FOR FEMININE READERS

WOMEN WITH LONG SKIRTS GROW ONE-SIDED FROM LIFTING THEM.

In Spite of What Theorists Say, Practical Mothers Spank Their Children—What to Buy in Paris.

"Woman," says a Baltimore physician, "is addicted to being fashionable beyond the point of accepting advice, and would rather place herself in the illogical position of holding up a long skirt to a sensible point, than save herself this trouble by wearing one originally cut to that point. Just why this is so is a psychological mystery, but it is so, and until the long skirt is a thing of the past, she will go on her way, deliberately planning misery for herself, and inflicting punishment on a member which should be treated with greatest consideration, particularly if beautifully outlined, for the charm of a lovely hand, wrist and arm is indeed a rich heritage for its possessor."

"Various devices have been made for skirt holding, but woman has not taken kindly to them, despite their practicability and value. Fashion frowned on them, and that settled it as far as womankind was concerned. If the mighty ruler wants an arm, an arm must be given, and the sacrifice, strange to say, is considered slight. It is, in comparison with the many more vital elements of health sacrificed by woman at this same altar.

"Aesthetically considered, I don't believe any woman of the army which sidles along clutching at its skirts knows just how much of a thing of beauty and grace—she isn't. Other women doing the same thing don't see in the one-sided contortioned, graceless figure ahead a reproduction of their own. They admit that the woman ahead is not managing things in any sort of satisfactory way, but feel sorry for her, and thank heaven that they are so much more graceful about it.

"They are not, however, and an observer can see that there is little choosing between the various figures presented. The right shoulder is necessarily lowered to allow the hand to reach the skirt low enough after allowing for all the twists, kinks and wrinkles necessary to grind the arm into the required shape. The left shoulder is thrown up two inches to compensate for the two-inch lowering of the right, and the hips are arranged at a corresponding pitch, the tendency of nature being to harmoniously adjust all parts of the body to a new position taken by any one part, thereby maintaining poise.

"The result of this is a marked slant from left to right of the entire body, the head being held upright, accentuating the slant of the shoulders. A graceful carriage is an impossibility under such conditions, not taking into consideration the impediment to walking formed by the bundle of surplus skirting at the heels.

"These, however, are secondary considerations. A woman can, but should never, look any way but well poised and graceful; she can, but she should never, sacrifice laws of common sense for fashion. These are privileges of her own, to abide by or to throw to the winds, but where health and strength and the happiness they imply are at stake deeper motives should control. It ought never happen that a beautiful arm should lose that charm and become a source of misery because fashion has designed a skirt that must be held up."

For Those Who Go Abroad.

Paris Letter.

There is a wear and tear on body and soul in shopping in Paris. One's French often seems sadly deficient, and one hardly likes asking for an interpreter when only small purchases are to be made. A well-gowned, evidently a well-bred American woman, was heard one day excitedly asking for "Buttons pour les shoes."

The pertinent question would seem to be what are the articles best bought abroad? If one is making a short visit only in Paris it seems a sad waste of energy to bother to buy much at all. The woman who spends a large sum of money each year on her clothes finds a varied assortment of expensive trifles in Paris, and her wardrobe is undoubtedly fresher and more ultra modish for a week's shopping here. The woman who comes to enjoy the city and is as well a person of modest pretensions will find little worth her time and money in the few days she spends in the shops.

French gloves are a quarter to a third less than American gloves, and they are well made. But one must take care to go only to a well-known place, and not be tempted to buy too cheap a glove. In the neighborhood of the big hotels are often to be found interesting little glove shops that sell the most worthless and rotten kid.

A pretty hat is a troublesome thing to pack, and may be picked up here for a trifle during the summer months. French millinery is always delightful, and even the low-priced modistes sell tasteful hats.

Ready-made silk blouses and silk petticoats are cheaper here than in America. The Louvre and Bon Marche carry large lines of these and will make careful alterations to measure (if asked) for 50 cents above the selling price. Wooven silk goods are cheap, and so are handkerchiefs and real lace. Imitation lace seems to be about the same price as in America. The French shops cannot be considered fashionable; they appeal neither to the poor nor to the rich. The women of the haute monde regard a fashion as having lost distinction the moment it is displayed in the stores, and for this reason it hardly pays the stores to cater to this trade. The poor trade at the bazaars and shops in their own quarters; these are open evenings and Sundays, and carry a cheaper line of goods than is found in the stores.

The big stores cater for the big middle class, and all are run much on the same principles. Every article is plainly marked, there is no dishonest representation, and all trade is done on a cash system.

A Buttonhole Party.

New York Commercial Adveriser.

