better be left undone. Engage in some earnest and worthy work, that the world needs. Heaven knows that there is plenty of it to be done. The field is white to the harvest and the laborers are few. Do something in which you can feel enthusiasm, and which will make you exalt in doing well.

"Get work! Get work! Be sure that it is better than what you work to get."

Too much work is a misfortune, but as an unmitigated calamity, it does not begin to compare with too little work.

WORTH KNOWING.

A correspondent writes to ask what she shall do to cure that unsentimental but soul-harrowing complaint called ingrowing toe-nail, on which all the chiropodists of her city have failed. The only infallible remedy I ever heard of is that used by Dr. Hofman, an eminent German surgeon, and is simply chloride of iron. Here is the method given in his own words: The entire limb must first be thoroughly bathed and disinfected with sublimate solution. Then the nail is slightly elevated and liquid *ferri chloridi* applied to the affected part. This should be repeated on the second or third day. After a few days (or should suppuration occur, do it somewhat earlier) remove the hardened crust covering the granulations, and check the bleeding by an application of the iron solution. Three or four days later the crust is again removed, and this procedure is repeated until the prominent skin folds have been carefully leveled. The nail is rendered soft and friable by the iron solution, and if care is taken may be excised without pain, with a scissors or dull-edged knife. To prevent recurrences, fine plates of cork are sometimes inserted beneath the nail.

As to the proper dressing of the foot, Mary Anderson—"Our Mary," of good common sense—is credited with giving the low-heeled English shoes their wide popularity among American women.

In the sculpture collection at the Paris Exhibition is a much-admired statue, the feet of which are modeled after those of a fashionable young lady; and the marble nymph has prominent joints, with big toes turned back on the little ones, just as if she had walked through Arcady wearing the most fashionable of fashionable boots.

Shoemakers tell us that only about eight people out of every one hundred have both feet of the same size. Generally the left foot is larger than the right; but now and then the right foot is the larger of the two.

By the way, have you heard that short people are now being made taller, by means of false feet made of cork, into which the lines of the natural feet are so carefully blended that the deception is hardly to be detected. What next, I wonder?

Children's feet are often spoiled in shape by being crammed into shoes that look "real sweet" to the mothers, but are neither large enough nor properly shaped. Children's boots will wear much longer and keep in better condition if they are oiled before wearing at all, and if another coating of oil is added every few weeks. At first the leather will look gray and will take no polish whatever, but the treatment will make it soft, and prevent its cracking when it gets damp. Many pairs of good boots are spoiled by placing them too near the heat when they are wet. A much better plan would be to let them dry gradually where it is moderately warm. Women who are obliged to go out in all weather should be provided with a pair of stout boots, to be worn only on rainy days. Nothing will sooner ruin a good pair of boots than tramping about in the mud or rain; and everybody knows the bad effect of rubber on any kind of leather, to say nothing of the feet inside.

FIG LEAVES FOR EVE'S DAUGHTERS.

Miss Anita McCormick, of Chicago, who recently married Emmons Blaine, has spent thousands of papa's surplus dollars upon lace, which is her especial craze. Every piece of her underclothing is described by the fashion reporters as "literally covered with cascades of the most exquisite webs from all parts of Europe where lace is made." The young lady has a fancy for white lingerie, and nearly all of her dozens of under-garments are made of snowy mulle or silk, the only color being from the narrow ribbons run through the laces; and in many instances the ribbons also are white. The bridal set are of white India silk, trimmed with the most beautiful Irish point, and this same lace garnishes one of the few tinted sets in the trousseau—one of pale lemon-color, which includes also a silk petticoat and a satin corset. The bridal hose are white silk, embroidered with silver thread; and there are many other pairs of white stockings embroidered with gold, or with different colors. This is a brand-new fashion, introduced by Miss McCormick, herself.

Speaking of October weddings, some good hints for an autumn bride may be found in the following advice, given by Miss Tillie Forney: A dainty costume that would seem appropriate for a bridesmaid at an autumn wedding can be made with an accordion plaited skirt of magnolia white (which has an especially soft even tint), silk mull, with a Directoire coat of ottoman silk of the same delicate shading. A good quality of silk mull can be obtained for $1 the yard, and as it is about a yard and a half wide, eight yards would be amply sufficient to form a properly full accordion skirt, which should be seven yards wide before being put through the plaiting process. An excellent quality of ottoman silk can be bought for $2 a yard.

To make a stylish Directoire, which should be "cuta way" in front, two flat tails, lined with surah, widening towards the bottom of the skirt in the back. Six yards of material would be ample. Directoire lapels, wide at the shoulders and narrowing into the waist line, edged with inch-wide silver braid, would ornament the bodice effectively. If the wearer's throat be white and shapely, the neck of the bodice would look well cut low and bound with silver braid.

Velvet, both plain and brocaded, has again become extremely fashionable. Some of the autumn gowns of wool have belted shirt-waists, which are worn with loose-fronted coats, in the neglige manner of many gowns worn last summer. It is predicted that black dresses will be worn more during the coming winter than they have been of late, both by young and elderly ladies. Green still remains a favorite color for dressy street costumes; and there are many combinations of green with other colors, notably suede, peach, apricot and copper red. Telegraph blue—a peculiar shade which takes its name from the color of the paper used for cabling, is in high favor among French dressmakers. The pompadour brocades of the past are called "Centennial brocades" this year, and are generally made of the "stand alone" quality, with price to correspond.

