

IN THE CHICAGO GHETTO MARKET.

Where Goods of Various Kinds Are Sold at "Give Away Prices."

(Chicago Letter.)
In a corner of Chicago that is seldom seen by anybody save the members of the foreign colony of which it is the center, is the cheapest market in the United States, a place where fish may be bought for a quarter of a cent a pound and where a ten pound roast of meat may be purchased for a nickel.

This market is situated in the heart of the big colony of Russian and Polish Jews who have settled on the west side, between the river and Halsted street, where they have monopolized the district as far north as West Taylor street and south to the Paulanolo tracks. Jefferson streets cuts the Yiddish quarter right in two, and the four blocks of that thoroughfare, extending south from West Twelfth street, seem to have been set aside by common consent among the Jews who swarm in the neighborhood as a special place of their own for the sale of the peculiar articles which they like to eat, drink and wear. On pleasant days and evenings, the keepers of the small shops lining that part of Jefferson street move most of their stocks in trade out upon the sidewalk, where they dispose them upon stands and trays that line the outside walls of their stores. These also stretch along the curbstone. Other less favored merchants, whose stores are on side streets, and even humbler vendors who have not attained the dignity of any stores at all, wheel open push-carts into the street and line up their portable emporiums in the gutters. Late comers are obliged to station their stocks of goods further out in the street, and on Saturdays and other busy days these carts reach in rows upon rows almost entirely across it, only a narrow lane being left for stray teams to drive through the middle.

These carts contain every kind of stuff imaginable. On adjoining stands you can buy a pair of shoes and a bas-

condemned lugged away to the city garbage dump. Since then a slightly appreciable gain has been seen in the quality of the fish sold at the Ghetto's favorite market on fish days, but the fish have a well-defined odor and bargain prices still prevail. While a quarter or a half a cent a pound is no longer quoted, it is quite common to see a five-pounder sold for 8 cents. "I don't see how human beings can eat the fish that has been sold by the ton in these markets," exclaimed a doctor in the health department today. "Yet the Ghetto folk seem to have enjoyed such tidbits, and what is even more surprising, appear to have thrived on them. We are going to see, however, if they can't live just as healthfully without eating food of this kind."

SIGHTSEERS WHO FLOCK

To the Seats of War Are Morbid Nuisances.

A peculiar phase of modern warfare is that it draws large audiences, says the New York Press. From all over the world men and women of wealth and leisure now flock to scenes of military operations as they would to a new play or opera. One of Gen. Otis' tasks in the Philippines has been to keep sightseers from coming to Manila. Now a wall goes up from South Africa, where the influx of tourists has been so great that it has hampered military operations. So serious has this matter become that Mr. Chamberlain has called public attention to the following note from Sir Alfred Milner, England's high commissioner in South Africa: "The number of visitors to South Africa is constantly increasing, and includes many, especially ladies, who seem to have no particular call of duty or business. I am sure this would not be the case if it was realized at home that visitors who at ordinary times would be most welcome may, under existing circumstances, be a source of serious inconvenience, interfering with the work of military and civil officers, and putting a strain on our limited means of accommodation, which are urgently required for those who have duties to perform here or who are invalided from the front. The considerable increase in the expenses of living, at all

me, I faint and fall without you. Oh, friend Diplomacy, and you, great Tact, come ere my bloom shall wither. Take my hand and lead me—lead me to Ambition's promised land."—Success.

AN ARMY ON THE MARCH.

A Single Corps Will Stretch Out Over 34 Miles of Road.

Few persons have any notion of the vast length of an army on the march. A single battalion of infantry, 1,000 strong—which is the strength of an English battalion—takes up a road length of 325 yards, including about 80 yards for stragglers. A battery of field artillery takes up 260 yards, and a regiment of cavalry takes up, when marching four abreast, 650 yards. An army corps, with its staff, wagons, guns, hospitals, etc., would extend over thirty-four miles of road. An army marches slowly on the best of roads. It is much more tiring marching in a crowd than walking alone. Soldiers go at the rate of about two and one-half or two and three-quarter miles an hour, and in the English army they do a good day's march when they cover 15 miles. This accounts for the fact that when news is printed of an army marching to attack surprise is expressed that the attack is delayed so long. It takes a day or more for all the men to assemble on the battlefield.

The rates of march for the various arms differ, of course; but the fastest arm has to suit its pace to the slowest. Here are the English official rates: Infantry in small bodies, three miles an hour; infantry in large bodies, two and a half to two and three-quarter miles; cavalry, walking, four miles; cavalry, trotting, nine miles; cavalry, galloping, 15 miles; artillery, walking, three miles; artillery, trotting, eight miles. In our army the average march for infantry is from 15 to 20 miles a day. When troops move in large bodies, and particularly in the vicinity of the enemy, the march is conducted in several columns so as to diminish the depth of the column and to expedite the deployment into line of battle. In large commands the roads, if possible, are left to the artillery and trains. When long distances have to be covered rapidly, it is done by changing gait. The most favorable ground is selected for the double time, but care is taken not to exhaust the troops immediately before engaging the enemy.

