MAKE-UP FOR THE STAGE

PRIMITIVE METHODS USED BY ACTORS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Improved Methods Are in Vogue To-Day—A Good Make-Up Is an Important Theatrical Detail.

Boston Herald.

"Make-up" boxes are being prepared for the coming year, and that is not the simple process it used to be, when the finest actress in the land could carry her dressing table appurtenances in one of Huyler's pound boxes, and dress the face for the stage in ten minutes, and get her false face off, with a dash of soap and water, in as short a time.

To-day to "make up" well is one of the most important details of an actor's or actress's daily or nightly routine. It is only one of the many preparations for acting of which the public enjoys the result without knowing anything of the time and trouble it takes.

A player's life looks fascinating to silly girls, who think only of the few hours behind the footlights, when the audience is, if the player is lucky, applauding and admiring. But that is the smallest part of the successful player's life, with its study, its rehearsing, its bother about dress, its dressing, undressing, redressing and undressing again, not to mention its making up.

Some who find it a burden to dress twice a day should fancy the nuisance it must be to dress, undress and redress four and often five times during the process of playing an exacting part, and remember that these changes of costume often mean stripping to the buff and changing even stockings. Frequently these changes for a woman mean altering the dressing of the hair, and even the make-up of the face.

The act of making up has undergone some great changes in the last twenty-five or thirty years. Not much over a quarter of a century ago an actress's make-up materials consisted of what was called a "buff ball," which was a ball of cream-colored chalk, a burnt stick and a "pink saucer." The lighting of the stage was nothing like as brilliant as it is now, and did not show up make-up as clearly. In those days a bit of flannel rubbed on the "buff ball" was sufficient powder, the burnt stick was used to darken the eyelashes and pencil the eyebrows, and the rouge from the pink saucer was rubbed on the cheek bones and the lips. Women with a keen eye for effect, and with an instinctive love for looking well, succeeded in getting admirable results with those primitive methods. Indeed, last winter a well-known actress, whose stage experience extends back into the days of the "buff ball," said emphatically that she believed she made up just as well in those days as she did to-day.

"Liquid white" was the successor of the "buff ball," and Doran's rouge, a carmine powder in a box, of the "pink saucer," and stick cosmetic of the burnt stick, until now an actress's make-up box is an elaborate—almost always untidy—conglomerate of boxes and appurtenances and make-up, simply to look well only a matter of half an hour or more.

The introduction of the electric lights put an end to coarse make-ups. Before that time, red, white and black were often applied to the face as impressionists apply color. Often those who admired an actress across the footlights were shocked when they met her in her dressing-room to see her face just a mask of rudely applied color. The black simply hung on her eyelids, her mouth at near range was a red hole, and the red and white on her cheeks and brow simply swore at each other. To-day eyes unaccustomed to the artificiality of a make-up are sometimes shocked by it, but more often they find it attractive, even at near range. Cissie Fitzgerald made up for the stage is simply Cissie Fitzgerald, with her best points emphasized. The color on her cheeks is heightened, her lips are carmined, and the blue shadows on her eyelids are interesting.

BERNHARDT CRUDE.

Some actresses, like Sarah Bernhardt, cling to crude methods, and the great French player has a rather dirty appearance when ready for the stage. Julia Marlowe Taber looks painted when ready for the footlights, but she looks well painted. The tints are blended, and blended artistically.

To do all this the make-up box has become almost as large as the box for the picture hat that Anna Held wears in the latest photograph of her to come here, and varies from that size down to the nine by six japanned box that looks like the private cash box of our grandparent, in which he kept his will and life insurance papers. It holds liquid white, rouge, cosmetic, and occasionally blue, violet, chrome yellow, umber powder, and many other pleasant things, all with a stale odor of violet powder, with soiled-looking brushes and puffs that are not soiled, even if they look so.

The make-up boxes of men are to-day much more elaborate than those of women. Actors are often required to utterly change their faces for a part. Women occasionally do it, but not so often. Men, while still young, are required to play old men, to simulate the facial characteristics of men of other races, to enact men of all sorts and conditions. Women do enact women who are old and disfigured and women of other lands, but rarely. Actresses have even played old women while they were young. Sarah Bernhardt did. But few women succeed in it, and fewer still care to do it, and it is doubtful if any of them look on it, as many an actor does, as a "great opportunity."

When women play at being of a foreign land they usually alter the color of their hair and put on a dialect, and the end is accomplished. But, as a rule, a woman's art of making up consists in making herself look prettier than she is, and occasionally in making a round face look interestingly hollow, sentimental or sad.

The make-up box of a man, especially one who plays character parts, contains not only all that a woman must carry, but it contains also fuller's earth, black enamel, all kinds and shades of powders, and sticks of grease paste, as well as "joining paste," "crape hair," and such things. He must have blue powder to rub on his face to convey the idea that he has not been able to get a shave for several days. If he is to play a very old man he must rub his face completely over with fuller's earth and draw the gray line of old age upon it with a camel's-hair brush—usually three lines between the eyes, lines on either side from the nose to the corners of the mouth, under the cheek bones and across the forehead. He must have "joining paste" to blend the wig with his face. He must draw blue lines on his hands, and he probably has to make and shape a nose of paste that must also be painted to blend with the make-up of the face. If he has lost his teeth—that is, if the character the actor is playing has—he must apply a liquid enamel to the ivories supposed to be missing, hold his lips away from them while it hardens, and the deed is done. To see an actor sitting before his dressing table, hurriedly working on his face, is a very interesting sight, and the result is often most artistic. J. E. Dodson, of the Empire stock company, is one of the cleverest men at a make-up in this country.

WOMEN IMPROVED.

