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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

A Poem of Great Beauty Which is Just From the Pen of This Distinguished Writer.

[Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION.]

SAN FRANCISCO, October 19, 1889.

Sir Edwin Arnold and daughter sailed for Japan this week on the Pacific mail steamship Belgic. A large delegation from the Century Club of this city, and many personal friends bade farewell at the steamship wharf to the gifted poet and his charming daughter. As a parting word, Sir Edwin said that he left America with much reluctance. This, his first visit to the United States, will form the subject of a series of graphic essays in the London *Telegraph*, of which newspaper the author of "The Light of Asia" is chief editor. To the SUNDAY UNION correspondent, Sir Edwin, a few hours before his departure, expressed himself as charmed with America and the American people. He pronounced New York as grand in its great men; Boston, a welcome home for traveler and student; Washington, the most beautiful city on the continent; Philadelphia, as charmingly picturesque; Chicago, as phenomenal; Denver, as an oak of steady, substantial growth; Omaha, a modern mart, and San Francisco most attractive to the tourist.

Upon the morning of his departure Sir Edwin Arnold smoked an after-breakfast cigar, in his room at the Palace Hotel, and chatted pleasantly with a SUNDAY-UNION correspondent upon timely literary topics. As a moralist, as a poet of sweet purity, as a man of fine sensibilities, there is scarcely an Englishman to-day better qualified to speak, in terms ill or good, of recent American literature, and more especially of erotic fiction and poems of passion, than is the well known student of Asiatic literature.

"I have read Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Amelie Rives," said Sir Edwin, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "The others I have not read. You speak of Mrs. Atherton, Edgar Saltus, Abi Jackman and other writers of whom I know nothing, and of whom I have never heard. 'The Quick or the Dead' I read with a great deal of interest. I do not regard this recent American literature as a new school, and certainly such a school should not be established. I do not think there exists to-day a separate, distinct school of this kind. There are certain writers, headed by our Swinburne and the gifted men of France, whom I know. I do not admit that these men constitute a school in literature characterized as fleshliness. Their work is the old eternal classic revolt against Puritanism and the narrow forms of Christianity. The first of them all was the Emperor Julian, one of the finest fellows that ever lived. In his heart there was a revolt against Christ and His teachings, for in his heart was the old grace of Greece and the glory of Rome. This new religion of Christ, draped in gray, seemed odious. Look round about and see the clergy damn the babes to everlasting hell, and say 'tis wicked for a man to look at women's ankles. Do not misunderstand me. I should never excuse immorality or forgive offenders against public decorum. Let us remember Swinburne's verses, and believe that the poets of the present make but a natural and even useful protest against the extravagances of Puritanism. I agree with him who writes, 'Dost thou believe because thou art virtuous there should be no more cakes and ale.' I was sitting with Walt Whitman the other day, and I repeated to him some of his own verses and explained their philosophy and their beauty. He said to me, 'You are the first man to explain my own lines.' At this I said to him, 'I am no more ashamed of body than of soul. I look largely, broadly, at men, at literature, at the affairs of life.' Walt Whitman was right. I swear I am no more ashamed of body than of soul. Read those lines of Robert Browning in which he says, 'Nor soul helps body more than body once helped soul!' Ah, me, it is a sad spectacle, a disgusting thing for the world to be ashamed of beauty. This does not apply to bawdy books. There is no excuse for their birth or their existence. There is no enemy to the beauty of the world, the Greek of life, like the obscene man. He is the guerilla that defaces, mars the shape and form of nature. If such books are written to sell, to pander; the man who writes them is a villain and should be cast headlong into the broad Pacific, and the woman—yea, she is worse than the man. There is Rider Haggard. I know him well, and meet him frequently on the 'underground.' His work is clever, his 'She' even better than 'Cleopatra,' I think. There are beautiful things in his books, yet people will not read. But then you cannot judge Cleopatra by the young women of Boston. You Americans are very moral except on Dupont street. There is more propriety here than across the seas. You must read the carpenter's story in Chaucer. Read the things those dear old men so blandly printed."

One day last winter Edwin Arnold was walking along Piccadilly. Soon it was raining hard. He took refuge in a museum of Egyptian antiquities. There he saw the slippers of an Egyptian mummy. He took them up, and his quick perception saw the maiden of the Nile, who wore them, standing before him as a living reality. He drew an envelope from his pocket, took hurried notes, and some time since completed a poem of great beauty. The SUNDAY-UNION correspondent has secured these verses, for exclusive publication in America, and they are printed to-day for the first time in this country.

TO A PAIR OF SLIPPERS IN THE EGYPTIAN EXHIBITION, PICCADILLY,

I.

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
Tied with a moldering golden cord?
What pretty feet they must have been,
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's Lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were!
Not many girls could dance in these!
When did the shoemaker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian threes?

II.

Where were you measured? In Sais, or On
Memphis, or Thebis, or Pelusium?
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb
I seem to see you! So long ago!
Twenty centuries—less or more!
And here are the sandals; yet none of us know
What name, or fortune, or face you bore!

III.

Your lips would have laughed with a rosy scorn,
If the merchant or slave had mockingly said:
The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn
Two thousand years onward Time's road shall tread,
And still be footgear, as good as new!
To think that calfskin, gilded and stitched
Should Rome and her Cæsars outlive; and you
Be gone like a dream from the world you bewitched.

IV.

Not that we mourn you; 'twere too absurd:
You have been such a very long while away!
Your dry, spiced dust would not value a word
Of the soft regrets that a verse could say.
Sorrow and Joy, and Love and Hate,
If ever you felt them, are vaporized hence
To this odor—subtle and delicate—
Of cassia, and myrrh, and frankincense.

V.

Of course they embalmed you? But not so sweet
Were aloes and nard as your youthful glow
Which Amenti took, when the small dark feet
Wearied of treading our Earth below.
Look! It was floodtime in valley of Nile,
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!
When your gilded shoes tripped their latest mile;
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

VI.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw
Antony's galleys from Actium come!
But, there!—if questions could answers draw
From lips so many a long age dumb—
I would not tease you for history,
Nor vex your heart with the men which were;
The one point to know which would fascinate me,
Is where and what are you to-day, my dear?