A buttonhole party may be slipped into the list of possibilities for the entertainment of summer households. Each guest is asked to bring needle, thread, and thimble, strips of cloth being provided by the hostess or promoters of the entertainment. These strips are distributed and at a signal every member of the company sets to work upon the production of a buttonhole in his piece of cloth. At a second signal the competition closes; each piece of cloth is pinned to a strip of paper bearing the worker's name, and all are collected to be submitted to a committee of three or five selected from the company to make the awards. The list of prizes may be a long one if desired, and may include one for the best buttonhole in the company, one for that made in the shortest time, one for the best and second best, respectively, among the ladies and the gentlemen, with consolation prizes for the poorest and that which took the longest time to produce. A further variation of the entertainment is that the guests shall come in some sort of fancy costume. This may be indiscriminate fancy dress or the costume of a distinctive period like the colonial, empire, etc. For a children's party where the children are not too young, this form of entertainment has been used with great success.

Monogramed Envelopes.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The monogram on the envelope flap—it is here, and to stay. Of course, there's no chance for a seal while the embossed letters in their dainty empire framing of bow knots and beading linger as a decoration.

The girl who has had time to idle away at her writing desk and who has enjoyed dawdling over her correspondence, fussing with her sticks of many-tinted sealing wax, stamping on blue for consistency, pink for friendship, etc., shakes her head when she looks at the monogramed envelope.

"Sealing wax," she reflects, "is so suggestive of old-fashioned elegance. It is reminiscent of signet rings and just those little refinements our forefathers thought necessary for gentlewomen."

Very true, but in this age of social and business bustle the American woman has precious little time to cultivate the trifling forms which in olden times were hall marks of good breeding. She has been flatly accused of her decadence in the art of letter writing and has made her stock defense, "No time, no time!"

Her very notes of sentiment she has clicked off in the cold print of a typewriter, and how, pray, under this stress of rush and hurry, can she waste the moments lighting her desk taper, heating the wax, gingerly pressing it on the envelope and stamping it with her seal?

The result in most cases has been a ragged blotch of wax, a blurred muddle of hieroglyphics upon it and an envelope flap that would slip open at the slightest crack of the clumsily applied wax.

Perhaps, worse taste of all, she has gummed and sealed the flap before waxing it. This is a blunder in desk etiquette amusingly general.

A stationer whose word is law in such matters declares that the trim little monogram on the envelope appeals to the most fastidious of his customers.

"It is not just a season's fad," he affirms. "It is graceful and significant, and it will remain in favor."

Thought Well of Spanking.

Chicago Post.

An impromptu mothers' meeting on a north-shore veranda recently discussed the great question of spanking and voiced approval of this ancient corporal punishment with a unanimity which might have shocked some modern theorists. The virtues of a brush and a slipper were compared, and one tender-hearted mother owned to having always used her own hand from a feeling that she should share the penance of her offspring. It was not a thing to do often, they all agreed, but there were occasions when a sound spanking seemed to fill the bill better than anything else.

"I have found it not only has more effect, but leaves less fretfulness and less resentment and sense of ill-usage than any other punishment," one testified.

"It takes the tuck out of them," briskly declared another.

"Yes," began a third, amending the phrase, "it certainly brings them to a reasoning condition and——"

"Defend me from children in a reasoning condition," interrupted the lawyer's wife. "Mine have a love of argument that is positively appalling already."

"I mean a condition in which they will listen to reason. You should have heard me talk to little John yesterday. I told him simply he must mind, whether he could understand the reason for his parents' orders or not. Otherwise, I said, he would have to suffer for it. I told him his father had to obey the laws of the land and we all had to obey the laws of our Creator, or we suffered for it. We had a long talk, and really he has been less disobedient since. Call it what you choose, it does take the tuck out of them."

"Let us call it a condition of receptivity."

And the sense of the meeting certainly was that youthful rebels could be brought to "a condition of receptivity" more readily by this time-honored means than by any other.

Odds and Ends.

To purify the water cooler, either porcelain or zinc lined, pour a little vinegar on a clean cloth and wipe it well once or twice a week.

Sand soap is recommended as specially useful in the case of small boys whose hands often refuse to yield to the softer persuasions of ordinary soap and water.

A dry sandwich that is convenient for the 5 o'clock tea tray has for a filling shaved ginger and orange peel. Sugar preserved ginger and candied orange peel are used for this purpose, spread between buttered slices of bread cut in oblong and circular shapes.

A delicious ice cream to serve at a luncheon consists of ice cream flavored with caramel or burnt sugar and English walnuts chopped fine. The custard for the cream is made like the ordinary frozen custards; a cupful of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of nuts are used for each quart of custard.

