BLACKLISTED VIANDS

A VIGOROUS DEFENSE OF THE UNFASHIONABLE ONION.

Objections to It Largely an Affectation—Correctives for Its Odors—Tripe and Eels.

New York Sun.

Any one who has ever experienced the joy of having dined at a boarding-house table in this city or elsewhere cannot have failed to notice that the mere mention of certain dishes, not to say their actual presence on the bill of fare, causes an uplifting of eyebrows and tilting of noses. It has become a sort of boarding-house fashion in fact to declare these blacklisted foods as being fit only for degenerate and unrefined appetites and the person daring enough to raise a voice in defense of any one of them is looked upon as belonging low in the social scale.

No amount of epicurean backing from Sala, Du Maurier and Thackeray, who were excellent cooks as well as men of letters, will ever lift the onion from the position it occupies as king of the despised foods. The prejudice that exists against the onion is stronger even than its own fragrance, and it is rigidly excluded from mention in fashionable bills of fare, although it is rarely omitted from the preparation of certain popular soups, sauces and dressings, although it is not made prominent as one of the ingredients.

It is not so in boarding houses, where the chronic female boarder, who feels that she has a position to sustain, has trained her nose to a swift detection of the vegetable and delights to declare her discovery aloud, thus proclaiming herself to be of fine and aristocratic tastes. Therefore, in nine out of ten of the so-called fashionable boarding houses the onion is practically prohibited, and this contributes much to the lack of taste in the food that predominates at the tables of the establishments.

The wonderfully healthful qualities of the onion are generally admitted, even by its enemies. Many old-fashioned home-made remedies for all known ills contained some portion of the vegetable.

Elsewhere the onion has been raised from its degradation by epicurean authorities, and its good qualities are fully recognized in the preparation of certain dishes. In fact, these very authorities have generally placed the entire list of despised foods among the first in the list of edible dainties. The two recipe books compiled by the late Charles Ranhofer, of Delmonico's, and by Oscar, the present maitre d'hotel of the Waldorf, give dozens of methods for cooking the onion, as well as for serving it raw in salads, and there are few of the best sauces and other made dishes that do not include the despised vegetable among their necessary factors.

Certain of the more progressive chop houses serve the onion at its best seasons, the spring onion, the Bermuda and the Spanish, but this has not raised the vegetable to any special favor, as few will be found daring enough to brave public opinion and partake of the onion publicly, and when in company rarely without an apology, one that as a rule is received with little grace by others who are noneaters and therefore consider the consumption of the innocent onion as an unpardonable sin against good taste.

A WHOLESOME FOOD.

The prejudice against the onion is at first, of course, based upon its strong and lasting odors which, it is said by onion haters, permeate the atmosphere breathed by the onion eater. The odor of the onion is one of those things that it is useless to deny. But there are various other foods, both liquid and solid, possessing quite as disagreeable a strength that are never commented upon and are in constant use. The cloves and spices used by the man who goes out between the acts and regarded by many as more objectionable than the original evil are quite as effective an antidote for the use of every species of the onion family. But the prejudice against the use of alcoholic beverages will never become as deep seated as that against the onion.

The French, a people of good cooks, esteem the onion, and no chef considers a sauce perfect without some touch of its flavor. The German vastly appreciates the onion, especially in the form of chives, which he adds to his soups as we add powdered parsley, as a finishing touch. Many of the German restaurants in New York serve the onion in various appetizing ways, and one popular place is famous for its fresh pot cheese with caraway seeds and chives as an accompaniment.

The Italian, of course, makes a favorite of garlic; it is as precious to him as the bean is to the Boston man; but while the odor of garlic is much stronger than that of the onion its antidotes are as many and are quite as effective as those of its big brother, the onion. The most perfect salad dressings are compounded with the aid of a clove of garlic rubbed upon the inside of the bowl or of the wooden spoon with which the salad is mixed.

The ordinary black coffee and cheese that follow dinner are an entirely sufficient corrective for any possible trace of the onion. Pickled walnuts, spiced ginger and candied lemon and orange peel, often served with nuts and fruit, are also effective for those who consider the onion impossible. The grand opera artists whose names are most familiar to the public as the stars at the Metropolitan are all stanch upholders of the onion, serving it at their own dinner tables and employing these after-dinner bon bons and fruits as an accompaniment.

As the American Nation rises in matters of the cuisine the prejudice against the onion and against other of the black-listed foods will grow less, while the inveterate garlic fiend and the careless onion eater will always be objectionable.

The late Thomas Murrey, so long famous as a restaurateur, was one of the defenders of the onion. He said that the generally expressed American abhorrence for the vegetable was an affectation and that many of the most pronounced dissenters were "often seen reveling in sauces fairly reeking with the flavor of the odoriferous bulb and its cousins."

TO PREPARE ONIONS.