VII.

You died believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris and priestly lore,
And found, of course, such theories smashed
By actual fact on the heavenly shore.
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul, as I calculate,
Mislaid its mummy and sought new flesh.

VIII.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of Ptolemy black,
Who still of this "find" in the Fayown would speak,
And to scarabs and Pharaohs would carry us back?
A scent of lotus around her hung,
She had such a far-away wistful air
As of somebody born when the earth was young,
And wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair!

IX.

Perchance you were married? These might have been
Part of your trousseau—the wedding shoes;
And you laid them aside with the lote-leaves green,
And painted clay gods which a bride did use:
And, maybe, to-day by Nile's bright waters
Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
Great-great great-very great grand-daughters—
Owe their shapely insteps to you!

X.

But vainly I knock at the bars of the Past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves and delights and beautiful things
Have vanished—forgotten? Nay! Not quite that!
I catch some light of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at Time's bedroom door.

XI.

You were born in the Old World which did not doubt;
You were never sad with our new fashioned sorrow;
You were always sure, when your gladsome days ran out,
Of daytimes to come, as we of to-morrow!
Oh, dear little Maid of the Delta! I lay
Your shoes on your mummy-chest back again,
And wish that one game we might merrily play
At "Hunt-the-Slipper"—to see it all plain!

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

Schooner-yacht Hadassah.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Great Things Expressed in Very Little Space.

The corn crop of 1889 is estimated at 2,268,293,083 bushels.

The total amount of educational gifts in this country last year was $5,000,000.

One hundred and seventy-five out of the 365 colleges in this country publish papers.

A handkerchief in the possession of the Empress of Russia is said to have cost $2,500. It took seven years to make it.

The new United States cruiser which will be constructed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard will be limited in cost to $1,100,000.

The registered State militia of the States is 99,201. The number of men available for military duty in case of war is 8,331,227.

During a period of five days recently Kansas City shipped forty-eight cars of live hogs to the City of Mexico, in addition to the large shipments of packing-house products.

The total number of guns in the British navy is 2,494, exceeding the combined totals of Germany, Italy, Russia and Austria. The total number of guns of the French navy is 1,705.

Taking the consumption of meat in Great Britain as a basis, this country consumes 3,000,000 tons of dressed meat a year, or nearly half as much as all Europe, whose consumption is nearly 8,112,000 tons annually.

During the nine months ending September 1st over four hundred business enterprises of importance were started in Southern States. The amount invested was $154,849,000, or $33,500,000 more than during the same period in 1888.

The people of Japan are learning to enjoy other kinds of food besides fish and rice. According to statistics issued a short time ago, the number of cattle slaughtered in Japan in 1879 was 10,000. In 1885 this number had increased to 116,000, in 1886 to 130,500, and in 1888 to 200,000.

According to one authority, the wheat production in a number of countries, among them the United States, increased 154,000,000 bushels in 1889, while there was a decrease in other countries amounting to 166,000,000 bushels. Russia's share of the decline is 72,000,000 bushels, while the United States is credited with an increase of 82,000,000.

The prominent items required for making 735,737,990 pounds of tin-plate brought to the United States last year are, in round numbers: 900,000 tons of ore, 325,000 tons limestone, 1,750,000 tons coal, 317,000 tons pig iron, 5,250,000 bushels charcoal, 5,250,000 pounds lead, 26,250,000 pounds tin, 10,500,000 pounds tallow, 3,250,000 pounds sulphuric acid, and about 11,000,000 feet of lumber.

The number of students of Wesleyan College this year is larger than ever before—225 persons being enrolled. The total number of students at Harvard this year is more than 2,100, During the past year nearly $151,000 have been given to Williams College. Denver University has lately been the recipient of gifts amounting to $175,000. Twelve hundred volumes were added to the Harvard library last year.

Germany has 24,900 miles of railroad; Austria and Hungary, 15,300; Great Britain and Ireland, 19,700; France, 21,400; Russia, 17,800; Italy, 7,300; Belgium, 3,000; Netherlands, 1,800; Switzerland, 1,800; Spain, 5,800; Portugal, 1,100; Denmark, 1,200; Norway, 1,000; Sweden, 4,600; Servia, 320; Roumania, 1,600; Greece, 380; Turkey, etc., 900; total Europe, 129,900. The total for the world is 342,400 miles.

Professor Presenius, of Wiesbaden, after a long series of chemical analysis, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apple, two pounds of gooseberries or four pounds of pears, and that 114 pounds of grapes, 127 pounds of russet apples, 192 pounds of pears and 327 pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to 100 pounds of potatoes.

The Royal George, which was launched from the Royal Dockyards of England in 1789, and which was the most formidable war-ship at that time, cost in round numbers $338,000, and this sum included the expense of coppering and copper bolting, of masts, yards, rigging, sails, anchors, cables and all other boatswains' and carpenters' stores. The Royal George was the then terror of England's enemies; she carried 100 guns, was 190 feet long, 52 broad, and was of 2,286 tons. The ship which at the present time corresponds with her at the head of the British navy is the Trafalgar, the original cost of which, exclusive of armament, was in round numbers $4,313,970, or nearly $4,000,000 more than that of the first English man-of-war of 1789. This formidable engine of naval warfare is 342 feet long and 73 broad, having a tonnage of 11,940.

Economy is Wealth.

"Shall I vind the clock, fadder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store.

"No," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "pizness vas too pad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, und ve vill save the vear und tear on der veels."—*Norristown Times.*

We have a good one on a Baptist minister who baptized a few candidates not long since, and not far from this place, says the Dooly, Ga., *Vindicator*. Just as he started into the pool with the candidates, he said: "And Philip and the eunuch, they both went into the water." After the services a negro woman by the name of Phyllis was heard to mutter to herself: "I dunno what dat white man wanter talk erbout me dat wa. I jess know I ain't been nowhar wid dat ugly nigger Enoch in my life, much less inter de water. Des yer white folks lubs ter talk erbout us cullud ladies mighty well, anyhow."

