WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Making This Fall's Fashionable Costumes More Beautiful Than Ever.

GOWNS BOTH PLAIN AND FANCY.

The Severe Promenade Suit and the Fluff and Frills of the Dress.

A Chat with "Jane"—She Seems to Be a Very Earnest Young Woman—Her Notions of What an Actress Should Be—Berlin Women who Want to Wear Tights and Ride Astride in Public—A Hint to the Tired Woman—Dress Reform in Boston—What Woman Talks of and Thinks of the Whole World Over.

The fall gowns may be classified as o kinds, the severe gown and the sump gown, and the gorgeousness of the one w laces and jewelled galloons is eq only by the simplicity of the other wi straight outline tailor finish. quires more te than the averag man possesses t the task of fash either one. Bu are some modes simpler variety, clever women copy with a mo of success. Th each types of th *saison* suit does to good dress in fits into the little interval summer dresses tawdry and co winter modes a sufficiently defi warrant the ordering of expensive gar Neither is of the coat order, for anything line of a coat is a simple impossibility to fessional skill. The first dress is of that never failing, ever useful material, lends itself so gracious ly to all requirements. In color it is of the richest, warmest red that the sun paints in October maple leaves. The slightly trained skirt is tucked four times about the bottom, the tucks held in place with stitchings. The bodice is tucked vertically about the bottom of the waist, these tucks being arranged so cleverly as to do away with the necessity of darts or form seams in the bodice. The fulness falls in a frill about the hips below the tucks, and is gathered in to the shoulder seams and collar above. The hat is on the "pancake" order and of black straw, but about the low crown scarlet mountain ash berries are arranged in the form of a wreath, and are tied at the back with a velvet bow with standing loops.

The other dress, in cheviot of the new Cleopatra brown, with its strong red cast, introduces a slight hint of drapery in its skirt, which falls in plaits on either side a straight petticoat crossed with dull bronze bands wrought in nasturtium colors with metallic threads. The same bands outline a round yoke on the bodice, finish the sleeves, and form the girdle. A cape-like effect is produced by the arrangement of full half sleeves falling over close plain ones, the outer sleeves revealing again the rich red of the nasturtium in its lining of heavy silk.

Both dresses are made with silk linings, not in the form of a petticoat, but stitched in with the cloth breadths, which give a particularly good effect to the hang of the skirts.

Many of these simple gowns have white waistcoats beneath the sober tweed jackets, the waistcoat being of heavy ribbed silk or of leather. The brightest of colors is the choice preferred, except for travelling costumes, which may be of plaids in sober neutral tones that melt into each other, and are divided into large squares by ribbed lines in a contrasting color. Coarse-looking fabrics of the Yorkshire and Scotch weave are also in favor for the *demi-saison* gown, and ribbed woollens, with the diagonal ribs meeting in mitred points, are new and promise to be popular. The waistcoats for fall travelling are usually of some material that is brighter in color and of finer texture than the gown.

Ever since the tailor-made gown burst upon the fashionable world a few years ago, the question has been raised at stated periods whether it had come to stay or not. Despite the various arguments against it, however, the fact remains that there is scarcely any other costume so appropriate for street wear as this same garment, and notwithstanding the dire predictions of its approaching end, the tailor-made gown is more popular to-day than ever before. In the European cities it is still the favorite, and if such a thing were possible it is this fall even more mannish, more trim, and snug, and scant than ever before. The illustrations herewith represent two garments made by a fashionable London firm for one of the most popular of the English actresses.

FOR CHILDREN.

Two Examples of Becoming and Beautiful Attire for Dancing.

Some one has truthfully remarked that there is no prettier sight on the dancing floor than that presented by children, especially girls, as they gracefully trip through the evolutions of the dance. For all that it makes a great difference in their looks whether they are attired becomingly or not, and the obtaining of appropriate dancing costumes for children has harrowed many a mother's soul.

The illustration shows two costumes at a children's dance given at a French watering place. The one on the right is a combination of white silk tulle and dark brown foulard, with a sash of brown and white surah, a brown and white check skirt, dark brown stockings, chamois shoes and gloves. The other child wears a pretty frock of white satin and dark gray silk tulle, pale gray silk stockings, white shoes, and gray gloves.

FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.

The Fete Gown of 1791 Compared with the Same Garment of 1891.