Stains on the fingers from handling potatoes or trimming vegetables or fruits may be readily removed by thoroughly rubbing with an overripe tomato; if a little rotten it acts quicker. A stem of rhubarb or pie plant is equally effective and may be had from early spring until late in the fall. Either will prove better than soap or anything else, and cheaper than oxalic acid or a rubber brush.

A really good fashion never dies. Now and then an admirable little mode will be seemingly done to death by its admirers and will drop suddenly out of popularity, but the soul of it goes marching on and sooner or later is triumphantly revived with all its former prestige. Apropos of this assertion, says the New York Sun, witness the recent reappearance of the bolero, the return of the short-sleeved evening bodice and a marked inclination toward the resumption of the Psyche knot in coiffure building.

Charms of all kinds are worn on chains and bangles, the lucky ones being in high esteem. Small eggs enameled or set with precious and semi-precious stones are considered to have more powers in attracting luck to the wearer than the horseshoe or the rabbit's foot. Realistic reproductions of birds' eggs call into play all the ingenuities of the enameler's art and furnish some exquisite combinations of color. The head of an extremely youthful member of any of the well-known bird families peeping through the broken shell is a novelty that pleases whimsical tastes, and, moreover, fairly showers luck upon you.

There is a persistent effort in certain fashionable quarters, says a New York fashion writer, to maintain the rather feeble revival of some of the very low-cut and short-waisted Victorian styles of bodice, with their much-frilled accompanying skirts. The dress trimmings have prevailed and a very few of the uncommon looking and conspicuous bodice styles have been taken up, but in these days of severe criticism the waist, with belt relegated to the armpits, and the Victorian poke, with its far-reaching front brim, have a hard time of it. And the Victorian coiffure, with the hair parted in the middle, waved out, and brought down over the ears, is a most trying style.

Now that women have declared again for short sleeves, the invariable accompaniment of evening dress is a long scarf of the palest, thinnest liberty silk procurable. The authority for its use seems to be the absence of long gloves and the very graceful adjunct a well-manipulated scarf in deft hands can prove. A scarf usually comes to a dance or dinner wound round its owner's head, as Queen Louise and Mrs. Siddons wore theirs, and from the head it slips to the shoulders and is twisted about one arm or knotted at the elbow to let streamers fly during a dance. It is a pale yellow scarf for a rose-tinted gown, green for a white one, black for a blue one, and it is as coquettish an implement in debutante hands as a fan in the fingers of a Spanish woman. It is neither actually used nor entirely useless, and it serves as a perfect touch of drapery about bare arms and shoulders.

NOT VERY CHEERFUL.

A Colored College President's Advice to the Negro.

W. H. Councill, in July Forum.

It is urged that if the negro will stay out of politics the race problem will be solved. Whether he stays out or not has no bearing upon its ultimate solution. Whether he affiliates with Republicans or Democrats or any other political party will not solve it. Political silence may remove the question a little in time. * * * I have voted with the Democracy of the South for twenty-two years; and if every other negro in the country had done the same we should still have the same race problem. I have advised, and now practice, political silence; but I know that such a course will not settle the question. The negro will not go out of politics as long as he has the privilege to vote. If he desired to do so, white men, for personal gain, would drag him in. The genius and spirit of our government, as well as the ambition of the negro, give him zest for politics. The negro has political ambition, and ought to have it. It is a credit to him. If he had no such ambition I should have no faith in his capacity to grow and take on civilization. He must vote and take part in government, or become a worthless, dangerous incubus on society. * * *

The negro should no longer deceive himself or suffer himself to be deceived about Northern sympathy. Judge Tourgee, a few years ago, declared that the white men in this country who favored absolute justice, complete civil rights and fairness in all things for the negro would not reach ten thousand. The average Northern politician of to-day is no more like Sumner, or Lincoln, or Phillips, or Garrison than the mummy of Rameses II is like the real old king himself. The whites prate about constitutional liberty and civil rights while they shut out the negro from the best means of gaining a livelihood, even mob him, and the President himself says that he cannot prevent white men from whipping negroes from offices, destroying their property and driving them from communities. Why continue this hypocritical farce of Dr. Jakyll and Mr. Hyde?

The negro must just take his chances. That's all. When the old, gray-haired veterans who followed General Lee's tattered banners to Appomattox shall have passed away the negroe's best friends will have gone; for the negro got more out of slavery than they did. "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph."