The young green onions which are in market in the spring are now to be had from the hothouses and are capable of preparation in numerous appetizing ways, and, being especially delicate in flavor when very young, they will, perhaps, be most appreciated by the anti-onion eater who wishes to overcome his prejudice. They must first be carefully washed in salt water, the roots and tops trimmed and then the onions tied again in small bunches. These must be put over the fire in boiling salted water and cooked for ten minutes. This time allowance is for the very young ones; a longer time must be allowed in proportion. They are then drained and placed on dry toast with melted butter and pepper and are served hot.

The Spanish onion, which is now in season, seems to be the established favorite for both cooking and for salads, although the young Bermuda is also delicious in flavor and specially adapted for the salad. The Spanish onion scalloped is excellent when cooked after this recipe, which is one of the late Juliet Corson's: Peel two pounds of Spanish onions; put them over the fire in sufficient boiling water to cover them, with a teaspoonful of salt, and boil them until tender. Meantime grate an equal quantity of bread crumbs and just moisten them with cold milk. When the onions are tender pull them apart with two forks and put them into a buttered earthen baking dish in layers with the moistened bread crumbs; season each layer lightly with salt and pepper; let the top layer be of bread crumbs. Put a tablespoonful of butter over it in small pieces and place the dish in a hot oven until well browned over; then serve at once.

Baked and stuffed the Spanish onion is also a most agreeable dish. For this take six medium-sized onions; take out the centers with a scoop; parboil them for three minutes and put them upside down on a cloth to drain. When drained fill the inside with forcemeat of bacon or sausage mixed with the heart of the onion minced very fine; also bread crumbs, pepper, salt, mace and a spoonful of cream. Stuff the onions with this and simmer in the oven for an hour, basting often with melted butter. When done take the onions up carefully without breaking, place them, open ends uppermost, in a vegetable dish. Add to the gravy in the baking pan the juice of half a lemon, four tablespoonfuls of cream and a little browned flour. Boil up and pour over the onions.

An onion sauce which is good with roast teal duck is made by peeling and chopping fine a shallot or small onion. Put it in a saucepan over the fire with a tablespoonful of butter, and when the butter begins to brown, stir in a tablespoonful of flour. When the flour is brown add half a pint each of port wine and boiling water, a level teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Stir the sauce until it boils and then keep it hot. When the birds are done pour the drippings from them into the sauce, mix them well with it, and then serve hot.

TRIPE AND EELS.

Closely allied with the onion in the black list of foods is one frequently served with it, namely tripe. It is capable of wonderful effects in its preparation, and, strangely enough, with epicures is a distinct favorite. The famous amateur cooks who prepare terrapin and oysters for their bachelor parties also cook tripe in various forms, especially in the chafing dish.

Tripe with oysters is the favorite dish at one of the most fashionable clubs in town. It is also a delightful dish cooked in Creole style, broiled, lyonnaise or curried. With oysters it may be cooked after the following method and will be found excellent: Thoroughly wash a pound of double tripe in cold, well-salted water, drain and scald it. When cold cut it into narrow two-inch strips and let it simmer an hour in a quart of clear soup stock, with a stalk of celery. Roll four ounces of butter into little balls; roll them in flour; add one at a time to the tripe; stir continually and as soon as one is melted add another. When all are used let it simmer half an hour longer. Put the tripe into an earthen-ware dish and when cold place in the ice box until next morning. When wanted, warm the tripe (at table is best), add about thirty medium oysters, let it simmer three minutes, season with salt and white pepper and serve on thin toast.

The New Orleans fashion of preparing tripe is very much in favor. Cut one and a half pounds of tripe into small pieces and fry them in a pan with two ounces of butter, one chopped onion and a half of a green pepper, also chopped. Brown them slightly for six minutes; then transfer them to a saucepan with one chopped tomato, and one-half pint of Spanish sauce and season with a pinch of salt, a half pinch of pepper and a crushed clove of garlic and a bay leaf. Cook for ten minutes and serve with a spoonful of chopped parsley on top. Spanish sauce is a mixture of butter, flour and good broth, stirred till smooth, simmered for about an hour; and put through a sieve, when butter is added.

Of the fish family, nothing perhaps ranks lower with many than eel. This is no doubt largely a matter of looks. The Hoboken Turtle Club, notable for its culinary achievements, gives this recipe for cooking eels: Cut into three-inch pieces two pounds of medium-sized cleaned eels. Rub the inside of each piece with salt. Let them stand half an hour, then parboil them. Boil an onion in a quart of milk and remove the onion. Drain the eels from the water and add them to the milk. Season with half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper and a suspicion of mace. Let them simmer until the flesh of the eels fall from the bone.

Eels cooked sailor fashion are cut into three-inch pieces and salted. Fry an onion brown in a little dripping, add half a pint of broth to the browned onion, part of a bay leaf, six broken pepper corns, four whole cloves and a gill of claret. Add the eels to this and let them simmer until cooked. Remove the eels, put them on a hot dish, add a teaspoonful of browned flour to the sauce, strain and pour over the eels.