Women are almost never required to do work of this sort. Charlotte Cushman did it in Meg Merriles, and so did Fanny Janauschek. Marie Wilkins made up a little in "The Two Orphans." Emma Sheridan attempted it in "Jekyll and Hyde," and some women have in "Monte Cristo," when playing Carconte. But false noses and queer faces seem out of place in feminine characters, and are almost never attempted. There are the smudgy chambermaid make-ups, and queer, dirty-faced characters, in which May Robson has almost become eminent, and some low comedy, farce-comedy characters, like those that fall to the Amy Ames types of woman in farce-comedy. Still, as a rule, a woman's make-up box is concerned most with making woman prettier. There is so general a sense that she ought to be pretty that one shrinks instinctively from seeing her grotesque.

The process of making-up with actresses is very much the same. They arrive at the theater three-quarters of an hour before the curtain rises, and they, as a rule, wear under their outside wrap—usually a long, loose one—a dress that has seen its best days. Many, like Emma Eames, wear cotton waists that can be put regularly in the wash. Occasionally actresses like Olga Nethersole or singers like Nordica wear fine raiment. But more ordinarily actresses, real actresses, wear to the theater frocks long passe and unfit to be seen. The first act of preparing for the stage is to strip.

No actress, not even a well-minded chorus girl, wears a rag on the stage that she wears in private life. At least, she is not supposed or expected to. The underwear of the part being donned, and it is probably no news to any one that many players wear tights, with modern as well as classic garb, as much trimmer, safer and easier, a long, loose garment is put on—a make-up jacket. Some actresses wear a dressing sack, some wear a cotton wrapper, some wear a bath wrap. Some buy cotton garments on purpose. Some wear out their old silk night dresses. Some have make-up wraps that are relics of elegance, some simple, sensible garments, evidently never intended for anything else. All details of this sort depend on the woman, and are relative to her character, exactly as the order of her room at home would be, or as her private habits of life are, for acting and the life of the theater adjust themselves to a woman's nature. Radically they do not change her, except as they give her more money to enable her to show her real taste and her real ideals of life more freely.

The task of making up the face then begins. Seated in front of her tripple glass, with all the lights up the actress pushes her hair all back from her face and bobs it on top of her head. She rubs her entire face and neck well over with cold cream, which she carefully wipes off with a towel. Then, with a soft sponge, the liquid white is applied, the eyelashes and eyebrows being at once relieved of their share. Some actresses wet their fingers in their mouths for this purpose, but daintier ones use violet water or something of that sort. Rouge is then applied with a soft brush; red paste is used for the lips, more often applied with the tip of the finger than otherwise. Cosmetic for the lashes and eyebrows is most frequently applied with a hairpin heated in the gas, and the whole face carefully dusted with the powder puff.

ART IN THE PROCESS.

Some actresses are as careful in making up as if they expected to be inspected with a magnifying glass. Some are not. Many who look very well in their dressing rooms are quite wrong on the stage, where, perhaps, a make-up applied under the ordinary cream light of gas or white light of the electric burner is seen under a blue light for moonlight, or a yellow light or red light, or the combination of the two. But that is an art that actresses are learning, although even Ellen Terry does not always master the problem.

Those who know how carefully Henry Irving's leading woman studies effect of the light, and that she makes up in her dressing room under the same light to be used for each scene in which she is to appear, can recall at least one failure, "Yolande," when the leper's make-up conveyed no illusion at all, but was simply a palpable mask of chalk, exactly like that of a clown. That unlucky effect was very evidently the result of a failure on the part of the electrician to discover the proper light to heighten, not analyze, to conceal, not to betray, the make-up of the actress, as well as of the player to find the tone of her liquid make-up that would not be penetrated by the lighting of the scene.

Miss Terry uses almost entirely a liquid make-up. It is colored to the tone she wants for her skin by being mixed, in a saucer, sometimes with cream powder, sometimes with pink. Of course, rouge is used over it, and carmine paste for the lips.

The face being made up the hair is dressed. Then if a high-neck dress is to be worn the throat, and neck, and ears are brought to the same tone as the face, and if a low-neck, neck and arms are washed over and powdered to blend with the face. The dress is then donned. Hands are washed and made up. The dressing room door is flung wide for fresh air, and the cues listened for.

Almost every actress has her peculiarities. Sarah Bernhardt puts the ends of her fingers in the rouge pot. Mrs. Kendal rouges her ears. And every peculiarity of a prominent actress is imitated, even Duse's pallor make-up is removed with cold cream. It is amusing for people who have never witnessed the process to see an actress rush into her dressing room when the play is over, wash her hands, strip her dress off and, plunging her hands into the cold cream pot, proceed to clean up her face. In one minute there is a mess of red, black and green that is amazing to see. This is wiped off on a towel, a most unsightly act. About three doses restores to the face its clean skin, and the actress emerges from her mask sweet and rosy with rubbing.

Now, women differ as much in this manner of preparing for home after the play as they do in all things else. To most women the fall of the curtain brings relaxation, if nothing seriously discomforting has happened. It is their cheerful, restful, chatty time. Work is over. They are going out to supper or home to supper. Some of them are as careful in their cleaning up as if they were going to a ball. Some are not. Some, like Georgia Cayvan, who was always one of the best groomed women on the stage—to use an expressive, if not very elegant, word—are rubbed down as thoroughly as a winning racer would be, and one can't say more than that. Others do up their faces well enough to go, and, with cosmetic still showing on their lashes, rouge in their nostrils, and make-up on their fingernails, tie a thick veil over their faces and, saying, "Oh, that's good enough for to-night," hurry to the hotel for a hot bath. You recognize that habit if you look at the collar of the garments they wear to and from the theater, for the neck will be disfigured with pink and white. Therein lies the logic of Emma Eames's cotton waists, that go into the wash.

