SUBURBAN RESORTS.

"Taste for Food, Not the Appetite to Eat."

How the French Residents of New York City Enjoy Their Sunday Outing—They Drink California Wine and Leave the French Wines to the Americans—French True Love Long-Lived and Beautiful.

[Regular Correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

NEW YORK, June 16.—One of the effects of the Senate Committee investigation of the police department is the execution of the Sunday law and the increased exodus of those who keep that day in "continental fashion" to the suburban resorts. Those places, in consequence, have now all their peculiarities highly emphasized. They show more plainly than ever what they are and what are the people who go to them. Some of the oldest and best known Sunday resorts have been degraded by this popularity, which has made them notorious for vice and crime. Coney Island, for instance, is a thoroughly unhealthy place, so far as morals go, and South Beach on Staten Island, has degenerated into a vulgar, money-making field for fakirs. But there are others, old and new, which have as yet escaped the touch of coarse "enterprise," and hold forth only the simple attractions of nature or opportunities for the satisfaction of normal human wants.

These are pleasant places to visit, for they show the city's workers at rest or at play, and reveal in some measure character, tastes and peculiarities. Especially is this so, if those places are chosen to which only the poorer and the lower middle classes go. People of "position" conceal their real natures even on a picnic or in a bathing suit. On Glen Island, on the north end of Manhattan Island, at Fort Lee, or in Williamsbridge, everybody is out for the precious pleasure or comfort of one day in seven, and they go at it utterly unconscious and heedless of observation and criticism. They are as they would be, if freed from the necessity of striving to be.

Williamsbridge is the Sunday mecca of the French people of the city. It is about thirty-five minutes ride on the New York and Harlem Railroad and is scattered along the little stream called the Bronx River just at the top of Bronx Park. As a village the place is utterly uninteresting. To one who knows the Parisian at home the little garden cafes are charming. For it recalls the simplicity and the almost childish domesticity of a people whom everyone thinks of as pretty bad. The badness of the French is so open, so vaunted, even in the best that they do, in their art, literature and sidewalk living, that the impression the most cautious observer gets of them is almost unavoidably a distasteful one. Yet the German peasant in all his boorish purity, is not solinnocent as a Frenchman of the lower middle class.

So one sees him in this his American Sunday resort. Not the Metropolitan Art Gallery, with its walls of French paintings, or New York's proudest boulevard, or the most French of French cafes in the city, can give such a deep glimpse into French character as an afternoon's visit to Williamsbridge. There are two places in the village the people go to; one a cafe restaurant, the other a beer garden. In the latter I found the young people and the German influence predominating. In the other the old people were for a few hours just what they were before they emigrated from La Belle France.

The cafe was just such a one as the French student (not the tourist) finds on the outskirts of Paris. It is arranged for isolation in groups of love or the family. There was a rambling old house, the inn, open for guests only in the winter, surrounded by ample grounds extending back to the Bronx, the creek. Arbors covered with vines stood like stalks all around the garden and across the middle on one side of a partition that divided the grounds in two parts. In each of these arbors was a table for from four to six persons. Under an awning at the back of the house but facing the garden stood the innkeeper, a fat, red, furry man, cross to his servants, but good-natured and smiling to his guests. He directed all that went on in the kitchen behind (for he was a chef himself) and at the tables in front (for he loves to sit at a table himself and knows how it should be). All depends upon him, even to the seasoning of the food, and he feels the responsibility and is generously concerned.

What took place in the lovers' arbor I could not know. I saw that the several couples were French, however, for the love they spoke was eloquent. It was across the table, and the movements of hands were rapid and oratorical. If the heart-beats were as many as the gestures, then was the love great and impassioned. But it was expressed in words, words not to be heard far away, but words as the arms in motion indicated. The couple were beautifully unconscious—foreign lovers always are. They were utterly unaware of anything beyond the vines of their arbor. In these two characteristics were they continental and truly French.