Greatest Novelty at Paris.

The great "celestial globe" of the Paris exhibition which caused the crowd to throng the foot bridge across the avenue Suffren Sunday in numbers so great that the frail structure fell, is the greatest novelty of the exhibition. It is an immense sphere, 150 feet in diameter, resting upon four solid masses of masonry and piling. On its surface are the signs of the zodiac, the objects whence they take their names, the principal constellations and other illustrations of the heavenly chart. At night the elaborate design is brought out vividly by electric devices. Within the great globe is a smaller one, thirty feet in diameter, representing the earth and automatically exemplifying its diurnal rotation. An ingenious mechanical instrument gives the illusion of the moon in her nightly promenade. The machinery presents a complete ideal picture and story, with at certain moments the phenomena of eclipses. Electric elevators carry passengers up through the interior. They can alight upon the earth and contemplate a cosmic spectacle of extraordinary charm, and not without scientific accuracy. The great globe is on the banks of the Seine.

A Wonderful Old Man.

Mr. S. A. Boyden, who is called the "Gray Post of the Dome," is a wonderful old man, past seventy, and for fifteen years has guarded the frescoes from damage, prevented idlers from dropping their effects on the heads of people underneath, discouraged too profuse demonstrations of love-making, explained the allegorical frescoes, washed amateurs in spoiling dry plates, and kept the morbid public from rushing headlong to eternity by way of the capitol dome. If the visitor comes suddenly upon Mr. Boyden he will be found bending over a time worn volume of Byron, Longfellow or Bryant, either softly reading to himself or repeating some loved passage from memory. With hundreds passing around the circular walk every day, he never enters into conversation unsolicited, but once started he will be found an astute judge of human nature and full of stories of great people.—Washington Letter Chicago Tribune.

Battles of Indian Troops.

An official statement issued by the India Office of the "wars and military operations on or beyond the borders of British India in which the government of India has been engaged since 1849" gives some surprising information. On no fewer than 110 distinct occasions have the British soldiers been called upon for active service, which shows an average for that period of rather more than two wars per annum. In this list all wars and expeditions in Africa and China, including the Egyptian campaign, in which Indian troops have been employed, are counted.

FOR HOME AND WOMEN

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

The Creation of Woman—How the Event Is Described in the Chronicles of Hindu Mythology—Notes of the Current Styles.

The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought; Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not.

'Twas fought by the mothers of men, Nay, not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent words or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently, bore her part— Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song, No banner to gleam and wave; But, oh! these battles, they last so long, From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars She fights in her walled-up town— Fleets on and on in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot, And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kindest victories fought— Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame! With a splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kindest warrior born!

A Summer Serge.

No one should think of going away for the summer without taking along



at least one cloth dress to wear on cool days. For such a gown nothing is better than summer serge.

They are making these serge gowns this year with a plain skirt trimmed probably with a few rows of braid. The waist is made upon a fitted lining and in plaits at both the front and back. It is cut low at the neck to be worn with a chemise of white linen. A very effective finish is afforded the waist by broad lapels of cream-white cloth stitched with blue silk or very narrow soutache braid.

About French Babies.

It is not generally known that in France it is a penal offense to give any form of solid food to babies under a year old, unless it be prescribed in writing by a properly qualified medical man. Nurses are also forbidden to use for their charges any sort of feeding bottle having a rubber tube.

These and other equally stringent laws have recently been enacted by the French government, for, in despair

of increasing the birth rate of their country, they are now doing their utmost to save the lives of the comparatively small number of babies who are born.

The Creation of Woman.

At the beginning of time Twashtri—the Vulcan of the Hindu mythology—created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found that he had employed all of his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then T., perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He aroused himself to do as follows: He took the roundness of the moon, the undulations of the serpent, the entwining of climbing plants, the trembling of the grass, the slenderness of the rose vine and the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the gaiety of the sun's rays and the tears of the mist, the inconsistency of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the hardness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey and the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, and the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle dove. He united all this and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man. Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said:

"My lord, the creature you have given me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest. She takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all and is always ill." And T. received the woman again.

But eight days later the man came again to the god and said: "My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, and that she played with me, clung to me." And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and T. saw the man coming to him again. "My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure that the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you to relieve me of her."

But T. cried: "Go your way and do your best." And the man cried: "I cannot live with her!" "Neither can you live without her," replied T.

And the man was sorrowful murmuring: "Woe is me, I can neither live with nor without her."

Summer Fabrics.