Let the negro lay aside his delusions and dreams, and recognize the terrible, stern reality of the situation. Whether North, South, East or West be his ambition, his aspirations are chained to a stake, are circumscribed by Anglo-Saxon prejudice and might; his movements are circular. If he leap upward, it is only as the tide in its frantic and futile endeavor to reach the moon. If education, wealth, religion, cannot solve the question, then what can? There is no solution except (1) in complete surrender of racial pride and ambition; (2) in absorption by the very worst element of whites; or (3) in voluntary or involuntary deportation. I do not deny that there are and will be individual exceptions; but I am speaking of races, not individuals.

NEWS OF THE PLAYERS

ADA REHAN TO QUIT THE STAGE AND SUCCEED AUGUSTIN DALY.

Julia Arthur to Play Hamlet Next Season—"The Rounders" a Sensation at the New York Casino.

The announcement was cabled to the New York Morning Telegraph last week to the effect that Miss Ada Rehan had declined to create a part in the new Drury Lane melodrama for the reason that she is to take the management of Daly's New York theater. Miss Rehan is at present at Ramsgate, where she has been ill since Mr. Daly's death in Paris, but the information as to her intention comes from one of the late manager's closest friends in London, who positively asserted that Miss Rehan would be selected to guide the destiny of the Broadway playhouse. Miss Rehan's slating for the place by the executors of Mr. Daly's will does not come as a surprise on either side of the Atlantic, for events have so shaped themselves that she seems his only logical successor. For years she has assisted the late manager in directing his New York playhouse, and, as everybody knows, he always consulted her on all questions touching on the artistic nature of his productions. Mr. Dorney will still be closely associated with the business and financial affairs of the theater, subsidiary, of course, to Miss Rehan's general direction of the policy of the house. She is known as a "professional diplomat," a broad thinker, and in her selection for such arduous duties Mr. Daly's executors feel they have decided upon a successor equaled only by the late manager, for she was in thorough touch with his ideas and agreed in every point with him on many of the productions which built the Daly fame and glory. Miss Rehan will enter on her career as a manager at the beginning of the approaching season. It is impossible to state the exact time when Miss Rehan will return to America. Her contracts to appear in the Drury Lane production have been wiped from the record and it is agreed that Arthur Collins's consent to release her was in view of her plan to become a manager. It has been generally known on both sides of the Atlantic that Miss Rehan had a large financial interest in the Daly property.

Whether Miss Rehan will again appear regularly in the production is a question which has caused considerable conjecture. She has had a pronounced ambition to appear in a play written for her by Pinero. Should she desire to play again it will be in a modern drama which will give her a strong emotional role suitable to her age and temperament. She has long desired this, but Mr. Pinero and Mr. Daly were not friendly, and her hopes were never realized. She has always been successful in Pinero plays and has frequently stated that she was particularly fond of the part of Kate Verity in "The Squire." Mr. Pinero has been quoted as saying Miss Rehan was a great improvement over Mrs. Kendal in the role. Much speculation has been awakened as to Miss Rehan's success in her "new role," but every one agrees that the future for her is filled with great promise. Three women are the managers of successful theaters in London, and neither one of them has had a tithe of the experience of Miss Rehan. The further fact is singled out that the late Mrs. John Drew successfully managed the old Arch-street Theater in Philadelphia for many years after her husband's death with still less practical knowledge, and therefore Miss Rehan's friends are most sanguine of her brilliant success.

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The New York newspapers contain enthusiastic dispatches from London regarding the opening of De Wolf Hopper in the British metropolis in "El Capitan," but these dispatches were written by American correspondents, who naturally took an American view of the demonstrations which occurred in the theater during and after the performance. Such a reception as was extended to Mr. Hopper and his associates upon the occasion in question would in New York or any other large city of the United States be regarded as a most complete indorsement of the entertainment, fully establishing its future. But in London they do things differently, and now it does not seem quite so certain to those who have private advices from the other side of the water that the Hopper company has caught on in an entirely satisfactory manner.

One New Yorker, possessing a very important reason for knowing how the engagement was going, cabled to his representative in London to let him know briefly how the newspapers looked on the entertainment, and to add his own calm, unbiased view of the situation. In response to this call the London agent telegraphed: "Papers fair. Hopper liked. 'Capitan' won't do."

From this brief summary it appears that the newspapers have not enthused to any appreciable extent over the production; that the public is pleased with Mr. Hopper's personal contribution to its amusement, and that the Klein-Sousa opera does not meet with general approbation.

All this was clearly and pointedly predicted to Mr. Hopper and his associates before the enterprise was undertaken. It was urged that "Wang" was the real thing for Hopper to take with him to the old country, as an introductory vehicle—that "El Capitan" wasn't sufficiently characteristic to show the comedian off at his best. It is a pity that he didn't take the "Wang" mise en scene along with him to fall back on in case of necessity. Still, that might have been impracticable, as John Philip Sousa, who is interested in the profits of the tour, didn't compose the score.

