FOR FEMININE READERS

FASHION'S BEHESTS IN THE MATTER OF EVENING DRESSES.

Difficulty Encountered by the Girl Who Trains Her Voice—A Phonographic Souvenir—Odds and Ends.

The skirts of evening gowns are, says the fashion writer of the New York Sun, all made with a train, and luxurious frou-frou around the feet, and are fitted closely about the hips, the double skirt effect being one of the leading modes. The bodice is round, slightly full in front and nearly if not quite plain at the back. It is cut low and round at the neck, and the sleeves are simply plain bands of velvet, ruches forming bands or a genuine shirt sleeve made of tulle or gauze.

Artificial flowers play a very important part among the new evening gowns and none but the very best are used. Small flowers are the thing when the skirt has this decoration, and the larger flowers when there is only a bunch on the bodice. A single flower in the hair with a twist and two loops of white tulle is a fashionable addition to the evening costume, and then there are all sorts of jeweled aigrettes, butterfly wings, and bows of lace and velvet wired into place.

Russian nets embroidered in cord and silks are still another popular material for evening gowns, and added to these are the sequined nets glittering with all the colors, the sequins sewn on so closely that the net is visible only in very small portions. White net, embroidered with pale green chenille and pearl sequins, is one of the many novelties used for evening dress, and all the jetted nets are quite as fashionable as ever. Crepe de chine, both embroidered and plain, stands out distinctly as one of the leading fabrics, the latter being elaborately tucked in some instances. In combination with lace, fur and applique embroidery it makes very elegant gowns both for full dress and demi-dress occasions. For the latter it is made with transparent long lace sleeves and a square cut open neck in front. In princess form it is lovely when trimmed around the feet with plaited chiffon frills of the same color rounding up at the sides in tablier form. A long polonaise of crepe de chine over an embroidered satin skirt is another very striking combination.

Little boleros of renaissance and Brussels applique lace are seen on some of the imported evening gowns, especially those made of panne. One example is pale gray with flounces of kilted gray chiffon up to the knees, each set on with a narrow beading of real lace. Black velvet straps form the sleeves, and black velvet and satin roses are fastened in with the lace in front. Silk lace, very similar to the blonde laces worn so many years ago, has been revived again. It is very sheer but strong, and, outlined with silver cord, is used for the lower portion of a panne velvet skirt, pointing up into the velvet in a graceful design. Under this is a frill of point d'esprit over one of chiffon, both of the same width of lace and trimmed with little ruche edged plaitings. These are attached to the silk foundation skirt which is also finished with plaitings, and the fluffy effect forms the prettiest kind of contrast for the plain glossy velvet above.

Black pressed panne is very elegantly made up into evening gowns, with fur and black Chantilly lace for trimming. A wide insertion of the lace is set in a little way from the hem of a deep circular flounce in one gown, and is finished at either edge, where the velvet is cut away, with a narrow band of sable. Another tiny band is sewn through the center of the lace with novel effect. The skirt above the flounce is dotted over with lace designs, the velvet cut out over this and the edge finished with silk cord, and the whole skirt hangs over a white satin skirt showing through the lace. The low bodice is inset with lace, and a pretty touch is the folded pink satin belt and the bunch of pink roses at one side of the neck, where a narrow bertha of the lace with an edge of fur is the finish. Flowered white panne, combined with white tulle, which in ruche-edged flounces forms the lower portion of the skirt, makes one of the most beautiful gowns on the list of evening elegance in dress. White tulle, spangled with steel and dotted with jet, is the trimming on one of these gowns, arranged in a wide band which joins the ruffled tulle to the upper part of the skirt. White mousseline de soie flounces sewn on the foundation skirt of white taffeta serve to give thickness and support to the tulle.

In less extravagant gowns for young women there are guazes in all the pale colors, dotted over with silk spots; chiffon, which is made up with unlimited tucks, shirrings and ruches, and the dainty point d'esprit, which is quite transformed with tiny tucks run in close together. This is used for the bodice and upper part of the skirt, while the lower skirt is made of plaited flounces of the net, edged with a tiny ruche and beaded with very small pink roses. The idea of using two materials for the skirt seems to prevail in nearly all the dressy costumes, and when the same fabric is employed for the entire skirt it is arranged like the gown described above, in some way to give a different effect. Mousseline de soie covered with tiny ruches put on in a scroll design forms the lower half of a pale blue dotted gauze gown. The mousseline is in the same shade, and similar as the materials are, the effect is very striking.