BETRAYAL OF SEWALL.

Steps to Compel Bryan to Recognize Watson.

Washington Special in New York Evening Post.

Another step in the betrayal of Arthur Sewall by the Bryan-Populist associates has been determined upon. Chairman Butler, of the Populist national committee, announces that the Populist notification committee is preparing a letter of notification to Bryan and Watson. It will be delivered about Sept. 15. This is the decisive movement by which Bryan will be forced to accept or reject an association with Watson. His rejection of it has been made impossible by the Bryan managers in the arrangement of Bryan and Watson fusion electors in many States. His acceptance of the Watson alliance will be the public announcement of the humiliation and complete betrayal of Sewall. No evasion is possible with the Populist notification presented to Bryan. It will be the culmination of the Sewall-Watson fight, and populism will win, for Bryan's acceptance of Watson is the price exacted for Populist support.

This plot has been maturing slowly. The directing genius of it has been Chairman Butler. But he has found ready allies in the Bryan camp, who, while ashamed of openly repudiating Sewall, adopted quiet means that made his ultimate repudiation certain. The first step on the part of the Bryan men was to secure fusion in Michigan, Oregon, Ohio and other States, which recognized Watson, but left Sewall entirely out of the calculation. This has been going on under the eyes of the Bryan managers. It has cleared the way for Mr. Butler's decisive movement to force Bryan to a public acknowledgment of Watson. Butler has watched and waited for this moment to come. He has been slow and cautious, not forcing the issue between the two vice presidential candidates, but permitting the Bryan men to go ahead and dig the grave of Mr. Sewall. He was willing to hear Bryan talk platitudes, always avoiding a public announcement as to which vice presidential candidate he would stand with. At last Butler's day of reckoning with the Bryan men in general, and with Bryan in particular, has come. By serving a letter of notification on him there can be no further avoidance. Bryan must choose. The terms of the letter of notification will be so explicit, notifying him not only of his own nomination, but also of that of Watson, that diplomatic avoidance will be impossible. Under these circumstances the rejection of the Populist nomination, coupled with that of Watson, would bring chaos to the Bryan ticket, necessitating the reassembling of many State conventions. That is out of the question. The Bryan managers know it, and Bryan himself knows it. The only possible thing to do under the circumstances is to walk into the trap which Mr. Butler has set and publicly announce the acceptance of the alliance with Watson and the repudiation of Sewall. Contemptible as it may be, Mr. Bryan will be forced by circumstances to do what he has said would be dishonorable and disloyal.

Mr. Sewall is compelled to witness some of the most disagreeable phases of his own betrayal. In Maine L. C. Bateman is the Populistic commander-in-chief. He is the member for that State on the committee to notify Bryan and Watson. He is the Populist candidate for Governor. This Mr. Bateman has spared no opportunity to let the people of Maine know that Sewall was to be rejected. Growing restless over delays, Bateman announced that he and the secretary of the notification committee would notify Bryan and Watson, and thus end the agony. To check this move Chairman Butler wrote Bateman, telling him that the Democratic defeat in Maine would be so overwhelming at the early election that it would serve to retire Sewall. Not content with this, Bateman has denounced Butler for his delay, and has made public the Butler letter stating that Sewall would be retired after the Maine election. Butler rejoins that Bateman is a "blatherskite."

It is a nasty complication, such as might be expected among such men as these, and Mr. Sewall is a silent witness of the warfare and recrimination between Washington and Maine. It is a situation which will bring intense disgust to the few self-respecting men who cling to Bryan. It would be no surprise here if Mr. Sewall, seeing the inevitable, would cast off associations with the Bryan ticket, as a measure of self-preservation and self-respect.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Slumber Song.

Slumber, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough;
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him softly the dream-fairy sings:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So, lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon;
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So, lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;
The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies know,
The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the nest,
A dear little fellow the fairies love best:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So, lullaby!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Rose of Stars.

When love, our great Immortal,
Put on mortality,
And down from Eden's portal
Brought this sweet world to be,
At the sublime archangel
He laughed with veiled eyes,
For he bore within his bosom
The seed of Paradise.

He hid it in his bosom,
And there such warmth it found,
It brake in bud and blossom,
And the rose fell on the ground;
As the green light on the prairie,
As the red light on the sea,
Through fragrant belts of summer
Came this sweet world to be.

And the grave archangel, seeing,
Spread his mighty vans for flight,
But a glow hung round him fleeing
Like the rose of an Arctic night;
And sadly moving heavenward
By Venus and by Mars,
He heard the joyful planets
Hail Earth, the Rose of Stars.

—G. E. Woodbury, in the September Century.

Monochrome.

Shut fast again in beauty's sheath,
Where ancient forms renew,
The round world seems, above, beneath,
One wash of faintest blue.

And air and tide so stilly sweet
In nameless union lie;
The little far-off fishing fleet
Goes drifting up the sky.

Secure of neither misted coast,
Nor ocean undefined,
Our brooding sail is like the ghost
Of one that served mankind,

Who, sad in space, as we upon
This visionary sea,
Finds labor and allegiance done,
And self begin to be.

—Louise Imogen Guiney, in the Chap Book.

The Conqueror.

