



COSTUME DANCE IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

Some of those who danced at Lenox, Mass., the other day in aid of Miss Ethel Folsom's convalescent home for women and children. From left to right those standing are: Chester Bowden, Miss G. Folsom, Miss Vorhees, Miss Schenck, W. B. O. Field, Mrs. Vorhees, Mrs. L. Sheppard and Miss Nina Gaither. From left to right those in the front row are: Joseph Bowden, Miss C. Folsom, Mr. Lanier, Mr. Vorhees, Mr. Greenleaf and Mr. Kernochan.

Photograph by Gessford.

SEEING CUBA.

Interesting Glimpses of Picturesque Life of the People.

Winter tourists in Cuba usually establish themselves at an English speaking hotel in Havana, do more or less shopping on Obispo street, make short trips in an automobile, perhaps one or two longer trips by rail, and return home fancying they have seen Cuba. So they have, "as through a glass darkly," but to get some glimpses at close range one must leave the beaten path of the tourist.

It is easy to find a little town not out of reach of Havana where one can settle down and proceed to get acquainted with the happy, friendly people. The consciousness of being in a strange land will there require no jogging. The very first night one is reminded of it, stretching out between slick, stiff-starched sheets, feeling a good assurance that there is little else either under or over one. Neither law nor gospel will prevent a Cuban laundress from starching night clothes and sheets as if they were to serve for sheathing on a man-of-war. At night, clothed in a coat of mail, one will slip in between sheets as cold and stiff as porcelain plates, and only long experience enables one to sleep through the crackling sounds attendant on any rash movement in bed.

The first Sunday morning the writer started out to find the mission room where an English service was held for Americans from nearby farms and orange plantations. In the opening prayer the minister told the Lord how hard it was to withdraw the mind from things about us, information that seemed gratuitous, considering the fact that jangling bells on all passing horses and vehicles, added to a constant succession of street cries, at times almost drowned the clergyman's voice. At the close of the prayer a motley crowd of sightseers had gathered at door and window, both of which opened directly upon the street. At the window a cobbler rested a woman's high-heeled shoe on the sill, while he peered in, and in the midst of the curious gazers at the door stood a tall, lithe Cuban, holding a pet rooster in his arms. Fortunately, it did not imitate the cook of Biblical fame, but maintained a decorous silence. In the midst of the sermon the postman rode his pony up to the door, and the pastor tiptoed carefully down the little aisle and received his handful of mail, tucking it into his pocket to be opened later. At the close of the service one woman stopped at a store to leave the hat she had worn to church and have it "done over," for in the small towns stores are open all day on Sunday, the same as on other days.

Cuban shopping among the poorer classes becomes a truly fine art, far removed from that

pastime as practised by their American sisters. It is no uncommon thing for a merchant to sell one needle, or a single row of pins; many a woman would consider the purchase of a whole paper of pins or needles as in the nature of a wholesale transaction.

At grocery stores eggs are sold with the understanding that if any prove poor they can be exchanged for good ones, as even well to do housekeepers are unwilling to pay for a thing they cannot use. Speaking of eggs, they have a

dear to the Cuban heart, a funeral. When first in turning a corner the writer came suddenly upon a funeral, a friend exclaimed: "Oh, joy! Here is a circus wagon!" The mistake was not unnatural, for the hearses are elaborate affairs, decorated with as much gilded carving as a band wagon, and surmounted by four men in scarlet livery. This gorgeous outfit is drawn by two or more spans of horses in fancy trappings, and presents a gay appearance. That the Cuban takes great delight in this form of

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN.



A FAMOUS REYNOLDS BEQUEATHED BY ALFRED BEIT TO THE BRITISH NATION.

very convenient custom of selling half an egg. One can buy either the white or yolk, whichever is desired. A Cuban woman will come in to buy half an egg, and, finding several divided, will pick up one after another, weighing them carefully in her hand to get the heaviest. It is only the rich or the reckless who will buy a whole head of cabbage, but a half, or quarter, or even a slice is readily sold by the obliging merchant.

Not only in the line of daily necessities is frugality seen, but even in that form of display so

festivity can scarcely be doubted when one observes that more than one hearse is frequently in attendance at a funeral, and as many as five hearses sometimes take part in the display.