A Wedding Souvenir.

Washington Post.

One of the October brides will find awaiting her on her return to town a most interesting souvenir of her wedding. It was the happy thought of the best man, a young architect from New York, and with the exception of the clergyman, who gave his consent reluctantly after much urging, and the bridesmaids and the ushers and the bride's mother and nine intimate friends, the thing is a profound secret. Concealed behind the altar rail during the ceremony, and so near that the bride's white satin skirts, trimmed with lace that is an heirloom in the family, almost brushed it as she knelt, was a phonograph. I don't know enough about phonographs to explain anything about it, but it was in the condition in which a phonograph has to be in order to record sounds. The Mendelssohn wedding march, the music which was played softly during the service, the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin," the words of the clergyman, the responses, even the cough somebody gave in that horrible pause after the clergyman had exhorted anybody who happened to know any reasons why the marriage should not be to speak—all these are engraven on the wax cylinder of the phonograph, and when the bride comes home she will be able to hear it all over again as often as she likes—provided, of course, that the best man's arrangements were successfully carried out. It will be a unique entertainment for her wedding anniversaries, and doubtless the thing will hereafter become a fad. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the twentieth century bride will have a marriage cylinder instead of a marriage certificate. The cylinder has at least one tremendous advantage over the certificate—it can't possibly be framed and hung up anywhere.

The Woman Who Sings.

Philadelphia Press.

"You don't happen to know of a deaf and dumb asylum where they take boarders, do you?" asked a New York girl who sings. "No, I haven't lost my mind yet, but I can't answer for the consequences if my present woes continue. Why, I haven't lived in one neighborhood long enough since I came to town to make a single friend, and my address changes so often that I am afraid to trust my memory lest I give the old one, and must carry it plainly written where I can consult it constantly."

"But what on earth is the matter?" asked the old friend from the country. "You haven't committed any crime, have you? Then perhaps you have a double like the good hero in an English novel and——"

"Nothing of the kind. I have a voice, and that appears to be a crime of itself in an apartment house. When papa rented the first flat the agent wanted him to take a lease for a year, but he refused and said he'd see about it if we liked it after the first month. Well, it was a model building, no dogs, cats or children allowed, and we liked it so much that we decided to stay. When papa went up to sign the lease he found that every individual tenant in the place had threatened to move if we stayed because I practice five hours a day."

"And you moved?" said the old friend from the country.

"We did; papa said he didn't feel as if he could pay rent for the entire building. The next place we went was pleasant as to rooms and gorgeous as to decoration, and the agent said he was musical himself, so I went back to my practicing, with renewed hope. It was worse than the other; the people in the flat above used to pound on the floor while I did my scales, and the ones across the way sent in to ask if some one was ill the first time I practiced my great aria.

"Then we took a house and I practiced in peace for three weeks, so that Professor Von Scalz said that I would soon equal Patti and told me to practice an extra hour daily. Two days later the man next door told papa that he pitied him for having a daughter who was insane, but unless she was sent to an asylum at once he must complain to the police, as her screams upset his wife's nerves. We moved again and since then we have led a nomadic life. When papa does not come home at his usual time mamma is sure that he has forgotten his address and gone to the last place. We have to pay cash for everything, because the grocer regards us with suspicion and our friends from out of town have not time to hunt us up unless they stay a month. We have boarded, taken furnished rooms, houses and flats—all with the same result; as soon as I begin to practice the neighbors begin to complain and then comes the agent. It is funny, but the people who have crying babies, barking dogs or screeching parrots complain just as much as the rest, and the friends who used to say that my voice reminded them of Melba's, became cold as soon as I move into their immediate neighborhood.

"Oh, I tell you, the path of a future prima donna is a thorny one, and the only comfort is the thought that some day the people who have refused to live within a block of me will have to pay roundly for the privilege of hearing me sing." And, clearing her throat, she whirled around on the piano stool and went on with her scales, until the woman in the flat above sent the janitor to say that the doctor had told her she would die unless she had perfect quiet for a week. And the janitor seemed to enjoy delivering the message.

How to Grow Graceful.

New York Times.