Some very smart gowns are being shown at the moment for summer wear. Cotton and linen fabrics have never been so alluring. The silky effect added to the great variety of muils, batistes, zephyrs, linsens, organzies and other warm weather materials renders them more than ever desirable and attractive. Many of the cotton materials thus treated, either in plain or fancy patterns, have much of the lustre of an India silk or satin foulard. The linsens are especially attractive and are being used for entire gowns, skirts, waists and even trimmings. Nothing could be more serviceable or stylish than the colored linen suits made with plain or tucked skirts and modified sailor blouse waists. These are sometimes strapped in white braid and others are adorned with coarse lace in collar form, with cuffs and girdle matching. No prettier finish can be imagined than the heavy ecru lace thus applied to brown or blue duck or linen dresses. These are admirable for morning wear. Embroidered Holland is a favorite this year among the summer fabrics, and pique treated with incrustations of coarse lace is as effective as it is striking. Pique and duck costumes will again be worn. Some piques shown are quite light in weight, having an open work dot, really an eyelet hole that is worked around with hand or machine embroidery. The fashion that

has heretofore been popular of wearing silk waists with pique skirts will still prevail, but now the white waists are the correct thing, and the thin materials, like embroidered muslin, wash silk or those made of lace and ribbon are preferred, and over them will be worn bolero or Eton jackets of pique. Among the new washable silk materials there is, notably, "silk cheviot," as it is called. This fabric appears in soft, beautiful shades of rose, amber and reseda; heliotrope, russet and mignonette, chamels, cream, pink, stem green, and in shades of blue.

Smart Pique Gowns.

The fashionable pique gown of summer will be tailor-made and will be carried out in one color, with the ex-

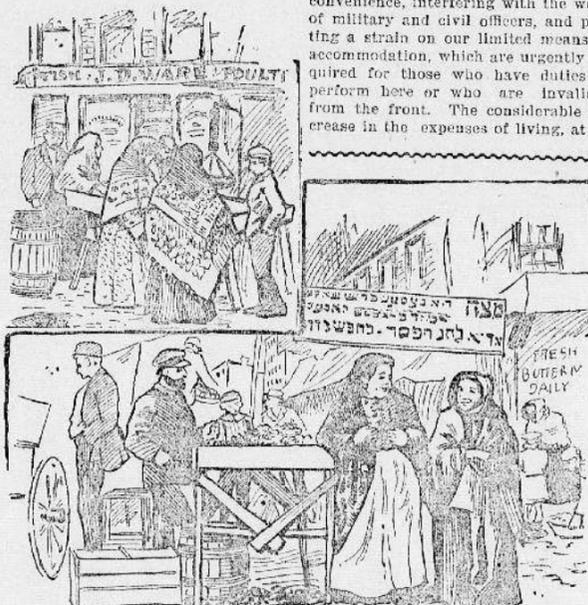


ception of the contrasting touch in the trimmings. There will be no stripes or figures upon the entire pique suits. The patterned materials will be limited to separate skirts. It cannot be conscientiously claimed for the pique suit that it is an article of economy. To the contrary, it is tailor-made and costs almost as much as the stuff gowns. It is, however, very chic, and this comports the woman of fashion for her reckless expenditure. Two very pretty models displayed in advance of the summer season are described. One is in French black pique, relieved by strappings of white. The white bands outline a double tunic upon the skirt and are employed upon the bodice to accentuate the curves of the figure. There is a wide lapel upon the bodice, made of white pique and stitched with black linen thread. A gown in striking contrast to the one just mentioned is developed in white and stitched with bands of perverche colored thread and the lapels of the jacket are of the same color pique, bordered with bands of white. Underneath the jacket is worn a waist of sheer white linen.

The Partiality of White.

One is early impressed with the favor which is being shown for white fabrics, every variety of which will be extremely fashionable.

Summer gowns of white cloth and cloth of the faintest putty color are being made up over delicate silk linings. The cloth is cut out in graceful scrolls and arabesques, the silk showing through the narrow line of the cut. The combination of white taffeta silk with white cloth is convincingly displayed among some of the most elegant models. The cloth applied in bands, covered with rows of heavy black stitching, stripes one entire costume in vertical lines rounding into wider bands, where they join at the hem. White nun's veiling and all coarse meshed canvases in white will be very much worn for afternoon frocks. White hats with white gowns promise to be quite in vogue for summer wear.