THE JANITOR.

HE COMMANDS THE SITUATION IN FLAT LIFE.

Though He Rules Over the Tenants His Life is Not One of Peace and Comfort.

[Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION.]

NEW YORK, October 13, 1889.

In taking a flat let it not be concealed that the prospective home may become an actual prison, the jailer being the Janitor. Of extreme importance, he is usually spelled with a capital J.

On paper, he is the Guardian Angel of the premises, taking down ashes and refuse, sending up coal and wood, keeping clean the halls and stairways, caring for trunks stowed away in storerooms—the storeroom below being an institution, since through everything, the typical New Yorker sticks to his or her trunk. It is the last and safe refuge, because wherever one may be, no matter how peaceful the prospect, one anticipates (at least, dimly,) being obliged to go somewhere else.

The janitor's apartments being located in the basement, just beside the main entrance, from such point of observation those who pass in and out feel themselves subjected to an eye which it rests with themselves to render evil or the contrary.

It is presumed, usually, that he appropriates a certain quantity of coal and wood. Having access to the coal bins of each particular tenant, who is to say him nay? The tenants do not, and they expressing no opposition, it is the concern of none other. Wise people are conveniently obtuse and presume that blackmail shared among a certain number becomes sufficiently lightened to be borne. That and and other things must be borne, since what may not the janitor do?

He can, perhaps, pick letters out of letter boxes or instill fatal uncertainty in an inquiring postman's soul. He can make everything go right or wrong, according as the occupant above has made things right or wrong with him. He can refuse to see sneak thieves as they sneak to one's apartments or turn sneak thief himself. He can slander a delinquent to the landlord, who usually trusts him implicitly; he can forget messages left with him; he can do fifty spiteful things and his victim be never the wiser.

What New Yorker of experience, then, so bold as to quarrel with his janitor? Not one, I venture to say, and the upshot of the matter is that tenants, one and all, court his favor, bid for his smiles and vie with one another as to which shall make the best Christmas present, Christmas presents being strictly his due. A business man who at his office may lord it over his clerks and type-writers grows gradually in meekness as he approaches home. If he is not afraid of his wife, he certainly is of his janitor, and, contrariwise, there are women who nag their servant girls or husbands, who, when addressing their janitor, put on a cloak of politeness.

But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The way of the janitor is hard. It is not uncommon for one such dignitary to have charge of twenty families, four houses of five families each, or two double houses wherein twenty (genteel) families reside, five on either side of the two main halls.

Think then of that man's share in the burdens of life! Between worrying tenants he must stand; each side pelts him with their woes; with each must he sympathize, and in case of hostilities, with each must a model janitor agree. One tenant complains that the gas burns too high; another that it is too low; one that it is lighted too early; another that it is too late; one wishes more air admitted; another complains of draughts; one that the entrance is to warm (halls and stairways are always heated); another that they are too cold, and in case of steam heated flats, such plaints may become multiplied by ten or twenty.

If anybody runs short of anything the janitor is expected to have it. Sugar, butter and other domestic supplies are borrowed in emergencies, and he is regarded as wanting if a sufficiency be not forthcoming. If the morning paper does not appear, the janitor is expected to explain the reason why—at least he is often asked to do so. If groceries or supplies of any nature are ordered, and do not come, the janitor is looked to for enlightenment on the subject. If they come, and there is nobody to receive them, the janitor must take charge of and subsequently send them to their destination; ditto bundles from stores, and everything in general.

If anything should be out of order, the janitor is expected to rectify or have it rectified. All through the day, if anything be the matter anywhere, he is sent for to set it right. In sickness he may be asked to fetch a doctor; in death, he is as important, or more so, than the undertaker, and in health, he must hold himself ready at any hour to perform any service.

If anybody locks him or herself out (and people often do), the janitor is called upon to get them in again. In fact he is expected to be ubiquitous, and capable of accomplishing what every one else has failed to do.

He is late in bed at night and up first in the morning, while endeavors to snatch an afternoon's nap may at any time come to an untimely end.

Passersby, moreover, take a hand in matters. There are idlers who beguile the time by going over premises where they have no business, and do not anticipate ever having any, to say nothing of *bona fide*, but equally troublesome prospective tenants. With each and all must the janitor parley; to each and all must he unblushingly repeat the same inviting stories which have grown stale by years of repetition; on each occasion must he compound with his conscience by setting forth the good, and varnishing over, if he cannot altogether hide, the bad.

Where the elevator becomes a feature of flat life the janitor is supplemented by the elevator boy. The former is not so often seen and may therefore have more time for the concoction of nefarious schemes, while the now doubly-imprisoned tenant must run the gauntlet of four expectant palms in place of two, and a like multiplication of observant eyes. A double risk is taken as to who may slip in when all are out, while possibilities of small revenges for misbehavior on his part are added to proportionately.

It is the elevator, however, which forms the definite boundary between flats of the highest order and those of a genteel, yet modestly genteel status. Given an elevator, one's habitat becomes elevated in the scale of life, by I am afraid to say how many degrees. It is an elevation, not only in social estimation, but a rise of so many actual perpendicular feet, until one may live literally in mid-air; may tower above pedestrians until they resemble small figures propelled by machinery. The reverenced elevation of the millionaire is reached. A new world opens, and before ascending to and penetrating those faraway hights the average mortal will do well to pause for breath and reflection.

ROSALIND MAY.

SALT FOR MOTHS.

A Valuable Discovery Recently Made by Nuns in a Philadelphia Convent.