A woman who has improved a naturally ungraceful figure says that it has been accomplished by remembering every time she is required to stand to lift herself upon her toes and let herself down gently, leaving her weight upon the balls of the feet, instead of upon the heels. "When this is done," she says, "it is not necessary to think of chin or shoulders." She has learned to walk in this way, and says that her feet grow less tired than formerly, because the portion of the foot which was intended to bear the weight is in proper use.

A glance at the position of the arch of the instep will prove that the body's weight was never intended to rest upon the heels, and the habit of throwing it there accounts for weak backs and kindred ills.

Overexertion as well as self-indulgence is said to be responsible for the increasing flesh of middle age. "If the following exercises are practiced for five or ten minutes morning and night," says Ethel Young, "an appreciable improvement will be noticed in the worst figure in a few months:"

Standing erect with shoulders back, chest out, waist in and the feet firmly planted, with heels together and toes out. Stretch the arms out in front, palms touching; now swing them back until the backs of the hands touch behind you. The arms should be kept quite straight, and the point at which they touch behind you as high as possible. (A little practice will soon make this easier than it sounds.)

Raise the arms straight above the head; swing them down and as far back as they will go; then, without stopping, back to the same position above the head.

Swing the arms around in a circle, one at a time, then both together. Place the tips of the fingers on the chest, then fling the arms out and back till at right angles with the body. Endeavor with a sharp jerk to make the elbows meet at the back. The foregoing exercises develop the muscles of the neck and arms, helping greatly also to expand the chest.

Lean forward and then backward as far as possible, also to the right and left. Lock the thumbs, and, with knees stiff, bend till the tips of the fingers touch the floor. Rise to an upright position, with the arms above the head. This is an exercise familiar with our childhood's days.

Jump on the toes, or, still better, skip with a rope. This is an excellent exercise, especially for those who wish to make their insteps higher. Stand on tiptoe, and then stoop suddenly until almost sitting on the heels; rise again on tiptoe, keeping the back straight. These simple exercises enable you to balance the body with ease and to move the limbs gracefully.

One thing to remember, which should be done habitually without exercising, is to breathe deeply; not raising the shoulders, but inflating the lower part of the chest; always breathe through the nose, and if you are cold or unaccountably depressed take twenty breaths after this manner, standing erect. Slowly, evenly and uninterruptedly take in fresh air until the lungs are fully inflated; then expel the breath in the same even manner. No one is too old to be benefited by these simple rules, if she has the necessary strength to use them, and they are suited to the stout or the thin alike—reducing the adipose tissue and bracing the flabby muscles in one case, filling hollows and rounding limbs in the other, and the practice of them will not only improve the figure and carriage, but at the same time the health and spirits wonderfully, so that colds, headaches and "the blues" will most truly become conspicuous by their absence alone.

Vulgarity of the Exclusive.

Woman's Home Companion.

Men and women who by contact or travel know the world's best society need not be told that simplicity and graciousness are the invariable characteristics of the highest breeding. If this fact could only reach the minds of that class of people who talk of "exclusiveness," of "four hundreds," of the "vulgarity of trade," of not knowing any one outside of "our set," what a grateful social change would be wrought. That cold stare of the would-be elect is but the expression of an under-bred, poverty-stricken soul. What is "exclusiveness?" It is that human policy which shuts individuals off from the enjoyment of their kind, by which society gains, since an inharmonious element is thereby removed. How pathetic is the isolation of the determined aristocrat, especially in a small town where, other stirring interest lacking, human relations mean so much. Could even a divine microscope detect the difference between the naked souls of a banker's and a grocer's wife? How infinitely stupid it is to draw lines in small places instead of nonestly enjoying all there is to enjoy. If one has had superior advantages, is there no obligation to give pleasure, to make sunshine in others' lives because of that good fortune? The time is at hand when intelligence will be too widespread, progress to a more vigorous plane of thinking too real to admit of men and women looking askance at one another to make mental invoice of social, financial or other probabilities? Will it not soon penetrate the dullest brain that wealth, rank or leadership are powerless as shields against unhappiness, or as props to mental, moral or physical deficiencies; that there is positively no honest or sensible basis for judging individuals excepting individuality?

For Wearers of the Veil.

New York Tribune.