The wheel of Dame Fashion's roulette has given another spin, and our charming interlude of simplicity in dress is interrupted with coquettish curves and bunchy innovations. Skirts pucker up in erratic and unexpected places, sleeves take on new and stupendous forms, panniers prevail, and the trail of the flounce is over it all. The rage for lace shows no sign of abating, though confined to indoor

1791.

costumes and particularly to those desig for evening wear. Trianon and Charlo Corday fichus, chemisettes and collarettes all nationalities, unlined yokes and pelerin all of lace, are striking featu of dressy gowns. Revival rather th invention is the dominating principle of t change, but in the revival is made apparel despite the criticism of the cynics, evidenc of ever truer and purer artistic feeling. Colo

and more beautiful in texture, particularly those of the cheaper varieties, and revived modes have lost in reproduction much of their inartistic eccentricity, and are subdued into accordance with practical as well as picturesque requirements.

Contrast the two gowns in the cuts, representative modes of periods between which a hundred years have intervened. Both are fete gowns of the same material, soft, beautiful *mousseline de soie*. Both are green in color, but the green of the one is the green of the willow, soft, sheeny, and delicate—a dream of green, restful to the eye. The other is a hard, vivid, aggressive grass green, which is effective in the way of youth and meadow dress-that it is not calculated to bring out the delicate beauty of fair woman's coloring and charm. The beautiful thin material, which is so fine and soft that a dress pattern may be drawn through a wedding ring without crumpling, is supplement-

1891.

ed in one case with tiny ribbons of palest yellow, caught in little fluttering bows, and rich, lustrous silk shading to gray and silver like the willow branches as they sway in the sunshine. The other is finished with a heavy velvet bodice of the same harrowing hue as the skirt, embroidered everywhere with glittering golden threads. The broad hat sweeps in gracious curves of beauty about one fair face and in ungainly, unencumbering curves about the other. Finally, note the outlines of the two figures, and see how much nearer, even with all her protuberances, the girl of 1891 approaches the honored Grecian vase model than the Noah's ark wooden woman of 1791, and we may say again that the world is not growing better.

A THING OF REAL JOY.

The Trouville Cape in All Its Beauty—How It is Constructed.

Here is the Trouville cape, which in its endless variations is the fashionable garment at the moment at French watering places and outdoor gatherings. The cut is from the *Queen*, and that journal thus describes it:

Green brocaded silk, edged with a deep flounce in cream Mechlin lace, which is headed with a gemmed galon, corresponding with the throatlet of the fichu. This is composed of a double lace and muslin flounce, extending as a ruffle round the throat, and two straight ends in front to the edge of the cape. Lining in shot silk. Picturesque hat in cream embroidered muslin, encircled with leafless roses, and terminating at the back with an aigrette in drawn muslin, bordered with cream embroidery. Parasol to correspond. Dress in green silk gauze, trimmed with black lace, and worn over a silk foundation.

VARIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

The leading ladies of Berlin upper swelldom have been in the habit of riding in the schools in silk tights, and have petitioned the authorities for permission to appear in the Thiergarten, or park, in the same novel equestrienne attire, and to ride en cavalier, with one foot on either side of the saddle. This petition has been denied by the Chief of Police on the plea that women in such attire would be likely to cause undue commotion and disturbance of the peace, consequently the appeal has been carried up from the Police Bureau to the Emperor, where, owing to the high place of the wives and daughters of the Generals of the army who are interested in the movement, hopes are entertained of a favorable decision.

Some ingenious individual, or rather company of clever individuals, has started a society for the supplying of wives who shall be perfectly competent in every branch of domestic art and guaranteed by diploma to accomplish the various duties of home making in a perfect and artistic manner. This happy inspiration, which will fill a long-felt need, has its birthplace in Edinburgh, and emanates from a school of cookery there established. Washing, cooking, cleaning, dressmaking, darning, patching, millinery, the keeping of accounts, and nursing comprise the curriculum, and the company guarantee to turn out the finished wife in twenty weeks. It is unfortunate that as yet no way has been devised to teach the wife elect by practical experience how to make and adjust ice poultices, the ethics of the husband's disposition, and how to manage it, and the most philosophical and logical method of getting on with the relatives of the husband and master. Doubtless endowments will be made for a chair in this especial department.

Here is an idea for the mothers of unruly children, emanating from John Ruskin, who, though the idolizer of children, admits the undesirability of allowing the young to usurp the place or despise the wisdom of the aged. "But whose is the fault?" he asks. "Youth never loses its modesty where age has not lost its honor, nor did childhood ever refuse its reverence except when age had forgotten correctness. The cry, 'Go up thou bald head!' will never be heard in the land which remembers the precept 'See that ye despise not one of these little ones.'"

American women were very much to the front in the great hygienic congress in London last week, and always ready with their contributions in regard to women's work. Medical women in this country far exceed in numbers those of England and have been longer in the field. The chief impression made by the American woman, however, on her English sisters, was one of wonder and admiration at the deference demanded and received by her from the American husband and brother, man or friend. Some of the younger English women declared that the courtesy of the American man made them understand for the first time that it was to be appreciated thoroughly.