EVE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

### ART NOTES.

At Concord, N. H., the project of a statue to President Pierce is discussed. It is to stand in State House Park.

An exhibition of Old Masters at Birmingham, England, has just closed with a record of 650,000 attendances. The Sunday openings were patronized by crowds of workingmen.

Joseph Parnell is preparing for the Macmillians a treatise on pen drawing and draughtsmanship, with illustrations after many English and foreign artists. It will be in quarto.

The third and last volume of Bradley's "Dictionary of Miniaturists, Illuminators, Calligraphers, and Copyists" has appeared in London with Bernard Quaritch. It contains more than 1,200 names of scribes and workmen in the small fields of the arts.

The Art Association of Montreal sent an agent to England to solicit paintings and sculptures from leading artists. The exhibition in December will contain a goodly number of works by Leighton, Poynter, Alma Tadema, Watts and others.

Seven portraits of Carolus Linnæus, the botanist, have been discovered by the President of the Linnæan Society of London, which now owns a great many articles belonging to the famous Swede, besides several likenesses. One of them is given as frontispiece to the October number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

Rev. J. Shortt and T. C. Smith are collecting materials for "The History of Ribchester: Its Antiquities and Church Records." They will enter as fully as possible into the Roman remains, which prove that the old city on the Ribble was an important place during the occupation of South Britain by the Romans.

The younger brood of sculptors in England, among whom are a few men of promise, intend to form an organization and assert their right to be seen and noticed like the painters. The impulse to this is said to be a snub unwittingly administered from France. No invitation to exhibit at the Universal was sent to the sculptors of Albion.

A beautiful white marble bust of Mrs. Cleveland, upon a pedestal of black and white marble, is at present occupying a corner of ex-Marshal Wilson's drawing-room in Washington. It was left in his charge when Mr. Cleveland went to New York. The bust is life size, and is the work of G. Scanki, Genoa, and bears date 1886. It was made from impressions taken when as Miss Folsom she traveled in Europe.

In the *Archæological Journal*, published at Oxford, E. T. Werner shows the size and extent of the Great Wall of China, the very existence of which has been called in question recently, owing to Marco Polo's silence regarding it. Captain Parish, who went to China with Lord Macartney in 1793, gave most elaborate descriptions. The ancient books of China also describe it. Mr. Werner writes as an eye witness of its tremendous bulk and solidity. Several walls appear to have been built on different sites and allowed to go to ruin at different epochs.

The latest fad among the women is a scheme to get up a monument to Isabella, Queen of Spain, who was largely instrumental in getting Christopher Columbus fitted out for his exploring expedition, which resulted in the discovery of this great and glorious country. By all means let the ladies erect a monument to the fair Queen if they want to; but it will strike the average thinker that some sort of a memorial to Columbus himself would be more appropriate in every way. However, judging by past experience, there is little danger either of Columbus or his royal patron getting a monument.

## SUPERSTITION'S SLAVES.

### PEOPLE OF ALL TIMES HAVE CLUNG TO GOOD AND EVIL OMENS.

**Mary Anderson Thinks that a Broken Mirror is the Forerunner of Good Luck.**

It is more than astonishing how superstition of one kind or another takes its hold on the mind of even the strongest men and women, and the seed once planted soon produces fruit, for the soil seems especially adapted for the nutrition of a plentiful crop. Superstition grows by what it feeds on, and though it may be escaped for a time, as a man may, by precautions, shun the measles or scarlet fever, the chances that he will be free from an attack of this insidious disease are infinitely smaller than that he can go through his life without suffering from those infantile illnesses.

No age has been absolutely free from superstition. If documentary evidence could be produced, or had an Edison lived then and taken down the conversation on a phonographic cylinder, Adam and Eve would, no doubt, be found to have had their beliefs in good and bad luck, and we should probably discover that on the morning of the day on which the apple looked too juicy and ripe to be withstood, Mrs. Eve looked over her left shoulder, or put her left shoe—if she had one—on her "dexter pedal extremity."

To be once superstitious is to be superstitious for all time, and with increasing reasons for apprehension. Though ignorance is undoubtedly the parent of superstition, yet so firmly has this offspring impressed itself on the world at large that scarcely one can be found who, if he would really speak truth, would deny that on some one point he believes that this or that will show promise of good or evil, and in most cases it is for evil that people look, and have in consequence made signs to warn them against it. As Addison says:

"As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and I have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a merry thought. A screech-owl at night has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostications. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoots up into prodigies."

Every element has contributed its share to the sum of the portents. Every day of the week, month and year, every season, is regarded by different nations as lucky or the reverse. Tribal superstitions are as marked as other customs, and portents obtain in one place which are not known in another. The animal and vegetable world furnish omens, and, in fine, it is difficult to say what may not be impressed into the service of the seeker after warnings and against ill or harbingers of good fortune.

Birds have always been used as portents, and, if they could appreciate the estimation in which they are held by mortals, the "Jonahs" must have anything but a happy time—even though they console themselves with the reflection that their "evil reputation has been got without merit," or their good "lost without deserving."

The raven has always been regarded as unlucky—the idea starting probably because of its color; but even he may not be so black in his prognostications as he is painted. A story is told that on one occasion a croaking raven perched on a house, and, in spite of the efforts of the inmates to dislodge it, refused to move. A neighbor assured them that it was a foreboding of death, and advised that the date and time be noted. This was done, and some weeks after a letter arrived from Australia, conveying the intelligence that on the very day and at the hour the raven appeared a near relative of the family had died.