It should not be inferred from these remarks that Hopper has made a ghastly failure in dear old Lunnon. On the contrary, he is likely to do a business ranging from fairish to good. But unless the second impression made by his production is better than the first it is extremely unlikely that his engagement will be extended, and it is quite useless to delude ourselves with the impression that he has torn London town wide open.

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Writing of the New York Casino's big summer production, "The Rounders," which was put on last week, Cissie Loftus says: "I'm sure it's not as wicked as the original French production. The piece, you know, was suggested by the affair said to exist between Cleo de Merode and the King of Belgium.

"The Frenchmen satirized the scandal when it was at its height, and all Paris laughed at the wit of Mars and Hennequin. Mr. Smith has practically furnished a new book. There is no more resemblance between 'Les Fetards' and 'The Rounders' than there is between Seabrooke or Daly and the oily-haired French actors who played the parts in the original. I do not think anyone can accuse Mr. Lederer or Mr. Smith of vulgarity in the production. Many of the lines are audacious—too much so, even for this end of the century—but I believe those lines will be softened. The character of the Quakeress, prudish to the laughing point against the advances of her husband, will have to be tempered also I am sure. It ridicules the marriage relation too severely. I like it, but I am free to say I should have applauded more were the portions indicated as objectionable modified."

Another criticism by Hillary Bell gives a better idea of its lack of maidenly reserve. He says: "Marie Dressler is no beauty, and Louie Freear was ugly to a degree. In this new piece neither Mabel Gilman nor Phyllis Rankin can come up to the standard set by artists for their canvases. However, if the center of the Casino stage is not decorative its wings are resplendent with alluring sylphs who may not have much chance of lyric or comic fame, but who promise to hold an enviable place in the annals of beauty. That so much beauty can listen to so much wickedness without blushing is a matter of marvel. 'The Rounders' is as impudent a story as ever was told on our stage, yet on Wednesday night none of the lovely creatures who take part in it seemed visibly embarrassed when Phyllis Rankin began to disrobe, nor was shocked when Dan Daly played Peeping Tom on Mabel Gilman at the delicate moment when she was exchanging her street clothes for a ballet girl's costumes. 'Such acts,' says Hamlet,

" 'As blur the grace and blush of modesty;
Call virtue hypocrite; take off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And set a blister there; make marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths.'

"Incidents occurred on the stage that made even hardened first nighters uncomfortable, yet the lovely young women in the play appeared to take the story as a matter of course. Perhaps grease paint hid the evidence of confusion. As Bryant says:

" 'Nor marked within its roseate canopy,
Their blush of maiden shame.'

"In these circumstances the spectators need a similar covering, and the souvenir of the one-hundredth performance of 'The Rounders' should be a 'make-up' box. If we cannot arrive at the beauty of Mr. Lederer's chorus it may be possible at least to emulate their composure."

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Mrs. Annie Yeamans is to get married and retire from the stage. At least that was the surprising bit of intelligence conveyed to a certain theatrical gossip in New York in a letter he received Friday from a friend in London. The letter merely mentioned the report of Mrs. Yeamans's approaching marriage incidentally and gave no details. It didn't even say who the man was. Mrs. Yeamans is playing in London now, at the Strand Theater, in Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home." She made one of the hits of the piece and has been much praised by the London papers.

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Julia Arthur's willowy form, raven hair and lustrous orbs will illuminate the role of Hamlet next season in connection with her other plays. The idea of playing Hamlet was suggested to Miss Arthur by Sir Henry Irving, who thought she resembled Edwin Booth, and who was kind enough to say that she could read the lines with excellent effect. Sir Henry dilated at some length on the success she could make in the part, and Miss Arthur imagines it was he who gave the same idea to Bernhardt.

"I greatly admire Mme. Bernhardt," says Miss Arthur, "but my conception of the character will be quite different from hers. Instead of a blonde my Hamlet will be a dark-haired man, of thirty-five or thirty-eight years. While the Danish people are generally blonde. Hamlet seemed to have the peculiar complexion which in such cases appears to carry with it peculiar mental endowments. He was not mad as I read Shakespeare, and there are a hundred or more lines which to me seem proof of his sanity. He was a thinker, a philosopher, a man ahead of his age and suspected of unsound mind because he was superior to his surroundings. Melancholy he certainly was, and through his sensitive nature sounded the depths of feeling and suffering of the man that thought logically and profoundly."

Miss Arthur added that while her make-up would be that of a man with hair just touched with gray about the temples, she would not attempt to imitate a man's voice, but rely on the depth and strength of her natural tones and the simplicity and earnestness of her work to banish the suggestion of the woman in the part.