According to the Philadelphia *Press* salt is the best exterminator for moths. The nuns in one of the hospital convents have tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers, when dying there, often leave quantities of clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers, which were sent there for pillow-making, and they were in despair, as they could not exterminate the moths until they were advised to try common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days they were altogether rid of the moths. They are never troubled now. In heavy velvet carpets, sweeping them with salt cleans and keeps them from moths, as particles of salt remain in the carpets and corners. Salt is not hurtful to any one and has no bad smell. Here is a little hint I add, which, perhaps, every one does not know: For cleaning wash basins, bath, etc., use the same thing—common dry salt. Rub a little of the salt with your fingers on the basin. Often a sort of scum is noticed in the basins in a marble washstand in the bathroom; the salt takes it off easily and leaves the basin shining and clean.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Queen Victoria now weighs 193 pounds.

A son of DeQuincey is Sergeant-at-arms in the New Zealand Parliament.

Mr. Spurgeon is troubled more than ever with the gout, but he has no intention of retiring from the ministry, as has been reported.

Howard Seely, the Brooklyn author, has just recovered from an attack of intermittent fever. He is said to be at work on another novel.

It is announced that Queen Victoria will be unable to go to Dublin in the spring. The Prince of Wales will be asked to open the art museum.

Professor C. V. Riley has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, in recognition of his researches in economic entomology.

Miss Milla F. Tupper, a graduate of Cornell, who has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church at La Porte, is the only woman pastor in Indiana.

Lord Tennyson devotes the pension of $1,000 a year which he receives as poet laurate to the relief of members of the literary profession who are in pecuniary distress.

Louis Morris, of London, is said to be at work on a new poem after the manner of "The Epic of Hades." It deals with the lives of saints and martyrs, ending with Father Damien.

General Lebrun, of Franco-Prussian war fame, who died in France October 7th, commanded the Twelfth Corps of MacMahon's army at the battle of Sedan, where he was taken prisoner.

The Rev. Dr. McLeod, pastor for several years of the Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis which President Harrison attended, has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church, at Albany, N. Y.

Seth Low, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, born in 1850, and a Columbia graduate, has been elected President of Columbia College to succeed the late President Barnard. He is a prominent man in every way.

On the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Sparta with the German Emperor's sister great fetes will be held in the Acropolis, and amid the ruins of the Temple of Minerva will be held a great banquet.

Princess Louise's favorite diversion just now is glass painting, and she is at present engaged upon a window which Mr. Campbell, of Loch Awe, intends to place in his hall as a memorial of the late Duke of Albany.

Professor David Peck Todd, of Amherst College, will be at the head of the party to be sent by the United States to Maxima, on the Quanzo river, in West Africa, to observe the eclipse of the sun, which will occur on December 22d.

The owner of the finest collection of watches in the world is Sir Julian Goldschmid, a wealthy Englishman, whose riches are said to nearly equal those of the Rothschilds. Sir Julian and his wife and daughters have spent part of the summer at Newport.

Dr. Albert Shaw, chief editorial writer on the Minneapolis *Tribune* has been asked to accept the chair of Political Economy in Cornell University, made vacant by the recent election of Professor Benjamin Andrews to the Presidency of Brown University.

The Dean of Canterbury has originated a scheme for protecting and maintaining in its present state the ancient British oratory of St. Piran, in Cornwall, which was buried under the sand drifts for probably more than ten centuries, and only uncovered in 1835.

Miss Sanger, who toys with a type-writer in the interests of President Harrison, is one of the successes of the Administration. It is said that she has been of more assistance to the President than any clerk in his employ. She is a rapid worker and can copy on her machine 120 letters a day.

The Duke of Edinburgh takes pleasure in repeating to his mother, Queen Victoria, the disagreeable comments that the Emperor of Russia has made upon the recent marriage of Princess Beatrice to Lord Fife; and it seems that these sentiments of disapproval are fully shared by the Empress Frederick.

Charles R. Baldwin, the Democratic nominee for the Mayoralty of Waterbury, Conn., is a young man, not being more than 35 years of age. He was born in Ohio, his father being a prominent Presbyterian clergyman. Mr. Baldwin has always had a turn for affairs, runs a bank, owns a newpaper and is Treasurer of the United Press.

Secretary Halford can take no action in regard to the use by a cigarette firm of a photograph purporting to be that of his daughter Jeannette. The picture is not Miss Halford's, but is evidently an idealastic head to which the tobacconists have cleverly affixed the name, "Miss Halford," leaving it to be inferred that it is meant for the Private Secretary's daughter.

The Congregational Church at Chelsea, Vt., had a centennial celebration recently. Among the several letters received from former parishioners was one from C. I. Hood, of Lowell, containing a check for $1,000, to establish the Hood Memorial Fund, in commemoration of his father and sister. The money was deposited in the bank, and the interest will be used for the purchase of Sunday-school books.

W. H. Smith, the leader of the Conservative party in the English House of Commons, is extremely fond of flowers, and has a consignment sent to him from his country house, Greenlands, every morning while he is in town. His gardens are a pretty picture, and in them and in his hot houses he finds employment for thirty persons, while his expenditure upon this particular fancy amounts to several thousand pounds a year.

The aspiration for literary honors among royalties seems to be contagious. The latest instance of this fact is the Russian Grand Duke Serge, brother of Alexander III., who is at present causing material to be collected for a biography of the Empress Elizabeth Alexzevna, the consort of Czar Alexander I., nee Princess Louise of Baden. That the Grand Duke is in earnest with the work appears from the fact that he has dispatched the head librarian of the Imperial public library at St. Petersburg to Carlsruhe to collect from the family archives information with regard to the childhood and youth of the princess.

Lots More Wicked.

'Tis very wrong for men to swear
When anything's awry,
And with a little thoughtful care
They'd stop it if they'd try.
Yet, after all, there're greater wrongs
Than men who wildly rant,
And they're the looks a woman dons
Who want's to swear and can't.

The more a man becomes wrapped up in himself the chillier he gets.

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.

RUE.