The evil reputation of the owl, too, is almost universal. The American Indian regards it with ill favor, and in Siam its perching on a roof is regarded as prophetic of a death in the house. In some parts of England its cry is said to fortell hail and rain with lightning. Abhorred in life, it is nailed to the barn door after death in order to avert mischief or ill-luck, because of a belief, no doubt, that other things evil would be afraid to come into its neighborhood.

But the same unanimity of belief does not prevail in all cases, and the magpie furnishes an example of this. Mr. Bourne says that three magpies augur a successful journey. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, relates that his friend, William Clark, in a journey to London by a mail coach, found himself in company with a seafaring man of middle age and respectable appearance, who announced himself as master of a vessel in the Baltic trade. In the course of the conversation, the seaman, looking up, said:

"I wish we may have good luck; there is a magpie."

"And why should that be unlucky?" asked Mr. Clark.

"I can't tell that," replied the other, "but all the world agrees that one magpie bodes ill-luck, two are not so bad, but three are the evil one himself. I never saw three magpies but twice. The first time I nearly lost my vessel, and the second time I fell from a horse and was very much hurt."

Some birds, on the other hand, are supposed to bring good luck, and people going hunting used to fasten a bittern's claw to a buttonhole by a ribbon in order to insure good sport, forgetting, of course, that good sport to them meant the reverse to the hunted, as in the case of the boys and the frogs. But probably all the animals that were chased looked on the bittern's claw as of ill-omen, so that the matter was balanced in that way.

The superstition that if one breaks a mirror he will be attended by ill-luck for seven years, is well known. But it is not universally accepted. Miss Mary Anderson, for instance, does not believe in it, but rather likes to smash a glass. She had a very handsome hand-mirror for some time, but one evening during her last tour she broke it. Some one standing near mentioned the superstition, and the actress replied: "Oh, I don't believe in that; I never had so much luck in my life as the season during which I broke seven mirrors; that was my first engagement at the Lyceum."

Yet in spite of this expression many people will, no doubt, seen an omen of disaster—Miss Anderson's illness, and the subsequent abandonment of her tour—in this very broken mirror.

Reasons for some superstitions are quite apparent, but it is difficult in most cases to understand how the belief originated and why the reverse should not have obtained. It is thus easy enough to see that the belief that ill luck will follow one who walks under a ladder had its origin in a disaster caused by the fall of something from above. Again, the belief in the death of one who is a member of a party of thirteen at a meal refers undoubtedly to the last supper and the events which followed it.

In Jamaica all the ordinary superstitions abound, and there are some which are indigenous to the soil. For example: A house once built must remain as it was designed by the architect. If an extension is added, or if a wing is built out so that the old roof is joined by a new one, some member of the family will, it is believed, surely die within a year. Cases of this kind are carefully noted by the gossips, and they can cite scores of such mishaps. Whether they know any occasions on which the joining of a house with a wing was not accompanied by such a catastrophe they refuse to state.

Again, the cutting down of a fruit tree is ominous of the death of the head of the house, while if only the branch of a tree which is bearing fruit is lopped off, the junior members of the family must look out for storms, for one of them will assuredly have to "hand in his chips." If a limb falls by its own weight, some member of the household will, it is asserted, soon depart on the long journey to that undiscovered country.

Young ladies believe that if they see a pie-bald horse they must wish before his tail comes in sight, and if they can keep silent till they see a white horse they will surely obtain their desire. "This," said a cynical bachelor, "probably accounts for the fact that no woman yet acknowledged that she had ever got what she wanted."

"To see the new moon through glass is awfully unlucky," said a bright young lady a little while ago, "and I always bow nine times to it when it first appears, then I am sure to get a present before the month is over."

She was in sore distress the other day, though. She had been told that if she counted nine stars for nine nights in succession after she had seen the new moon, her husband, to be, would be the first man to whom she would speak next day. As soon as the moon was visible as a very fine crescent she appeared on the stoop and bowed nine times to her non-luminous majesty. This was to insure a present—the engagement ring, perhaps. Who knows? Then she counted nine stars. And she was happy. The next night came and the operation was repeated, and so on for the next and the next, till at last eight nights had passed. The eventful ninth came. The rain came down in torrents; the sky was black as pitch, there was not a star to be seen. Madamoiselle is in sore distress lest the omen be that she will come very near to the "holy bond," but that something will happen and she will live and die an old maid. As she says she hates cats, loathes dogs, and "can't abide" parrots, she fears her existence will be anything but pleasant.

The superstitions of gamblers would fill a volume. How often has a new deck of cards been called for to change the luck. Or a chair turned three times for the same purpose. A clergyman, playing whist, was noticed to touch the deuce of clubs as soon as it was played and, being asked the reason, explained that he did so in order to insure a good hand for himself in the next deal. They were all superstitious men at that table, and it was amusing to the onlookers to watch the attempts of the players to be the first to touch the "mascotte" card.

In one of the London markets a boy used to make a living by "selling luck" to the dealers. His stock in trade consisted only of a squint, and a single quick glance from him was sure to bring good to the individual who was fortunate enough to buy his services! Two glances on the contrary brought bad luck! But this quality did not belong to this boy alone. It is said to be the happy inheritance of every one who has been gifted with a squint, and people who have been so blessed may, with this information, start a new trade.

### PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Attorney-General Miller has just taken a house next to Chief Justice Fuller in Washington.

Henry Irving is contemplating a tour in Australia. He has been offered great inducements to go there.