AS TO "VITTALS."

Tennessee Editor on the Extravagance of the "Gold Bugs."

Hardeman Free Press.

A tourist, a gold bug, of course, returning from Europe to New York, made a round of the various hostelries to see what they had and what they charged for what they had. He had evidently been to Paris, because he writes fluently and familiarly about "Durande, Paillard's, Voisin's or Henry's in the Place Gaillon." The "Old Standbys" in New York could not compare with these in the matter of service, cooking, etc., and the only thing in which they outstripped the foreigners was in the matter of prices. Finally he landed at Sherry's, famous for certain dinners in which "Little Egypt" figured with an absorbing lack of impedimentia, and Sherry's warmed the cockles of his heart. He was so enthusiastic over the "findings" in this mine he wrote the New York Herald a letter on the subject, in which he said:

In looking about at some of the fine new restaurants that have sprung up in my absence, a good fortune led me into Sherry's establishment, which, to my mind, comes nearest to the best Paris models not only in appearance, equipment and service, but in the quality of food and cuisine, and, above all, in the range of prices.

A friend and myself dined there extremely well, as follows:

Two dozen oysters	$1.00
One cream of terrapin soup	1.00
One oyster crabe	.60
Two lamb chops surprise	1.80
One potatoes	.25
One grouse	2.00
Cordials	.70
Claret	2.00
Fruits, etc.	.80
Total	$10.15

Down here where, if stress of weather drives him to it, a hungry man can "dine extremely well" on a handful of tamales or a hamburger steak, red hot and redolent of garlic, for the price of a picayune, or five cents; or, if he is fortunate, he can purchase a meal ticket containing twenty-one meals for the sum of $5, the very moderate charge of $10.15 for two dinners will not appear so very cheap. Around the wharves in Galveston or New Orleans, where two men can "dine extremely well" on all the oysters they care to eat at the expense of twenty cents, a dollar for two dozen will appear extravagant enough. The "cream of terrapin soup" is something like the forty-sixth problem of Euclid to the average man, heard of now and then, but never fully understood. The "one oyster crabe" is rather familiar, being an old resident who appears, solitary and alone, like a lost pleiad, in church fair soup, and the sixty cents expense is not enormous. "Two lamb chops surprise," costlier $1.80, is rightly named, especially to those who can buy an entire sheep for half the money. "One potatoes" for twenty-five cents is a bit stiff when we reflect that they sell sometimes at $1 per barrel. "One grouse $2" is, perhaps, worth the money, but to those who can buy partridges, quail or prairie chickens for $1 a dozen there comes a sensation of home-clinging and a humming of "He never cares to wander from his own fireside." Two dollars for a grouse! Zounds! They must have gloried grouse in New York. And then the cordials that cost 70 cents! The amount is in no way exorbitant if by cordials is meant whisky sours, but how do they make the odd change? Two libations for a quarter, four for four bits and six for six bits, which is a nickel over the amount charged, and no New Yorker who gives Seeley dinners will cut the price a nickel rather than lose a man is a good customer and is buying grouse. In mathematics, however, as in almost all things human, the starting point is based on a simple assumption and, we must assume that the seventy-cent charge is correct. One of the gentlemen no doubt felt that he couldn't go "the pace" and took beer on one round. They do that way sometimes when they have a yellow streak in them. Two dollars for claret! What is the world coming to? California claret, the best in the world, can be had for 40 cents a half gallon by gumheads who drink it in preference to moonshine that may be had by the jugful by leaving four bits in a hollow stump. Maybe the tourist and his friend were camels starting across the desert. Fruits 80 cents! Think of it! A blue bucket full of pawpaws, 'simmons or apples should not cost above two bits. These goldbugs must stuff their fruit with money.

Ten dollars and fifteen cents for two meals' vittals, and cheap at that, is something awful. When we were cowboying it, carrying our provender in our saddle-riders and cooking all things in our skillet, we have lived three months on less than this, including an occasional banquet of cove oysters and crackers at the store.

The question arises: Is a man worth $5 a meal? If he spends that much, is he not consuming his own and somebody else's share? The masses should rebel and see to it that the money devil does not gorge and pamper his own while starving the elect. Some men are not worth killing. The man who costs the world $5 a meal is well worth killing, and so far we are an Anarchist.

RUNNING A LOCOMOTIVE

A CHURCH LECTURE BY THE ENGINEER OF A LIMITED TRAIN.

Talk by a Man Who Stepped from the Cab to the Rostrum—The Engineer's Responsibility.

Boston Globe.