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Frank Daniels and Kirk La Shelle are engaging the people who will create the principal roles in the new comic opera "The Ameer," which will be produced by the Frank Daniels Opera Company on Oct. 9. Of the clever artists who played with Mr. Daniels last season Kate Uart, Helen Redmond and Danforth, the basso, will be retained. W. F. Rochester, comedian, and William Corliss are the most important acquisitions.

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Manager Joseph Gavin, formerly of English's, left Friday to join Clay Clement in San Francisco to arrange for Mr. Clement's next tour. Mr. Gavin will henceforth act as Mr. Clement's manager, and if that refined actor continues to meet with the success that attended him after Mr. Gavin took control of his business last spring it will not be long until he becomes one of the best money makers of the profession.

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J. B. Dickson's pantomime "Humpty Dumpty," now in preparation at Anderson, is assuming big proportions and getting well under way. The transformation scene, according to description, will be one of the largest, most complicated and magnificent ever seen in a stage spectacle. There will be six perfect scenes, each one including the previous set, until at the finale the dazzling ensemble takes up the entire depth of the stage. Eighteen drops are used, and as many enormous set pieces, which include rocks of silver, gold and jewels, mastodon reptiles, angels, sylphs and fairies floating through the air and rising from beautiful flowers, a gold chariot drawn by the four Pharaoh horses, the entire scene being illuminated by a sunburst produced by electricity and two revolving wheels each fifty feet in circumference. This sunburst is more than twice the size of any other similar effect ever produced. The company, upwards of fifty people of which have arrived in Anderson, is rehearsing daily. The costumes, all of which will be new, are being made in the Anderson opera house. Three hundred dresses will be required. A more elaborate description of the production will be given later. "Humpty Dumpty" will open at the Park Theater Monday, Aug. 7.

NO PRETENSE AT DALY'S.

Adornments and "Properties" Were Genuine, Appropriate, Expensive.

New York Times.

Aside from his life insurance, the two most important items in Augustin Daly's estate and his enormous aggregation of valuable theatrical properties and his unique and costly library. There is stored in Daly's theater and adjacent buildings what is believed to be the richest collection of furniture, armor, bric-a-brac, costumes and theatrical properties generally that was ever accumulated by a theatrical manager. Mr. Dorney said yesterday that this collection was worth fully a quarter million dollars. Throughout his long managerial career Mr. Daly bought only the best and most substantial theatrical furniture and costumes. He did not believe in papier mache properties, and would not tolerate fabrics. If he sought to represent a scene in a fine old baronial castle he procured the things that actually belonged there. In consequence his storerooms now contain rare antique furniture of solid mahogany and rosewood, genuine armor of the mediaeval period, rich tapestries, costly bronzes and paintings of great value.

There are four rooms in the storage department of Daly's theater filled with complete suites of furniture and ornaments for the different social periods from the ancients down to the present time. Each room has its own particular place in the historic scale and in many of the rooms will be found single pieces of furniture for which Mr. Daly paid $300, $500 and even $1,000. One of the dead manager's most strongly marked peculiarities was his abhorrence of cheap imitations of fine goods in stage settings. In his society plays he invariably purchased furniture for the different rooms just as he would purchase it for a handsome residence. If the effect of elegance was to be produced he produced it by means of costly trappings and not by means of gold paint and papier mache. Mr. Daly would never hang a cheap oil painting or engraving in a stage room; he would never put a cheap clock on a handsome mantelpiece, nor an imitation bronze where a real one should be.

This peculiarity, or fad, as some of his fellow-managers were pleased to call it, was carried even into the sphere of supplies for stage food and drink. There are collections of fine chinaware and cut glassware in the property rooms of Daly's Theater that would almost tempt an honest housewife to practice kleptomania. When a play meal is served on the stage in Daly's Theater it is served with real food and drink, and if the meal is a costly one in the play it is a costly one actually. Cold tea and lager beer are never served for wine on Daly's stage, and if his Royal Highness the prince is required to smoke a cigar in one of his scenes he smokes a perfecto at the manager's expense, and not a five-cent stogie. When champagne is opened on Daly's stage it is the real article, imported, and of the best quality. Manager Dorney remarked only the other day that for use in the drinking scenes in "The Great Ruby" he was obliged to buy two cases of champagne every week.

Augustin Daly's collection of rare books, manuscripts and pictures was his pride, and for more than a score of years the making of this collection was his chief diversion. He developed into a most discriminating collector of rare things in literature and in art, and when he was in funds he paid princely prices for things which other men also coveted. His old friend and frequent medium in the purchase of unique and rare works, J. W. Bouton, estimates the value of Mr. Daly's private library at between $50,000 and $60,000, which is admittedly a very conservative estimate.

