

WOMAN'S REALM.



MRS. MARY E. HITCHCOCK.

SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD.

PARSIMONY IN THE HOUSEHOLD IS A MISTAKE—THE OLD AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

It is curious how long circumstances will sometimes favor the continuance of a mistake. It would seem almost impossible for a case of mistaken identity not to be discovered after several months of constant intercourse, but nevertheless it was only the other day that young Brown found out that a girl whom he greatly admired and to whom he had been quite attentive was named Robinson instead of Jones. It seems that about the beginning of last December Brown, who was a stranger in New-York, received an invitation for dinner from the mother of a business friend in the West who had given him a letter to his people. For some reason or other he was unable to accept, but a week later he started forth to make his dinner call, and knowing that Jones had a sister, asked at the door for the ladies who happened to be in, whereupon he sent up his card. He had made a mistake, however, in the number. The house belonged to the Robinsons, who, although rather surprised at the visit, knew of the young man, ascribed it to Western unconventionality and received him without question, never dreaming that the card was not intended for them. A few days later Brown met Miss Robinson, whom he found very attractive, at a dance, and engaged her for his cotillion partner at the next function, and so it went on. He called several times at the house, always asking for the ladies, danced and talked constantly with the girl at the various houses, and finally, on the evening of the 15th, he went to her without the least suspicion that her name was not Jones, although he discovered her Christian name was Ethel, and it was only on the 18th, Valentine's day, when he sent her some flowers with some foolish verses, that he found out his mistake. That evening he called on her, and she asked, curiously getting the better of his dignity, "You sent the flowers for Miss Jones, did you not?" He looked puzzled. "Because they were for you?" he exclaimed. "But why address them to Ethel Jones?" she asked. "I thought I thought that her father might have captured her name," he said. "Ethel Robinson, after things had been cleared up to her satisfaction—whereupon he explained to her why that was quite impossible.

THEY HAVE HAD THEIR DAY.

Exclusive, indeed, is Miss Van Amsterdam, who, together with the claims of long descent, based upon a noble Dutch pedigree, is connected by numerous marriages during the past century to the most socially prominent English representatives of colonial aristocracy. She is an exclusive that she labors under the amusing but harmless delusion that it is she that has snubbed the "new people," as she calls the present social magnates, and not the latter, who have ignored her very existence, for she only receives, with stately hospitality, in her old-fashioned brownstone front, the few members of the "old families" who keep their traditions, and make her house the scene of their pilgrimages. "Poor old thing, she really believes she is in society," exclaimed an up-to-date young woman who had been taken to call on her mother's old friend, Miss Van Amsterdam. "Fancy thinking that she is the social center of the city! And if she and all the other old fossils are so sure of their own position, why cannot they leave Mrs. Tipston and Miss Jones alone? But their one topic of conversation seems to be to run down the people whom, they say, they do not wish to know.

DANCING STAG IN THE COTILLON.

Even a year or two ago a girl who had not been asked for the cotillon at a ball either went home or, what was still more stupid, would go upstairs and wait in the dressing room until her carriage arrived. But the young century maiden has too much self-respect and independence to do either. She prefers a congenial partner, and is frankly pleased if she has one, but if not, she does not allow it to interfere with her enjoyment. She can dance "stag" as well as her brother, and does it, too, without any nonsensical self-consciousness. This is a very decided step in the right direction, and may have more effect on society than would at first seem possible. It is the narrow, almost imperceptible entering of the wedge that may break eventually the cast iron structure of conventionalities that surround a woman in a ballroom, and which has proved such a detriment to her enjoyment. That such independent action was necessary is obvious. Sixty or more charming debutantes made their bow to society last December. With the attractive young women already in the field, and the larger contingent of young men who would be their natural companions at such a levee, it is easy to see that there would not be enough partners to go round, even if the young men who were present did their duty, which is by no means the case. Still, it required a certain courage to take the initiative, and it is greatly to be credited to a well known belle that she led the way for her more timid and less popular companions to do the same. It is left without a partner. "Let us get up a stag supper table!" said a popular girl at a recent dance. "And why not? We can get on without them"—this is a spirit of retaliation, for that men are not doing their duty at all well this winter is the complaint of many a hostess. Nevertheless, the idea such a laugh and applauded, and the young women all the better for their independence. It is women, who should be the autocrats of a ballroom, and it is to be hoped that conditions will arrange themselves so as to make this possible.