The latest fad in veils is the plain fine tulle of extra width. The mere edge is allowed above the rim of the hat, while folds on folds drape about the lower half of the face, partially concealing the nose, mouth and chin in regular Turkish fashion. A dark-eyed brunette the other day attracted more attention on Broadway draped in this fashion than if she had worn the hideous large dotted veils in the usual plain style.

The pink lined veil so popular last summer is still holding its own. It consists of black chiffon scattered with chenille dots, which dots attach a pink veil as a lining. These veils are called beautifiers, as they give the face a rose tint which is most becoming.

Dr. Wood, of Chicago, has pronounced veils to be most injurious to the eyesight. After selecting over a dozen specimens of veils he applied the ordinary tests of ability to read while wearing them. These tests showed that every kind of veil affects more or less the ability to see well, the vision being interfered with in direct proportion to the number of meshes a square inch. The texture of the veil is important, as the following comparisons will show: Wearing double mesh veil one loses 40 per cent. of vision; a dotted chenille veil, 20 per cent.; large dots far apart, plain mesh between, 10 per cent., and plain mesh, 5 per cent.

It has been proved that the finer and wider the mesh the less injurious. Experts declare that all complexions are better without veils, as they secrete particles of dust which clog the pores of the skin.

Odds and Ends.

Apple green, a rich shade of reddish plum color, rose color and jet black velvets are much en evidence as accessories on evening toilets of cream or ivory-white satin, crepe de chine, or net over taffeta silk. The velvet decorations are almost covered with cut-work in satin or point applique lace.

Just about one woman in five hundred, says a New York paper, appears to have screwed her courage up to the point of purchasing and wearing a long-tailed box coat, and the frank admission must be made that the loveliest figure is utterly lost and forgotten when swathed in one of these bed gowned shaped affairs.

Stuffed dates are good, either when they are stuffed with walnuts or the more common peanut. But stuffed dates are at their best when cheese takes the place of the nuts. They are delicious when clubhouse cheese is used, although any favorite variety may be used, and even "store" cheese, pure and simple, may be substituted.

Fashionable fur trimmings are still of sable, mink, marten, or other tails, hanging like a deep fringe from yokes, square sailor-shaped collars, and pelerine points or stole-shaped fronts of velvet, trimmed with chenille and fur en applique. Other short-fleeced furs are arranged in scroll-like curves on black and colored costumes of cloth and velvet. Short quaint jackets of these furs are brought out in many of the shapes popular in velvet or heavy costume satin.

The following is a Spanish recipe for preparing salt fish. Boil in plenty of water a piece of salt fish that has been in soak for at least twenty-four hours. When sufficiently boiled to allow of it, pick out all the flesh in small flakes, and put it by. Slice very finely a couple of onions, fry them in butter till they begin to color; add tomato sauce, a dash of pepper, and the codfish. Let the whole simmer on a very slow fire for a couple of hours, shaking the saucepan occasionally.

A novel dessert combines cranberries with bananas. Cook a quart of cranberries in one and a half cups of water. When the berries are soft add two cups of white sugar. Strain through a colander. Have a deep dish, put a layer of the cranberries at the bottom, then cover these with a layer of bananas, and so alternate the two till the dish is full. Make a meringue with the whites of four eggs and rather more than the usual amount of sugar. Add this to the dish and brown in the oven. It should be eaten cold.

A very effective picture frame is made with tea-chest matting. Now that Christmas presents are beginning to loom dimly in the background, it will not be amiss to experiment at least with the material in this way: Cut the frame from pasteboard, making a larger square or circle from the matting. Cut out the center of the latter, leaving an equal margin. Dampen the matting and lay it on the frame, first spreading the frame with thin glue. Cut the corners so that they may be easily turned, and iron the whole wrong side of the frame until dried. The matting makes an excellent background for a water-color or a photograph.

MAKES THE JUDICIOUS GRIEVE.

Singular Actions of Virginia Minister in His Pulpit.

Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.

The Midland Virginian publishes, in its issue of Sept. 14, a letter from a Buckingham correspondent giving some account of a great religious excitement in a large part of that quiet county. The correspondent says that the Rev. Leroy Lee Banks, the Methodist minister in charge of the West Buckingham circuit, has been preaching a new doctrine of sanctification. He has maintained, says this correspondent, that all Christians who have died without professing sanctification are eternally lost.