Eugene E. Potter is the engineer who runs the Air-line limited between Boston and Willimantic over the Midland division, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. The distance covered is eighty-six miles each way and it is made without a stop. From Readville the speed averages fifty-one miles an hour, while mile after mile of the journey is reeled off in less than sixty seconds, where the grade and other conditions are favorable. From the time he pulls out of South Union Station, prompt to a second, one hour after midday, until, with equal punctuality, he lands the return train here at 6 p. m., the engineer is weighted with cares and responsibilities. The same statement, indeed, is true of every man of similar occupation, but it applies with exceptional force to the one who handles the lever of a limited train.

Mr. Potter, though not many years beyond forty, has had about twenty years' experience as engineer of fast express trains. He ran the "ghost" train, composed of white palace cars, that made such a record on the old New York & New England road.

It is not often that a locomotive engineer in active daily practice steps down from his cab to ascend the lecture platform. This is exactly what Engineer Potter did on Wednesday night. At 7:15 he left the roundhouse in Roxbury, having housed his engine, and less than sixty minutes later in the large vestry of the Dudley-street Baptist Church, before the men's union, began a very interesting ninety-minute talk on "Running a Locomotive."

Neither apology nor explanation is needed to qualify the statement that Mr. Potter scored a complete success. He was lucid, graphic, witty and, above all, instructive. He said:

"The subject that I propose to speak upon will require us to make an imaginary journey in my cab. I should be glad to take any of you with me in the flesh, but we can't do that now. The authorities will permit no third man to ride on the engine. And this is right. It came to be noticed that not a few accidents took place when an outsider was an engine passenger, and those having charge and responsibility not unnaturally thought that the attention of the driver and fireman would be more closely given to their duties if they did not have to entertain company.

"Let me try to give you a successive account of the different things that take up my attention in the course of a day in the prosecution of my duty. There are five hours consumed in the round trip between Boston and Willimantic. The start is made at 1 o'clock in the day and we are back in the terminal station at 6 o'clock, but that does not represent the time and attention I have to give daily.

"At 11 a. m. I must be at the roundhouse at Roxbury and sign the book there in which is recorded the running of my watch as compared with the time of the standard clock—the variation must never be thirty seconds in a month. This is very close, but it is right, too, and I don't criticise, in fact I do not criticise anything my superiors do. It is all dictated by conscientious regard for public safety. Next I look to see if there is anything on the bulletin board in the way of announcement, for that is where the changes are posted for our information. If a bridge is being repaired, requiring us to run slowly over it, if new rails are being laid, or if for some reason the superintendent has asked that the locomotive whistling be suspended at certain places, in fact if there is any change in the trains or the roadbed we are notified on the bulletin board. If there is anything applying to me especially I will find it in my letter box.

INSPECTING THE ENGINE.

"Then I start in to inspect my engine. Of course, I look it over the night before when I put up, but in such a big and complicated piece of machinery the time is never wasted that is given to extra scrutiny. Something is all the time getting out of place; if it is not one thing it is another. There are the oil cups to be looked after, the bearings to be examined, your sand boxes to see about and all other things.

"At 12:55 you find me backing up and coupling on. Now let us see what is my responsibility. To begin with, there is the engine. That cost $10,000. A Pullman car costs even more—I think they cost $18,000. The train is worth about $85,000. Now, we are carrying 250 passengers and upward, and the law places a value of $5,000 each upon their lives. There you are; there's your responsibility."

Mr. Potter here took occasion highly to compliment the locomotive firemen. "I have the greatest respect for them," he said. "Without them the engineer would be powerless, and it is from their ranks that the engineers are recruited. Besides, I have been one myself."

The speaker then entered upon a very minute and exact account of railway signal codes. He explained the great precision and exactness that an engineer had constantly to observe to read the signals correctly. He noted the extreme difficulty thus to act in thick or stormy weather, and referred to the direful consequences resulting from misinterpretation. These signals must be read oftentimes when the train is moving at a rate of a mile a minute. It is all important that they should be seen at the earliest possible instant, in order to avert accidents.

The engine tank, said Mr. Potter, holds 4,500 gallons of water. By the time Franklin is reached, an hour and thirty-seven minutes, 3,000 gallons have been used up in generating steam. The round trip consumes between five and six tons of coal. To replenish the supply of water without losing time on the journey, so that it may never be low in the boiler, a track tank is laid between the rails near Putnam, from which the water is scooped in. This tank has a depth of seven inches and width of twenty-eight inches, and is 1,500 feet long. The speed is reduced at that point to between thirty-five and forty miles an hour, and in the twenty seconds required to make the distance 2,500 gallons are forced into the tank.

Mr. Potter told of the perpetual alertness required of a driver to detect a hot box, a knowledge of which he receives through his sense of smell; how he has to see that his lubricator valves do not become clogged and that the pressure for the air brakes is maintained, as well as other detail.