The Woman's Dress Reform Club in Boston numbers some 200 members, comprising teachers, doctors, writers and other professional workers. The first rainy day in October all the members are pledged to appear in a stormy weather costume, consisting of a kilted skirt in waterproof cloth reaching a little way below the knees and revealing gaiters of waterproof cloth or riding boots. A reefer coat will cover the upper part of the figure and a tarpaulin hat complete the costume. The staid Boston woman done up in this style will be a spectacle to send gods and men into convulsions, and tip the Hub out of plumb.

Among peculiar legacies may be chronicled that of the strangely constituted widow who left a sum of money to provide real champagne at theatrical performances in Paris, where the drinking of wine was a feature of the play. More recently a sum of money amounting to $15,000 was given in trust to Mr. Irving to supply the same "properties" under similar circumstances, the donor in this case being the daughter of a well-known London physician.

Said the cynical doctor to the worried lover, who consulted him about the woman he feared was too fragile for this world: "Fragile? Ever test her fragility and that of all delicate, dainty womankind? Unless she is a hopeless invalid she will eat one pound of beef, mutton, or some other flesh every day. That is 365 pounds of flesh a year, and in the sixty years she will doubtless live she will thus consume 21,900 pounds of meat. She will in the same time consume 21,700 pounds of bread and vegetables. She will drink by the time she is ready for your touching inscription on her monument 175 hogsheads of water, tea, coffee, and wine. These figures do not include the 500 pounds of butter, the 4 hogsheads of sugar, and the Lord only knows how many hundredweight of oysters, ice cream, and candy. Think of your affinity in connection with these figures and don't worry about her being fragile."

Here is another remedy for the fagged-out woman, who dashes off in the morning without any breakfast to go to the dentist, the oculist, the butcher, and the dressmaker, shops until the matinée begins, forgets to eat her lunch, makes a call in Harlem and another in Orange, and reaches home to dress for dinner, wondering what makes her so tired: Drop a fresh raw egg into a glass of lemonade, shake all well together, be careful with the sugar, and drink it slowly and without ice when you begin to dress. It is astonishing how the dreary numbness will leave your tired head and the bright things will come trooping into your mind to say over the coffee. It is an infinitely better dose than sherry or claret or quinine, acting permanently as well as quickly.

A youthful countess, bearer of one of the most ancient titles in the Austrian nobility, recently having the misfortune to be despoiled of her treasures by thieves while travelling, publishes the following list of articles as stolen from her trunks: "One gold cigarette case, meerschaum mouthpiece, set in gold; an aluminum cigarette case, an Irish pipe, almost black in appearance, gold mounted, with an onyx mouthpiece; a silver match box, a gold cigarette pipe, four plain cigarette cases in gold, silver, and platinum, and one set with diamonds and rubies." Rather a formidable outfit for a lady of high degree, suggestive of the prevalence of the smoking habit among women of royal rank and place.

The chief of the department of livestock at the World's Fair now promises to be a woman, Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith of Cambridge City, Ind. She is a widow who has entire management of her stock farm, and is said to be one of the most successful and best informed stock breeders in the State, owning many valuable herds of fancy stock.

Government schools are to be established in San Salvador, where free education will be given to women to fit them for places in the Government offices, as Post Office clerks, printers, and telegraph and telephone operators. Women have not hitherto been employed in these places, and are not considered competent to fill them without special training.

A quaint title, "Officer de l'Instruction Publique," has been bestowed upon Miss Betham-Edwards, the authoress, in recognition of her admirable studies of the country life of France. This distinction, which does not signify a School Board director, as it may sound, is one hitherto confined exclusively to the male sex, and rarely conferred on any one but a Frenchman.

Lady Henry Somerset, President of the British Women's Temperance Association, will visit America in October to be present at the meetings of the World's Women's C. T. U.

Count Tolstoi still continues to practice the precepts he expounds, dressing and laboring like a peasant, and denouncing all marriages which are not "angel marriages." It rather hurts his theory of the sinfulness of marriage that his tardy religion only came to him when he was an old man and had himself been the father of sixteen children.

A new society known as the "Woman's English Rest Tour Association" has been formed to help women to travel cheaply alone on the Continent and in England. Hitherto the only way for the solitary woman to travel reasonably was to join a tourists' party. The association issues advice concerning all the exigencies of travelling and stopping in strange towns, and furnishes letters of introduction and recommendation, besides arranging for the meeting of women who are expecting to make the same trips and would like to be companions.

"PLEASE CALL ME JANE."

A Chat with the Young Woman Who is Playing with Such Success.