For the third, fourth and other exclusively French elements of the scene, one had to look to the family tables. One group was a man, his wife and their child, only one. That is French to begin with. All over Europe, and in America everywhere, the people of small means have many children. But it is not so in Paris. There—for some reason you can get a medal from the French Academie for disclosing—the poor and the rich alike have few children. A man, a wife and one child is the typical family group; two children sometimes occur; three are rare; more are pensioned by the Government; seven get for the parents a medal, civic privilege, and a personal visit from the President of the Republic. The family I chose to watch in Williamsbridge had one, and they loved it.

Like the lovers this family group was utterly unconscious of what surrounded it. Utterly is the word, for the non-existence of all else was complete. The man had his coat off, the wife had her skirts drawn up to leave her feet and ankles kicking free and cool, and the child was half undressed. There was absolutely nothing repulsive in all this, simply because these people were so entirely alone. They were intent upon their dinner and themselves. They enjoyed that meal, not, as most people would, as a whole, but as French people do, by mouthfuls. It is one of the fascinating features of eating a French meal, that the diner, without knowing it and without effort, catches the spirit of deliberation and enjoyment, and eats slowly and appreciatively all that is set before him. This French child had inherited the taste for food (not the appetite to eat) which the proud father was seriously educating as I watched him.

When the soup came on he tasted it, his wife tasted it, and they discussed it. Then they watched the child taste it, and they asked the baby (about 6 years old) how it tasted, and all agreed that it was good. But in a moment, the father paused, considered, and tried a little dash of pepper. "*Sacre!*" he cried in delight as he put it in his mouth thus altered. It was better and he told his wife. She tried it, and the baby wanted some too, and got it. Down came the old chef. "Wasn't it right?" he asked, aggrieved. "Ah, yes," said his guest; it was good, very good, but "a whole little bit" more pepper, *sacre!* made it better. When the soup was gone it was discussed, fondly criticised and favorably. Then the sunshine was praised, and the garden and the trees.

Suddenly the wine bottle was remembered. The whole family opened it, wiped the lips of the bottle, held it up and through the father carefully poured it out, a full glass for each. The host watched this as he did every step in the meal, for he knew that as these people would appreciate all that was good so they would detect anything wrong. When they smacked their lips over the first little ball of the Zinfandel (it was a California wine; French wines are for Americans here; foreigners drink the wine of the country anywhere and everywhere) the host was delighted, and turned to await critical junctures at other tables. It may not be as keen a pleasure to everybody to watch somebody else eat, even if the eating is well done, as I leave reluctantly this family, with the confession that they met one obstacle in the long-drawn-out little dinner. There was something wrong, and they made that arbor and the kitchen and the servants hum for a few minutes. But a little mustard dressing saved the day; the apex of the week was not wrecked. It was a close call, but it was *arrange*. I was very glad, as was everybody else, except the other diners, and they didn't know about it.

Another table set in an arbor overlooking the river held the elbows (it *is* good form to put them there) of a middle-aged couple as typical in their way as the family in theirs. They had no children, or if they had, those children were grown up and were not allowed to interfere with the old people's falling in love once more. So this couple sat. They also were epicures of course, but they were conversationalists besides. It is wonderful how objective and yet how interested French married people can be when together even after ten or twenty years. French women share their husband's lives. They know how business is going and they know how much it brings in a month. They know how much may have to be paid for the next stocking up and they help fix the price and the profit to be sought. Often the wife is a partner in effect, in hand work as well as head work. Not infrequently she does most of the head work. (She usually is bigger than the man, stronger and more capable of executive control.) But if he is on top he respects her, and if she is over him she respects him. That's their secret, perhaps. Anyway French true love is very long-lived and beautiful.

In the other Williamsbridge garden mentioned, the young French people, American born, illustrated the tendency of their race to become Americanized in the second generation. The Germans, as is well known, are adapted to our ways pretty thoroughly in a few years. In the scene I have sketched the durability of the French characteristics through the first generation appears distinctly. But their children in the neighboring garden are more German than French. They were playing a silly French game, but they spoke English without any accent, drank German beer and danced when they might have been eating. There were no arbors, no small tables, and only one or two couples. They were a merry, playful party out for a good time together. They had broader grounds and some of the young men were playing ball on a diamond well worn in the grass. Besides a certain grace of movement in dancing and the vivaciousness of their talk, there was little to distinguish them from the crowd at a purely German resort.