Dear, it is twilight time, the time of rest;
Ah! Cease that weary pacing to and fro;
Sit down beside me in this cushioned nest,
Warm with the brightness of our ingle glow.
Dear, thou art troubled. Let me share thy lot
Of shadow, as I share thy sunshine hours.
I am no child, though childhood, half forgot,
Lies close behind me, with its toys and flowers.
I am a woman, waked by happy love
To keep home's sacred altar fire alight.
Thou hast elected me to stand above
All others in thine heart. I claim my right,
Not wife alone, but mate and comrade true;
I shared thy roses, let me share thy rue.

Bitter? I know it. God hath made it so;
But from His hand shall we take good alone?
And evil never? Let the world's wealth go,
Life hath no loss which love cannot atone.
Show me the new hard path that we must tread.
I shall not faint nor falter by the way;
And, be there cloud or sunshine overhead,
I shall not fail thee to my dying day.
But love me, love me, let our hearts and lips
Cling closer in our sorrow than in joy:
Let faith outshine our fortunes in eclipse,
And love deem wealth a lost and broken toy.
Joy made us glad, let sorrow find us true;
God blessed our roses, He will bless our rue.

HINTS FOR TRAVELERS.

There is no pleasanter time in the year than the present for the vacation journey for which so many are now preparing. And there are excursions to all parts of the country so conducted as to relieve travelers of nearly all responsibility; even ladies and elderly people can travel as safely and comfortably alone as though with a party of friends.

In preparing for a journey the wardrobe is the first consideration, and while eschewing jewelry and display, let me whisper that it will add much to your comfort and the kind consideration you will receive by the way, if you have a stylish and becoming suit. To our friends our personal worth is known, but the passing strangers judge only by our looks and actions, and we should give them our best, remembering what is best for one place is not always best for another. For the traveling suit there is nothing more economical, stylish and ladylike than black or London smoke gray alpaca made in some simple style or full, kilt-plaited skirt and directoire redingote. If the underskirt be of gray or black and white, with black overgarment, the effect will be quite as good, and perhaps enable you to use something now in your wardrobe. This suit may also be used for dressy occasions by providing several removable waistcoats, one white, one black, and two in the colors that best set off your eyes and complexion.

Another favorite style for making a traveling dress is a perfectly plain skirt, a blouse waist of silk the same color, but a different shade, and a loose-fitting jacket of the same material as the shirt, lined throughout with the silk.

If you already have a good wool gown you can remodel it with little trouble. First readjust the seams of the waist in accordance with the prevailing style, let the black drapery hang full and plain from the belt, drape the front like a Greek apron, and add a cap, puff or epaulet to the top of the sleeves, which must be very tight below the elbow. Also make a vest of some soft silk to harmonize with the wool goods. Provide a long, wide sash of the same silk, and when you wish something more dressy put the skirt on over the basque and drape the sash to suit your form and fancy.

Removable vests are easily made. For a plain one a single width of silk will be sufficient, which must have a high, well-fitting collar fastened at the back. Slope the vest in front to fit the neck, and shirr, plait or smock. A full vest has a better effect—full, at least, over the bust, and a pretty finish is to gather at the bottom with the waist, the remaining length being carried to the right hip and finished with fringe or lace.

A dress for traveling must fit well but not too snugly, and not be so tight above the arms as to bind or hinder removal, as a sleeping-car is not the most comfortable of places in which to dress or undress. If the gloves do not match the suit, they should be gray or black, in silk, lisle-thread or kid, but do not, I beg of you, make the mistake of wearing mits. They do very well in their proper place, but should never be seen on stage, steamboat or cars. Hosiery should match the dress or be of plain black.

For head covering, loose or soft-crowned hat matching your suit in color, and trimmed simply with a silk cord or ribbon. Or, if you do not like this, get a straw bonnet of the new Paris shape, which projects over the eyes and has a brim turned in a rapidly-ascending curve towards the back. The close capote is still in style, and you will also want a long, very long, gauze veil.

Your traveling wrap may be a jaunty jacket with loose fronts or a Conemarra cloak of English serge or cheviot. If the latter, you will need no other waterproof, but must take a heavy shawl in your strap, as there are times, even in the hottest weather, when it will be needed.

The petticoat must be of some dark color or black, woolen if possible, and it is well to have a pair of gauze underdrawers in the hand-satchel as they are warmer and much more convenient than the short underskirt, which invariably haunches, and is never in the place to do the most good.

If you are to travel during the night, use, instead of a nightgown, a pretty, simple cotton or wool wrapper in which you will at any moment be presentable, removing only your collar, corsets and shoes, for which substitute a pair of knit slippers.

Nowhere else is the depravity of inanimate things better illustrated than in a sleeping-car, and the marvelous celerity with which things disappear would puzzle even a prestigiators. Knowing this, the experienced traveler provides himself with a quantity of good sized safety pins, and with these fastens her loose clothing to the curtains. She also goes prepared with a light hood for night-wear, or what is better, a cape with hood attached, which latter draws over the head with elastic, thus effectually screening one from the unavoidable draughts. This gives incalculable comfort in cold weather, and is necessary at all times if one is not perfectly robust.

You will inhale much less dust if you have the bed made with the head toward the engine, a position a trifle more dangerous than the reverse, but in case of accident one is almost sure to be killed anyway, so it is as well to be comfortable.

Pack your new shoes in your trunk, but put on your feet a pair of soft, loose, common sense boots that have become well fitted, and do not forget to put a pair of light rubbers in the hand-bag.

A well-filled hamper must be by no means forgotten, even though the journey be a short one, as the stomach will be less liable to derangements if there be no change in the food, and even on short trips there will be liable to be accidents which render a lunch desirable, if not necessary. Last winter a couple of friends started to visit friends in the northern part of the State and expected to reach their destination in time for a 2-o'clock dinner, so took nothing in the way of lunch. A northwest storm came up very unexpectedly, the train moved more and more slowly and was finally stalled all night in a dreary waste of snow. Hungry, faint and cross, these ladies reached their friend's house at 10 o'clock the next morning, having had no food for twenty-six hours. Another party, bound for Florida, disliking the burden of the lunch basket, decided to depend upon the train boy and the lunch counter at stations. They were bitterly disappointed in regard to food, it being poor, unsuitably prepared and insufficient in quantity. In short, they really suffered from hunger and were ill with stomach and bowel difficulties long before the land of flowers was reached.