If you have never been to see Miss Johnston-Bennett play in the latest farce, you don't know why the boys, big and little, and all over the world whistle and sing "Oh! Jane! Oh! Jane! my pretty Jane." You don't know how very suggestive of a pretty girl the name of Jane is. You'd always had an idea that a girl named Jane could be bright and clever, and you thought of her as knowing just about all there was to know in the way of teaching a young man his place, while she perfectly understood hers. That's exactly the *Jane* that you see when the curtain goes up; she's the sort of a little maiden that we don't know in this country—the daintiest of housemaids. Not a hair out of place, an immaculate apron,

JANE.

boots that do credit to the adoration of every young man in the kitchen, and as natty a young woman as ever was wooed by my gentleman's gentleman.

Drop her h's? Not she. For when she was living in the country didn't she go to the little school which was one of my ladyship's fads, where she was taught to speak good English?

On the stage *Jane* is a delight, her gowns, especially her red one, being adorable. That's the word, and that's the only word you can use about it. She wears a dream of a white gown, but the very apotheosis of everything in feminine wear is a cream white cloak trimmed with sable, in which *Jane* has a strangely French look.

Jane, or rather Miss Johnstone-Bennett would in the first place delight the soul of any man, woman, or spook who likes to see a girl, and a young girl, with that great virtue, a clean face. There is not a particle of rouge under those great full gray eyes, and there is not a particle of bleach on that golden brown hair that only belongs to clever women. Underneath the clear white forehead a pair of gray eyes that means success, and though the mouth is sweet and well shaped it whispers "Determination." That's the reason she is a good actress.

Said she: "How do I learn my parts? Well, I have them read to me, and, like a parrot, I repeat them until the words are at my command, and then I think them out and decide what other people would have done under the same circumstances. I never stop trying to get something new and good in the play, and I have but one ambition in life, and that is to do whatever I do in the very best manner possible. Yes, I'm fond of books—very fond of them—and for the time being I become absolutely the people in the book, and I suffer with them and joy with them. Their woes are my woes, their joys are mine. I'm studying French and German now, because I think a woman is very foolish to waste her life just in the language of her own country. In French and German there is so much that one never can know unless one thoroughly understands the languages, and that I mean to do.

"Frocks? Well, I can't say that I am very fond of them. And still down in the depths of my heart I do like pretty clothes. You said a little while ago that sometimes you long for things, columns of them, under similar circumstances, the donor in this case being the daughter of a well-known London physician.

"What did Worth say about you?"

"He stood me between a lot of mirrors and gazed at me, and before he had a chance to say anything I gasped out in a regular man milliner's tone, 'Oh, beautiful!' It effected Monsieur Jean in such a way that he hadn't time to give me a word of approbation. But I was taught while I was in Paris that I had an extremely good back. Neither Columbus nor the American dressmakers had discovered this, and when I'm not busy I spend my time twisting my neck trying to see my back.

"Jewelry? I like an odd piece of jewelry, but except on the stage I seldom wear any, as one has to wear a collar and cuffs with a cloth bodice, and a slight weakness of mine is to have my sleeve links exactly match the pattern of the bracelet. But I was to tell you how I began to act. I made my debut four years ago in 'Monsieur' with Mr. Richard Mansfield, a man, by-the-bye, whom I consider most intelligent, and under whose tuition I believe I gained a great deal. I like the part of *Jane*, and do you know that I absolutely wake up in the night and stay awake for hours trying to think how a little piece of work can be brought out clearly and forcibly. I want my work to be good. You understand what I mean by that. I want it to be the very best of its kind, and that is what I am working for. I want it to be good in every detail, so good that nobody can find any fault with it. I think there are lots of good women, amiable women, and kind women in my profession. And I don't like to hear anybody say disagreeable things about them. No, I don't."

"Then you stand up for women?"

"Of course, I do. They have been kind to me and I appreciate it, and although there may be women who are malicious and bitter, don't you think there are just as many who are kind and generous?"

And the looker on stared into her eyes, read the honesty that was written on the face, and knew that if anybody asked her name the owner would say:

"Please, sir, I prefer to be called Jane."

HOW WOMEN SHOULD TRAVEL.

Leave Your Husbands and Brothers at Home and Go in Couples.