It is reported that Dr. von Bulow has signed an agreement to revisit the United States in the early spring.

John G. Whittier dedicated his poem "Miriam" to his life-long friend, the late President Barnard of Columbia College.

It is now said that General Boulanger is not well read, and that aside from military matters he is a singularly uninformed man.

Homer B. Sprague, the well-known educator, has compiled Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth" with voluminous notes and references.

Elbridge Gerry says Ward McAllister is incapable "of formulating any business proposition so that any possible human being could understand his objective."

General Adam E. King, of Baltimore, who is to be the next Consul-General at Paris, is a genial, cultivated man, who will shine to advantage in Parisian society.

Professor and Mrs. Tyndall are soon to return from Switzerland to England. Professor Tyndall's health has been much benefited by his latest scrambles among the Alps.

William Sharp, the London poet and critic, and editor of "The Canterbury Poets," has been enjoying New York's hospitalities, the guest of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Mrs. Frederika Neilsen, formerly an actress in the King's theater, Norway, has been converted, and is now preaching evangelistic sermons in the Scandinavian Methodist Church, Salt Lake City.

John Burns, the London labor agitator, uses no tobacco and is a total abstainer of liquors. He is a very studious man, and has collected a valuable library of standard works, largely on political and social economy.

Sir Arthur Sullivan confesses that his sacred song, "The Lost Chord," has brought him $15,000. Sir Arthur must be of the opinion that the lost chord was worth losing. He will do well to find it and lose it again.

Amanda M. Douglass, the novelist, has for the past sixteen years been the chief support of her father and sister, and most of the time of her mother also. During all these years she has written on an average two novels a year.

Joel Chandler Harris, who is better known as "Uncle Remus," would not take a prize at a beauty show. His mustache only partially conceals a coarse mouth, while the eyes seem on the point of popping from his head to escape from a nose which his most partial friend would not call handsome.

Oscar H. Cooper has been made Professor of Latin in the University of Texas. Mr. Cooper was graduated from Yale College in 1827 and afterward from the University of Berlin, where he prepared himself especially for such a position as he is now to fill. For several years he has been Superintendent of Education in Texas, and in that capacity has done much to advance the progress of the public school system throughout the South.

Miss Juliet Corson is a remarkable woman. The victim of an incurable disease, given over by her physicians, outliving the limits of life which they have from time to time prescribed, she keeps up her literary work, turning out a certain amount of copy each week, and has recently undertaken the editorship of a household journal. In addition to these labors she has constantly an ear for the philanthropic projects which touch upon her specialty—cooking.

The Prince of Wales, says the London *Star*, lives the life of a regular country gentleman at Sandringham, eating the huge breakfasts of the Norfolk farmer, going in extensively for home comforts, looking after his farms and stock, and taking a keen interest in sport. He is not a bad landlord, as landlords go, but, as a bitter and terribly satiric pamphlet by a brilliant lady tenant of the Prince's lately informed the world, H. R. H. brooks no obstacles in his path when his rights as a land despot are in question.

## FORTUNES IN TIPS.

### HOTEL PORTERS AND HEAD WAITERS ROLLING IN WEALTH.

**One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Dollars Accumulated from Tips in Fourteen Years.**

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

All of the prominent hotels of this city have rich head porters who have amassed their wealth in blacking boots, carrying baggage and starting fires in the rooms of guests. Some of them live in brown-stone houses more imposing than those of their employers, and enjoy life all the time. The head portership in a hotel like the Continental, Girard or Lafayette means a sinecure with plenty of money and little actual work. The chief has a corps of eight or ten men under him, who look to him for their living and obey his every beck and call. Besides this, he is given a handsome salary of from $1,200 to $2,000 a year by the proprietor, who intrusts to him the disposal of all the guests' luggage, the attention to all the fires in the rooms, and a score of other minor duties. The hotel proprietor has nothing to do with the pay of the under porters. That comes from the well-filled wallet of the head porter. The salary which the head porter receives is but a trifle compared with what his position brings him, and out of which he can pay his underlings and have a handsome sum to lay up at the end of each year.

The magnate of the hotel baggage department makes his money by "tips." The guests tip the under porters for attending to their baggage and carrying it to their rooms, and the underlings then hand the tips over to the head porter. That important functionary pockets the money, and with a smirk thinks of the latest fad in household furniture, and how a few silver trappings would look on his fast-going span. A head porter of one of the large Philadelphia hotels inadvertently admitted yesterday that his position brought him a a clean $4,000 a year above the cost of his family expenses, besides enabling him to pay off his men, who receive $1 a day and board at the hotel.

"There are several head porters in this city who have become as rich as the well-known head porter of the Palmer House, Chicago, who was recently discharged by his employer," continued the loquacious baggage custodian above referred to. "Didn't you hear about that case? Well, Potter Palmer, the proprietor, was one day speeding his horse along one of the drives at Chicago, when some one attempted to pass him. It was the head porter, John, of his hotel. The day after Palmer called his head porter into his office and asked him where he hired his horse. With a glow of pride the porter answered that the horse was his own. The proprietor knew that he had established a rule that the employes in his hotel should accept no tips, and that the head porter could not make such a display without having made his money in this way. An investigation of the case was made, and Palmer found out that the man was accumulating his wealth on tips, and he immediately discharged him. The Palmer house is the only hotel in this country that I know of where tipping of porters is not allowed."