Glen Island is the most attractive of places, popular with the Germans. It is really a small group of tiny islets in Long Island Sound. John Starin (named in a previous letter as a Rapid-Transit Commissioner) owns the property and lives there. He has laid out rather a gaudy park, with a menagerie, bathing place, boat houses, dancing and drinking platforms, very much in the style of Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco. He never could have succeeded as he has in drawing the Germans thither if he had not chosen a sight commanding a magnificent view out over the sound, for, as I shall show, the Germans retain their native love of natural scenic beauty. It was hardly expected by him that his park would be patronized so exclusively by Germans, else he might not have put so much money in animals and rowing facilities. Since they came, however, he has bringed in another island and has built on it a foolish imitation of a ruined castle and a fully equipped German beer garden, where imported beer and Frankfuerters are to be had.

To get to Glen Island one must take one of John Starin's steamers. The ride up the sound and back is the best and the most beneficial part of the outing, for it insures two hours of salt sea air breathing. This is an attraction to the Irish, who seem to like to go on the water, and Glen Island and the mixing with the Germans has a very desirable effect on the Irish thus drawn on. The Germans out-number them, subdue them, and teach them that pleasure is not synonomous with hilariousness. So the Irish ride quietly to the island, drink beer slowly, and not in heavy quantities, and come home peaceably, but benefited, and, perhaps, somewhat surprised at their own moderation.

On Glen Island, as everywhere the Germans go for pleasure alone, they show the least compromise with American tastes and habits. Their adaptability is their chief distinction among our immigrants. In the West, where they are scattered among the native Americans and are taken up as members of society in all its forms, their abandonment of their national habits is almost immediate, except in some well-known particulars. In New York they are by thousands forced to remain apart. On the upper East Side, along avenues A and B and First and Second avenues, one finds a Little Germany, as in Mulberry street there is a Little Italy. The language is German, corrupted by bad English and American slang; the eating, drinking, the mode of life, the arrangement of stores, etc., all are like those of a German town.

For the people from this district are constructed the later suburban resorts. The well-to-do brewers and other German capitalists have seized well-nigh every commanding hill or elevation in the newer parts of the city. When the Third Avenue railway this spring substituted the cable for horse power and extended their line far up Tenth or Amsterdam avenue, a lot of little beer-halls were built at and beyond the terminus. They are so situated and constructed as to command the really beautiful view over the valley of the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek. The Germans will go far for such a view and they crowd out on the Third Avenue road every holiday in their good clothes, and, so far as I could see, they devoted more time and interest to the scenery than they did to the beer.

As to beer-drinking among them, it seems from careful observation to be a fact that they are yearly drinking less and less of it. Beer brewing is increasing, but that is because beer is conquering all other drinks, wherever it goes. It is making headway in France, and even in Italy is growing more and more popular. Its use is spreading here, too. But the Germans certainly do not drink as much per man as they do in the old country. Intelligent Germans tell me that they find that if they drink as much in New York as they do while on their visits in Germany, they suffer for it in stomach and in head. I noticed also that some of the simpler American drinks, lemonade and soda-water, were popular among the younger people. This was very striking at the resorts on the north end of Manhattan Island.

Another popular and a much older resort is Fort Lee, across the Hudson, on the "coast of Jersey." The beer hall there is built on the palisades and is merely the resting place for the long pleasure walks, which I saw the working people of New York taking when I went there two weeks ago. It was quite characteristic, that while on the top of the palisades most of the people were Germans, down below on the water, rowing, sailing and swimming, nearly everybody was American in the usual sense of that word. It was not a distinction of sex or age or station, but really of race.