The subject of travelling in France or Switzerland or other Continental countries is entertainingly discussed by Mrs. Fenwick-Miller in one of the London periodicals. Beginning with the assertion that two women may travel alone unattended, she says that everybody is most kind to English women who are thus journeying, and adds: "I cannot imagine that there should be any difficulty in the path of women of ordinary self-possession and commonsense in travelling alone, provided they can speak a little French, and I counsel any of my readers who may have been waiting and wishing for years that some brother or cousin would convoy them to throw away fears and plunge forth alone—that is to say, in that dual company which, as the adage tells us, is perfection. On such a journey very little luggage is essential. Big boxes are an endless worry. A small leather trunk or large portmanteau suffices. It should be big enough to hold a cotton dress, with an extra blouse or two, say one woollen dress, warmer, and a dressy bodice for table d'hote, two complete changes of linen (which is enough for a long journey, as it can always be washed at short notice at the hotels), handkerchiefs, collars, writing materials, toilet articles, an extra pair of walking shoes, slippers, and dressing gown, and a few favorite medicines. A waterproof, a warm mantle, and a little shawl can be carried in a strap. Then, if a useful tweed or cloth travelling dress, a light cloak or jacket, and a straw hat or serviceable bonnet be worn, the traveller will find herself amply provided.

"Management is another important point. Either the tour should be completely planned out before starting, with the aid of a guide book, and rigidly adhered to; or, what is better, one person should be allowed to order the day's doings from day to day. Discussions and councils are apt to waste time and end in dissensions. The person who takes the management, however, must be unselfish and anxious for her comrade's satisfaction and pleasure; and the other must cultivate a sweet and calm temper, paying for her freedom from responsibility and care by patience when any little thing goes wrong, and by pliability of will for the time being. Given these conditions of mind—common sense and energy in the one and graciousness in the other, with affectionate kindness in both—I am convinced that a journey of two friends of the same sex is likely to be a more complete success than that of husband and wife, or brother and sister. The physical powers and the mental tastes are more likely to be similar in the former case. Your husband is bored to sheechiness if you take him for a day's shopping in Paris, or ask him to spend a few hours in the fascinating *ateliers* of Redfern or Worth. On the other hand, you are reduced to misery in Switzerland by what he considers an insignificant and wholly delightful day's walking. Your woman friend is at one with you under both circumstances. How often, when we have felt perfectly happy and satisfied with ourselves and our doings, we have seen and pitied the bored husband or exhausted wife! In short, so far from being impossible, it is a super-excellent arrangement for two women to take a Continental trip together."

REMARKABLE TWIN SISTERS.

They Were Born in 1800 and It Seems Probable That They Will See 1900.

People in Salem are interested in two aged ladies, twin sisters, who are in remarkably good health and promise to round out their full century of life. Probably there are no more remarkable twins in America to-day, says the *Boston Journal*, and it is believed that there are no twins older in the country.

Both dress exactly alike, and, with their snowy white hair, black dresses, spotless aprons of white dimity, and black lace caps with light purple ribbons, they present as interesting and attractive a picture as one would wish to see. Their faces are very cheery and bright, and Father Time has dealt lightly with them, leaving but few wrinkles, considering their more than four score years and ten.

The ladies are Miss Sarah Barr and Mrs. Hannah (Barr) Eustis. They were both born in Salem—the daughters of Capt. William Barr, a large property owner and retired shipmaster and merchant of his time. Their date of birth was March 31, 1800, and they were baptized by the rector of St. Peter's (Episcopal) parish in Salem, the Rev. Nathaniel Fisher, in the same year. In their infancy they so closely resembled one another that it was necessary to tie a string of beads round the neck of one in order to distinguish the babes at the baptism. Miss Sarah became a vocalist of no inferior powers, and sang for several years in St. Peter's choir. She took up the profession of teaching, and for many years was an assistant in Master Oliver's (the late Gen. Henry K. Oliver) school in Salem. She relinquished teaching in 1850. She has had two romances in her life, having been engaged twice in her girlhood. Her first fiance was John R. Tucker, a gallant sailor laddie, who was lost at sea in the good ship Two Brothers. Subsequently she was engaged to Capt. Caleb Cook, a shipmaster who was taken sick and left behind at Penang, where he died. Miss Sarah still wears a unique and curious old engagement ring of the ancient puzzle pattern in vogue in Salem more than seventy years ago. This ring, when fully opened out, is found to comprise seven rings combined in one—one for each of the seven years that Jacob served for the daughter of Laban. Miss Barr taught school in Salem for twenty-eight years—from 1822 to 1850—teaching first for a time on Bridge street. She was never married, and lived in Salem until the death of her sister's husband, Mr. Eustis, when she went to reside in Wakefield with Hannah. The two have lived together for the past twelve years.