ECONOMIES THAT DO NOT PAY.

"Gracious! What is that?" exclaimed a careful house mistress, hearing a sudden crash in the drawing room. Hurrying to the spot, she found the maid had smashed the chimney of one of the tall standard lamps. "Oh, Mary! How did that happen?" she cried reproachfully. "Shure and you told me to be more savin' with the matches, ma'am," replied Mary, "and I was trying to make 'em do to light the two of them, and didn't see where I had put the chimney, I was that hurried." "That's just like you women," commented her husband, who had followed her to the scene of action—"you save a match and break a chimney, and then think that you are economical!" There is a good deal of truth in this criticism—to be over-saving in very small things does not always pay. While pure waste should, of course, be strictly guarded against, a generous policy in the house-

hold has much better results, and is in the end a saving.

"Do not worry your servants unnecessarily about trifles that are really unimportant. Reserve your energy for vital issues. It is the advice of an experienced housekeeper to a young beginner. 'Let them eat and drink all they want, and keep the house clean and comfortable. If they like, give the cook all the utensils she asks for, and see that the household has a plentiful supply of every thing that she needs. A generous policy in small things makes it possible to effect real reforms.' The same advice holds good for the family. Do not recognize the unalterable fact that they will never be able to inculcate the habits of thrift by the example of the mother. If they are to be made to appreciate the value of money, they must appreciate your reasons when you draw the line at actual extravagance. Even people who are comparatively poor and who find difficulty in making both ends meet might do well to realize that some economies are a mistake. The mind and the spirits should not be starved to feed the body. A generous supply of current literature in the way of periodicals, etc., and a provision for simple pleasures would keep the family happy at home, that might otherwise drift apart. The individual who 'grew rich by the saving of candle ends and such' doubtless lost much that made life worth living.

THE ICELAND INFLUENCE.

MRS. HITCHCOCK TELLS OF HER TRAVELS IN THE KLONDIKE REGION—LIFE IN CAMP.

Mrs. Mary E. Hitchcock, widow of Lieutenant Roswell D. Hitchcock, U. S. N., who has spent some time in the Klondike region, has recently returned to this city from Washington, D. C. Mrs. Hitchcock declares that she has found a district in British Columbia which is far richer than the Klondike, and which she describes as a "tourist's and a sportsman's paradise." "Never in all my travels have I looked upon such superb scenery," said Mrs. Hitchcock yesterday to a reporter for The Tribune, "and there is a mineral belt, too, as tremendous as the country itself. 'Shall I go back there?' Yes, indeed, in May. For already the magnet begins to draw, and once in the Iceland you can never escape its influence. You get the fever, which never can be cured. You cannot become immune." About two years ago Mrs. Hitchcock made her first trip to the Klondike and walked over the Skagway Pass before the cars were running. When asked what first inspired her to take the trip, Mrs. Hitchcock replied: "Well, I simply made up my mind that I did not propose to use up all my life in tents and dinners and receptions, and after the death of my husband and the marriage of my daughter I determined to 'do something.' Up there in the Iceland I have found an inexhaustible fund of useful knowledge. Each minute brings forth a new interest, and the daily incidents are wild and exciting. Why, I have material for the most glorious dramas—not melodramas, mind you, but episodes fraught with human interest. 'I call Atlin my home, and it is truly 'God's own country.' It is a camp of about four thousand people and lies on the shore of Atlin Lake, a beautiful sheet of water dotted with picturesque islands and backed by a gorgeous range of snow-capped mountains. People often say to me: 'How can you enjoy living there among those rough fellows, the miners?' But I assure you I never met with more courteous treatment from men in any walk of life than I found in these mining camps. The wild life and the close communion with Nature seem to have a tendency to bring out all their nobility of soul. 'Occasionally I have shared my provisions with a prospector whose stock had given out, and in one instance the man came back after several weeks with his pockets full of nuggets. He sought for me at once, and turning the treasure into my lap he cried: 'Help yourself, lady. Half of it is yours, for I wouldn't eat 'em if yer hadn't er give me the grub.' 'There is a splendid opportunity in British Columbia for women who can do housework," continued Mrs. Hitchcock. "Cooking and waitresses are paid \$10 a month, and waitresses are especially in demand. Even little Japanese boys are paid that price to wait on table. However, I would advise no woman of culture to go up there without money enough for a year's necessities in fact, to go either for the hardships added to poverty, or quite too much to bear. 'There is one schoolhouse in Atlin, and the teacher is an English woman, but as the school is for children in the camp, the one school is enough. Atlin boasts of one newspaper, three banks, and one good hotel, with several inferior ones. There are two churches, one Episcopalian and one Presbyterian. Both clergymen have wives that are good. The Presbyterian church has built a hospital, which has two thoroughly trained nurses. Both churches are well patronized, and when you attend morning service in the tent, sit upon planks resting on logs, and kneel in the mud, then you feel indeed with a true religion. The organist has played in some of the biggest churches in England, and when he walks in, in true cowboy outfit, with the cant on the small organ (which is really nothing but a molodion), and brings out of it the most divine music, one is impressed beyond measure. Mrs. Hitchcock has several claims staked in British Columbia, and declares that she finds tent life most fascinating. 'To be sure, I don't stay there throughout the winter, but from June until October there is no such glorious life on earth.'