I saw an angel with majestic mien
And radiant brow, and smile divinely sweet;
Strong human passions writhed beneath his feet.
There too expired those coward faults which screen
Themselves behind inheritance, and lean
On dead men for their strength, and think it meet.
All, all lay prostrate, owning their defeat.
Then to the spirit with the eyes serene
I cried aloud, in wonder and in awe:
"Oh, mighty one, who are thou, that thy glance
Can circumvent heredity, cheat chance,
And conquer nature? What thine occult law?
Art thou incarnate Force—the Over-Soul?"
The angel answered, "I am Self-Control."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

A Rumanian Folk-Song.

What is life like? Answer me.
Suppose I say a tree.
Whose boughs are bread and tall?
'Tis like a tree. Ah, me!
For a wind like autumn's shakes its boughs,
And makes the dead leaves fall—
The dead leaves fall, and fall!

But what is life like? Answer me.
Suppose I say the sea,
Whose billows rise and roar?
'Tis like the sea. Ah, me!
For its billows only rise to fall
In spent waves on the shore—
Poor spent waves on the shore!

—Richard Henry Stoddard, in the Independent.

Evidence.

What fact within is evidence of life?
How can I know that death leads not to night?
Amid the shadows dread shrouding our sight,
What do I find to silence sin and strife?
How cut doubt's Gordian knot with fact's keen knife,
And verify faith's prophecies of light,
When destiny shall blossom in delight,
And souls be free from mortal sorrows rife?
On every infant's brow behold the print
Left as Creator's seal, by hand divine;
In each soul's being stamped indelibly,
Though sin-defaced—bears still the heavenly mint,
Image of God!—Lo, read the wondrous sign,
Which destines man to immortality.

—Gail Hamilton.

Memory.

What we miscall our life is memory:
We walk upon a narrow patch between
Two gulfs—what is to be, and what has been,
Led by a guide whose name is Destiny;
Beyond is sightless gloom and mystery,
From whose unfathomable depths we glean
Chaotic hopes and terrors, dimly seen
Reflections of a past reality.
Behind, pursuing through the twilight haze,
The phantom people of the past appear;
Hope, happiness and sorrow, fruitless strife,
And all the loved and lost of other days;
They crowd upon us closer year by year,
Till we as phantoms haunt some other life.

—Charles Lotin Hildreth.

THE DAY OF SMALL MEN.

They Are Said to Be Smarter than Men of Larger Physique.

London Daily News.

Our Paris correspondent writes: In all the stories about giants and dwarfs, the latter are inventive and enterprising, and the former heavy and stupid. The Ogre was a gloomy cannibal, for whom little Poucet was too many. Bunyan brought two giants, Grim and Despair, into "The Pilgrim's Progress." Doctors Brissaud and Marie, two authorities on nervous diseases, hold by the popular idea about giants, and justify it on scientific grounds. The long-continued growth entials abnormal growth of the muscular and adipose tissues at the expense of the nervous system. Hence the low spirits of phenomenally tall persons, or even of very tall persons.

The two doctors in question say that giants, or persons with immense hands or feet, are subject to tumors on the brain. The healthiest persons are rather under than above the middle height. If a child has a very active brain its growth is slow. Forcing a young brain is at the cost of normal growth. The legs in this case are stunted, but the vascular system and spine are well developed. Turenne, Louis XIV, Voltaire, Napoleon, Thiers, Guizot, Cavour and Louis Blanc were small men, but overtopped the generations they belonged to. Turenne was remarkable for a long head in preparing his plans, but the others for self-confidence and high spirits. The children who come out best at school examination in France are those whose bodies have grown slowly. Drs. Brissaud and Marie think the present-day tendency to cultivate the brain highly will in some generations have for a consequence dwarfish stature. Prince Bismarck is one of the few instances of a very bright mind being found in a very tall body. The Celts, a gay race, have small feet and hands and are rarely very tall.

Kipling's Personality.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's personality has been such a subject of conversation that nothing very new can be said of him. Yet there seems to be an impression among people who have never known or seen him, and even perhaps have read but few of his books, that he is a supreme egotist and has an aggressive conceit that not even the most pronounced success could warrant. "I wish," said a well-known publisher the other day, "that this idea of Kipling's conceit might be corrected. I know him personally, and before the friendship that ripened from purely business relations I found him the most modest and retiring of men—very much of a boy at heart and natural to an extreme. Any man of such a disposition naturally resents intrusion on his privacy, and Mr. Kipling would prefer to remain a private citizen with no claim on the public's attention than to be vaunted as a curiosity with supposed peculiarities so different from his fellow-men."

It is nice to know this of Mr. Kipling, spoken as it was with honest conviction. He has been called conceited and his writings are too delightful to be spoiled by a swelled head. His latest novel will soon appear in McClure's Magazine.

TIPPING THE WAITERS

IF YOU OMIT THE CEREMONY YOU ARE USUALLY NEGLECTED.

How a Rich Woman Who Always Forgot Them Was Brought to Terms—Extra Money for Hotel Bell Boys.

Washington Letter in Philadelphia Times.

"If it wasn't for the tips I couldn't make a living," says a head waiter at a prominent hotel. "Besides, the head waiters get less extra money than the regular waiters. Of course, my salary is larger than the salary of one of the men on a table, but it is not enough to live on. There are only two head waiters in all this town who get decent salaries. The rest of us all look out for tips, just as common sleeping-car porters do.

"Right? Of course, it isn't right; but what can we do about it? White men can stand together, but my race is treacherous as Indians. I guess there must be five or six good men who would make competent head waiters standing around and trying to get into the places held by us tip-getters. Moreover, they will offer to work for nearly nothing, and in these hard times some of the hotel proprietors are willing to take cheap men, because they are all losing money just now.

"How do I know they are losing money? Why, by keeping my eyes open. Since Congress adjourned there have not been more than two guests a day registered here and at other hotels, and they are going away as fast as they are coming. This is an awful hotel town, except when Congress is in session. Very few of the Congressmen give tips to the boys, but the presence of Congress brings lots of good men here, and they give tips to help the boys out.