In general it may be said that Sunday in towns in New York is a Sabbath in the English sense. The relaxation from the Puritan mode of observing the day is not very great. Still, the continental Sunday is slowly making its way here and in the suburbs, where there are resorts, it is just like a European day in all respects. Except at Coney Island and a few other over-done places, the scenes at these resorts are very pleasing, innocent and undoubtedly are beneficial to the health of the excursionists. J. L. S.

"Mr. Muchcoin seems very attentive to Miss Jingle; does she know anything of him?" "No, but she probably will have very little of his society after they leave here." "So it is no love affair?" "Dear me, no; she is going to marry him."

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"It is very greatly to be regretted," the New York *Independent* thinks, "that the movement, into which the Presbyterian Church entered with some heartiness, for co-operation with other churches, with the idea of avoiding rivalry, should have received a setback in the last General Assembly. Dr. Charles L. Thompson was able to give a good report of the work of the committee and of the operation of the plan for the past year; but it seems that the home missionaries are strongly opposed to it, and the Assembly would not continue it. There ought certainly to be some such plan of comity between friendly denominations. There is case after case where money and labor are wasted in the endeavor to maintain two or three churches where only one strong, self-supporting organization is possible. It is certainly not a necessity that in villages and towns of small population there should be always a Presbyterian and a Congregational Church. These denominations are not far apart. They preach the same Gospel, and differ only in their method of church administration. Ministers and members pass easily from one to the other. Why should it be thought necessary that these denominations should crowd themselves into the same places and hinder one another and the establishment of self-government churches? Not only ought there to be such a plan of co-operation between the Northern and Southern Presbyterian and Congregational denominations as would exclude rival pulpits, but it ought to be extended to the Methodists and Baptists and Lutherans."

"We have all heard," says the New York *Evangelist* (Pres.), "of the village politician in Maine who was in 'favor of the prohibitory law but against its enforcement.' We have in our own church, as in every church, a class who are in favor of church union, but opposed to every practical measure for securing it. In almost no case is it the creed or constitution of the church which opposes the practical execution of the plan, but the tradition which has grown up around the law and gradually come to take its place. It is, in fact, the oft-repeated story of the past, that liberty seldom dies a violent death, but by a process of constriction, almost insensible. Just as in our Lord's day the interpretation of the scribe had come to stand for the plain and simple precept, and what was 'said by them of old' time became more potent than what was said by the written commandment, so in almost every case to-day it is not the constitution of a church but 'the doctrine of the law' that render the union impracticable. It is one thing for a church to have a catholic ambition, but quite another thing to possess the catholic spirit, and it seems hardly worth while to be preaching a general union of all denominations while fomenting the germ of disintegration within our own. It not infrequently happens that the most suave guest is at home with the most tyrannical ruler. True church union can never be the result of 'policy,' but only the fruit of 'charity.'"

"The subject of organic union is a prominent topic now in religious discussion," observes the *Christian Register* (Unit.) of Boston. "Certain leaders in the Congregational, Presbyterian and Episcopalian bodies are bowing to each other in a courteous and fraternal way, but, when it comes to hitching up their teams to the same wagon, there is no agreement, and not likely to be. On the other hand, the liberal asteroids in the ecclesiastical firmament have succeeded in forming a system of their own, as was seen at the meeting of the Liberal Congress. In contrast to this is the attitude towards each other of the two great Presbyterian bodies North and South in this country. A committee of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly rendered a report on the subject of organic union, and twelve members out of thirteen were opposed to it. Among the reasons set forth were the historic differences between the two bodies concerning the relation of the church to civil government and the esssentiai difference between the two bodies in relation to woman's sphere and work, and, further, that such union would involve the surrender of the plan of an independent negro church. It will thus appear that the Christian Church is not yet ripe for organic union when two branches of the denomination refuse to blend their work and interests."