The head porter then dropped into a reverie, and after a few moments' reflection suddenly aroused himself and exclaimed: "There's old John Carl, the former head porter of the Colonnade Hotel, who died three years ago. He held his position for nearly fourteen years, during which time he amassed a fortune of over $125,000 by means of his salary and tips. Carl lived on South Seventeenth street in a fine residence. He had some handsome paintings and works of art in his home. There was never a hotel porter who could get more tips out of a man than Carl. He was suave, and had the best tip-me-please smile that I ever saw. Mighty sharp man, too, and very economical. He used to say that he averaged one $5 tip a day. Yes, a good many wealthy men who stop with their families at our hotels give as large a tip as that. They are really repaid for it, too. Their baggage is handled with especial care.

"There is Frank McIntee, who now helps the ladies out of their carriages at Strawbridge & Clothier's establishment. He was head porter for fifteen years at the old St. Cloud Hotel. McIntee is a wealthy man, and he made his money when he was a head porter. I'll wager he is worth anywhere between $50,000 and $60,000. He owns a number of houses and has a big bank account.

"Charley Sweeney, the present head porter of the Centennial Hotel, is worth fully $100,000, which he has made mostly out of his position. Sweeney used to hold the same position in the La Pierre House, now the Lafayette. He resides in a beautiful brown-stone-front house in the lower section of the city, and owns a fine driving horse.

"Henry Bradley, the fine-looking, ruddy-faced old porter of the Lafayette, is richer than Sweeney. Bradley has eight porters under him, and judging from his luck on tips and his inimitable suavity of address he must have kissed the Blarney stone a dozen times. There are on an average 150 pieces of baggage that have to be handled by Bradley and his men every day. Almost every piece brings him a nice tip. He lives in a $15,000 house on Catharine street, and its interior is a picture of home comfort. Bradley's fortune is a least $100,000.

"Another wealthy head porter is Michael Reagan, who is at the Aldine Hotel. He has held his position there ever since the house first opened in 1878, and it is said he is very clever in working tips. Reagan employs six porters to help him in his business. He lives in a pretty little house on Dickinson street, and possesses a fortune of $30,000.

"Three years ago, after the death of John Carl, the wealthy head porter of the Colonnade, Michael McAnnany stepped into the position, and has in that time made enough money out of it to buy a nice home on Mifflin street, besides investing some spare capital in other properties.

"The head portership of the Girard House, is held by two men, Thomas Love and his brother George. They have in their employ six other porters, and handle on an average seventy-five pieces of baggage a day. During the eight years that they have been the incumbents of the position each has been enabled to lay by $20,000.

"John St. John, the head porter of the Stratford, and Patrick Donnelly, who holds the same position at the Bellevue, are also in good financial circumstances."

### WIT AND HUMOR.

An old saw—Esau.

The pugilist ascends the ladder of fame round by round.

Ought to be if it Isn't—"What is Mr. Barnum's motto, pa?" "Give every man a show."

Republics were ever ungrateful. We put our great men on postage stamps and then punch their heads.

Guard—"Sir, if you want to smoke in this carriage you must either get out or throw away your cigar."

No Sale—"The land speaks for itself—eh, Jones?" "I know; but I'm not certain yet just how the land lies."

Just Like a Woman—A woman will save up for a month for a personal treat and then share it with the family.

Condition of Business—Rag-picker (to undertaker)—"How is trade?" Undertaker—"Dead. How's yours?" Rag-picker—"Picking up."

Temperance orator—"What is it, my hearers, that drives men to drink?" Voice from the back seat—"Salt mackerel."

First Doctor—"I hear you treated my neighbor for typhus fever. Was it a bad case?" Second ditto—"Very bad; the man never paid his bill."

Jenkins—"You shouldn't have asked old Henpeckt if he was going to the circus." Firkins—"Why not?" Jenkins—"Because he was going home."

The word love in one of the Indian dialects is chemlendamoughkanagogager. This accounts for the fact that Indians never have but one sweetheart at a time.

"Mother may I go speculate?"
"My son, you hand't oughter;
But if you must please do it straight,
*And don't go near the water.*"

Intolerance—Brown—"What was the trouble with the paper you started up in that health resort?" Smith—"I ran in a death column, and the Town Trustees ran me out."

With a Proviso.—An ancient adage says: "It is better to suffer an injury than to commit one." But this depends largely upon circumstances. Size of the other man, for instance.

Drill officer, out of patience—"Instead of attending to your orders, you are always thinking how you are going to walk Sunday, with your Rosinante, arm in arm, like the old Don Quixote."

She Had the Name.—"What are you chillin doin'? A eatin' dem green pears? Now you walk yourselves in de house yer; fust thing you know you'll be down sick in bed wid pear-eat-in-eat-us."

Mrs. De Fashion (at Long Branch store)—"Is there anything new in bathing suits?" Fair clerk—"No, madam, we have nothing more outlandish than the one you bought last month."

Inquiring spectator (at the races)—"Which horse was it that won?" Speculative spectator (gloomily)—"I don't know the name of the horse that won; but I know the names of most of the horses that didn't win."

Returned traveler — "I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?" Old Friend—"Long ago. She married him."

Must Have Had a Tough Time.—"Hard work has done Charlie Barrett good. Just see what huge muscles he has on his arms." "Yes. He wasn't so last year. What was his work on the ranch?" "He did the carving at meals."

Self-made Man—"I can't see any sense in wasting so much time on dead languages." College Student—"Neither can I. Since Wilkins started in to win the Latin prize he hasn't been worth a cent in the boat crew."