"It's all well enough when things go smoothly," said Mr. Potter, "but the time comes once in a while when the man at the lever is put to his best. It happened to me so on the first day of last month. My locomotive broke down near Hyde Park on my outward trip, and another had to be sent out from Boston. Then later on I had a heated journal, and to complete my misery my engine struck and killed a ten-year-old boy near Putnam. That was one of the days when all the resources of which I was possessed had to be brought into use."

EXPERIENCES ON THE TRACK.

Mr. Potter in the latter part of his talk related some of his experiences with rashly venturesome persons on the tracks.

One was that of an intoxicated half-breed Indian, sitting on the rail, apparently stupefied. The distance was too short to stop the train in time. The man was struck and badly mutilated. When his body was finally examined the clothing was torn in shreds, all except his trousers, one pocket in which contained a glass bottle filled to the neck with whisky.

In another instance a drunken man, who was sighted between the rails by a marvel of good fortune, managed to clear the track. The margin had been so slight that the engineer thought he must have struck him, and when the train came to a standstill went back to investigate. A little distance in the rear he encountered the cause of all the trouble swinging along with a pretty rapid if unsteady gait. "Ha! ha!" he shouted exultantly, "never touched me, did yer?"

"All right," I answered, "all you have to do is to stay where you are a few minutes and there'll be another train along. Then maybe you won't have the same story to tell."

"One day it seemed to me that I must really have hit a group consisting of a woman and four children. There they were, right in the center of the rails, and the train was rushing ahead at top speed. You can imagine how I hustled to slow down and stop, shutting off steam, applying the air-brakes, sanding the rails and sounding the whistle. If I'd had six hands I could have had use for them all, so much was there to be done, and it all had to be done so quickly.

"First the woman dragged a couple of the children off to one side of the rails and then one to the other side. Then, while she was getting the last one out of danger the others started back again. But in some manner all eventually escaped. Would you believe it? That woman gave me the severest tongue-lashing ever delivered by a woman's lips—because I had whistled too much. She said I had confused the little ones by blowing the whistle so long."

The highest speed he had ever attained was a mile in forty seconds, on the newspaper train going east. On this occasion sixty-two miles were made in fifty-four minutes.

"The first person killed by my engine was a woman twenty-one years of age. I have never entirely recovered from the shock it gave me. It was learned from a letter she left that she committed suicide.

"The second fatal accident was to a drunken man. This case was exceptionally distressing from the fact that the locomotive was brought to a standstill before it had passed more than eight feet over his body."

Mr. Potter told a number of amusing incidents, among them the question of a sea captain who had run the bowsprit of his vessel across a closed drawbridge and when the engine was brought to a stop by it called out gruffly to the engineer: "See here! where in thunder are you going to?" "Well," Mr. Potter answered, "It's hard to say, just as things look now, but I started for Hartford."

Once a bull was encountered on the track, head down, tail erect, evidently ready for business. The train had to be stopped. Then the question was who would go out and drive the animal off. No one, neither conductor, fireman nor brakeman, coveted the undertaking, which finally was accomplished by a jet of steam.

Mr. Potter cautioned his hearers from taking risks in crossing before moving trains. The foolhardiness of doing so before a limited express, he said, would be readily perceived when it is considered that a train traveling at the rate of a mile a minute covers eighty-eight feet a second.

"It seems absurd to speak of being kicked by a dead horse. Yet I came within an ace of having that experience. It happened at a crossing where my engine struck and killed a pair of horses attached to a wagon. The vehicle, except the pole, was uninjured, and the driver received no bodily harm. The animals were cut in pieces almost, and part of the hind leg of one of them with the iron-shod hoof shot through the cab window and flew within an inch of my head.

"I found the driver and owner of the dead horses in a daze seated in the wagon. 'Terrible thing, wasn't it?' he said to me. I agreed with him. Sure enough it proved to be a terrible thing, as I understood that he went insane not a long time afterward."

GOLD DUST PENETRATES.

Even Workmen's Wooden Tables Seem to Absorb It.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Gold dust has strange penetrative properties," said a New Orleans manufacturing jeweler, "and the way it will sift and seep into any porous substance is very remarkable. I learned my trade with one of my uncles, who was an expert goldsmith, and when he died, years ago, I fell heir to his bench and table and the kit of tools with which he had worked for upward of a quarter of a century. The table was a massive affair, made of oak, that had turned almost as black as ebony, and the top was fully six inches thick. It was built extra heavy in order to give it steadiness, and it mounted a small lathe and polisher, operated by a treadle. The bench was also of oak and was simply three thick slabs—seat and end pieces, dovetailed together without nails. I found the old outfit rather uncomfortable to work at, compared with modern shop fixtures, and, as it occupied a great deal of room, I finally decided to break it up. Luckily it occurred to me to see whether the table top contained any gold that might be profitably recovered, and, splitting off a piece of the wood, I was surprised to find the pores literally choked with the precious metal. I did not understand the method used in extracting, and turned the bench and table over to a mint expert on shares. He cut the wood into small slivers and treated it with acid. It was a tedious job, and I have since been told that we lost a good deal of the metal by not burning the pieces and then smelting the ash; but, at any rate, the process yielded us a little over $480. For years and years the lathe had sent a shower of impalpable gold dust over the table top and bench, and in the course of time it had entirely permeated the wood. The interior of the thick slabs sparkled with it when they were laid open by the saw, and there was scarcely a scrap that did not yield its quota of the metal. The floor of the gold room at the New Orleans mint is taken up and treated with acid once every two years; but, of course, it is no such a bonanza as my old fixtures turned out to be. I believe about $100 is recovered from it on an average."