"It is impossible," says the letter, "to describe the scenes acted in dear old Bethel (Methodist) Church. Mr. Banks would read the Bible and comment on it a while, then, when he found a passage that suited his views, he would call out, 'Hallelujah! Now let all the sanctified stand up and cry hallelujah three times.' After they had done that he would tell them to shake hands all around. Sometimes he would jump up until his feet would show above the Bible stand and whistle like an engine letting off steam, then wave his handkerchief above his head and cry 'Hallelujah!' several times, and the people would look at his face with the most rapt expression and try to do just as he did. He got down on his knees in the pulpit and prayed a mock prayer, trying to imitate some people he had heard pray in tone and language. One of his expressions in this mock prayer was: 'O Lord, I have such a hard time, I see so much trouble: I have lost a pet calf and a pig.' Then he showed them how they ought to pray; then he jumped up and cracked his heels together and cried Hallelujah!' three times. Everything was so wild for this civilized age one could easily imagine the next scene would be a bloody scalp and an Indian war dance. The sad sequel to thirteen days of such wild excitement is that one of the best business men in this community and a steward in the Methodist Episcopal Church at this place for years, has been made insane, and is in jail, a raving maniac, waiting to be sent to the asylum. He lost a noble boy last winter—a good, pious young man, who died without fear of the future, but Mr. Banks made him fear that his son was lost, because he did not profess sanctification. He became wild with grief until his reason was dethroned. The stricken family has the sympathy of the whole community. I fear that this is only the beginning of the trouble."

We do not question the sincerity of the advocates of this new delusion. In all our references to it we have been careful not to impugn the motives or to injure the feelings of those who, in our judgment, were misled concerning the important Scripture doctrine of sanctification. At the present writing no Virginia Baptist preacher, so far as we know, has taken up with these new and disturbing doctrines, and very few of our people have been affected by them. We suppose the Rev. Leroy Lee Banks is a regularly accredited minister of the Virginia Conference, and we can but wonder if this body, representing so much intelligence, piety and conservatism, will lend its sanction to such teaching as this letter describes. We are reminded once more of Sidney Smith's remark that the religious sentiment is so strong, so buoyant, so insubmergible, that it will not sink, though laden with almost every absurdity.

QUEER DISCOVERY.

A Forgotten Tunnel Under London Comes to Light.

London Letter.

Quite a remarkable discovery has been made in connection with Euston Station, known to so many thousands of Americans as the London arrival and departure station for Liverpool trains. It may fairly be called a remarkable discovery, for it is a long-forgotten tunnel that runs all the way from the station to the general postoffice, close by St. Paul's. It was built forty years ago for the purpose of conveying mail matter from the postoffice to Euston, and it cost the company that carried out the work as an investment (or speculation) the equivalent of $75,000. The company was known as the Pneumatic Dispatch Company, but the science of pneumatics was not understood in those days sufficiently well to successfully operate so large a tunnel or tube, and the enterprise having failed, the ends were closed up and seem to have been entirely forgotten until about three or four years ago, although it is about two miles and a half long and passes under many important streets that have again and again been opened for various purposes. The pneumatic tunnel never appears to have been struck, however, and the postoffice people now and then did a little dickering with it in an experimental way without making any publicity with their actions.

The extent of the enterprise may be judged by the fact that the tunnel is four feet high by four and a half wide and is shaped like a D, with its straight side flat on the ground. The old company has been revived and in a short time the tunnel will be operated on the electric rail system, experiments having shown that there is no doubt of its success. The two score of years that have passed since it was closed have done but little harm to the cast iron plates with which it is lined, and but a comparatively small sum will put it in working order.

As an aid to the postoffice people at certain "rush hours" it will be of immense service and I fancy it can be utilized for a later American mail at the main postoffice both on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the days when the official mails leave Euston for Queenstown to catch the steamers from Liverpool. There is one hour each day that eleven tons of letters are sent from the general postoffice to Euston, and at present these need about eight vans to carry them, and the vans, if the weather be foggy and the streets "greasy," do not reach Euston inside of forty-five minutes. Through the tunnel trains can be run of five cars carrying nine tons each and at the rate of thirty miles an hour, while a small tube is to be added to "blow" special letters to Euston just before the trains leave at an extra fee of six pence each. These extra fees are a great feature of the English postoffice system and they go a long way towards the huge profits the department makes for the government. For the last fiscal year, for instance, the profits came to about £4,000,000.