Past-board boxes, such as shoes and envelopes come in, are the most convenient lunch holders, as they can be thrown away when emptied, thus materially lessening the burden.

A pint cup of silver or tin should be a part of the outfit, thus avoiding the necessity of using the common drinking glass of train or station. You can also use it to get from the lunch counter a cup of hot tea or coffee to drink with your meals. You will find it wise to drink as little ice water as possible, and on long journeys to take a bottle of very strong black tea, steeped without boiling. A few teaspoonfulls of this added to cold water and sweetened, with a slice of lemon, if liked, makes an agreeable and refreshing drink. While if very delicate you may include in your belongings a small alcohol lamp, as even the most impure water is rendered innocuous by boiling.

Especial care must be taken that the daily functions do not become deranged, and be sure to carry a bottle of your favorite drinks or constipation cure, according to the way traveling effects you. Remembering that for the former hot milk, ice and a mixture of raw flour and water just thick enough to be readily swallowed, are excellent remedies, while for the latter trouble eat fruits, dates, figs and raisins, avoiding the skins of the latter.

The jolting motion of the cars give to some people a peculiarly distressed feeling in the stomach—a sort of mal de terre—if one may be allowed the expression, which renders the journey unpleasant to the last degree. An experienced conductor is authority for the assertion that a sheet of writing paper placed over the pit of the stomach, next the skin, will entirely prevent this trouble in a majority of cases. It is certainly worth a trial.

And finally, for the convenience of yourself and the ease and comfort of your friends, let me suggest that you take in your hand-satchel a package of postal cards, pencil tablet, pencils and envelopes to write; also a small note-book in which to jot items of interest for your own or your friends' amusement, and a sketch-book if you have artistic proclivities.

SUGGESTIONS.

Nothing furnishes a room like sunshine and flowers; next to these comes a luxuriant growth of green in winter, which anyone may possess by putting some lumps of charcoal in the bottom of a hyacinth glass and filling it with water. Put in thrifty slips of German and English ivy, and the varieties of tradescandia. Sand may be used to hold the stems firmly in place. Fresh water should be put in as fast as it evaporates. A beautiful effect is produced by throwing a handful of wheat in the water.

Very few people are entirely satisfactory in all lights and under all circumstances. Most of us need at times to put the best foot forward. A young wife, in receiving a wedding call from an old friend, expressed her regret that her husband was not also present.

"He was called out of town this morning," she explained apologetically; "I am sorry you couldn't have seen him."

"I should have been very glad to meet him," said the guest politely. "Of course we are all desirous of knowing him."

"Harry isn't handsome," went on the bride, critically; "though I don't know that your would say that either if you saw him in the evening. He does light up well."

The latest thing in stationery is the "Clover" paper; very broad and long, with large envelopes and a four-leaf clover in green or white in the upper right-hand corner. It owes its name to the popular comic opera. Pauline Hall uses pretty stationery; thick white paper with a silver bird in the upper right-hand corner, under which are the words "Fascinat Canto"—a well chosen motto. Valda uses the heaviest of perfumed satin paper, with a handsome crest upon it. Ella Wheeler Wilcox uses transparent paper with a gilt design, round as a dollor, upon which are the letters of her name.

EVE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

FRAGMENTS OF FASHIONS.

Silver and pearl cords are used for white dresses, and fringe of beads and silk is used extensively both for dress trimming and for outside garments.

The russet shades are very popular for autumn boating and tennis gowns. They are sometimes made very dainty in appearance by white braid trimmings and a blouse of white silk serge. When designed for boating these suits are completed by a russet hose, shoes, belt and long, loose gloves of russet kid.

Stylish Hungarian cloaks, enveloping the wearer from throat to skirt hem, are made of black bengaline and lined with black and white checked silk. The fronts are turned back to simulate revers, showing the handsome lining. One handsome model had a very deep cape collar of black escurial passementerie, and another was finished about the throat with a band of handsome black ostrich feathers.

New and luxurious French tea-gowns are sent over, made of black or deep violet velvet, with embroidered borders of fine gold leaves. One sumptuous model of black Lyons velvet is lined throughout with canary-yellow satin and trimmed with bands of black marabout feathers flecked with gold. Another robe of violet velvet is lined with pale rosy lilac silk, and trimmed with bands of dark violet velvet heavily overlaid with gold, hellotrope, sea-green and opal beading.

Most of the new art dresses are appropriate only for the few, and not the majority. A dress that is so peculiar as to be striking, either from its brilliancy of color, its uniqueness of make or its oddity of outline and trimming, should never be adopted by any save those who have numberless resources in the wardrobe, and may therefore wear each toilet but a few times. A conspicuous gown, even when handsome and unique, soon bears its date and wearies the eyes of those who first admired it, while a quiet, unobtrusive gown easily lends itself to some new, pretty arrangement or different adjustment in the way of trimmings in laces or ribbons, or a wholly new bodice.

Identifying Mr. Johnson.

"Is there a Mr. Johnson in this car?" called the conductor, as he entered a coach on a Lehigh Valley train and held up a telegram to view.

"There is!" replied three men in chorus, as they rose up.

"But this dispatch is for John Johnson."

"That's me!" replied two of the men, while the third looked relieved and sat down.

"Which of you is married?" continued the conductor.

"I am!" both answered.

"Well, I think this dispatch relates to the birth of twins at home, and is congratulatory."

"That lets me out, thank heaven!" exclaimed one Johnson, as he sat down to wipe his brow, while the other flushed white and red for a moment, and then received the dispatch.—*New York Sun.*

When young Adolphus married Kate—
She of the ebon, flashing eye—
He found, but when it was too late,
That 'twas no earthly use to try
In any way to master Kate.
"He's bitten off," the neighbors cry,
"Far more than he can masticate."

