TRAVELLING IN A CORRIDOR CAR,

A HYBRID VEHICLE USED ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

Experiences of an American Tourist on John Bull's Tight Little Island.

By M. G. Hamlen.

We sat on a truck and waited, and incidentally wondered if it was for this we had left our native country. The clock pointed to 2:08 p. m. It was the hour for the train to leave Liverpool for Glasgow, and this was the beginning of the line, but no train was in sight. Other trains there were a-plenty, puff, puffing up and down and coughing heavy volumes of black smoke in our faces, but no train for us.

"I will just buy a few more post cards to while away the time," my husband said, "and some papers and two or three of those pleasant looking railway romances with ladies being abducted and gentlemen murdered on the covers."

"But is it safe?" I cried. "It is time for the train to start, and you mightn't get back."

E. laughed a scornful laugh.

"Have you forgotten," he asked—"have you forgotten the Englishman we met who, with his own eyes, saw printed under the time table in a West of England station, 'This time table is not to show the hours at which the trains will start, but the hours before which they will not start'?"

With unhurried step he departed, but not even the remembrance of the Englishman—whose little anecdote must have been true, for he hadn't enough sense of humor to have invented it—could keep my eye from turning fearfully one moment to the place where the train ought to be and anxiously the next to the point where E. had disappeared.

I need not have been worried. They appeared together and equally untroubled at just twelve minutes after the train was due to start; and oh, the fine excitement that followed! A whole station full of passengers and porters tearing up and down the platform, mistaken attacks on locked doors by bewildered people who in the confusion could hardly tell a third class from a first, much less see that a compartment was marked reserved, and at last, flushed and exhausted, a seat secured in a little box like a slightly elongated hack.

COMPARTMENT COMPROMISE.

On long journeys like the one from Liverpool to Glasgow the British use what they call "corridor cars," of which they are very proud. The conservative Britisher cannot altogether give up his beloved compartments, though he sees the advantage of lavatory arrangements and intercommunication. The result is a hybrid affair with a lavatory at one end, six compartments running across the car and a narrow corridor down the side.

Each compartment opens into the corridor, and not only can the passengers circulate freely, but the smoke of every clay and briar pipe and cigarette in the compartment reserved for smoking as well. There are no end doors and only three opening from the corridor to the platform, so that when a train backs into the station and a crowd of people is waiting to take it the three doors of the car are besieged by would-be passengers desiring to enter the six compartments beyond, and the spectacle of a dozen or two Englishmen, with the inevitable bundle of rugs and Gladstone bag, charging up and down the narrow corridor with the idea (which is universal) of getting a compartment to themselves, is one calculated to arouse in the mind of an American traveller wrath or extreme mirth, according to his temperament.

If you choose to travel first class at just double the price of the third your seats will be covered with dark blue velvet, and you will get a separate one for yourself, divided from your neighbor's by an arm. But if you prefer, as we did, to save your pennies against the day when you reach the Highlands and know they will be sorely needed you take, with the great bulk of the travelling public, the humble third, and find yourself on the whole not so badly off. The seats are a little hard and the company is apt to be mixed; but if you are lucky enough to get next to the door, so that you and not your fellow passengers can regulate the air supply, there is nothing special to complain of.

After we had packed our hold-all and bundle of rugs into the rack over our heads, settled our dress suit cases under the seat and propped the umbrellas between us (for we were quite English in the number of bundles we carried) we paused to take breath and consider our still panting companions. They were a harmless looking group—two women of the lower middle class and a man whose florid skin and reddish mustache and side whiskers were unmistakably British.

AMERICAN BRAGGARTS.

For some time nothing happened. Then suddenly the voice of the red haired one raised itself distinct and uncompromising:

"Of all the blustering braggarts I ever saw Americans are the worst. I don't like 'em."

We looked nervously around. We were not conscious of having spoken, but perhaps our thoughts of the climate and the train service had been so forcible that all unknown to us they had taken audible form. Apparently not, however. It was merely a general remark addressed to his wife. After a pause long enough for it to sink well in he spoke again, slowly and with a weightiness that carried an awful sense of conviction with it.

"Yes, braggarts and boasters, I say. They are always talking about putting our little island in a corner of their big country, and saying how much better they do things over there."

We looked guiltily at our shoes.