"There was Collis P. Huntington at the Normandie last winter. He spent over $9,000 while he was there. He gave his bell boy $50 and his waiters received from $5 to $10 each week. Head waiters usually get their tips from the ladies. You know women are all cranky. They must have breakfasts, lunches and late snacks served in their rooms. They know that all orders come to the head waiter, and that the service is prompt or otherwise according to the disposition of the head waiter. Unless I have some inducement I am not likely to take a waiter from a table where people are waiting for their order and send him to the kitchen and then up stairs. It stands to reason that a lady with a little bit of sense will see that without any lesson; but when a woman needs a lesson about tipping she can get it easy enough. I took particular pains to wait on a wealthy lady several times last winter, and took one of my best waiters to send to her room, but she never showed up a nickel. One morning she sent down an urgent order for a cup of tea right away because she had a terrible headache. Well, she suffered with that headache for more than half an hour before she got her tea. When she came down to dinner she slipped a $5 bill into my hand and asked me to always look after her special orders for her, and I promised to do so. She gave me $5 every week after that.

WAITERS' SCHEMES.

"Does the proprietor know of such transactions? Well, I should say not, for there is no transaction in it. The head waiter makes no demand and makes no bargains. I am not expected by the proprietor or by the manager to take any of my waiters from their regular duties. If I do so, it is because I am bribed to do it, and the lady who does the bribing has nothing to complain of. If she voluntarily hands me a tip, that is her business, and I am not required to reject it. Of course, the lady feels that she is compelled to do it, but she cannot prove it. If she wants special favors, she must pay for them, and she finds it out by experience.

"Yes, there are some men who give tips to the head waiters, and they are wise to do so. The regular waiters soon know which of the guests are special favorites of the head waiter, and they can act accordingly. You see the head waiter can discharge a man at any time, and he has no redress. The waiters cannot complain, but must sometimes keep their own uppers waiting until the favorite of the head waiter is cared for promptly. As a matter of fact, there is compulsion in it, but there is nothing on the service to show it. I have seen some nontipping guests kicking hard to the manager, but the manager understands the real reason why the kickers have not been waited on more promptly. He also knows that he cannot help it, and so he smooths down his irate guests with all sorts of promises."

"I would rather be a table waiter than a head waiter," says a grizzly gray woolly-pated negro who has been a waiter for more than a generation. "I can make more money than the head waiter, and run no risks of trouble with the proprietor or manager. You see, my regular salary is $18 per month. My wife does sewing and washing and makes about $20 per month. But that is not enough to raise a family on and educate the children. I pick out the guests in the busy season. I look them over and select the finest looking gentlemen, and I find out what their business is and what their incomes amount to, and I pick out the cream of the lot. I scheme to get the good people to my table. If I find one of them waiting for a fork or spoon or some little thing when their own waiter is out of the room I run over to their table and serve them. I keep my eyes open for little chances of that kind. Pretty soon they insist on coming to my table. Most waiters try to avoid work. I look for all the work I can do while the dining room is open.

A PROFITABLE GUEST.

"I have had a guest now for three years who always hands me a silver dollar on Saturday night. That makes $52 per year. By being polite and attentive to that guest I have gathered in $156 in addition to my regular income. Moreover, he has told others who sit at my tables that he objects to daily tipping, and that he simply hands me a dollar a week, and others take to the notion. I figure that from the tips of that one guest and his suggestions to others I have gathered in nearly $500 in tips. I have also made considerable from others who are transient.

"I played a good trick on a rich man last winter," said one of the bell boys. "We had heard that he was liberal, and that he gave money away in little dribs to all of the boys. I wanted to be his bright particular star bell boy. So, for three days, whenever he rang his bell, if it was my turn, I went very slowly to his room. He was impatient and wanted quick service. I told the other boys that it was useless to hurry for him, because he was never satisfied, so they all went slow on him, too. Well, on the third day, as soon as his bell rang, I rushed to respond to it, and was at his door almost as soon as he took his hand off the button. He was gratified, and said: 'You are the first bell boy in the house to show any activity. Tell the manager I want you to look after my bell all the time.' I sent the manager to him, and was designated to look after his bell all the time, and it was so ordered. Whenever he was in the house, I just waited on him as carefully and quickly as I could, and he was delighted with me. He gave men $10 each week, and when he went away he handed me a $20 gold piece. Have you heard about Tommy Smith? Well, I'll tell you.

"Tommy Smith is a very young mulatto, and quite intelligent in appearance. He was particularly nice to Collis P. Huntington when he was at the Normandie last winter, and Mr. Huntington asked him questions about himself. When Mr. Huntington left Washington he sent Tommy Smith to the school for colored people at Hampton, Va., and is paying for his education. It paid Tommy Smith to be polite. It don't always pay a bell boy that well, because there are few men who can afford to spend their money in that liberal manner, but it always pays for a servant to be polite. The bell boys who know how to size up their guests and please them can make from $50 to $100 each per month on tips. Many a gentleman has given me half a dollar for bringing him ice water in a hurry in the morning. There are times when money is no object to a man who wants ice water in the morning."