Yet, in spite of that, the postmaster general—who, by the way, is on a par with an American railroad president, being his Grace, the Duke of Norfolk—will not accede to the public outcry for post cards at their face value.

He Knew the Family Secrets.

Saturday Evening Post.

Robert G. R. Reid, the "Czar of Newfoundland," has just arrived home from Algiers, where he has been sojourning for his health. Mr. Reid controls the entire finances of the colony, and is to Newfoundland what Cecil Rhodes is to South Africa. Mr. Reid was born in Scotland and started life as a poor boy. He always had a ready wit, however. When he became famous and rich one of his poor relatives arrived in St. Johns, and started the story that he never recognized the poor members of his family.

Reid heard of this, and while walking through a hotel one morning he spied the distant cousin. He walked straight up to him and, patting him upon the shoulder, cried out: "Why, my good fellow, are you here? Did you use your brother's bail money to skip the country?"

The relative, it is said, never again remarked that Reid forgot his family.

A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY

MARRIAGES OFTEN MADE AT THE NEW YORK IMMIGRANT STATION.

The Matron in Charge a Reluctant Matchmaker—A Farmer Described the Woman He Wanted.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The following letter was recently delivered to the officials of the barge office:

"To the Person Who Looks After Immigrants:

"Dear Sir—Being a farm owner of fifty acres of land and a man of fifty years who lost his wife two years ago, and, finding it hard to get some one to take care of my house, I would like you to send me a woman between the age of thirty-five and forty-five. Looks has nothing to do with it so long as she is a good housekeeper and willing to pass the rest of her life with me. If she has money of course it would be preferable. Would like to have one of Protestant faith. As soon as you get a person you think will suit me please send her to above address and oblige," etc.

The letter was turned over to Mrs. Stucklen, the matron of the barge office, otherwise known as "the mother of immigrants," who left it unanswered. Applications of this sort are made quite frequently, but as the immigrant station is not equipped with a regular matrimonial bureau and has no means of investigating the character and the economical status of applicants, such as the author of the above letter, it is very seldom that Mrs. Stucklen will run the risk of match-making in behalf of the women in her care.

"Sometimes I wish I could get a suitable man for one of the poor immigrant women in our detention pen," she said in answer to a question regarding the farmer's letter. "It very often happens that a woman who seems to be perfectly respectable and deserving in every way is excluded because if admitted she would become a public charge. One such woman was the other day crying as if her heart would break when I came to ask her if she would marry an American farmer. She was so anxious to get out that she said yes without asking any question. I liked the woman and wanted to see her out and well fixed, so I investigated the case of an old man who once wrote us for a wife, but the answer I received left me in doubt. Fortunately some people took pity on the poor woman and took her out on their responsibility.

MEN APPLY FOR WIVES.

"Sometimes a farmer or a mechanic in search of a wife will call at the barge office personally. Of course, we won't allow them to look over all the girls and to have their pick, but if the visitor knows an immigrant woman whom he wishes to marry and who is willing to have him we have no objection. All we exact is that the marriage ceremony shall be performed according to the requirements of the law and of the faith of the bridegroom and the bride. Similar marriages take place quite frequently, although the more common type is where the man and the woman are detained immigrants. It is almost an every-day occurrence for an unmarried woman to be excluded because she is about to become a mother. The rules of our institution are very strict on this point, as are also those of the various immigrant societies whose representatives look after the interests of the poor foreigners coming to seek a home in this country. Sometimes the woman is accompanied by the father of her child, and if he is willing to marry her we take them before a priest, Protestant minister or rabbi, and after having the ceremony performed we let them go. Sometimes, again, she comes alone, but has another sweetheart who is aware of her condition, but is willing to marry her all the same. In cases of this kind we are usually more critical. We want to be sure that the man is respectable and that he means what he says.

"Recently we were deceived by a Swedish girl, who said she wanted to marry a fellow-countryman of hers who called at the barge office. We put them through a careful examination. He professed to have known her in Europe and to be madly in love with her. When I called his attention to her former relations with another man he said he knew all about it, that the girl did not care any more for the other man; he had refused to marry her and now she needed a father for her child. He seemed to be a straight fellow and able to provide a home for her, so, acting in the interests of morality as well as of the detained immigrant girl, we saw them married and released her. She had not been at large a week, however, when we learned that the whole thing was a "put-up" job and that the Swede contracted the straw marriage for $5.