RILEY IN CHICAGO.

He Is Received with Enthusiasm by a Big Audience.

Chicago Evening Post.

Perhaps not all the people who greeted James Whitcomb Riley at Central Music Hall last night were originally from Indiana, but it is a safe assertion that five-sixths of the audience were Hoosier born or bred. Every seat in the hall, clear back to the last row of the second balcony, was occupied, and even window sills and aisle steps were pre-empted by the poet's admirers. Certainly Mr. Riley had no reason to doubt his popularity in this city.

Nor had the large audience any cause to regret its presence. In addition to being born a poet, the Hoosier author is a born mimic, who recites his own creations in a homely, entertaining way that elicits spontaneous marks of approval. It may be that some of his hearers were a trifle restless under the somewhat lengthy introductory remarks to each poem or character delineation, preferring to have the poetry speak for itself. Not to be hypercritical, we still believe a judicious shortening in this line would lend zest to Mr. Riley's readings.

Of the many good things he presented it were invidious to single out any one number. Humor and pathos are closely allied in all his poetry, and the sympathetic interpretation the latter receives at the poet's hands adds greatly to its original charm. This reference to Mr. Riley's hands is intentional. Seldom is any man endowed as the Hoosier poet is in this respect. Occasionally an actor or actress is added in his or her art by graceful, intelligent hands. Mr. Riley's are of the eloquent class, and they never fail to heighten the effect of his speaking. His selections throughout were well considered and the character stories of prime flavor. An old favorite or so reappearing was none the less acceptable. The closing number was devoted to the small boy, in depicting whom Mr. Riley excels. His Indiana small boys are of much the same breed as those in Illinois, but it is this intensely human touch that constitutes the chief charm of the poet's writings. Man and boy alike are illumined by his homely art.

All for the Best.

Washington Star.

"They say that women have a very deficient sense of humor," remarked Willie Wishington.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "And perhaps it is just as well. If we had too much discrimination in such matters we couldn't smile at so many well-meant masculine efforts to be funny."

Adieu.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

* * * * * * *

I will not say "God's ordinance
Of Death is blown on every wind;"
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

* * * * * * *

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, expecting change.

—Tennyson.

SLANG AT THE BIENNIAL

MRS. SEWALL TOLD MILWAUKEE WOMEN WHAT SHE HAD HEARD.

She Also Told Them Wherein French Women Excel Americans—Complete Mastery of Their Language.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, president of the International Council of Women, did not attend the famous Milwaukee "biennial," but over in Paris, where she was being feted and made much of by the visiting delegates of the fourteen national councils which she has organized, she heard of it, and yesterday, with her snow-white hair and silver gray dress-reform draperies thrown into high relief against the crimson hangings of the Athenaeum, she looked down into the faces of the biennial hostesses and told them the awful thing she had heard.

"It was told me by a clubwoman whom I met in Paris and who had come almost direct from the convention of the General Federation," she said. "It was only one woman's opinion, and I hope it was not true, but this clubwoman told me that she had never heard so much slang as she heard at the convention."

When Mrs. Sewall said that the applause that had followed her plea for a more extensive study of English in schools and clubs had scarcely died away, but there was no clapping of gloved hands for this remark. Deep silence settled upon the members of the Milwaukee College Endowment Association who had come out to hear her talk about French education and in deep silence they listened to the rest of her speech.

Then Mrs. A. J. Eimermann arose. Mrs. Sewall had announced that she would answer any questions that might be asked, but Mrs. Eimermann had no query to put. She had a mistake to correct, and president of the International Council of Women or not, she did not intend to let such a reflection on the "biennial" go unchallenged. She had represented a Milwaukee club at the convention, she said, and she had attended every session, but she had not heard one word of slang. Mrs. Sewall listened politely, but whether she was convinced or not no one could tell. Then she went on to tell of other things while the other women who had not dared to contradict in the face of all that they had been hearing about French courtesy looked gratefully at the one brave woman who had picked up the gauntlet, and gossiped in whispers about the old, old quarrel between the National Council of Women and the General Federation and how even to-day it has not been decided which is the stronger and which may most probably absorb the other.