"We bartenders are not regarded as being typical," says a facetious compounder of juleps and smashes. "The guests of a hotel look upon us as well paid servitors and they never think of giving us any tips. Some experienced traveling men, however, know that a bartender likes his tip as well as a waiter. I remember a man who came here from Orange, N. J., two years ago and asked me to make him a brandy smash. He took a chair and waited while I made the smash. I put in the regulation amount of good brandy, then I gave him a little orange bitters, a teaspoonful of Jamaica rum and shook it all together with shaved ice and added crushed ice as I served it to him. Somehow it happened to fit him. He smiled as he sipped it, handed be a half dollar and said 'keep the change' and walked out. About 8 o'clock that night he came in and ordered another brandy smash, and I made it for him just the same way. He sipped it slowly and I saw that he was enjoying it. Finally he wiped his lips, saying: 'I am in Room 297, and may order brandy smashes from there to-night or in the morning. I will be here several days. Keep the change,' and he handed me a $2 bill as he passed out. Well, you bet I made him brandy smashes to the best of my ability, and never kept him waiting. But few people have sense enough to tip a barkeeper."

POLITICAL ETHICS OF CLOTHES.

Bryan's Old Alpaca Coat and the Workingman and Farmer.

Washington Special in New York Post.

There is a disposition among the shrewder Democrats at headquarters in this city to call a halt on the silly twaddle which is published in various quarters about the "simplicity" of candidate Bryan in dress and manners during his visit to the East. In the minds of these managers there is such a thing as overdoing the theatrical business, and they suspect that Bryan is approaching very close to the danger line. The "alpaca coat," which has figured so extensively in the news dispatches, answered very well for one or two publications, when the immediate necessities of his situation would excuse almost any kind of costume. But when this article of apparel became a common staple of the political news of the day, and was everywhere recognized as a distinguishing mark of the candidate, it began to dawn upon the minds even of some of the more obtuse observers that there might be a little affectation in all this; and affectation of humility is as surely fatal—after it is found out—as the most haughty and overbearing demeanor could possibly be.

Experienced politicians do not have to go far back in their memories to find illustrations of the peril of trying to fool the American people in this way. The very man whom it is proposed to catch with the bait of old clothes and slouchy talk is the one who has the keenest wit for discovering the difference between the sham and the real. It will probably never be known how much of Horace Greeley's carelessness of attire was due to simple absence of mind or actual indifference to appearances, but it will be remembered that when Nast was caricaturing him as a farmer in an old white coat and rolled-up trousers, machine Democrats everywhere declared that this style of lampooning would react with tremendous force and win thousands of votes for Greeley which would have gone to Grant otherwise. It will also be remembered that the Greeley campaign was the most tragically disastrous of any in the history of American politics.

To come down to a smaller field, it is well known to every New Englander that no Democrat in Boston had such influence with the labor vote on purely personal grounds as ex-Mayor Frederick O. Prince had in the day of his greatest activity; yet Mr. Prince scorned the demagogic trick of appearing before a constituency of workingmen in any less scrupulous costume than that which he would have worn in the drawing room of a leading citizen of Boston. Other Democrats who tried to compete with him by resort to cheap artifices discovered to their cost that there was philosophy in his course. He had very properly reasoned out the fact that the workingman was entitled to as much consideration as any other citizen when his vote was solicited, and that it was a poor compliment to him to appear in his presence on a public occasion in what everybody must recognize as a theatrical disguise.

Old campaigners here—especially those who have done most of their work in the sophisticated East rather than in the South and Southwest—draw attention to the fact that the workingman himself makes a distinction between the clothing in which he can appropriately do his daily work and that in which he is to meet strangers for social intercourse; and that there is no one more particular to get off his overalls, dress himself in clean linen and put on his best coat and hat when he is off duty and going to show himself to the world at large. The gospel of propriety which he follows himself he naturally expects to see observed by those who come into contact with him, especially if a favor is desired by the other party. He would not think of appearing in a gathering at Mr. Bryan's own home in anything but his best attire, and he very promptly scents out and despises the political quackery to which candidates resort when they try to curry his good will by suggesting in dress and manners a class distinction which they pretend to desire to wipe out. It is probable that Mr. Bryan will be warned from Washington before many days to dress himself as any other gentleman would, at least on public occasions, even though for the edification of his immediate friends he may prefer to make an exhibition of himself.

BEES HAVE COMMON SENSE.

They Do Not Walk Backward When in the Presence of Their Queen.

London Truth.

The question was asked in Truth the other day, "Who trains elderly gentlemen to walk backward in royal processions?" A correspondent seems to think he has found the answer to the question in the following extract from a book on bees, which he sends to me:

"As she (the queen bee) leisurely traverses the combs, the bees clear a passage on her approach, their heads turned toward her. * * * The affection they show for her is plainly the mere loyalty of subjects, rather than the personal love of a child * * * and to fully realize its nature we must take into account the intense patriotic spirit of the bees; they know that the queen is essential to the prosperity of the commonwealth, and as such, and not caring a straw or a crumb of wax about her individual person, they cherish her devotedly, and show their lives to be bound up in hers."

"Who taught the bees this?" asks the gentleman who sends me this extract, "and is it inconsistent with either their dignity or sanity?" Apparently he is under the impression that the elderly gentleman to whom I referred learned to walk backward by the light of nature, or that providence imparts the necessary instinct for this mode of locomotion in Court functionaries.

I do not know whether my correspondent is an elderly gentleman, but if he were suddenly given a place at court I think he would speedily exemplify in his own person that the power of walking backward does not develop itself spontaneously in human beings. I also fancy that he can never have seen a procession of court officials, or he would not libel nature or providence by suggesting that so ludicrous a spectacle is a natural phenomenon. If nature inspired man to proceed stern foremost, she would at least teach him how to do it with dignity and grace—accomplishments which no court functionary ever mastered, nor, in my opinion, ever will.