Maiden—"What can a woman do when a man that has won her affections refuses to marry her?" Lawyer—"Is he rich?" "No; hasn't a cent." "She can appoint a day of general thanksgiving and invite both families to participate."

Mr. Blinks (in dairy restaurant, New York city)—"I'm most starved for a bowl of milk and some berries with real cream on 'em. Bring me a double order." Waiter—"Yes, sah. Been summering on a farm, I s'pose, sah?"—*New York Weekly.*

Observe the youth as argument
His empty head engages,
Dispose of questions held in doubt
By gray savants and sages;
Some twenty summers may have tinged
His cheeks with color ruddy;
And yet he seems by means occult
To have obtained the net result
Of centuries of study.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, as he looked up from his breakfast coffee, "can you tell me why you will gossip about me with that vixenish Mrs. Talk?" "Certainly Henry," was the easy reply. "I do it because it's the only way in which I can find out what you have been doing."

Wild-eyed Man—"I want a lot of poison right off." Drug Clerk—"It's against the law to sell poisons to people who look as if they wanted to commit suicide; but I'll let you have a bottle of Dr. Black-Sequin's Elixir of Life. That seems to be pretty sure death."

"Oh, Uncle George," cried tender-hearted Rollo, his eyes filling with tears, "let us give some money to that poor woman over there on the sand. See, she has hardly any clothes on!" "Sure enough!" said Mr. George. "Why in thunder didn't you point her out before?"

Cupid once, on mischief bent,
Took his truest, sharpest dart,
And, with glance of merriment,
Sent it straight at Clara's heart.

But the arrow, spurned aside,
Blunted fell. In mocking tone
Naughty Cupid quickly cried,
"Clara's heart is turned to stone."

Summer guest (impatiently)—"I have found dead flies in every dish I touched this morning, and I think you might at least make a reduction in your charges." Hotel proprietor—"I can't reduce your bill, sir; but if you will come with me to the kitchen, I'll let you hear me swear at the servants."

Mrs. De Style—"My dear, your wardrobe is three months behind the fashion. Why don't you have your husband buy you some new dresses?" Married Daughter—"He can't afford it; he has no money." Mrs. De Style—"No money? Well! Well! I can't imagine what on earth you married him for?"—*New York Weekly.*

Cross purposes—Corkins (reading dispatches about London strike)—"That fellow Burns is sadly lacking in judgment." McStab (hotly, looking up from sporting page)—"He is, eh! Put out five men on third, assisted to put out four and made no errors! If you can't talk anything but guff, don't talk."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Conductor—"That boy can't be less than five years old. I shall have to charge you half fare for him." Mr. Skinnphlint (nervously looking at his watch)—"No, you won't. It's now 7 o'clock. That boy won't be five years old till exactly 7:30, and we expect to get off this train at exactly 7:28. If you charge me anything for that boy I'll report you."

A Texas man who was innocent of crime was sent to prison for twelve years. He thought himself forsaken by Providence, but as the officials did not oblige him to cut his hair, he came out with it hanging down to his knees, and a dime-museum man gives him $40 per week for a year. How little we know what is for our own good!—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why does the ocean rage?
It misses the form it clasped,
And riots its grief to assauge,
For Neptune's temper is rasped.
He tears up the shingly strand
That russet-clad feet have pressed,
And he beats with a heavy hand
The shores that he once caressed.
Fled from his fond embrace
Back to the city's din
Is the pretty girl with the sun-bronzed face,
And Neptune is mad as sin.

The Boston Way: Managing Editor—"Mr. Faber, what have you in hand just now?" Ready writer—"Nothing in particular." "Well, here is something for you to write up. A boy down in Blind Alley fell down and lost all his marbles. That ought to be good for two columns. Make it bright and chatty, and if it runs into three columns, all the better."—*Boston Transcript.*

How it came about—Editor London comic journal—"My heyes! The ship that 'ad the American humorous papers for last week 'as gone to the bottom. What will we do?" Assistant—"Cahn't we suspend publication for a week?" Edito—"Himpossible! Tho paper must be filled some'ow. I 'ave it. I'll reprint that long harticle from the London *News* poohpoohing American humor."—*Puck.*

Italian barbers are crowding out their German rivals in New York city. Their prices are extremely low—5 cents for a shave and 15 cents for a hair-cut.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

### GOSSIP GATHERED AT GOTHAM BY "ROSALIND MAY."

**Garthorne's Cold Bath—Pretty Pauline Hall's Prattle—Dan Hart's "Old Yaller"—Stage Notes.**

Our New York correspondent, Rosalind May, writes as follows, under date of October 4th: "The average New Yorker cares little for theatrical entertainments in the early fall. To pent-up spirits, a breath of fresh air at the seaside or in the woods, outrivals anything within four walls, and the first weeks of the autumn season would amount to nothing but for strangers who stop by on their way home from watering places, or the perennial country merchant. To them, New York theaters are novelties and they make the most of their time. Stop-gaps, therefore, have been the rule with some; with new productions as exceptional. In this last category, 'The Drum-Major,' at the Casino, has been notably unsuccessful. It was unfavorably received by the critics, and though considerably altered, subsequent patching is a poor substitute for original merit, and it will probably be short-lived.

"'Shenandoah,' Bronson Howard's new play at the Star, has been an enormous success. Though faulty in many respects, it has so pleased the multitude that hundreds have been turned away, and it will shortly be put on at Proctor's for a long run.