"And then," he continued, his voice swelling with indignation and quite drowning out his wife's efforts (she had probably seen the steamship labels on our baggage) to call his attention to the crops, "then they try to change our train system." ("Our train system!" Oh, sacrilege!) "What do you think I just heard at the booking office? Some Americans wanted to get off at Montrose and go on early to-morrow morning, and when the booking agent said the train did not stop there, they said it was very strange, very bad management. And then" (the contempt in his voice was unutterable), "when he told them it would do them no good, for the train didn't arrive till 10 p. m., they said it didn't matter, they only wanted to know they had been there."

After which delightful tale of our fellow countrymen he relapsed into silence and meditation, I suppose on the iniquitous American, while we dared not look at each other for fear we should shriek with laughter. I don't think our good Briton knew that he was sitting shoulder to shoulder with an American until he left the carriage, when I do not doubt his wife gave him an unpleasant quarter of an hour.

LEFT IN GETTING LUNCHEON.

The question of luncheon on so long a journey was a serious one. By sending an order ahead we could have a basket brought to our compartment containing a cold chicken, lettuce, bread and butter, two apples and a bottle of very thin claret, at one station, and after we had finished all that was necessary was to put the basket out at the next station we came to. It was convenient, but rather expensive, and we decided on a frugal meal of buns instead; so when we reached Blackburn, where a longer stop than usual was made, E. jumped out and ran off to forage in the refreshment room.

He had only been gone a few minutes when to my horror, and his, we heard a toot from the guard's whistle, and saw him wave his arms, and off slid the train. Imagine the feelings of a lone, lorn woman with not a cent of money in her pocket and even in her native land an incompetent traveller, whisked off by an unfeeling train to an unknown land; and still more imagine the feelings of her husband with two tickets in his pocket, wildly chasing the retreating train with a bag of buns waving in his hand.

E. lived up to his former prowess as a sprinter, for he caught the train. He swung himself up, paper bag and all, to the running board, and holding on with his disengaged hand, tried to turn the stiff handle and open the door with the other. The guard (the train wasn't really going very fast) rushed up behind and attempted to catch him by the arm.

"Get off, get off!" he shouted. "It's against the law!"

"Hang the law!" cried E., or perhaps something stronger. "My wife's in there."

"I don't care if she is!" shouted the guard in reply. "It's against the law, I tell you!"

ONLY SHUNTING THE TRAIN.

That began a struggle, in which the guard tugged at E.'s coat, and E., in desperation, pushed the guard by the shoulder and finally shook himself free. Only then did that stupid man think to mention that the train was merely being shunted on to another track. They made it up afterward. E. gave him a cigar, which, as they seemed to be a rarity in Great Britain, I trust proved compensation enough for his wounded feelings.

As we approached the border the scenery began to change. The hills rose higher and more rugged, and we journeyed over great moors, which on that gray day were the essence of desolation. After passing Carlisle we dozed off to sleep a little, until E. suddenly woke up with a start, exclaiming:

"Look quick; this is Gretna we are just passing. We are in Scotland, and the next station is Grena Green."

Slumber forsook us as we watched the train glide through the green fields and finally into the little village that had seen so many romances, so many breathless, happy lovers, speeding ahead, so many angry fathers panting behind. The soil of the fields turned to a redder hue, and to the great cheerfulness of the landscape the houses changed from gray to white. They were still stone, but whitewashed; and, though it sounds like vandalism, in that wet dark land it contributed immensely to the brightness of the impression. The sun does shine in Scotland, I know, and when it shines no weather can be more beautiful, but the shining is decidedly intermittent, and on that particular journey it was gray, gray.

Sometimes as we flew past a station we caught a glimpse of soldiers in trousers of dark green tartan, tightly buttoned scarlet jackets, and glengarry bonnets balanced precariously over one ear, snapping their swagger sticks as they lounged along in groups of two or three. As it grew darker shafts of fire flamed high up into the sky from the iron works that surround Glasgow, making us think of the Israelites, for "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" they are indeed. We did not shake off the feeling of awe with which they inspired us until we swung into the bustle and din of grimy, everyday St. Enoch's station, handed over our bundles to a ready porter, and shook our cramped and tired selves into a realization of the sad fact that before we could eat or sleep we must go in search of our own luggage, trusting that a kind providence had spared it to us thus far on our journey.

LIFTING BY MAGNETS.

Immense Utility of This New Form of Labor Saving Device.

By Charles R. Benjamin.

Some things which are useful—a wheelbarrow, for instance—appeal to our practical sense alone. The lifting magnet appeals to the imaginative sense as well.

Writers of popular magazine articles have compared the lifting magnet to the hand of a giant, and the simile is not inapt, for the work accomplished by one of these modern time savers is truly gigantic. A ten-ton "skull cracker" is picked up by a lifting magnet as easily as a child picks up its rubber ball. Cars laden with pig iron the magnet unloads in a few hours, whereas days were formerly required for the same work when done by hand.