The above extract shows how easy it is for any one to misread a passage in order to support some conclusion which he has previously formed in his own mind. If my correspondent will look at his author again, he will see that he does not even say that the bees walk backward. They merely clear a passage for the queen as she approaches, and turn their heads toward her. This is precisely what a crowd does in the streets of London when her Majesty passes. A little compulsion from the police may be occasionally necessary before the passage is cleared, but the crowd turn their faces to the sovereign spontaneously. This is nature, if you like, and the passage quoted shows that in this respect bee nature is very much like human nature. But until it can be shown that the bees perform absurd antics entirely contrary to nature in order to testify their loyalty I am inclined to think that the bee is the superior being.

DOLL WAS A MISSIONARY.

A White Girl's Plaything Conquers a Savage Tribe.

Portland Oregonian.

"A gentleman from the ground up—the finest gentleman in the regular army," was the way an old Omaha reporter referred to a gentleman at the Hotel Portland, Major John G. Bourke, formerly aid to General Crook. And then, warming up to his work, the old reporter told the following:

"They used to tell a story of Mr. Bourke when he was down in Arizona with Crook that shows what kind of a man he is. The General was trying to put a band of Apaches back on the reserve, but couldn't catch them without killing them, and he wouldn't do that. One day they captured a papoose and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her black beads of eyes watched everything. When night came she broke down and sobbed as a white child would. The fort was in dispair until Mr. Bourke had an idea. From the adjutant's wife he borrowed a doll that was a beautiful creation that had come to the adjutant's little girl the previous Christmas. When the young Apache was made to understand that it was hers to keep her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, just as any child who had been educated to play prettily with its make-believe babies would have done, and seemingly all thought of ever getting back to the tribe, under the spell of enchantment placed over her by the doll, had left her.

"Not so the officers of the post, however, for the thought of having to keep the papoose without having the tribe make some inquiries as to its welfare bothered them to no inconsiderable extent. Several days passed with no sign of overtures being made by the tribe, and finally in despair the papoose, with the doll still in its possession, was sent back to the tribe. Major Bourke, who was then a first lieutenant, when the child was sent back to the tribe, had no idea of the effect his beits proud prize tightly clasped in its chubby hands, it created a sensation among the native Americans, and its mother later went back to the post with it. She was received in a hospitable manner and kindly treated, and the effect of her visit was such that through her overtures were made to the tribe, with the result that soon afterward the whole band moved back on the reserve.

"Major Bourke, in all probability, when the kind act was done, in order to placate the heartbroken papoose, had no idea of it ever being of such service to General Crook and his forces. It saved them from engaging in a bloody battle, in which the lives of the Apaches and Uncle Sam's forces would have been jeopardized to such an extent that many would have been killed or maimed for life, and made possible, what is seldom accomplished, the placing of a large body of one of the most barbarous tribes on the American continent back on the reservation without the loss of a single life. The Apaches were of the same tribe as that which Geronimo made do deadly work not many years ago.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

No death warrant has been signed by a sovereign of Great Britain during the last 150 years.

During the last fifty years Great Britain has been at war more frequently than any other nation. The total number is forty wars for fifty years.

In Nicaragua, with the temperature in the nineties during the summer months, the heat is seldom oppressive, owing to the influence of the trade winds.

Window plants should not be taken out to the garden and syringed with cold water when in bloom; it will check the flowers and may destroy them altogether.

Tea was first imported into England from Holland in 1600. In 1666 it was sold in London at sixty shillings per pound, and continued at this exorbitant price until 1707.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) couple sold their child three years ago for $100 and now they want it back again. As the purchasers of the child refuse to yield the little one the parents have begun suit.

Almost everyone in Hyderabad, India, is armed to the teeth, and the spears, sabres, daggers and pistols which gleam amid the white and crimson robes, or bristle in sash or turban, convert the entire city into a formidable armory.

King James's Bible is the English translation now in use. It took about three years to translate. The work was performed by forty-seven of the best classical scholars at the universities. The translation came out in 1611.

The Chicago postoffice is being demolished. It was built in 1880, at a cost of $4,125,000. Last winter it was found to have settled so much that it was declared unsafe, and in May it was sold as old building material for $15,519.

There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used as clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. Neither are there any goats or mules or donkeys.

Every scion of a reigning house, from the very moment of setting foot on French soil, is shadowed by a perfect crowd of members of the secret police, who exercise a surveillance that only ceases with the departure of the illustrious guest.

A serpent in confinement has been known to refuse all food for a period of twenty-one months. A viper will live ten months without food, and a bear six months, while even a horse will live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water.

The apple crop of the United States and Canada last year was estimated to be from 57,000,000 to 60,000,000 barrels, or from 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 barrels more than were ever produced in any previous year. This year's crop will equal, if not surpass, that of last year.

The policy of the British War Office in allowing military savings banks to die out is explained by the report on the working of these banks for the year ending March, 1895. As in the case of the naval banks, more money was drawn out than was deposited.

The heaviest locomotive in the world was made at Providence, R. I., and is in daily opreation on the most difficult and mountainous section of the Mexican Central railroad. It weighs 260,000 pounds, or 130 tons, and is especially designed for mountain climbing.

The only place in the world where violin making may be said to constitute the staple industry is Markneukirchen, in Saxony, Germany, with its surrounding villages. There are altogether about 15,000 people in this district engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins.

It will surprise most people to know that there is an English law to punish servants who invite their friends into their masters' houses. It seems the intruders can be charged with being "suspected persons," and the servant who admits them with aiding and abetting them.

Japan is a land without the domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners.

During the last year no less than 10,000 American horses have been sold in London alone. A large number are used for the omnibuses and street-cars. The cabmaster and smaller dealer profess not to touch them, the former believing, and possibly rightly, that the majority of foreign horses are somewhat soft.