"Eight women in all, up to this date, have been ordained to the ministry in the Baptist denomination," remarks the *Congregationalist* of Boston. But the *Examiner* (Baptist) refuses to recognize them as ministers, believing that there can be no proper ordination without a duly qualified candidate, and that the teachings of the New Testament excluded women from the ministry. The Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, at its recent meeting, decided that a woman who had been ordained by Presbytery was not a minister and that her ordination was null and void. But the Assembly indorsed her as a lay evangelist and commended her as a consecrated and efficient laborer. When a woman doing regularly the work of the ministry is commended for it, while the title is withheld from her, need not be disturbed. The place she is filling will come in time to be generally recognized by its proper name. The *Congregationalist* has not advocated the ordination of women to the ministry. A few women have been ordained as Congregational ministers, but we think the instances will continue to be only exceptional. But the teachings of the New Testament which might be cited as excluding woman from the ministry would exclude her also from the office of Christian teacher, a position which she is filling exceptably in so many places and forms that she long since silenced objections."

"The Brotherhood of St. Andrew has helped laymen to see that, as the organ of that society says, 'all have priestly functions to perform,'" says the *Churchman* (P. E.) of New York. "'The old notion that the business of the clergyman was to dispense the blessings of the Gospel and that the people had nothing to do but to receive them, was neither Catholic nor Protestant, it was certainly not Christian.' But there is a danger now lest the Brotherhood itself should cloud the conception of their privilges and duties in the minds of laymen outside that body. We do not in any way hold the Brotherhood responsible for this; we believe that its leaders are doing their best to prevent the error. Yet, through the mistaken zeal of some of the clergy, and the unguardedness of some of its members a notion is gaining ground that the members of the Brotherhood, together with members of 'lay readers' associations,' candidates for the ministry, etc., form a sort of 'fourth order' and have some kind of faculty to read Morning and Evening Prayer and deliver exhortations that does not belong to any ordinary layman. We desire, then, to remind our readers that it is entirely competent for any laymen to read the daily office of the church (omitting, of course, the absolution) and to address words of Christian encouragement to his fellow Christians."

"A hearing was given by the Constitutional Convention last week to those who desire the adoption of the proposed amendment relating to schools under sectarian control. The hearing developed the fact that the amendments drawn might not succeed in attaining the object aimed at. What is known as the Faribault plan might be worked under cover of such amendment," says the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.). "If the Roman Catholics generally should place their schools nominally under the control of the public school authorities, while still retaining the real ownership and management of them, the letter of the amendment would be complied with, while money would still be appropriated from the treasury for schools of a sectarian character. The only amendment that would be impregnable, as it seems to us, would be one in terms something like this: 'No money shall be appropriated from public funds for the support of any school or other institution not owned and controlled by State or municipal government.' There must be State ownership, not nominal State control, or the amendment is likely to prove valueless."

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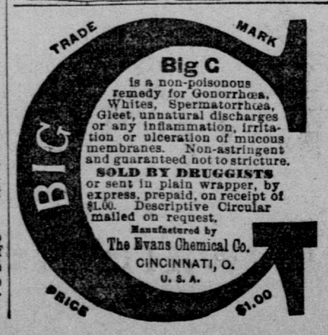

WOMEN WHO RULE.

How They Govern Their Husbands and Children.

The Kind of Girls the Nineteenth Century Men Want for Wives—They Like Domestic Women—Work of the Maneuvering Mammas.

[Special Correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

Some women are born Generals. They take the lead, not in a pushing-forward-to-get-there-any-way fashion, but gracefully and instinctively. The women who are born leaders are married usually; that they rule their household is a foregone conclusion. She rules her husband, too, but she has ruled him so long that he has long since ceased to consider himself hen-pecked, if, indeed, he ever considered himself in that state at all. His wife's leadership comes so easily and naturally that he hasn't any desire to resent it. Then, too, the woman who rules has a pretty little way of listening attentively to other people's suggestions and while she doesn't say in so many words that she will follow your advice, yet her manner gives every encouragement, and when in the end she winds up by doing her own way, which is just what she intended all along, you don't mind it in the least, and before you know it you find yourself unconsciously converted to her way of thinking.