The desire to have a creditable funeral is not confined to the wealthy, but is general, and has led to the strange custom of renting coffins. When people are too poor to purchase a coffin such as they desire to have used, they can rent one for the occasion. The body is placed in the hired coffin, and the funeral takes place with due solemnity. After the cemetery is reached

the body is placed in a plain deal coffin, buried, while the coffin goes back for the renter. As is customary in European countries the place where the dead are deposited is usually purchased, but rented for a time, less brief, at the end of which the body is removed and the place rented.

Girl babies usually are dressed in white, and are sometimes seen in full dress, nothing on but an elaborate dress of white lace, beneath which their little brown bodies are distinctly visible. Many of the little girls of the better class are extremely pretty, and their beautiful dark hair and eyes look like little bisque dolls. Even very little girls are sometimes, however, disgustingly gaudily painted by their misguided but adoring mothers.

Among the poorer classes little boys are allowed to enjoy life in a state of perfect freedom "until they are as tall as a barrel." It is that the further from the coast one goes the bigger the barrel!

Little fellows may be seen in the streets, kites unclad, even without a string of line. Many a mother will stand on a cold day wrapped up in anything she can get hold of, while the baby boy has absolutely nothing to protect him from the sharp wind. And yet they manage to grow up, though many die later from pulmonary tuberculosis.

Many of the children have learned English in the schools, and soon greet the visitor with a cordial "Geo' bye." One fellow, standing by his mother, exclaimed the most comical staccato monotone, "Hello, you-do-my-friend?" while the mother smiled with pride upon her prodigy.

Efforts with Spanish by visitors are not so able to make them unduly proud, and many notable blunders are made and enjoyed. One Englishman found that by the substitution of "o" for an "o" he had made the round of the world instead of asking if they had any "Thursday" instead of eggs.

At the large Agricultural Experiment Station in Cuba are a number of American scientists who wrestle with the language as well as the problems in agriculture and science. One professor, who prides himself considerably on his knowledge of Castilian, needed some tacks, and after looking up the Spanish word, went in search of them. Finding the man from whom he thought they were to be obtained, he asked in the best Spanish at his command if he had any thumb tacks. At least, is what he supposed he asked, but by some chance he had changed a letter, and what really said was, "Have you any bedbugs?" Bedbugs and bedbugs are common property in Cuba, but are seldom acknowledged. The Cuban, startled, coughed and finally admitted, "A few. Why do you ask?" The professor promptly replied that he would like to get a few. "Wanted to get bedbugs!" The Cuban was amazed. Oh, these American scientists! What would he ask for next! Then a thought struck him, and he exclaimed, "Oh, you want a few for your men?" "No, no," was the reply. "I need them to use them. Can't you let me have some right away?"

Fortunately for both parties an infanterist came up, and the matter was soon satisfactorily explained, not without considerable laughter on both sides, however, for the Cuban is a good fellow and greatly enjoys a joke.

BEQUEATHED BY BEIT.

Alfred Beit, the South African of great wealth who died the other day in London, bequeathed to the British nation the famous picture by Reynolds of Lady Cockburn and her children. "This picture," says "The Sphere," "was bequeathed to the nation once before by the late Anna Augusta, Lady Hamilton, in 1820, owing to a flaw in the will had to be given after hanging in the gallery for some years. Mr. Beit bought it for £20,000 and has presented it to the nation. Lady Cockburn was a daughter of Ayscough; she died in 1837, aged eighty-eight. In 1769 she married as his second wife James Reynolds. It is a remarkable thing that the three little boys seen in the picture succeeded one another as the seventh, eighth and ninth baronets respectively, and each died without leaving male issue. James, the seventh baronet (1771-1847), is kneeling. He was the father of Marianna Augusta, Lady Hamilton, who bequeathed the picture to the nation. The man who is looking over his mother's shoulder is George, the eighth baronet (1772-1830). William, the ninth baronet (1773-1838), was Duke of York. The picture was begun in 1773 and finished in 1774; it is one of the best portraits of Reynolds in existence. The most distinguished of the three brothers was undoubtedly the eighth baronet, Sir George, who saw what fighting was in different parts of the world in Nelson's time. He rose to be an admiral of the fleet, and a privy councillor and a member of Parliament."



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