But that was not the only unpleasant thing that Mrs. Sewall told the club women from what she had announced in the beginning would be a personal point of view. She told in well-modulated tones of horror of the international exhibit of women now in progress in Earlscourt, London, under the personal auspices of some of the most distinguished English women of Paris.

AFFRONT TO AMERICAN WOMAN.

"I have not seen this exhibit," said Mrs. Sewell, "but over and over again in Paris I was told of it and over and over again I have concealed my previous information and listened in hopes of hearing a different version. But it is always the same story. The exhibit, as perhaps you know, is for the express purpose of showing the women of different countries at their favorite occupation, or perhaps one should say their national occupations. So we have the German woman darning by the aid of a microscope, the Italian woman making lace, the Parisian women embroidering, the Dutch women making cheese. But the American woman—I did not put her there. If I had you ought to slay me on the spot where I stand. There she is—swinging in a hammock and chewing gum. You may laugh, but you are not glad; and you are not glad, because you realize that she would not be there, labeled as she is 'The Summer Girl, the Latest Product of American Civilization,' if she was a total misrepresentation of phases of American life most apparent to the foreigner. If our girls do not actually go to the hammock-swinging-and-gum-chewing lengths of idleness and vulgarity, is it not true that in many ways we lend our influence to create a disrespect for labor and to make the desire for physical comfort so much of force in our living that such girls can be possible?"

EXTOLLED THE FRENCH WOMEN.

But if Mrs. Sewall said unpleasant things about the American woman, she extolled to the skies the virtues, the intellect, the culture and the breeding of the French woman. She said that eleven years ago, when she first began to make her semi-periodical pilgrimages to Paris, she had wondered why it was that in a land where comparatively little attention is paid to the education of the girls, and where they are left to the "superficial sort of training usually given in convents," they had been able to acquire the poise, the brilliancy and the logic which they had. Of late years she had found the heart of the mystery in the French woman's mastery of her own language.

"A French woman's language is her tool, sharpened to perfection," Mrs. Sewell said. "You will often hear an American woman bemoan the fact that while she has a thought that would illuminate the whole world if it could find utterance, her command of her vocabulary is too limited to let her put it into words. She will tell you that she cannot express herself, and she speaks the truth, but the French woman can clothe her thought in words, because from her earliest childhood she is trained in the art of her language. I have heard club women wondering what good work they could take up. Here it lies at their hand. Let them rescue the American language from the mouths of its destroyers. Let them protest against the wholesale slaying of English by the permitted use of slang. The General Federation of Women's Clubs, by its constitution, stands for the uplifting of letters, and it could do no greater patrioic service than in redeeming the American speech from the inroads of slang."

Mrs. Sewell went on to describe some of the methods by which France is preserving her language by making a study of it the chief thing, not only in the lower schools, corresponding to the grammar grades in America, but throughout college and university training as well, and to illustrate her point she gave a picturesque description of the annual school fete that comes on the Sunday preceding the French national holiday, when the greatest and wisest men of the land bestow prizes on and make speeches to school children who have competed for government prizes offered for literary work. Against this loving and reverential respect for the French language she contrasted the American methods, where at every teachers' convention some one is sure to propose the doing away with the teaching of grammar and where, cultured and uncultured, literate and illiterate, the American people rush into print through book or magazine, or, most common of all, the newspaper.

When Mrs. Sewall said this the women in the front seats who had been making notes on her educational observations put away their pencils hastily. They were not going to be mistaken for overambitious newspaper workers in the face of that.

TRIBUTE TO THEIR HOMES.

One calumny on French life Mrs. Sewell said she wished to dissipate if she could. It was in reference to the French home, which, she said, was an institution hidden from the average tourist, but which she had been fortunate enough to have had rare access to.

"The thing that pleased me most of all, the flattering and probably untruthful things that were said at the banquet which was given me on the eve of my departure from Paris," she said, "was that in all probability I had seen more of French home life than any other American. The French home is completely sheltered from public life. Even when you are the recipient of French hospitality you are not admitted to the home. You are entertained royally, as only the French can, but at the club of the cafe, rarely at the home. I fancy a French home would feel undone forever if it were once made the scene of an American tea. Its foundations would be so shaken that it could never regain its tranquillity."

The most wonderful object at the Paris exposition, to Mrs. Sewall's way of thinking, was the French father, who takes care of the children while the wife goes sight-seeing.

"In all my life, taking all the men who during it I have seen taking care of babies—putting them altogether—they would not equal in number the French fathers who were so conspicuous at the exposition," she said. "You might almost say that taking care of the baby is the national occupation of the French father, but at least one can truthfully claim that it is a symbol of the happy democracy which is the crown and glory of French domestic life, where so perfect a partnership and equality of interests exists. A club such as American men find necessary could not live in France among Frenchmen, because there is there none of the divorce between the interests of men and of women such as you find in America."