WOMAN, INGENIOUS WOMAN.

She, by Means of Her Trunk, Is the Cleverest of Smugglers.

New York Sun.

"Good, old-fashioned smuggling," said a custom officer, "does not exist to a very large extent to-day. There is still plenty of work for secret service agents, but their duties constantly acquaint them with new schools of crime. Ships play a much smaller part, directly, in smuggling than they used to. There is, I dare say, more cheating going on through the compact cubic space of a lady's trunk than there is in the holds of all the 'long, low, rakish craft' or the successors of such craft, at present doing business on our coasts. The total capacity of all the women's trunks landed from transatlantic steamships is very great, much greater than it used to be.

"The Canadian border offers some special advantages for the gentry who match their wits against the collectors of revenue and the special agents of the treasury. The character of the goods smuggled across the Canada line is favorable to the smugglers, too. Horses and cattle are easily transported, for they carry themselves, and who is to notice if they cross the imaginary line between Uncle Sam's domain and the land of the Canucks while grazing along the border and then fail to return to their former stables? Or who is to know it if live stock is driven along little-frequented roads until the border is crossed and the goods are delivered to willing and unscrupulous co-operators on the American side?

"But your real up-to-date smuggler is, I am sorry to say, a woman. She would be grossly offended if she were described as a criminal. In fact, she is not a criminal at all except in the opinion of officers who have become testy and cynical by long observation. Of course I don't mean to say that men do not also smuggle goods by means of their personal baggage when returning from abroad, but really the most cheerful, matter-of-fact, yet ingenious smuggler is a woman, and the medium of evasion of the law is not a schooner or a sloop, but a trunk. If it is a big Saratoga trrunk, so much the better. The owner of the trunk or trunks may be the most conscientious person in the United States, and she may be punctilious in all the matters of ethical observance which go to make up everyday living in the city of New York and other respectable communities, but she doesn't mind bringing a customs inspector with $5 for the purpose of having her new Paris gowns passed duty free. Respectable women have been arrested for that sort of thing before now, although that is not a common occurrence, and they have invariably been shocked and even indignant that the law should call such things by offensive names.

"I have no doubt that the government still loses many thousands of dollars a year on account of dishonest entries of goods in passengers' baggage. The matter has recently been revived by the preferring of charges against a number of inspectors at the port of New York by Collector Bidwell. A man who was collector at the port of New York not many administrations ago told me that the public, even the Treasury Department, does not realize the difficulties to be contended with in regard to passengers' baggage at that port. He said to me: " 'Not long ago a most respectable and well-to-do lady of my acquaintance in New York came to my office and said that she had just returned from abroad. Then she stated the business that called her to my office. She had purchased while in Europe a number of expensive gowns and some gloves and lace. The total value of the goods was perhaps $1,500. Then she remarked in the most matter-of-fact way that she "supposed the dresses and things could be brought in without any charges," and asked me if I would not do her the favor of looking personally after her baggage. I had had less experience than I have had since, and I was thunderstruck. As soon as I got over the state of rattles into which she had thrown me I managed to say that I was bound very strictly by the law and that I could not oblige her. Well, she was in a huff, though her good breeding caused her to show it simply by a rather cool good morning and an air of having been disobliged by someone who ought to oblige her. She has never recovered from that interview, as I judge by her manner when I occasionally meet her now, and neither have I, but our points of view in the matter are apparently as far apart as ever.'

"Now, this woman would have offered a customs inspector $5 or $10 if she hadn't happened to know the collector as a personal acquaintance, and the act wouldn't have troubled her conscience a bit more. The crusade against the dishonest customs inspectors is now on in earnest, but the abuses are a hard matter to deal with. The inspectors get only $4 a day, and there is a lot of temptation for them, and, besides, some of these inspectors, together with many other citizens, believe it is all right to cheat the government."

Of Those Who Die.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

The late Mrs. Will Cumback was an active member of the Woman's Club of Greensburg, and was very much beloved by all the members. At their last meeting Colonel Cumback presented to each member of the club a beautiful cabinet photograph of Mrs. Cumback, which was most highly appreciated by them. One of her special friends asked him to write a sentiment to go with the picture and he wrote these lines:

Blest be the art that gives us the smile,
And the flash of the loving eye,
That keeps the memory fresh and new,
Of those who die.

Betwixt two heavens we wonder and hope
Of the coming by and by,
But forget not the heaven of love that is past—
Of those who die.

Their faces are beacons that lighten the way;
They bring us so very nigh
The joys of the past, and the peace that has come
To those who die.