Besides managing her husband she rules her children as well. But it's when these children have grown up, and are launched upon the sea of life that her diplomatic maneuvers show themselves in all their brilliancy. The maneuvering mamma has been studying society as it is, while her children were in the schoolroom, consequently she knows all its little peculiarities, and she can carry her daughters through the season's vicissitudes with flying colors, and if her daughters don't land the very biggest fish at the end of the season it isn't the fault of the maneuvering mamma, for she has done everything in her power to bring matters to a climax.

When the young man is discovered, and he don't stay in the background very long if he is found to be an eligible party, the first thing is to get at his financial position, and the maneuvering mamma can do this to perfection. If the purse is tried and not found wanting, then the young man will have comparatively smooth sailing. If the maiden is coy, his future mamma-to-be tells him it's only her darling's maiden modesty. You see the maneuvering mamma has found out that the girl of the period is apt to be a little bit too progressive to suit the nineteenth century man, so she drills her daughters in the opposite virtue. And if the daughter doesn't take heed of the laudable example her maternal relative sets before her then she's a very willful girl indeed.

The managing mamma finds out that the man of the period likes a timid, shrinking, little creature with a trustful, yielding disposition; one who implicity believes in all that he says and does without asking the why and the wherefore of it, one who would scream at sight of a mouse, would faint upon the spot if she saw a cow who wasn't tied, and, above all, would forever rhapsodize over all her husband's doings and sayings.

That's the kind of a girl the modern man wants, and the more brilliant he is himself the more apt he is to marry some little, insipid nonentity, with only one idea in her little head, and that begins and ends with her husband.

The maneuvering mamma teaches her daughter all of these things, and many more besides. She is thoroughly mistress of the idea that the homely old saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," may possibly contain some grains of truth; at any rate she is going to try it. She buys her daughter one of those dainty little brass teapots, the kind that swing on a rod, and look so very tempting that no one ever refuses the aromatic concoction which is poured from the little brass teapot with such infinite grace and skill by the dainty deft hands of a pretty girl, and even if the girl isn't so pretty, the man who is the recipient of so much attention begins to see points in her which he never discovered before. As he sips the fragrant tea from the "ruddy firelight's fitful glare" he begins to wonder languidly why he can't have a fireside of his own with just such a girl beside him to always pour out his tea, and then he wonders again to himself why he never thought of this before. Then the young man from wondering about these things finds himself some day very much in love with the mistress of the teapot.

I think that the pretty fanciful apron that the girl dons to serve the tea has got just as much to do with the matter as any thing else. The apron looks decidedly domestic, and the man of the period likes a domestic woman.

Then there is a certain art in pouring out the tea; the handle of the teapot must be held in just such a manner. To grasp it in the wrong way would spoil the entire effect, and, worst of all, the young man wouldn't be impressed at all. A man likes to see a graceful woman; when she is awkward it sort of jars upon him; and in this respect men are very much alike the world over, whether they be high or lowly, rich or poor.

There is another sort of maneuvering mamma, but she isn't at all popular. She's the mamma who makes it so palpably evident that her daughter is for sale that the young men are afraid of her. Instead of letting her daughter's good qualities be found out gradually, she rather hurls them at one all in one fell swoop, and the young man sits and listens in respectful and subdued silence while the mother recounts all of her darling's virtues one by one, with careful scrupulocity to see that not one is omitted, and the young man leaves the house firmly imbued that the daughter is an angel and too good to be upon this mundane terrestial sphere. The consequence is he begins calling upon the young lady who lives next door, and who isn't so seraphic, and the angel is left to mourn alone with only her numerous virtues for solace and company. This mamma is very apt to push her daughter ahead, no matter at what cost or sacrifice; she must try and trample down the whole earth were they in the way of her ambition; that she loses friends is a secondary consideration so long as her ambition is fulfilled. But the best girl of all is the one whose mother doesn't interfere at all, the one who doesn't marry for position, title or wealth, but for love; that is the girl for you.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th ddy of July, 1894, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 28th day of July, 1894, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

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