NOT A MATCHMAKER.

"The other day a man picked a quarrel with me because I wouldn't advise an immigrant girl to marry him unless he gave us satisfactory references as to his character. I asked the girl whether she was willing to marry him, and she said she left it all to me. 'I like the looks of him all right,' she said, 'but I don't know anything about him, and if you tell me he will make me a good husband he can have me.' I am no matchmaker, but when a case of this sort comes under my notice and the responsibility is shifted on my shoulder, I won't let a poor, friendless girl marry the first comer. This is what I said to the man who came in search of a wife the other day, but it only made him angry, and he told me I was not liberal enough and that my position called for a person who would pay more attention to the matrimonial interests of the immigrants."

Mrs. Stucklen's predecessor, Mrs. Louisa Eslinger, did "pay more attention to the matrimonial interests of the immigrants," but that was when the immigrant station was at Castle Garden, and when it had attached to it a labor bureau, which, under the late matron, did the additional service of matrimonial agency. Hundreds of housewives would call at the immigrant station for servant girls in those days, and along with these came men, mostly widowers or old bachelors, in search of wives. Mrs. Eslinger took a great interest in the matrimonial branch of the bureau's business, and nothing gave her more pleasure than to be able to boast of a long list of marriages contracted through her aid in a given week.

She carried on quite a heavy correspondence with out-of-town applicants, and when a farmer or mechanic gave a satisfactory account of himself and sent the necessary traveling expenses the woman who seemed to suit his requirements was sent to his address. In many instances Mrs. Eslinger demaned a return ticket, in case the marriage failed to take place and the immigrant woman wished to return to New York.

IN FORMER TIMES.

"The old-time labor bureau often looked like a sort of slave market," said one of the oldest officials at the barge office. "I remember one day an elderly German came to select a bride. He was well-to-do, and he would not marry a girl who had been some time in the country, because American girls are 'only good to eat candy,' he said. Another thing, he was sure the climate of this country takes all the health out of a woman, and he wanted his bride to be robust and capable of hard work. There were lots of strong peasant girls at Castle Garden that day, and many of them were good looking, too, so the old fellow inspected them all as you would a horse. 'This one is all right, but her hands are too small,' he said, 'and I ain't going to keep my wife in the parlor.' Another one was rough-looking enough, but did not speak the right German dialect. Finally he struck one who suited him to a 't.' 'This one I take,' he declared, tapping the girl on the shoulder. 'What does he say?' she asked. When the interpreter explained the situation to her she burst out laughing. 'It takes two to make a bargain,' she said. 'I wouldn't be his wife if he were a millionaire. I have a sweetheart who could be his grandson.' The poor old fellow turned red and slunk out of the office. A few weeks later he came back. He had tried to get a girl through newspaper advertisements and all kinds of agencies, and failed to be suited, he said."

One pair of detained immigrants recently became engaged through the instrumentality of a third inmate of the detention pen, an elderly man, who was a professional marriage broker at home. The young man and the girl were Roumanian Jews, and the matchmaker was of the same race, although he came from Hungary. He wearied of his enforced idleness and took to his old trade as a mere pastime.

"I won't charge you anything," he said to the prospective bridegroom by way of inducement, and so persistent was he in sounding the praises of the girl that the young man soon found himself paying attention to her. Whenever his anxiety concerning his own fate in the strange country got the better of his love, the Hungarian who watched the progress of his courtship closely would urge him on.

"She is a treasure of a girl," he would say to him. "If I were you I wouldn't slip such a golden opportunity."

"But I am not sure I'll be admitted, and if I am, I don't know how I'll feed my own mouth," answered the young man.

"Nonsense," the matchmaker overruled him. "If the Lord wants you two to be married it means that He will feed both mouths. Just get engaged and God will grant that you are both admitted; and when you are married you will make a living."

The agent of the United Hebrew Charities at the barge office, who became interested in the old man's match-making enterprise, did all in his power to get the man out, and when he finally was released at the request of a distant relative, who pledged himself to support him until he found work, it was arranged that the girl should go to service until her sweetheart was ready to marry her. A place was soon found for her, and when she gathered up her scanty effects to leave the pen the old man said to her with tears in his eyes:

"And what will become of me? I have provided you with a lover and have helped you get out, while I remain to rot in this prison. Here is my nephew's address. Search him out, my daughter. That's the only shadkhoness (matchmaker's fee) I ask of you."