Mrs. Hannah Barr Eustis was married to Mr. James Eustis, a prominent citizen of South Reading, in June, 1843, and made her home in that town—now Wakefield. Mr. Eustis was for many years President of the Middlesex Horticultural Society, and died about twelve years ago. Mrs. Eustis, like her sister, was a fine soprano singer in her girlhood. Both of the sisters were of excellent figure, and are even now very tall and erect. Both had curly hair, and Mrs. Eustis still retains her curls, though her hair is white as the driven snow. The sisters are very active. Miss Sarah, in spite of her 92 years, read easily, without glasses, an account of the Bennington celebration in the newspapers. Mrs. Eustis was obliged to use her spectacles, but with them read without hesitation the same account.

ETIQUETTE FOR WAITRESSES.

Their Agitation in Berlin and Its Remarkable Results.

The movement of Berlin waitresses to elevate their business positions has already led to reforms of several abuses. Shortly after the last of their three stormy mass meetings, about sixty proprietors of beer gardens, in which beer is served by young women, met and adopted resolutions which have been introduced into practice. A few of the curious passages of the resolutions read thus:

"Waitresses may sit at tables with guests in their respective circuits, but may not become too lively, nor drink great quantities of beer, nor take part in dice or card playing, nor allow any man to take hold of them, etc. A waitress may sit with guests only with a view to entertaining them. It is forbidden that on such occasions a waitress should talk on questionable subjects, listen to indelicate conversation of the guests, or laugh over such conversation, but she must at once leave the table when improper expressions are used by guests.

"No tabieful of guests may have more than one waitress at once.

"As soon as a guest has drunk up his beer the waitress must ask him if he will have more.

"It is forbidden to waitresses that they sleep in the quieter rooms of the restaurant. It is strictly prohibited that they smoke with guests. Singing and hopping and skipping are not allowed. The wearing of silk jackets and waists is to be discouraged. The wearing of buttonhole bouquets is permissible. Great mountains of flowers, however, may not be worn."

Should the bill against drunkenness, recently formulated at the instance of the Emperor, become a law, and the rules quoted be strictly enforced, the pleasures of life for Berliners in Berlin beer gardens would be reduced materially.

FEMININE SPRINTERS.

Maids and Matrons Running for Prizes at a Labor Day Celebration.

The fun commenced in the seventh event, says the *Rocky Mountain News*, which was the misses' race, over 15. The first prize, $10 in gold, was the subject of an animated contest, and it looked for a while as though war would be precipitated upon the excited young misses engaged in the Olympian struggle, and that their many friends would be involved in the strife. The sixteen young ladies presented a very pretty picture as they stood in line waiting for the word to start. When the signal was given they all ran as though their lives depended on the result. There was a wild, mad rush over the course of seventy-five yards, and at its finish the judges were unable to decide whether Miss Pearl Witter or Miss Annie Huth had won. The crowd now took part, and each faction declared for its favorite with vehemence, and insisted that the award should be made to its choice. It was decided to award the third prize, a bottle of perfume, to Emma Toppen, and have the contest for first and second places run for by the two favorites. This was done, and Annie Huth came under the wire first, with Miss Witter a good second, the latter winning a box of satin-lined stationery.

In the married ladies' race (any age), 50 yards, there was an endless amount of fun. Those engaging in this contest gathered up their skirts and, as a small boy expressed it, "scooted out like fun." One lady claimed that another had pushed her to one side, and "it wasn't fair." The scene was, to tell the truth, as ludicrous one, as the matrons were so intensely in earnest about it. One of the participants insisted that the event should be run over again. The judges had sense enough to know that it was the part of wisdom to make a ruling speedily, and announced without comment that the first prize—a ladies' cloak, $25—was awarded to Mrs. Annie Hilk; second prize, a parlor lamp, to Mrs. Ida King; third prize, a pair of lace curtains, to Mrs. Emma Francis.

MARRIAGE IN ASSYRIA.

Rather More a Matter of Barter There Than in the Land of the Free.

From the Chicago Herald.

Men live on six cents a day in Assyria. Assyrian women are bought and sold, are made to work with oxen at the plough, and have as little liberty as in the days of Cadmus. Men who pay $6 a day to live and ladies who ride to shops in victorias thought over these things as they left the Lincoln Park Church Sunday night. Amen Rasi, born on Mount Lebanon, told these things in broken English.

Amen Rasi is a tall, handsome Assyrian, with a skin as rich as the cinnamon silks made at the foot of the mountain on which he was born. He looked into the curious, bright eyes of girls and told them that had they been born Assyrians in Assyria they could not go upon the streets unless their faces were concealed; that they could neither receive nor make a call among women without their husbands' consent, and that if at any time, even by accident, they were seen by any man or in any way recognized no one would marry them.

He said that once two couples—a tall man and a short woman, and a short man and a tall woman—stood before a priest to be wed. The priest placed the tall man and tall woman and the short man and short woman together, and none of the four knew whether it was right or not, neither of them knowing the other. But the parents hastily objected, and placed the tall man by the short woman and the short man by the tall woman, as that was the way of the contracts.