FOR THE RESTORATION OF YOUTH.

Mrs. Caroline, of No. 219 Sixth-ave., has decided to extend her special offer of her entire facial treatment for \$1. This comprises the Ne Plus Ultra skin tonic and the Healing Cream, two preparations that are said to act like magic. The Ne Plus Ultra removes wrinkles by stimulating and invigorating the skin. It is claimed that the Ne Plus Ultra that it builds up wasted tissues, and softens the wrinkles, strengthens relaxed muscles, and gives freshness and rosinness in place of sallowness. Mrs. Caroline also claims that the strength of any lotion used on the skin should vary with the age of the person using it. The skin needs a stronger lotion every ten years, therefore the Ne Plus Ultra is prepared in many different strengths, thus adapting it to every condition of the skin and to all ages and complexions. If one's hair is turning gray, or is stricken from bleach or dye, the Royal French Hair Restorer is offered as a remedy. For further information call at Mrs. Caroline's parlors, No. 219 Sixth-ave., where for sealed circulars.

ORAHI MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

PROTRACTED CEREMONIES BEFORE THE WEDDING—THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

According to H. R. Voth, the marriage ceremony of the Hopi Indians of Arizona is a complicated and protracted performance, and those customs observed at Orahi, the largest and most primitive of the villages of Tusayan, are especially interesting. Among the Hopi marriage by purchase does not exist. The choice of a life companion is left almost entirely to the couple contemplating marriage, coercion on the part of the parents or guardians being exercised only in rare instances. The love affair of a young couple often remains a matter between themselves as far as any public declaration of their relations is concerned. When it is decided by the young people that they are ready to be married the parents or their representatives are informed. This "being ready" is determined to some extent by the pecuniary affairs of the husband-to-be. A young man is expected to have at least the necessary belongings of a horse or burro and a little money, perhaps also a few beads. To some extent the time for the wedding is determined by the custom that marriages rarely, if ever, take place during summer, and seldom in late spring, when the Hopi are busy in the fields, but in autumn or winter, which is their time of leisure and frolic, or ceremonies and katina dances. As soon as the bride-elect has told her mother or the mother of her mother, she is ready to be married the mother takes down the girl's hair, which has hitherto been worn in two coils, and ties a knot in the loosened hair on each side of the head. Taking a tray of meal made from white corn, the mother accompanies her daughter to the house of the latter's future husband. This is generally done late in the evening or very early in the morning. Arriving at the door the mother calls, saying, "It kwashun" (take this). The door is at once opened by the future mother-in-law or her substitute, who, of course, is acquainted with the situation. The latter takes the tray of meal, thanking them and inviting them in to sit down. The girl enters, but the mother usually returns to her home. The girl is now called movi (bride). If she has come in the morning she is at once assigned a place at the meal-grinding trough where she grinds white corn all day; if late in the evening, she remains overnight, sleeping with the women of the family, and begins to grind corn the next morning. The young man goes about his business as usual—gathering wood in the hills, performing other tasks, or loitering in the kiva to which he belongs. Late in the afternoon the movi stops grinding