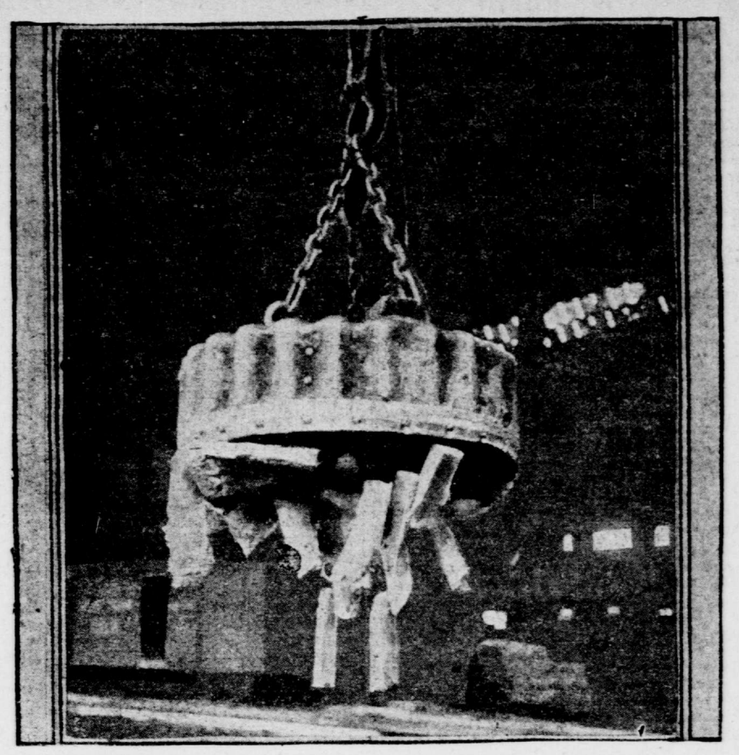
Watching what is known as a "pig magnet" at work, the paramount impression is one of power, but no less impressive are "plate magnets," for these, while seldom called upon to lift great weights, exhibit what in speaking of animate objects would be described as a higher order of intelligence. The plate magnet is used for lifting and transporting metal in sheets, and the impressive thing about this class of work is that the same magnet will pick up the plates one, two or three at a time, or will seize on an entire pile and distribute the plates about the shop singly or in twos or threes, as a euchre player deals cards. This is accomplished by regulating the amount of current taken by the magnet so as to increase or diminish its tractive force.

Structurally considered, a lifting magnet consists of a copper coil imbedded in an outer casing of cast iron or steel. They differ in size and form. Pig magnets, which are used for handling pig iron, scrap metal and similar material, are usually circular in form and range from 35 to 50 inches in diameter. Plate magnets, which are used for handling metal in sheets or bars, are, as a rule, smaller, and in shape are generally rectangular, though for certain kinds of work the circular form answers quite as well.

All lifting magnets are electro-magnets—that is to say, they depend upon an electric current for their energy and are "dead" when deprived of it. This characteristic is, of course, essential to their success commercially, for if the magnetism was constant, as in the lodestone and the horseshoe magnet of boyhood days, the lifting magnet would pick up its armature (the technical name for the object or objects to be lifted), but would not release it unless compelled to do so by a physical force superior to the pull exerted by the magnet itself.—Cassier's Magazine.

NEW IDEA FOR A STREETCAR.

An inventor has come forward with a new streetcar, of which the interior is divided into three lengthwise compartments, the middle one being the aisle, on each side of which are the wider seating compartments. The partitions, about four and a half feet high, forming the aisle, are intersected at regular intervals, about six feet apart, by spaces which form the entrance to the seating compartments. These seating compartments will be furnished, not with the usual long bench or seats, but with a double row of individual bicycle or similar seats, one row being attached to the aisle partition and the other to the outer wall of the car. The seats are placed at such a height that the passenger, though seated comfortably, is apparently standing. They are adjustable and can be raised or lowered. The idea is that the passenger in this semi-standing position takes up less room; consequently a greater number of seats can be provided. Thus, instead of the single row of seats in the present style of car, the new car will have two double rows. The partitions are sufficiently high to form a comfortable rest for the back. The inventor says this new idea will do away with the present jostling and jamming at the doors. The passengers will file out at one end of the car, while simultaneously the incoming passengers will enter at the other end.



MAGNET LIFTING 2,080 POUNDS OF PIG IRON.
—Cassier's Magazine.