Greensburg, Ind., July 15.

And He Never Came Back.

Ohio State Journal.

They were engaged.

"Life," she said, as she arose from the piano stool, "will be one long, sweet song after we are married."

"That settles it, then," firmly responded her lover as he picked up his hat and took his departure.

(To be continued a short time longer.)

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This $4 Trousers offer will give you choice in selection of our entire stock of CASSIMERES and CHEVIOTS, and also many SERGES and WORSTEDS.

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UNCALLED-FOR SUITS. We have on hand a number of "uncalled-for" and "sample suits"—nearly all sizes—of which we will dispose at about half the original price. Also Trousers.

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OPIE READ ON OSTEOPATHY

What the Famous Editor and Novelist Says.

"Man is a machine, and recently there has come into notice a school of machinists to regulate the machine of man—osteopathy. Most cheerfully do I subscribe to this science. I have felt the benefit of it and I honestly believe it to be one of the most wonderful discoveries of any age. If my voice, though limited in range, may help the suffering, it is my duty to lift it. I was in Frankfort, Ky., to take part in an entertainment. I was suffering with grip. The Legislature was in session. I heard that in the hotel there was an osteopath. I was too ill to get out of bed. I sent for him and with one treatment he cured me. And now I have added reading to observation. I find that some of the greatest physicians have indorsed this wonderful departure in the treatment of disease, some of them unconsciously. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a medical man of renown, said: 'The disgrace of medicine has been that colossal system of self-deception in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the entrails of animals taxed for their impurities, the poisonous bags of reptiles drained of their venom and all the inconceivable abominations thus obtained thrust down the throats of human beings suffering from some fault of organization, nourishment or vital stimulation.'

"Here is a claim made by the osteopath, and no man can successfully refute it. With infinite labor he properly adjusts the bones, normalizes and puts the misfit muscles into their traces, reduces false pressures, stimulates, relaxes or desensitizes the network of nerves that control the functions of every organ of the body. He frees the forces and currents; nerve centers are manipulated by manual pressure, so that by stimulating or desensitizing he controls the heart action. Thus by retarding or quickening the heart and nervous currents the operator can regulate the action of the stomach, bowels, liver, pancreas, kidneys and other organs; by pressure upon the proper nerve centers which control the caliber of the arteries he reduces the temperature of fevers in as many minutes."

OSTEOPATHY AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Dr. George, president of Indianapolis Osteopathic Institute, sixth floor, Stevenson building, says: "All schools of medicine have their noble men who rise above old theories and treat disease with skill and a potency not deduced from the poisonous metallic materia medicas. To such the doctor extends the right hand of fellowship. But when he thinks of the millions whose joints have been stiffened, blood poisoned, nerves shattered and their whole system racked with pain by means of poisonous drugs, he feels like crying aloud and begging our medical men as well as the people to open their eyes to higher conception and stop the absurd cry of humbug to every new thing."

Medical writers admit that 51 per cent. of diseases come from use of mercury. Who call tell how many more spring from the use of all the narcotics and poisons that are freely given. Health of body, next to harmony of soul, is the greatest of earthly acquisitions. In fact, the soul harmony is very incomplete without bodily harmony and life becomes almost a wreck.

"How shall we gain and preserve this?" asked a friend.

"By nature laws and osteopathy," replied the doctor.

Osteopathy is veritably a common-sense method of treating diseased conditions of the body, either structural or functional, without knife or drugs, by means of strictly scientific manipulations. It makes no demands upon the vitality of the patient, but enlists the curative powers contained within the body, which readily respond when properly appealed to. Its method is purely mechanical, and its cardinal principles might be classified as follows: Skeleton adjustment, glanular activity, free circulation of the blood, and co-ordination of nerve force.

The art of applying its methods is dependent upon a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and a proper application of the principles involved therein, as well as a knowledge of the organic powers of the body, and the nerve centers through which they may be excited to action and regulated.

Osteopathy has a most remarkable record and no other method has made such rapid strides into public favor and confidence. Although a majority of the cases treated were termed chronic, and had previously tried almost all other methods without the result of a cure shows about 90 per cent. of the cases were benefited, 80 per cent. completely cured and only 10 per cent. were past cure and received no benefit, because taken too late. And not one was injured or made worse. Drugs and medicines have no such record; or any other method in fact. If a patient is so far gone that osteopathy cannot cure, then there is not much hope for him.

Visit my office on sixth floor, Stevenson building, at almost any hour of the day and you will find many patients there who have become disgusted with the repeated failures of the drug doctor and are finding new strength, new hope, new life in osteopathic treatment.

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