More than £87,000 was posted in letter boxes in England last year in letters that bore no address.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

APPEARANCE OF ACTORS ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

English "Variety Shows"—Funny Things on the Stage—The Prettiest Parisian Actress—Notes.

Rosalind May, the regular New York correspondent of the SUNDAY UNION, writing under date of October 12th, says: "The week has been notably interesting. First, and most important, came the introduction to an American audience of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, whose reputation was long ago established in London. With such prestige, but small powers of prophecy were needful to predict a welcome, but whether they might kindle enthusiasm was not a foregone conclusion. The latter, indeed, was scarcely true, but that they won deserved and positive success, is equally manifest. Mr. Kendal, as Prosper Couramont (changed in the present version to Colonel Blake) is hardly the peer of Lester Wallack, although the self-consciousness which pursued the American actor was pleasurably absent. Delicate touches given by Mr. Wallack, however, were notably wanting; it was an intelligent interpretation but hardly a creation, while Mrs. Kendal, though a captivating Susan, by no means excelled the memory of Mrs. Hoey in the part, although investing it with more refinement than Rose Coghlan, in later years. Mrs. Kendal, indeed, is a captivating woman, as yet youthful almost in appearance as when, in the bloom of her girlhood, she divided honors with the elder Sothern in 'David Garrick.' As the result, therefore, of ripe experience, grafted upon a sympathetic nature, her acting was skillful and constantly varied, yet imbued always with that spontaneity which is the highest charm in every walk of art, and which nothing can replace. Her voice is agreeable and well modulated, and her face capable of expressing quick transitions from one emotion to another. The support is excellent and really quite beyond average, the most prominent members being Mr. Wenman, as the jealous husband; J. E. Dodson, as the old naturalist, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh (quite a young beauty), as the suspected wife. On the same night

DIXEY

In his new piece, 'The Seven Ages' drew a packed house to the Standard Theater. Nobody, of course, expected anything like a plot or concerted action, nor was anybody surprised by either. Everybody, however, expected to see pretty girls and amusing performances by Dixey, and their expectations were fulfilled in both respects. The girls are extremely pretty, and the entire piece devised for a successive exhibition of the unique actor in varied and most opposite imitations. His first appearance as a baby was laughable, of course, and throughout the seven ages of man he provoked repeated applause and mirthful outbursts. To persons of refined instincts, a play on Shakespeare's immortal lines must seem sacrilegious, as surely it is, but managers believe that money must be made, and however one may feel in the solitude of one's library, yet in the midst of an amused crowd one inevitably follows the multitude, and laughs likewise. The man, moreover, who can elicit laughter is not a man to be lightly esteemed. His vocation in the world is a life-giving one, and he who can make us forget care, if only for a few hours, has done much for a final oblivion, or at least a better endurance. Another successful event this week has been the debut of

WILLIAM TERRISS AND MISS MILWARD

In 'Roger La Honte' at Niblo's. The adaptation is extremely creditable to Mr. Daly, and excited unusual interest both among managers and the public, many of whom went for the occasion much farther down town than is their custom. The play has strong situations, but depends for its triumph on the climax in the third act, and its fate was doubtful until that time, when evidences of approval were unmistakable and hearty and its future good fortune made sure. In London it has proved a great hit. The Festival of Song at the Metropolitan Opera House has been quite a strong card for Van der Stucken, who, as the reward of great labor, won high praise from critics and musicians for skillful management of the different societies from neighboring cities. All eyes now are turned to Salvini's appearance at Palmer's Theater, to be succeeded next week by Booth and Modjeska at the Broadway."

ACTORS ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

"The footlights' glare will sometimes change a familiar face into an unknown one," said a theatrical agent the other day. "I was ten years in the business before I became accustomed to the difference in the appearance of actors on and off the stage. I have seen men stop on the street as if rooted to the spot when a well-known actress passed by. It wasn't admiration or amusement; it was plain, unadulterated amazement, and it isn't to be wondered at, in a great many cases, when you take into consideration the absence of 'make-up,' and the difference in the lights. The sun shines on the features and throws the shadows downward, while the footlights throw such a glare upward that the 'make-up' is required to counteract the unnatural shadows thus formed."

There are some actors and actresses who look fully as well of the stage as on. There is "Billy" Florence, for instance. His figure is rather stocky and heavy in street clothes, but his magnificent profile, clear eye and ruddy color and white teeth make his face even more agreeable off the stage. As you see him in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel he looks much more like a well-to-do broker than the popular actor that he is.

Maurice Barrymore is another example. He has an easy manner and a good, healthy color. He is a very well fed specimen of humanity and is just as attractive on Broadway as behind the footlights.

Lillian Russell looks better in a house dress than in her stage clothes, that is, to those who admire her for her pretty face. Ada Rehan, on the contrary, appears like a very ordinary person on the street, while her stage presence is captivating and charming.

Rose Coghlan is a handsome woman on the stage, but few who meet her on Broadway would recognize her. Mary Anderson might walk Broadway for hours and no one would look at her a second time, unless told who she was.

Minnie Palmer is a piquant little body both on and off the stage. She looks, of course, a trifle older in her ordinary raiment than in a short stage costume.

Annie Pixley, on the street, looks like the mother of the Annie Pixley we see in "The Deacon's Daughter." Marie Jansen looks more matronly on Broadway than on the stage. Marion Manola would never be recognized on the street as the sweet singer she is on the stage. She looks very much smaller. Flora Walsh is the same cozy little woman both at home and on the boards. Annie Russell and Isabelle Everson are two women who are never recognized on the street by the ordinary theater-goer.

Francis Wilson looks like a big, intelligent school-boy on the street. Sol Smith Russell is rarely recognized. Tony Pastor always looks as if he jumped off the stage and ran out in the crowd. Den Thompson never uses make-ups, and consequently looks the same at all times.

Every one knows Eugene Canfield, Ed. Harrigan, Frank Daniels, Digby Bell, Harry Dixie, Eben Plympton and Charles A. Stevenson, for, although they assume disguises of various kinds, they have peculiarities which enable the ordinary observer to identify them.