The girl swore that she would not rest until she had discovered the old man's relative, but she was never heard from and the Hungarian's release was secured by a fellow-countryman who came to see him at the request of Mr. White, the agent of the United Hebrew Charities.

"HOW TO HOLD YOUR LADY."

An Important Matter Officially Determined.

Chicago Evening Post.

It is a pleasure to note that the American Society of Professors of Dancing has taken up that most important question, "How to hold your lady in the waltz and other round dances." Of course, it may be suggested by those who do not understand the serious nature of these deliberations that it might be done with a rope, but that is really not worthy of consideration.

The fact is, as every one knows, it has been customary to hold your lady any old way. In days long past there was only one way, and the aim of that was to permit the couple to be somewhat graceful and not to intrude their extended hands upon any other couple. But that did not suit the dancing masters—or at least some of them—and so they taught pupils, after the preliminary waist grip had been secured, to extend the arms not in use horizontally, clasp hands, and then go through a wave motion that was guaranteed to interfere with anyone who got within three feet of them. Later another change was made, and they were instructed to point their clasped hands skyward. Then the young man was advised to draw the young woman's hand back over his left shoulder at an elevation of about six inches and hold this awkward position as long as his strength would permit. Still later—But memory is treacherous, and perhaps it is as just as well not to attempt to enumerate all the different ways of holding hands in round dances.

The result naturally was confusion, and it is now said that experts can tell the year that a man attended dancing school by the way he "holds his lady." This year, according to the professors, the proper thing is "for the gentleman to hold the lady by the waist with the righ hand, his left hand falling naturally by his side, the left hand of the lady resting upon the gentleman's upper arm, her right hand lightly holding her skirts."

Young men should cut this out and paste it on their cuffs for reference, so that they may not humiliate themselves by taking a hold not provided for in the rules.

Admiral Hobson.

Detroit Free Press.

Lieutenant Hobson's deed of bravery on the Merrimac recalls an English boy of the same name, born at Bonechurch, Isle of Wight, whose drunken father apprenticed him to the village tailor, who used him cruelly. It was during the war between France and England. One day news came that an English fleet was in the offing. Young Hobson ran down a back lane to the shore, hoved off in the first rowboat he found handy, pulled for the foremost vessel and then and there enlisted in what proved to be the admiral's own ship. Out at sea they sighted the enemy. The two fleets engaged in the channel, and the admiral's ship was locked yardarm and yardarm with the leading ship of the French fleet. While the fight raged the lad Hobson asked an able seaman:

"What are we trying to do?"

"Do you see the flag up there?" said the sailor, pointing to the Frenchman's masthead.

"Yes," said the boy.

"Well, we want to get that down," said the man.

Presently the English crew raised a mighty shout of exultation, and the French saw to their horror that their flag was gone. Instantly the order to board was obeyed, and after a short resistance the French ship surrendered. Who saw the French colors shot down? Nobody could answer till a little figure was seen sliding down the shrouds, with something wrapped around his arm. It was young Hobson. Unobserved he had crossed the yards from his own to the enemy's masthead, and in the heat of action had cut the Frenchman's flag from its halyards and taken possession of it. The boy was promoted to the quarterdeck, and by continued gallantry he rose step by step until he became Admiral Hobson.

A Battle Song.

We are they who will not falter—
Many swords or few—
Till we make this earth the altar
Of a worship true.
We are those who will not take
From priate, priest or code,
A nearer law than brotherhood—
A higher law than good.

We are those whose unpaid legions,
In free ranks arrayed,
Massacred in many regions,
Never once were stayed;
We are those whose torn battalions,
Trained to bleed, not fly,
Make our agonies a triumph—
Conquer, while we die.

Therefore down to Armageddon,
Brothers bold and strong,
Cheer the glorious way we tread on,
With a soldier's song!
Let the armies of the old flags
March in silent dread.
Death and life are one to us.
Who fight for quick and dead.

—Edwin Arnold.

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Prices—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c. Seats now ready.
Music by Victor Herbert. Book by Frederick Rankin and Kirk La Shelle.

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The Great American Play
...Parson Jim
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Seats Ready Monday.

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"DANCE DU DIABLE"
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