LEAD A STRENUOUS LIFE

Young Internes in City Hospitals Put in Many Hours of Hard Work.

What class of men live the most strenuous lives in New York? was a topic recently launched on the waves of discussion in the lobby of a Broadway hotel by a broker who, with the frenzy of panic activity still upon him, declared that no one was so hard worked as the man who labors on 'Change. A lawyer pooh-poohed this and claimed the title for his own profession, while other persons advanced the claims of railroad men, newspaper reporters and sweatshop workers. Finally a physician got the floor and described the routine of an interne at one of the city hospitals. Thereupon the company unanimously conceded the palm for strenuousness to the young disciple of Æsculapius.

The hospital interne, the doctor said, is the hardest worked of all in the city who toil with brain or hands, and, he declared, it is equally true that the young physician serves the most arduous apprenticeship demanded of any profession. Before he can even enter upon his two years of hospital service, he must have had at least four years of hard grind in a medical college.

As a medical student, from the start he has an intellectual nine hour day. In the University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, of New York University, the largest university medical school in the city, for example, the student is busy from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night, having solid chunks of medical lore hurled at him in the lecture halls, working with microscope or with scalpel in the laboratories or getting actual bedside experience at the clinic of one of the big city hospitals. The only interruption is time for a hurried bite of luncheon. On Saturday he may get away a few minutes earlier. But often he may be found toiling over some bit of laboratory work until far into the night.

But it is at the end of these four gruelling years of study, after he is an M. D. and has become an interne at one of the great hospitals of the city, that the student begins the hardest part of his apprenticeship.

HOSPITAL APPRENTICESHIP.

This hospital apprenticeship is considered so essential to a physician that all the high standing men in the medical schools enter into the stiffest sort of examinations to qualify for service at the best institutions. If a man is admitted to this coveted slavery, for which he receives no emolument, he will be about thirty years old when he leaves the hospital, and, as a "young" doctor, starts to build up a private practice.

Bellevue, the great free hospital maintained by the city, constantly has over fifty such internes. The fact that the sick population of this hospital, exclusive of patients at the free dispensary, averages close to one thousand daily, is evidence that the interne's day is full of crowded hours. The patients are of every nationality in the world, and have, collectively, all the ills that flesh is heir to. All social classes come to this house of a thousand diseases. A man whose name is a household word for success may be driven, due to some railway or motor accident, through the grim gates in a private carriage at the same time that the ambulance hauls in an unknown hobo, shrieking with delirium tremens. Both become the concern of the white clad interne.

The typical interne at Bellevue starts, say, as a junior in surgery. A large part of his time in this position is spent in the laboratory, analyzing samples of blood or other fluid taken from patients or gazing at the interior of various parts of the human anatomy with the aid of the X ray. In addition, in the wards, he makes daily physical examinations, gives anæsthetics and works at the operating tables. He may be called upon also, in the course of an afternoon, to make as many as twenty dressings for wounds, each of which may require from five to forty minutes of the most dexterous and patient work. At odd times the "histories" must be fixed up, for an exhaustive personal record is kept of every patient. The interne must include not only the personal history of the patient, his habits, characteristics, past diseases and a complete diagnosis of his present state, but his family history as well. There are scores of thousands of these records stored away in Bellevue.

To attend to all this work the junior in surgery begins his day at 7 o'clock and, with scarcely a break for luncheon, is at his varied tasks until dinner, at 6 o'clock. After dinner he toils again in the wards or laboratories until midnight or later. And even after he has flung himself down exhausted on his dormitory bed, his snatches at sleep are likely to be broken several times each night by hurry calls to locate a bullet with the aid of X rays in the body of a would-be suicide or to set a splintered bone or stop an artery.

The comparative quiet of the routine in the surgical ward is varied by six weeks of service amid the profanity of the prison pavilion, the coughing of the tuberculosis division, or among the shrieking inmates of the psychopathic or alcoholic wards.

During this first six months' service the interne has much less time to himself, on the average, than a domestic servant. Of two selected at random for questioning, in Bellevue, one had had three evenings and one afternoon out in six weeks, and another one Sunday and eight evenings in nine weeks.

From the surgical ward the interne goes to three months of ambulance service—"on the 'bus," it is called in the hospital—then to three months in the gynecological ward; next, to six months as a senior in medicine, or whatever he is specializing in, and, finally, six months as "House," in complete charge of a department and on duty all the time.