Comedians, as a rule, are more easily recognized off the stage than other actors. Of course, every one who has seen Booth or Barrett would know them on the street, but they would not be so readily recognized as most of the funny men.

ENGLISH "VARIETY SHOWS."

The imminent erection in Manchester of a "theater of varieties," on the model of the most notable of those we have in London, says the *Globe*, appears to have greatly exercised the local mind. The columns of one of the newspapers is full of correspondence which serves to show that there is a wide difference of opinion as to the benefits or the evils to be derived from such an institution. On the one hand, such establishments are denounced as encouraging vulgarity and vice, while on the other they are saluted as agencies of culture and recreation. The truth is, of course, that very much, if not everything, depends upon the mode in which "theaters of varieties" are conducted, both before and behind the curtain; and that mode, again, depends very much upon the amount of pressure exercised, one way or the other, by public opinion. Whether more might not be done by the proprietors and managers of music halls to foster in their patrons a love of the truly melodious and really humorous is, of course, a matter for discussion. We have always thought, for instance, that the vocal element in the programmes at these places of resort might be revised and strengthened with advantage. The "comic" songs are too often, even at the most respectable houses, as vulgar as the Manchester critics say they are; while the sentimental ditties are too often inane. Why should there not be a higher standard in both particulars? Why should there not be good glee singing? And, moreover, why should not the level of vocal accomplishment be higher? The public which goes to music halls would, we believe, welcome the advent of singers who had voices of good quality and could really sing. It is a mistake to suppose that even the most uncultivated have not a keen appreciation of all that is best in vocalism; and it is a little surprising that the strident voices and blatant style of so many music hall "vocalists" have been tolerated so long.

FUNNY THINGS ON THE STAGE.

Incidents that are out of the stage order of things are very amusing to theater audiences, and especially the gallery boys, who are more highly entertained by them than by the play, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. In a recent performance of "Faust" the tenor, in the garden scene, brushed against a large palm which was not properly balanced in the pot. He set it up several times, growing more and more agitated, but the inclination of the plant to lie down was so strong that finally, in desperation, he took it by the trunk and pitched pot and all at the stage manager, who was standing in the wings.

During the last performance of "Cæsar" the dead Roman turned tears of sorrow to tears of laughter by raising his head from the coffin pillow before the curtain shut off the scene. Assemblages of "supers" retreating from the stage occasionally cause mirth by stumbling backward over some piece of stage machinery, and the scrubwoman's perambulation across the stage is an uncommonly interesting occurrence. A door leading into the stage, and swinging both ways, the other evening revealed the stage manager in his shirt sleeves standing behind it, and the audience laughed; but the greatest accident that has befallen a player for a long while was that which interrupted the performance of "Partners" at one of the theaters in this city last season.

Mr. Salvini, as Borgfeldt, overwhelmed with possibilities of business ruin and domestic dishonor, raised himself to his full hight in the strained attitude of desperate grief, and, with an exclamation, sits down suddenly on a patent revolving chair, buries his head in his hands and shakes his body with emotion. Just as he dropped his 200 pounds into a state of quivering emotion, the chair broke. The gallery was prepared to roar, but the actor quickly mastered the situation, caught himself from falling, flung the chair away, drew up another heavy leather chair, and went on as though nothing had happened.

THE PRETTIEST PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Thirty years ago the prettiest woman in Paris was Blanche Pierson; now it is Mlle. Depoix. The first was fair, the second was dark; the first, even in her youth, had the dimpled plumpness, which unluckily became vexatious obesity; the second is slender and thin, all muscle, without a suspicion of fatness—just a due covering of flesh on her bones.

The fact is, she is pretty, distinctly and charmingly pretty, with dark hair clinging to her forhead, clear, deep eyes, black eyebrows drawn with a single stroke of a master's hand, and a long oval face, and something sweet and maidenly and yet sensual in her whole person, and, above all, the distinction which promises a woman of the world. There is no sign of the free-and-easy airiness which stamps the common actress; everything about her close-fitting, close-buttoned, neat and in good taste; nothing to catch the eye or divert attention from that charming head, on which we gaze with restful pleasure.

This beauty, this aristocratic witchery, needs no frills or furbelows. It has found its proper setting—a stamp of reserve, almost of disdain. This is what we see on the boards when she plays, where she is to be seen, for that is all that is required of her; she need not speak.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Dockstader's Minstrels have returned to their own theater in New York.

"A noble dramatic work, nobly represented upon the stage, 'Ganelon'" is how the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* speaks of Lawrence Barrett's new play, written by Wm. Young.

The advance sale for the first week of Booth and Modjeska at the Broadway Theater, N. Y., was the largest ever made for the first week of a Booth engagement in that city.

Karl Gottfried Leopold Leitner, the eminent German poet will be 89 years old on November 18th, but still retains his mental vigor. He has just completed a tragedy, "The Judge of Galway."

Miss Anna Dickinson is out with a denial of the rumor that she is in ill-health, and announces that she will soon return to public life, "probably on the platform and certainly on the theatrical stage."

In the various companies with which the late C. B. Bishop was connected he was always known as "The Doctor," and if any one was ill he always cheerfully prescribed. Many are the people he helped in this way, but he was never known to accept money for such services.

The romantic story of "Shenandoah" was not written merely to furnish a setting for Sheridan's famous ride. It has a foundation in fact, and there are Virginians still living who will recall the pathetic love of a beauty of the Shenandoah valley for a Federal officer whose patriotism and affection were put to a severe strain during the stormy days of the civil war.

On the evening of September 25th one of Edison's phonographs was placed in the prompter's box at the Folies-Dramatiques in Paris, and registered the principal music of "The Chimes of Normandy," which was given its 1,100th performance on that occasion. The cylinders upon which the music is recorded, after having been exhibited in Paris, are to be sent to New York.

By the Plunger's Grave.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
Grief a foot thick on our faces;
We planted him deep, so he could not get up
To bet any more on the races.
—*Washington Capital.*