corn and sits during the day, and in the evening on folded skins or blankets, generally near the meal troughs. She wears her usual clothing, but sometimes she places over it the atso, or white ceremonial blanket with a blue and red border. Little conversation is held with a movi during this and the following days of the betrothal. The next morning the white corn grinding is resumed, but on the third day a bluish black corn is used. On the evening of this day the various girlfriends of the movi being trays of cornmeal to the house where the latter stays. On the fourth morning these trays are filled with ears of corn and returned to their owners by the mother-in-law of the bride. This day may be called the wedding day proper. Long before dawn the bride and her mother-in-law arise, and the mother of the bride arrives about the same time. The bridegroom and the rest of the family then get up, and soon a number of the female relatives of both families, especially the aunts, begin to appear, each one bringing a small quantity of water in a vessel. At the fireplace in the corner water is being boiled in a large pot. The two mothers prepare, in two large bowls, foaming ends of the pounded roots of yucca, called by the Hopi movi, to which some warm water is added. When this is ready, the mothers kneel on the floor, placing the bowl of yucca before them. The young man then kneels before the bowl prepared by his future mother-in-law, and the movi before the bowl of her own mother; their heads are then thoroughly washed with the yucca. Occasionally the gathered relatives assist in pouring a handful of yucca over the head of each to aid in the washing. Presently one after the other of the women and girls creep in before the young couple, trying to hold their own heads over the bowl and feigning to displace the bride. Others try to tear away the movi's hair before she has had time to wash and dry themselves. Most of the visitors then return to their homes. When the movi has dried their hair each takes a pinch of cornmeal and both leave the house and go silently to the eastern side of the village, where they kneel on the ground. Standing close to the edge, they hold the meal to their lips, breath a silent prayer, and then sprinkle the meal toward the sun. They then return to the house as silently as they departed, and henceforth are regarded as husband and wife. A number of the members of both families assemble and partake of breakfast. After this meal the father of the young man takes some cotton and, running through the village, distributes it among the relatives and friends of the family, who pick the seeds and then return it. Before the man leaves the house some wrangling takes place, in which he and the bride take conspicuous part, and which is attended with much noise. Friends and relatives come and go during the day, each one partaking of the food kept in readiness, the floor of the house, as usual, being strewn with mats. A few days later a crier announces from the roof of a house that on a certain day the cotton for the kivas, and the friends of the young couple participate in the spinning. On the appointed day the men are soon at work, and the spinning and carding combs and buzzing of the primitive spindles are accompanied by the singing, joking and laughter of the assembly. In the house where the marriage has taken place many busy hands have prepared dinner for the cotton spinners. The movi has been spinning in the kiva, and the house of the young man, and the manufacture of the kiva costume has been begun. The costume consists of two square white blankets and a white

Robdoir Chat.

The woman who has "no time for relaxation and systematic exercise" is precisely the woman who most needs to take it. Rest, exercise, diet, amusement and work are of equal importance in the vast scheme of living, if one would live sanely, that is, healthfully. The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is perfectly true, and that all play and no work have the same effect is equally correct. It is the wise adjustment of the proportion of each that makes for health. "I get all the exercise I need in going about my household duties," many women assert, but that is the greatest mistake possible. Under ordinary circumstances a few sets of muscles are called into activity, and the mind, at the same time, is fully occupied. For physical exercise to be helpful, the mind should be at rest. A walk of twenty minutes' duration in the open air is an absolute duty, and should be at a reasonably brisk pace. Deep breathing should be practised on these walks, until it becomes a fixed habit. A good plan is to inhale slowly while taking seven steps, then exhale during seven. The mental application soon ceases to be