It is while on the 'bus that the interne manages to get some fresh air, but this period of his existence is probably the most strenuous of all. Bellevue runs a four-'bus system, with four physicians constantly on hand. When doing his twenty-four-hour stunt as first 'bus man the interne must answer every call that comes in, and the second 'bus man responds to summons that come while the first 'bus is out. During his first 'bus period the interne gets no sleep, and generally has no time to eat. He answers fifteen or twenty calls in the course of the twenty-four hours; and the patients are not easy to handle, for the poor, particularly aliens, have a dread of the hospital.

SOME TRYING EXPERIENCES.

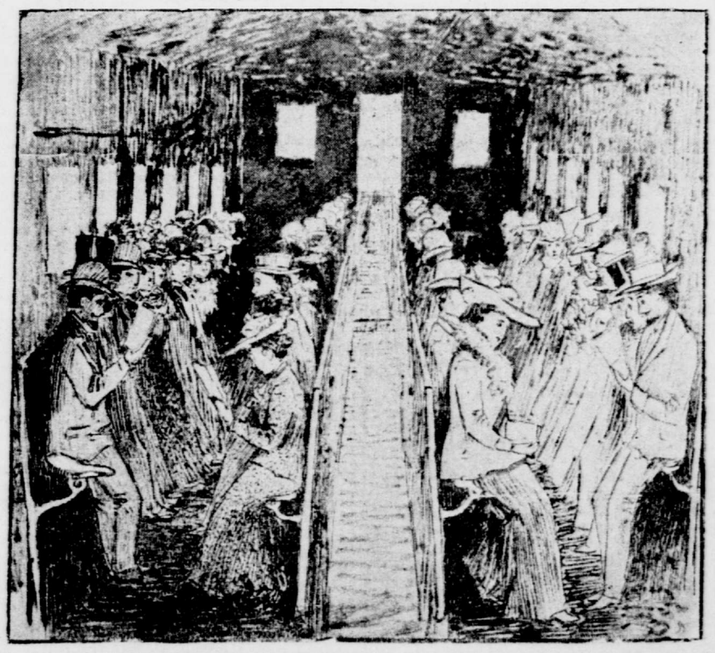
Some weep and pray and try to incite the crowd to attack the ambulance surgeon, some attempt to leap from the flying ambulance, some tear off their bandages as fast as they are put on, and some go stark, raving mad and try to kill the surgeon. At the end of a week of first and second 'bus duty the young surgeon is completely used up and ready for a quieter period of emergency service. While on the 'bus the interne gets one Sunday off every fourth week, and he usually steals away to some quiet place for a long sleep.

This period of useful self-sacrifice on the part of the young physician is not rewarded even in a general way by public or private munificence directed to the furtherance of medical education. Gifts in the shape of money and endowment to medical schools in the city have not been at all commensurate wiah their need, say experts, or on a par with those lavished on other branches of education. All three of the older university medical schools in the city have been pressed for funds to carry on their work for several years, and this year the University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York University, which has an enrolment larger than that of the two other schools combined, was compelled to turn away students because of lack of equipment to accommodate all properly. The recently announced gift of several million dollars from John D. Rockefeller for an institute of medical research does not help to solve this problem, for, while it gives a great impetus to scientific study, it will not aid in the training of physicians who must earn a living in practice.

It is largely as a consequence of this lack of funds among the local medical schools of the city that they are turning out fewer physicians to-day than they did ten years ago.

MUSICAL WONDER CHILDREN.

Like so many of the world's great composers, Sir Edward Elgar was a "youthful prodigy" of exceptional gifts, as was proved by the recent performance at the Queen's Hall of a suite composed by him at the immature age of twelve. But even Sir Edward was probably not as precocious as one of his English predecessors, Samuel Wesley, who in his eighth year heard a regimental band play a march which he had composed for it. At eleven Franz Schubert had already placed several songs, string quartets and piano pieces to his credit. Handel's first attempts at composition were made at eight, and Vieuxtemps, who began to scrape the strings of a tiny fiddle at two, is said to have been even more precocious. Sir Charles Halle was only four years old when he played in public a sonata expressly composed for him; Liszt was a public performer at nine, Chopin and Rubinstein at eight, Lady Halle and Joachim at seven, and at five Mozart composed a piece of music almost too difficult for his father to play.—Dundee Advertiser.



ROUGH SKETCH OF A NEW IDEA FOR A STREETCAR.

Foreign Resorts. | *Foreign Resorts.*

ROME—HOTEL EXCELSIOR
Open the Year Round. Sumptuously Appointed
Most Modern House. Splendid Position
—MODERATE CHARGES—
Under Same Management as The Grand Hotel National, Lucerne

Cairo-Egypt
The George Nungovich Hotels, unequalled in each modern detail. Information and Rooms reserved direct, or by Clark's Tourist Agency, 113, Broadway, New York.