Then Mr. Rasi showed how these contracts were made. He left the pulpit, and presently a man wrapped up in rich Assyrian raiment went up and sat upon the floor. Mr. Rasi came back and squatted beside him.

"I would very much like," he said "for a girl who is your to be wife to my son Isaac."

"I would be honored," returned the man, with a very unmistakable American accent.

"How many have you?"

"Three."

"How much years have they?"

"One is 15, one 20, and one 25."

"Don't talk to me about the 25 nor the 20; they are never fit to marry. How much do you charge for the little one?"

"Five camels, four horses, three sheep, and $50."

"Bah! I can buy 100 women for so much."

"But no little one."

"Oh, I think so."

"Well, you can't have mine for a cent less."

"I pay."

But even then Isaac did not get the little one, because a few minutes later Mr. Rasi returned as another man, and by doubling the price secured the girl for his son Jacob.

Then Amen Rasi looked at the young men, whose patent leathers cost them $7, and told them that people in Assyria paid 50 cents for a suit of clothes. The common people, he said, paid 25 cents a day for house rent, 3 cents for twenty-five pounds of cabbage, and 4 cents for five pounds of turnips. Fifty loaves of bread were turned out at a baking, and men sometimes ate four and five loaves at a meal. He waited for a moment, and then, turning to a black boy behind him, said, "They are so big" and he drew a circle that would enclose a Thanksgiving platter.

POEMS WORTH READING.

In the Swim.

Hope's bark is wrecked upon love's troubled tide,
And I, its lonely voyager, upset
Amid the waves to flounder and to fret.
No help appears upon these waters wide
That roll their dreary waste on either side.
My heart is lead and I should sink, but yet
My head is light and tangled in a net,
So e'en the joy of drowning is denied.

Love's fires, they say, are very bright and warm;
Love's waves, say I, are bitter, cold, and dull;
Within his cot, love shelters doves from harm,
Ignoring me—a miserable gull.

But wherefore sigh? Though joy's sun be dim,
'Tis bound to shine for one that's in the swim.

A. C. GARAR.

Life.

I have heard a lot of people say
That life is not worth living;
But none the less I go my way,
Without the least misgiving.

I don't sit up night after night
To worry o'er the nation,
Or run and yelp around all day
To work its reformation.

I realize that things may run
In several different ways,
But don't propose on that account
To worry all my days.

Let those who think the world is wrong
And can't sleep till its righted,
Go at it on the spot; I'm sure
I shall be most delighted.

But as for me, I am content
To take things as I find them.
If they are not to my sweet thoughts,
I simply do not mind them.

J. COTTRELL, Jr.

Winter on the Farm.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

I have just about decided
It 'ud keep a town boy hoppin'
Yer to work all winter choppin'
Yer a old fireplace, like I did!
Lawz! them old times was contrary—
Blame backtows o' winter, 'peared like,
Wouldn't break!—and I was skeered like
Clean on in to Febuary!
Nothin' ever made me madder
Than for Pap to stomp in, layin'
On a extray forestick, sayin':
"Groun'hogs out, and seed his shadder!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

An Epitaph.

From the Overland Monthly.

Breathe not *nil nisi bonum* o'er my dust;
A manly soul would ever take to task
The charity that stifles truth, and ask
That what thou sayest be severely just.

If all my virtue be a hollow crust,
My heart a devil's shrine, my face a mask
Of Christian love, that living I may bask
In men's approval, then dispel their trust.

Nor do I crave for studied praise of wit
And wisdom that I never have possessed;
I should go hence content if on the bit
Of stone that tells my dates of birth and rest,
In truth and soberness, there might be writ:
"He was loved best by those who knew him best."

WILSON LARRIMORE.

The Whiskers and the Wind.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Clarence Wells had wondrous whiskers,
Which he cultivated duly;
Long and downy, sleek and glossy,
They were hirsute marvels, truly!
With pomatum and cosmetics
Clarence was attentive to 'em—
Yet all vainly, for profanely
Did the wind go blowing through 'em.

Though their shape was all the fashion,
And their texture soft and wavy;
Though they charmed the girls to rhyme,
Than the pink of roast beef gravy;
Though the poets sung their glory
And the damsels loved to woo 'em,
Still the gusty gales and hoary
Kept adversely whisking through 'em.

Clarence Wells at last surrendered
To fate's fitful draughty phases,
And, one day, sir, with a razor
Off he swinged those crinous daisies!
Fortune favored him divested
Of his whiskers pink and flowing—
With no furry freaks to worry,
All at once the wind stopped blowing.