WHEN THE ROBINS COME. February, as a rule, is the coldest month of all the year, and therefore brings only slight changes among the birds, unless, perhaps, they may be less numerous. However, at the approach of the first warm wave the birds instantly respond, and hurry northward, being filled with joy at the sign of winter's retreat. As a rule, the first birds to appear are the last to leave us, and they are those which have wintered a comparatively short distance to the southward. Frank M. Chapman, who knows all about birds and their habits, tells us that the three species of blackbird and the robin are the first to appear, and, as they can live in a snow covered and ice-bound country, they do not mind much if they get caught in a blizzard after they get here. With them, too, often appear an extra supply of winter birds, such as song sparrows and purple finches. But not until the frost leaves the ground and the ice floats out of the waters need we expect to see the woodcock and Wilson's snipe, the kingfisher, ducks and geese. Next in importance to the advent of the birds is the revival of the season of song. About this time the song sparrow, and not the bluebird, is spring's true herald, and soon after March 1 his "sweet, sweet, sweet, very merry cheer" is heard from every favoring thicket, a heart warming bit of bird music. Indeed, all bird songs have a special charm for us at this season. The martial choruses of redwings and grackles, the piping of the meadow lark, and the clarion of the wild geese, the morning and evening robin concerts, are all thrilling to the nature lover, but first place in this band of March musicians must be given to the sparrow, whose clear, ringing melody is in strong contrast to his bleak surroundings, like a beautiful flower blossoming out of the snow. When March goes out very springlike, we can also hear, near sheltered woodland ponds, the croaking of frogs.

MAKING SILHOUETTES.

A pleasant and popular pastime for winter evenings is the making of silhouettes by the use of wall shadows. Fasten a piece of smooth paper on the wall with pins or fine thumb tacks, and place the subject in a chair a few feet away. The candle or lamp may be placed on the table at a distance that is found, on trial, to make the plainest shadow. The light should be on a level with the head of the subject, so that there will be no distortion of the features by the rays casting the shadow in a diagonal direction. By turning the head slightly and slowly a few times from side to side the profile can be cast perfectly in shadow, as it is easy to see when the head is turned either too much to one side or the other. Be sure to have the sitter erect, that the chin may not be sunk in frills or a high collar, and throw the head far enough back to give a striking, lively attitude, yet not too far to look strained. If the head droops, the silhouette will have a round-shouldered appearance. Let the subject assume a natural, easy expression, and be sure that the curves and lines of the shadow are graceful and regular, without being stiff. When the shadow is satisfactory trace the outline on the paper with a pencil or crayon. Indicate the hair by easy lines, and see that you preserve the angles of the face, the curve of the brow to the bridge of the nose, and catch the sharp angle or curve where the nose turns into the upper lip as exactly as possible. These small details are what make the likeness correct or a failure. Indicate the neck, shoulders and garment by strong, expressive outlines that will preserve the characteristics. In making the silhouette the pencilled outlines

NEW-ENGLAND JUNIORS.

The New-England Juniors, of which Mrs. Dexter is president, met yesterday afternoon at the home of J. Wesley Sheppard, No. 212 West Ninety-fifth-st. Papers appropriate to the day were read on "President Washington's Life in New-York City," by Mrs. John C. Coleman, and "Lady Washington," by Miss Edith Brown. The readings were followed by music and games.

SOROSIS ANNUAL MUSICAL.

The Sorosis annual musical on Monday afternoon at the Waldorf-Astoria was largely attended, and an enjoyable programme was offered. A special feature was "An Hour of Scottish Song," rendered by Miss Amy Murray. There was also pipe music by James MacDonald, the piper of the Black Watch. Miss Murray, in the holiday dress of a fish wife, closed the programme with a character song, "Callin' Herrie." Other artists who contributed were George Emmsworth, baritone; Herman Beyers-Hane, violoncello; and the Sorosis Carol Club.

A LENTEN OFFER OF GOWNS.

Kalvin, ladies' tailor and habit maker, of No. 33 West Forty-second-st., having secured a large assortment of newly imported cloths, offers to make a tailored suit of any selected material, in the latest spring style and silk lined throughout, for \$25. Thorough satisfaction is guaranteed by him, but the offer only holds good during the coming few weeks, when employment can be given to the first class workers who are retained during the dull first in the first weeks of Lent.

AT THE WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB.

Current topics held the attention of the Woman's Press Club and its friends yesterday afternoon in the Chapter Room, Carnegie Hall, and the subject was humorously presented by the chairman, Mrs. Harry Holt Day. Current events in Wall Street was the subject of talk by Miss Edith A. Reiter. Miss Moffet Young related "Experiences at the Convent," and Miss Jennie Dutton, in soprano solo, sang "Francis Walker, baritone, in compositions of Miss Laura Gedwidge Collins, who accompanied him.