The Norman-English laws enacted that a leper had neither power to sue in any court, nor to inherit property. During his lifetime he was permitted to enjoy the usufruct of any property in his possession at the time he was "found guilty" so to speak of leprosy, but all rights of disposition over it he lost.

Scotland claims the credit of having the smallest burial ground in the world. It is situated in the town of Galashiels, between Bridge street and High street. It measures only twenty-two and a half feet by fourteen and a half feet, and is surrounded by a rickety wall about seven feet high. It has been closed as a burial ground for many years.

The great fire of London took place in September, 1666. Its ruins covered 436 acres, and extended from the Tower to the Temple Church, and from the northeast gate to Holborn bridge. It began at a baker's house in Pudding lane, behind Monument Yard, and destroyed, in the space of four days, eighty-nine churches, including St. Paul's, the city gates, the Royal Exchange, the custom house, Guildhall, and many other public buildings, besides 13,200 houses, laying waste 400 streets.

Even apart from its biblical association, the River Jordan is of great interest. During its course it falls over 1,200 feet. At no point is it navigable, even by small craft, to any considerable distance, and presents the unique spectacle of a river which has never been navigable, flowing into a sea which contains not one living creature.

The process for the manufacture of artificial silk is based upon that employed by nature. The first thing used is wood—for mulberry leaves are in reality the equivalent of mulberry wood. The wood is worked into a paste, after being dipped in nitric and sulphuric acids, is dried and placed in a bath of ether and alcohol. A transformation takes place and a kind of glue of collodion is the result.

A SURE POST-MORTEM TEST.

Application of X Rays Believed to Be Infallible.

New York Journal.

At last what seems an infalliable indication of death has been discovered. Scores of people have a horror of being buried alive, and there have been many attempts made to discover some test aside from time that will assure the friends that death has really occurred, and that the burial may safely proceed. Heretofore none of these tests has been absolute, and each has failed signally.

Dr. C. L. Barnes, a Chicago physician, has recently been experimenting with X rays, and he now announces that they will determine positively whether real death has occurred or whether the patient is in a trance. Dr. Barnes made a shadowgraph of his own hand, and on the same plate laid the dissected hand of a cadaver. When the plate was developed, after being exposed to the mysterious rays for some time, the difference in the two radiographs was noticeable. The dead flesh offered more resistance to the penetration of the rays than the living, and a glance would determine which was the hand of the corpse. Other experiments which he made confirmed his opinion. The fluoroscope is even better than the shadowgraph as a means of determining whether life is present or not.

It seems strange that there should be no accurate way of determining when a man is dead, but such is really the case. The absence of the circulation of the blood is a fairly good test, but there are instances of persons having recovered after the heart had ceased to beat—or, at least, beat so weakly that it was not perceptible either in the breast at the pulse. Muscular contraction cannot be relied on, as dead people will twitch when an electric battery is applied to them. Rigor mortis cannot be relied on, for that is often present in the case of cataleptics. The gradual cooling of the body has long been regarded by physicians as an accurate test, but it is not known that such a condition may follow the collapse which accompanies partial drowning. The contraction of the muscles is an accompaniment of certain diseases, and so is the discoloration of the skin which is noticeable after death.

Dr. Barnes is a well-known physician, and his discovery is regarded as one of vast importance. He has written several books on dissection, embalming and kindred subjects, and has been experimenting with the X rays ever since Roentgen made his discovery known.

DICKENS THE YOUNGER.

The Boy Was a Failure, Never Coming Up to His Father's Expectations.

Julian Ralph's London Letter.

Charles Dickens, eldest son of the great novelist, was sixty years old when he died in West Kensington, London, recently. He had a paralytic stroke a month ago, and it was known that if he had lived he must remain a permanent invalid. He lived only a year longer than his father and died of an ailment that came from a similar cause to that of the apoplexy with which his father was stricken. When he was born the novelist had married Catherine Hogarth and was living in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, the Chambers, to see which American tourists go in scores and hundreds every summer. Dickens had been a hard-working reporter up to this time, but, under the signature of "Boz," had brought out "Pickwick Papers," so that fortune had begun to smile upon him.

On the night young Charles was born the father wandered up and down the street with his sister-in-law, Mary, seeking a table for his wife's room. One that he liked and wanted very much he passed several times, because he did not like to ask the price, as he afterward wrote. As the years went on Dickens wrote of his son: "I am delighted with Charlie's precocity; he takes after his father, he does." The father sent him to King's College, then to Eton, and then to Leipsig. "I want him," Dickens wrote to Baron Tauchnitz, "to have an interest in and to acquire a knowledge of the life around him, and to be treated like a gentleman, though pampered in nothing. By punctuality in all things, great or small, I set great store."

Through the interest of Lady Burdett-Coutts, he got the young man a place in the Baring bank, but young Dickens didn't like banking, so he started out to be an Oriental merchant. He lacked business energy and push, and drifted into journalism, beginning to contribute to his father's paper, Household Words. He became subeditor and finally sole proprietor of the paper, and published "Dickens's Dictionary of London" and "Dickens's Dictionary of the Thames." He seems always to have been unsuccessful. He never tried fiction, but was a good reciter and one of the best after-dinner speakers in England. He grew to look very like his father. He leaves several children, the eldest bearing the honored name of Charles Dickens, and the younger one called Mary Angela, who is beginning to attract attention as an actress. Of the children of Charles Dickens, the elder, the most distinguished is Henry Fielding Dickens, Queen's counsel.

A Little Short on Memory.

Youth's Companion.

One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why," she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, it is?" said the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around and I will endeavor to reciprocate the favor."

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