The Savoy. Most luxurious in the Orient. Full south. Centre of fashionable Cairo. Rooms have private baths. Patronized by Royalty.
Gd. Continental. Perfectly new, opposite Ezbekieh Gardens and Opera House. Each room has balcony and fireplace. Grand verandahs.
The Angleterre. Well-known high-class Family Hotel. Quiet position, near churches. Special terms for families. Moderate prices.

BROOKLYN SOCIAL CHAT.

Continued from sixth page.

Hallock) has issued cards for Tuesdays, January 7 and 14, at the home of Mrs. Waverley West Hallock, No. 171 Lefferts Place.

Mrs. H. Washington Fairfax, of the Mohawk Hotel, gave a large reception yesterday week. The ballroom, where the guests were received, was decorated with Christmas greens, and a trio of Hungarian women in costume furnished the music. The hostess, gowned in white lace trimmed with gold, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Willard S. Tuttle, Mrs. Ruth Kirk Green, Mrs. Walter Hope Wilson, Mrs. Frederick Hubbard Sherman and Mrs. William Lidie Culbert. Presiding over the tea table, which had as a centrepiece a large mound of poinsettia, were Mrs. Walter Moore and Mrs. E. E. Paterson.

Following the concert of the Cornell musical clubs at Memorial Hall on Monday evening, there was a dance at the Heights Casino. The membership included eight former Brooklyn boys who were graduated from preparatory institutions in the borough. The attendance was exceptionally large and enthusiastic.

The tennis court of the Casino was separated from the rest by a screen of evergreens, and the walls were draped with ropes of laurel and clusters of poinsettia. The patronesses receiving were Mrs. Horatio Mortimer Adams, Mrs. James F. Atkinson, Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Mrs. Eversley Childs, Mrs. Horace E. Dresser, Mrs. William C. Pate, Mrs. Francis A. Williams, Mrs. Francis Otto Affeld, jr., Mrs. Frank R. Baker, Mrs. Edward Burns, Mrs. Gordon W. Colton, Mrs. Benjamin A. Kelley, Mrs. C. Walter Nichols, Mrs. Clinton L. Rossiter and Mrs. John J. Williams.

The attendance included Miss Mary Lattin, Miss Elizabeth Valentine, Miss M. S. Valentine, Miss Elizabeth de Selding, Miss Edith Gaynor, Miss Phœbe Pendleton, Eugene A. Main, Miss Ethel Adams, Miss Jean Adams, Miss Katherine Dauchy, Howell E. Sayre, Otto Koechl, Miss Adele H. Bull, Miss Elizabeth Tuttle, William R. Gelston, Miss May Templeton, Miss Maybelle Williams, Miss Ruth Barrett, Miss Jessie Righter, Miss Katherine Righter, Karl H. Kalbfleisch, George M. Clark, Miss Josephine H. Sutphin, Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkland Clarke, Miss Mabel Dinsmore, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Trowbridge, Clarkes Burns, George Lewis, J. W. Fisher, Otis S. Carroll, Miss Mildred Williams, Miss Marjorie Rossiter, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon W. Colton, Richard S. Childs, Miss Caroline A. W. Bacon, Miss I. Affeld, William Winthrop Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers, Miss Du Bois, Miss Florence Angel, W. H. Fries, Miss Helen Earle, Miss Mable Rathburn, Miss Forbes, R. T. Bailey, Miss Jeannette Gilbert, Miss Winifred Tate, Miss Leile Chapin, Miss Ethel Pate, Augustus Walbridge, Miss Mary Jennings, Miss Elsie P. Robinson, Alexander B. Gale, Goldthwaite Sherrill, Miss Ruth Robinson, Miss Dorothy Abbott, Harry Robinson, F. O. Affeld, jr., William F. Atkinson, Robert Burns, John O. Dresser, Howard E. Geer, Raymond P. Morse, Carlton O. Pate, Maxwell M. Upson, A. B. Williams, Miss Maude Marckwald, Miss Gertrude Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shaffer, Miss Margaret Pritard, Miss Carol Bacon, Miss Alice C. Main, Nelson L. Dowling, Miss Mary Childs, Miss Olga Doughty, Russell Bailey, William Gill, Miss Clara Belle Adams, Miss Grace Tuttle, Miss Helen F. Hunter, George C. Beach, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Ruth Benedict, Miss Ella Louise Adams, Miss Rita Belden, Miss Clara Belden, Wylie Brown, Miss Hilda M. Peck, Walter E. Hope, Miss Florence Burke, Miss Augusta Smith, Miss Cornelia F. Cousins, Donald A. Campbell, S. N. Braman, Miss Grace Jennings, Miss Florence Morrison, Miss Elizabeth Rossiter, Miss Julia Fiebeger, Miss Mary W. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Remsen, Miss Katherine Kraetzer, George Lewis, Miss Elizabeth Conrow, Miss Marion Brown, Miss Florence Chinnock, Phil Comstock, Miss Skilton, Miss Somerville, F. G. Smith, jr., Miss M. Miller, Miss Dorothy Childs, Miss Gould, Miss A. M. Pate, Miss Hazel Church, Miss Kate Allen, Herbert Zellhoefer, Frank Depew, Herbert S. Downs, John Harold Knapp, Miss Clare Wright, Miss Josephine Torge, Miss Elsie Gridley, Miss Blanche Wandell, T. H. S. Andrews, C. M. Brown, Gardiner S. Dresser, Walter S. Finlay, jr., John J. Kuhn, C. Walter Nichols, Clinton L. Rossiter, David T. Wells, Robert Burns and Frank D. Williams.