"Cool October witnesses a grand revival. This week Daly's company re-appeared, and it is needless to add drew a brilliant house. The old-time favorites were warmly welcomed and every one prepared to applaud 'The Golden Widow,' an adaptation by William Daly from Sardou. Disappointment, however, sat visibly on the sea of faces. The effort after comedy is for the most part strained, the plot is meagre, and at the close those present experienced, what the next day's papers emphatically announced, that the play was a failure. Mr. Daly is too competent a manager not to have something in reserve, and the something, an adaptation from the German, will doubtless bring improvement.

"'The Old Homestead' at the Academy of Music is seen with an enlarged beauty of scenery, which, from a spectacular point of view alone, must render it a sensation. It comes forth fresh as ever, and from present appearances might continue drawing indefinitely.

"MR. AND MRS. KENDAL,

Under Frohman's management, are announced at the Fifth-avenue Theater in 'A Scrap of Paper,' and great interest is manifested in their debut, which will be one of the season's events. They appear on the 7th, and three days later Salvini will be seen at Palmer's, in 'Samson,' a play written especially for him. Whatever may be the difference of opinion regarding this actor, he is certainly to many a star of the first magnitude, and they are prepared to worship him. Others incapable of forming an opinion go to see him that they may say they have been, while an intelligent minority, who do not admire him, attend that they may criticise. Thus, in consequence, he draws good houses; is a safe card in a manager's hands, and may be reckoned upon for a sensation. The new play, also, will come in for a large share of attention, and his impersonation of the biblical hero will prove an edifying study. Sensational effects are not ignored, and at a given moment a scenic temple will be made to fall, apparently by an effort of strength as in blindness he leans against a pillar.

"In quite opposite style, the one and only Dixey will make a bid for popular favor at the Standard, on the 7th, in a new play called 'The Seven Ages.' Owing perhaps to these interesting events, the coming of Booth and Modjeska is delayed until the 14th, when tney will succeed a summer long Oolah at the Broadway Theater. Artistic triumphs, as a matter of course, await them, and familiar masterpieces as interpreted by them will take on new luster.

"Musical performances are also inaugurated next week by a Festival of Song at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the auspices of the Arion Society. The principal soloists will be Emma Juch, Emil Fischer and Josefiy, but as the striking feature of the occasion may be mentioned concerted singing by societies from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Newark and Brooklyn, all told, numbering 450 voices. They are to be supported by an orchestra of eighty pieces and all under the leadership of Van Der Stueken."

GARTHORNE'S COLD BATH.

Charles Garthorne, the English comedian who came from London to play the part of Captain Lucy in Kate Claxton's production of "Bootles' Baby," at the Madison Square Theater last month, is very proud of his skill as a swimmer. He displayed it one cool day a few weeks ago up at Larchmont, where Charles A. Stevenson and Kate Claxon live during the summer, much to the amusement of a number of people who saw the exhibition. Garthorne carries a rooster about with him in the third act of the piece, and of this bird he is particularly fond, having had him as a companion during the long run of "Bootles' Baby" in England. He ran up to Larchmont one day, and when he arrived at Stevenson's villa he was surprised to see a group of children chasing a rooster over the lawn. He thought the bird looked like his pet, and Miss Claxton said it was the same rooster; that she had sent the stable boy for him in the morning in order to amuse the young people.

During the afternoon the party went sailing on the sound. Garthorne put his pet into a basket for safe keeping, and a similar basket was filled with sandwiches to be set aboard the yacht. During the sail Garthorne became hungry and opened the lunch hamper. To his surprise a rooster flew out and floundered overboard. It was the wrong basket.

"Great Scott!" yelled the comedian, "I cawn't let him drown, don't you know? Why that bird played with me for three hundred nights in the old country."

"Then swim for him," suggested Stevenson. "This is a fine opportunity to show your ability."

Garthorne, throwing off his coat and shoes, plunged into the cold water, and five minutes later the comedian and the rooster were hauled aboard in a very unenviable condition. The sail was ended and the party returned home, Garthorne shivering until his teeth chattered. As they landed the stable boy appeared and said, apologetically:

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Stevenson, but I missed the train to the city this morning and did not go to the theater for the rooster."

"Do you mean to say," gasped Garthorne, "this is not the rooster which we use in the play?"

"No, sir; it is not. I borrowed that rooster from the family next door."

PRETTY PAULINE HALL'S PRATTLE.

It has been said that Miss Pauline Hall acts her part in "The Drum Major" at the Casino, mechanically. Miss Hall is a little bit nettled at this criticism. "If you were to make the changes of costume that I have to make in that opera," she said the other day, "it is possible that you might make a few mechanical motions yourself."

"You have to do pretty quick work then, do you?"

"Well, wouldn't you think it would require quick work for me to make an entire change of costume, wig, make-up and all, in six minutes?"

"But you don't mean that you take off a costume you have on and put on another in that time, do you?"

"I certainly do," she replied. "It's all the time I have between leaving the stage and appearing again. I come on all out of breath, sometimes."

"Do you like your part in "The Drum Major" as well as that you had in "Erminie?"

Miss Hall smiled and shook her head. "'Erminie' was a dream," she said. "There will never be another part created like that. But I think this opera is very pretty. The hunting song, particularly, takes wonderfully well."

"You receive a great many tributes from the bicycle men, don't you?"

"Yes; the knights of the wheel are very kind to me. You know that I have something of a reputation as a bicycle rider myself. The impression seems to have got out that I ride for the purpose of reducing my flesh. That is a mistake. I do it only for the pleasure I find in it. However, it does reduce my flesh, and I am very glad of it."