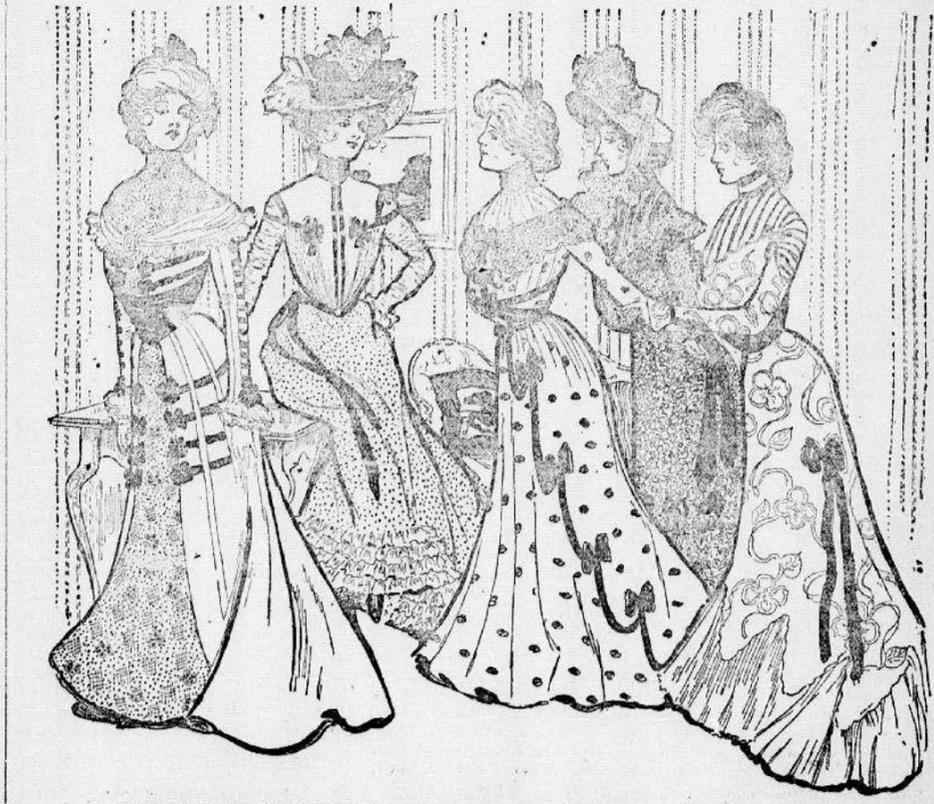
SCENES IN CHICAGO GHETTO.

ket of strawberries. But both will be cheap in price and quality. The shoes are likely to be huge, shapeless brogans, that could find no place in any store downtown, and the pair of them may cost 25 cents, while the strawberries will be on the verge of decay and may cost the purchaser as much as 2 cents a box. This is likely to mean 2 cents profit to the vendor, who has probably secured the spoiled berries for nothing from some South Water street fruit dealer. The common tendency of the times is aped by this market in that it runs to specialties. The next days come early in the week, while Thursday, Friday and Saturday are known along Jefferson street as fish days. The habits of this locality are said to be very fond of such food and it seldom takes over an hour or two for a vendor to sell every fish in his cart, though it may be piled two feet deep with perch and herring when first he pushes his little "shop" into a suitable position next to the sidewalk. As to pomanes, that is another matter. Fish Inspector Murray, acting under the orders of the commissioner of health, has made a raid upon the Jefferson street movable fish market and has frightened the peddlers into stopping the sale of fish that are even slightly "off color." He condemned and confiscated about five tons that were being sold at give-away prices, whereat the dealers tore their long and luxuriant whiskers while they assailed the inspector with excited words and angry gesticulations. The Ghetto quickly aroused itself and joined in the onslaught upon the hated official who was trying to deprive them of their inalienable right to eat unfit food. But the inspector secured aid in a wagonload of blue-coated policemen from the Maxwell street station and succeeded in having the fish he had

times very high, which is caused by the excessive influx of visitors, is a hardship on persons of the latter class, who may not be in possession of large means. I think that many whose coming here is prompted by nothing more than a general interest in the war would elect to stay at home if they knew their presence was a hindrance rather than a help. For persons traveling merely for health or recreation, and above all for ladies so traveling, no place could be less suitable at the present moment than South Africa. Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief, to whom I have submitted this message, authorizes me to add that he fully concurs in the views expressed in it."

The Helpers.

Genius walked one springtime along the flowery way. His step was free and buoyant. His eye was gay and frank. "I'll gather for my brow," he said, "a wreath of fadeless bloom. Success is mine already. Sorrow shall not come near. I'll teach the world to wonder. My soul fears naught." Two figures crossed his path. "Take us with you, young Genius," they whispered; "we help in the rough places; we comfort when others can not—without us, oh! fair dreamer, the road may prove too rough and hard." He laughed, and cried, "I can conquer without your aid," and, leaning on his staff of hope, pursued his sunlit way; but after springtime, summer came all hot and fierce; then autumn, with dead branches and cold, keen blasts. Poor struggler, worn and weary in searching for success, he had lost his smile of sunlight. Once again the strangers found him, prostrate in his weariness. He gave no scornful gestures as before. He held out trembling fingers and pleaded: "Come to



A NOTE OF BLACK GIVES A TOUCH OF DISTINCTION TO SUMMER GOWNS.