The receiving party at the coming out reception yesterday of Miss Florence Walton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Walton, of No. 106 Willow street, included Mrs. Frank W. Chandler, sister of the debutante; Mrs. Charles Denis, Miss Edith Arnold, Miss Carolyn Putnam, Miss Jean White, Miss Esther Lord, Miss Isabel Ide, Miss Alice Ide, Miss Ethel Carhart, Miss Lois Kenyon, Miss Pauline Mason, Miss Ruth Thurston, of Brooklyn; Miss Mabel Droste, Miss Helen Webster, of Montclair; Miss Eleanor McCarter, of Newark, N. J., and Miss Pauline Shaw, of Boston. The reception was followed by a dinner dance for the receiving party and an equal number of men. Orchids and lilies of the valley were the table decorations. The men guests were Otto Koechl, Robert Mallory, George Abbott, Earle Williams, Robinson Luch, Goldwaite Sherrill, Caswell Stoddard, Arthur Myers, of Brooklyn; Edward Ely, Douglas Green, Thomas Blagden, James Brewster, Alexander McLean, Paul Wells, of Manhattan; Mr. Bufford and Mr. Shaw, of Boston; Harry Walton and Frank Walton, brothers of the debutante.

The marriage is announced of Miss Sarah Stevens, of Maryland, and Freeborn G. Smith, of Brooklyn. The ceremony took place last Tuesday at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. Guyer Kelly.

Mrs. Charlotte Curtiss Higgins and Elliott Soper, of this borough, were married Christmas Day in Morristown, N. J., by the Rev. William Russell Bennett, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Strong. The bride is the daughter of the late Charles Curtiss, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Soper will live in Brooklyn.

The engagement was announced last week of Miss Caroline A. W. Bacon and William F. Atkinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Atkinson, of No. 196 Berkeley Place. He is a member of the Crescent Athletic and president of the University Club of Brooklyn. His fiancée lives with her brother, Dr. John Bacon, at Torresdale, Penn.

Another recently announced engagement is that of Miss Martha Wadsworth Haskins and Frederick Gray Colton, son of Dr. Frederick H. Colton, of Montague street. Miss Haskins' home is in Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Edward Perkins Clark, better known as Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, gave a luncheon Friday, December 27, for her niece, Miss Christine Maxwell Hooper, whose engagement to George A. Mahl, of Rochester, has just been announced. Miss Hooper, who was graduated from Smith last June, has spent considerable time with Mrs. Clark at her home, No. 545A Quincy street, and has many friends in this borough. Some of the guests at the luncheon were Miss Mary Ormsbee, Miss Mary Stranahan Dutcher, Miss Fanny Bell, Miss Eloise Simmons, Miss Charlotte Nivin, Miss Florence Williams and Miss Maybelle Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph A. Erbslöh, of No. 42 West 58th street, Manhattan, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Erbslöh, to Robert Otto Muller. The Erbslöhs formerly lived at No. 280 Washington avenue.

The date set for the wedding of Miss Norma Adeline Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Parker, of No. 651 St. Mark's avenue, and Winfield Roy Mercer, is January 15. It is to be a quiet home ceremony at 4 o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Marjorie Ferguson Brown and Robert Hartley Sherwood, jr., of Bensonhurst, will take place in the St. Nicholas Collegiate Church, Manhattan, Wednesday, January 15, at 4 o'clock. The reception following will be held at the Buckingham Hotel. Miss Brown is the daughter of Mrs. Alexander Ferguson Brown, of No. 265 West 72d street, Manhattan.