"You are very fond of horseback riding, too, are you not?"

"Yes, I am in the saddle almost every day when it is pleasant."

"Do you like that as well as bicycle riding?"

"No, I don't think I do. Who ever invented that phrase about the poetry of motion didn't know what he was talking about, because he said it long before bicycles were invented, and one who has never ridden a wheel can have no conception of what the poetry of motion is. I often think what a clever lady writer who learned to ride a bicycle said of it. It was that she felt like a disembodied spirit."

DAN HART'S "OLD YALLER."

"Old Yaller" is dead, and the veteran minstrel, Dan Hart, is almost broken-hearted. "Old Yaller" was only a dog, but it had been Hart's constant companion for many years. It was known on the variety and minstrel stage from Maine to the Rio Grande. Hart found the animal in the street in St. Louis seventeen years ago, and made a pet of it. He was in a hospital in this city a week or two ago, when he learned of the death of his companion, and he took it so much to heart that his grief caused a good deal of comment among the attendants.

"Yaller was the first dog in the world to sing," said Hart, in talking about his pet. "When I sang she would make sounds on the same pitch as my voice, and would follow it all through an air. She was very fond of good music, but when she struck a bad orchestra her displeasure was so pronounced that nothing short of pretended anger on my part would induce her to sing. She would stop on the street to listen to a good player on the piano, but a bad performer would send her scampering away. Yaller was a fine equilibrist, and she could do her turn in a reel, too."

Hart's canine friend was immortalized in the song which many frequenters of variety theaters have heard him sing, "The Yaller Dorg's Best Friend is a Nigger," a song which Hart says suggested itself to him some years ago when the death of a member of his family and the failure of a bank in which his savings were deposited had left him in a very forlorn frame of mind.

STAGE NOTES.

Blanche Marsden is convalescing, but still unable to sing.

Mary Anderson is not to play for a year. She is in Scotland.

J. B. Dickson has retired from the management of "King Cole II."

"Shenandoah," at the Star Theater, is undoubtedly the biggest hit in New York this season.

Miss E. L. Davenport has settled at Boston, Mass., where she is to teach pupils for the stage.

A report to the effect that Fred Hallen and Miss Mollie Fuller were recently married is not correct.

H. Clay Miner will spend $25,000 on the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, when he takes charge of it next May.

Lydia Thompson says that burlesques are at a discount in America, and that she will try comedy during her next trip.

Miss Kathyrne Price is at Gloversville, N. Y., where she will remain until the "Bells of Haslemere" goes on the road.

Sadie Martinot is under engagement to James C. Duff, and will play under his management during the coming season.

Dan Collyer, who was a member of Edward Harrigan's company last season, has been engaged by Augustus Daly for the coming winter.

The swelling on Lawrence Barrett's neck has become so painful that his friends are advising him to cancel his dates and submit to a surgical operation.

Thomas E. Jackson and Miss Josie Langley have joined the Ezra T. Kendall Comedy Company in "A Pair of Kids," playing the parts they originated.

Marcus R. Mayer, the great American traveler, is at present in New York, but will soon start for Mexico and California in the interest of Patti and Bernhardt.

An English Judge and jury recently mulcted Edward Ledger, editor of the London *Era*, out of £300 for certain animadversions regarding a dance given by a music-hall troupe.

James Shannon, ex-Treasurer of the Cleveland Opera House, is issuing a neat and handy weekly paper, called the *Amusement Record*, which, as its titles implies, is devoted to local theatrical gossip.

Gustave Frohman has arranged a contract between Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Daniel E. Bandmann for a Shakespearean festival in December, at Helena, Montana, and other cities on the Pacific slope.

A new historical American melodrama, written by William H. Young, entitled "Houston, the Hero of Texas," received its initial performances at Red Bank and Trenton, September 17th. The principal scenes of the play represent the storming of the Alamo, in the city of San Antonio, Texas, by the Mexicans under Santa Anna, and the death of its heroic defender, Davy Crockett. William H. Young is also the author of another successful American drama, entitled "Right of Way."

Aunt Louise Eldridge has so far collected $775 for the monument to be erected on the grave of Mary Hewins Fiske. Managers Abbey, Sanger, Palmer, Gilmore, T. Henry French, Rosenquest, J. M. Hill, Tony Pastor and Harry Miner have each given $50, and so have Den Thompson and Captain Billy Conner. Commissioner Jake Hess, Dan. Frohman, Dr. Robertson, Jos. Haworth, J. H. Riley, Joseph Howard, Jr., De Wolff Hopper and H. G. F. have each sent $25, and so has a gentleman who does not wish his name known. About $1,200 in all will be needed, and Aunt Louise thinks she will get it without much trouble.

**Society in New York.**

Society in New York differs from that in all other cities of America, as does that of Paris from all others in France. It is the great, rich metropolis, the "carpet-bag city," the town to which the rich people of all the world tend, that is, of the American world (not to speak of its being a great German city, a great French city, and a great cosmopolitan jumble of all the nations of the world). Behind this glittering kaleidoscope still remains the fact that New York has an old aristocracy, some of whose members are still rich, and still in the fashion. More of them are poor, but proud, and some of them shut their modest doors in the arrogant faces of the purse-proud "*nouveaux riches*."—*October Ladies' Home Journal.*

Astoria, L. I., has several hundred Chinese farmers.