THIN HAIR Successfully Treated. WIGS, FULL WIGS, HALF WIGS AND PARTS. BANGS NEW SIDE PARTINGS. GRAY HAIR For Elderly. L.S. SHAW. 54 W. 14TH ST., NEXT TO MACYS, N. Y. LARGEST HAIR STORE IN THE WORLD.

CHILDREN'S CORNER. WHEN THE ROBINS COME. February, as a rule, is the coldest month of all the year, and therefore brings only slight changes among the birds, unless, perhaps, they may be less numerous. However, at the approach of the first warm wave the birds instantly respond, and hurry northward, being filled with joy at the sign of winter's retreat.

SPECIAL OFFER. KALVIN, LADIES' TAILOR & HABIL MAKER, 53 West 42d St. Having purchased largely of new imported cloths and at present being between seasons, as an inducement we will make a tailor made suit of imported material, latest spring style, silk lined throughout, fit and workmanship guaranteed, for \$35.00.

MOSTKOWITZ, HIGH CLASS LADIES' TAILOR, 25 WEST 42D ST., NEAR 6TH AVE. In order to keep our good hands busy we have decided to offer during the between season our handsome tailor made costumes and suits.

MADAME BESSIE LAPAIX, 25 W. 30TH ST., Between 2nd and 3rd Aves. Pompadour Ribbons for Diving New Ribbon Work.

DRESS PLEATINGS of every description, W. E. HARDING & CO., 30 W. 23d St., next door to Stern's. Branch Office, 124 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

CUSTOM CORSETS, CORSET WAISTS. Sorosis, Delaware, Nazareth and Special. MME. VAN BRUNT, 6 West 22d St., New York.

PUZZLES. BURIED NAMES OF FRUITS. James, your appearance is sudden. Labrad, an ape is a species of monkey. The French for gold is "or." Anguilla. Amy, find my cat, please. Every one was praising his conduct. Girls, come up, each one of you. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl named (a town in Italy). She went for a walk with her brother (a town in Texas). They found some lovely moss and flowers. When they returned home to (a town in Germany), they found that their cousin had sent a warm (one of the English Channel islands) for (a town in Texas) and a bottle of (a town in Germany) water for (a town in Italy). Once (a town in Italy) lost her (island in the Pacific) necklace, and she found that it went to the (a bay in England) with some other things.

SQUARE WORD. One of the muses. To lap again. Similar. Captured. Disclosed. ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. ENIGMA. George Washington. JUMBLED NAMES OF POETS AND NOVELISTS. Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lytton, Elton, Gaskell. FRENCH SINGLE ACROSTIC. Feu. Attrayant. Un. Tableau. Ecole. Utile. Idee. Lait. Answer, Pauteuil.

CORRECT ANSWERS WERE SENT IN BY FRANKIE FOERBER, MARINETTE CHURCH AND LOUISE T. WOELTZ. MANAGERS OF THE EXCHANGE HAPPY.

The last week has been a gala week for the New-York Exchange for Women's Work, the title deeds to the building at the corner of Madison-ave, and Forty-third-st., having been transferred to it on Wednesday. Sixty thousand dollars of the purchase money has been paid down, and the task of the managers now is to raise the mortgage placed on the building. They feel confident that the Exchange, having demonstrated itself to be a good thing, the public will continue to give it its support. The Exchange, once owning a home of its own, will, it is said, become nearly, if not quite, self-supporting, and will need to beg no more, and it will then be a purely business enterprise, in all affairs administered by a board of managers. It now has under its roof a restaurant, a tearoom, a room where all kinds of homemade cookery are sold, a dressmaking department, a children's de-



ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING SALUTES THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE QUEEN. This incident was seen at Windsor by Mr. Aldin, an artist for "Black and White." Prince Edward of York was accompanied by his sister, and the young Eton Volunteers formed an appropriate background.

must be carefully followed, and the space filled in with a soft brush and India ink. Do not finish the silhouette out to the edges of the paper. Let the lower part of the bust and shoulders go uncompleted. Draw a curve downward from back to front, beginning just below the coat collar and touching the front of the outline at about the level of the chest, or a little above. This will give the

partment, an intelligence office and an emergency department for the sale of dressmakers' supplies, near the neighbor of the Grand Central Station, this would seem to fill a longfelt want for those out-of-town folks who have forgotten to get their downy wet coats or who have been unexpectedly overtaken by wet weather.