One of the largest holiday dinner parties was that given the Friday after Christmas by Miss Annie Birchall Crary. Covers were laid for thirty-four and the decorations were in red and green. Her guests were Miss Hazel Talmage Smith, Miss Irene Cave, Miss Elizabeth Weeden, Miss Ruth Rider, Miss Enid Lima, Miss Kate Hart, Miss Gwendolyn Lloyd, Miss Marie Lott, Miss Georgiana Layton, Miss Marion Randall, Miss Marion Frazier, Miss Ruth Howard, Miss Florence Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frazier, Arthur Hart, Frank Bulley, Robert Skinner, George Skinner, Edward Lockwood, Frederick Zabriskie, Stephen Van Cullen Hopkins, Marion Chapman, William Lang, Irving Greene, Talcott Reynolds, Edwin Frost, Dewitt Roberts, Henry Bedford, Francis Westbrooks, Martin Baldwin and William Starbuck, the fiancé of the hostess.

The same evening Mrs. George Hunt Prentiss gave a dinner at her home, No. 108 Pierrepont street, for Miss Marjorie Prentiss. The guests were Miss Gertrude Roxanna Beecher, Miss Emma Spencer, Miss Elizabeth McDonald, Edward R. Tinker, William Creamer, Frederick Lyons and Robert Caldwell.

Mrs. Arthur Kennard Buxton, of No. 257 Hicks place, and her daughter, Miss Jessie Culver Tredwell, entertained friends at luncheon Monday and Tuesday. The decorations were Killarney roses and ferns. Their guests were Miss Isabel Ide, Miss Alice Ide, Miss Carol Chauncey, Miss Antoinette Butler, Miss Ruth Thurston, Miss Marion Smythe, Miss Jean Coutts, Miss Mercy Lloyd, Miss Florence Walton, Miss Marjorie Speers, Miss Helen Smythe, Miss Marion Willetts, Miss Semler, Miss Esther Low, Miss Dorothy Noyes, Miss Kate Duryea Allin, Miss Marjorie Brown, Miss Henrietta S. Dana, Miss Mildred Morse and Miss Dorothy Topping, of Summit, N. J.

Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Louis Sicard, of No. 222 Hancock street, and Miss Alice May Woodrough for Tuesday, January 7. They will receive from 8:30 until 11 o'clock.

CATTLE BREEDING IN BAVARIA.

Consul William Bardel, of Bamberg, writes that commendable attention is being given to cattle breeding by the several states forming the German Empire. With reference to the Kingdom of Bavaria he continues as follows:

"There are in the kingdom, and under the supervision of the government, twenty associations, with a membership of over forty-three thousand, whose aim is to improve and preserve domestic cattle breeding, particularly of the more valuable and fine old stock. It is also the object of these associations to encourage trade in cattle for consumption and for breeding purposes. Each association has its own constitution, which, however, agrees in the main with those of all the others. The business is conducted by an executive committee which again delegates one of its members to be the outside representative, while the technical supervision of each organization rests in the hands of an expert inspector of cattle who, in order to be eligible, must be a graduate veterinary surgeon, and although he is elected by the association his appointment has to be confirmed by the government, which pays his salary and travelling expenses. The duties of these inspectors are to visit the rural districts and to examine the cattle to see that only sound stock is being admitted for breeding purposes, as well as to look after sanitary matters in the stables. In winter they have to travel from district to district, lecturing before the farmers as to the proper mode of breeding and caring for cattle and reporting immediately to the government about any signs of disease that they may discover."

THE CZAR'S THRONES.

Emperor Nicholas of Russia has many thrones. The three chief ones are those at the imperial palace and the winter palace at St. Petersburg, and in the Kremlin at Moscow. This last was a present to the Czar Alexis in 1660 from the Shah of Persia. It is entirely covered with thick plates of gold set with precious stones and alternating with plaques of ivory, chiselled in high relief. The fact and date of the presentation are recorded in an inscription on the back of the throne. Just above are glistening double-headed eagles of Russia, with angels on either side supporting the imperial crown. In the imperial palace at St. Petersburg the throne stands in an alcove of the marble throne, with a wide stretching canopy with thick gold cords and deep fringes of gold embroidery. On the curtains behind are embroidered the arms of the Romanoffs surmounted by the crown, with a curious star-shaped border all around. Three wide steps lead up to the throne.—Chicago News.

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