Mrs. Sewell was the guest of Milwaukee-Downer College during her stay in the city, which was short, as she arrived on a noon train and returned to Indianapolis in the evening. Many of those who knew her during her former residence in Milwaukee were present yesterday afternoon.

One thing is not to be overlooked. The emblem of the French Legion of Honor, which an afternoon newspaper described as shining on her bosom, was a large amethyst. Mrs. Sewell does not wear the cross of the Legion of Honor because the French government, as she explained to questioners yesterday, had not so far decorated her with it.

ABOUT THE OPAL.

Interesting Information Concerning October's Gem.

Philadelphia Times.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull the woes to rest.

That the last lingering traces of the old superstition regarding the evil import of the opal are fast disappearing is shown by the fact that nowadays it is universally worn. At one time the man or woman whose birthday was not in October would not buy or accept one of these gems at any cost, but now every one is only too happy to be the possessor of an opal.

Jewelers, realizing the great demand there is for opals, exhibit them in all kinds of designs. Not only are there magnificent necklaces and brooches for the women bountifully supplied with this world's goods, but there are also rings and pins of all kinds in the less precious variety of the stone for more economical purses. Particularly beautiful ornaments in the form of butterflies, beetles and other insects are shown, and these are strikingly effective for evening wear. The comparatively recent return of the opal to that place in popular favor which it enjoyed in former times is owing largely to the influence of Queen Victoria. The opal has always been a great favorite with her, and she has presented it on many occasions to her friends and relatives.

Among the ancients the opal was valued very highly, and it is related of the Roman Senator Nonnius that he preferred exile rather than give up his beautiful gem to Marc Antony. Pliny claims to have seen this same stone, and he puts its value at what would be about $500,000. He also says of the opal that it is "made up of all the glories of all the most precious gems." The properties, indeed, that were ascribed to this gem by the ancients were far from being evil. On the contrary, it was supposed to possess wonderful supernatural virtues, and, according to the traditional beliefs of the Magi, the opal was proof against all the diseases of the eye. Anyone who was fortunate enough to have this stone would have his sight preserved and strengthened.

The opal was also thought to have the power of attracting all other gems to itself and could bestow upon its wearer the highest and noblest qualities. This favorable signification of the opal's powers continued on past the Middle Ages, and, indeed, it was only after Sir Walter Scott had become famous, and people read of the evil influence of the stone in his "Anne of Gelerstein" that it fell into disfavor.

It is remarkable how widespread this belief in the opal's evil powers became. It spread to France and Russia, and many interesting stories are told showing the strong power this superstition exercised over the popular mind. It is said that the Empress Eugenie refused to accept a costly necklace of opals presented to her by Napoleon.

The word opal comes from the Latin word "opalus." It differs from quartz in its composition in that it contains from 5 to 13 per cent. of water, its only other constituent being silica. The chief charm and beauty of this stone lies in its wonderful play of brilliant colors. This is supposed to be caused by the very small fissures which refract the light. An opal is always polished with a convex surface, since that exhibits the play of colors to the best advantage. Opals which have become dull can be made brilliant again by being allowed to absorb clear water or by heating. As the edges of an opal are easily injured the very finest jewels are often protected by a thin plate of quartz crystals. Opal occurs in many different varieties, of which the following are the most common and are arranged according to their value: The precious or noble opal; the Harlequin opal, in which the colors are not equally diffused but in certain spots; the fire opal, which is limpid and red, and which is too rare to be used like precious opal in jewelry; the Oriental opal; the common opal, which is semi-transparent, and which have the wonderful play of colors. It is not a rare mineral. The finest of these stones come almost always from Kaschan, in Hungary, and these same mines have been the chief source of the opal supply for a number of years. As a rule the opals are very small, but if they are beautiful they are very valuable, even if small. Precious opal is also found in Saxony and South America, and of recent years immense quantities have been brought from Queensland. It is claimed that the mines of the latter place will outrival those of Hungary. Oriental opals come from Honduras and Nicaragua, and it is often said that some of this same variety is originally from the Hungarian mines, but has been taken away by Grecian and Turkish merchants and has found its way back by the Indies to Holland. The fire opal is found in the Faroe islands, Guatemala, Mexico and the United States. Humboldt had the honor of bringing from Mexico the first specimen of fire opal ever seen in Europe.

Black opals have been found in Egypt, but they are very rare, and, therefore, of great value. The bamboo opal, which has been discovered in the Philippines, is also very valuable. These opals are very small, but beautiful in coloring, and are found so seldom in the stems of the bamboo that they can never be in the market to any great extent.

The most highly valued opals are those that have the changeable red and green colors. Probably the Imperial Cabinet of Vienna contains the most beautiful and celebrated opal known. It is five inches by two and a half. The Empress Josephine also possessed a magnificent opal, which was called, on account of the peculiarity of the play of colors, "the Burning of Troy." The Hope opal, at one time the property of an English banker, and now in a Chicago museum, is another splendid specimen of