BROOKLYN FIXES.

Knitting.

From Harper's Young People.

Sweet Phebe in the mellow sunshine sits
And knits.
The little sister watching at her knees,
With curious eyes the coarse blue cotton sees,
And does not dream that Phebe's flying hands
Are weaving in a hundred different strands
For all into the lengthening sock that goes
Who knows?

The freshness of the summer day, begun
With sun,
The breath of flowers, the stir of bedding trees,
The thrushes' music and the hum of bees,
The song that trembles on her happy lips,
The kiss for Hetty's hindering finger-tips,
The faith and duty that her gentle soul
Control,

Sweet thoughts, and dreams that bloom in tranquil hours
Like flowers,
Grave plans and stirish hopes and little fears,
Blushes and smiles, the sudden dew of tears,
Vague visions of a joy beyond belief,
The passing shadow of a gentle grief,
And holy, but unconscious, here and there,
A prayer—

All these into the circle blue she weaves,
And leaves
Her homely task with unseen jewels rich,
A golden moment snared in every stitch.
But Betty, watching widened at her knee,
Smiles at her sister's work, and does not see
One whole sweet hour of happy life is knit
With it.

The City of Gold.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Would you like to see a city given over
Soul and body, to a tyrannizing name?
If you would, there's little need to be a rover,
For St. Andrews is that abject city's name.

It is surely quite superfluous to mention,
To a person who has been here half an hour,
That Golf is what engrosses the attention
Of the people, with an all-absorbing power.

Rich and poor alike are smitten with the fever;
'Tis their business and religion both to play;
And a man is scarcely deemed a true believer
Unless he goes at least a round a day.

The city boasts an old and learned college,
Where you'd think the leading industry was Greek;
Even there the favored instruments of knowledge
Are a driver, and a putter, and a cleek.

All the natives and the residents are patrons
Of this royal, ancient, irritating game;
All the old men, all the young men, maids and matrons,
With this passion burn in hard and gem like flame.

In the morning, as the light grows strong and stronger,
You may see the players going out in shoals;
And when night forbids their playing any longer,
They will tell you how they did the different holes.

Golf, golf, golf, and golf again, is all the story!
Till despair my overburdened spirit sinks.
Till I wish that every golfer was a rover,
And I pray the sea may overflow the links.

Still a slender, struggling ray of consolation
Comes to cheer me, very feeble though it be:
There are two who still escape infatuation.
One's my bosom friend McFoozie, t'other's me.

As I write the words, McFoozie enters blushing,
With a money and an iron in his hand;
And this blow, so unexpected and so crushing,
Is more than I am able to withstand.

So now it but remains for me to die, sin.
Stay! There is another course I may pursue,
And perhaps, upon the whole, it would be wiser
I will yield to fate, and be a golfer, too!

A Shame.

From the Utica Observer.

She has been to Saratoga and to Fort Ticonderoga,
Where they charge for breathing just about two dollars every breath;
She has visited the mountains and has drunk from healing fountains
Whose sulphuric odors make you think of something after death.

In white flannels and merino she was seen at the Casino,
Where her beauty was admired, and the costume that she wore
In the surf at Narragansett served to very much enhance it,
Till the button-pressing zodiac fiends were all along the shore.

On the Richfield lawns she flirted with the young men, and they danced,
And her dancing was delightful at the german or the hop.
Now she's back home in the city, and it really is a pity
That, in spite of all, she didn't get a single man to pop.

The Typewriter's Return.

From the Boston Courier.

Oh clang the timbrel lustily,
With sound of wild bacoo:
She's back! she's back! she has returned!
My agony is through!

How sluggish crept the leaden hours,
How dreary dragged the day!
No happy moment did I know
The while she was away.

She was away but two short weeks;
And yet it seemed to me
As if her absence had comprised
At least a century.

She's not so very beautiful,
In fact she's rather plain;
But oh it fills my heart with joy
To have her back again.

No other one can take her place;
I know, for I have tried.
Alas! I am a wretched man
When she's not by my side.

For I'm a very busy man;
With such a lot to do;
And when my typewriter's away
I'm in a perfect stew.

It is Not Always Beauty that Wins.

From the St. Paul Daily Globe.

There's a girl up on the hill who always gets a seat in a car if it is just jammed. She isn't pretty nor anything like that, but she is brainy and her feet are large. She wears common-sense shoes with heavy heels. She goes into a car and hangs to a strap in front of some man. Then every time the car jerks she lunges around with those heels. After a few lunges the man gives her his seat and limps out and stands on the platform and swears.

It has no Equal.

OF quick leavening agents Royal Baking Powder exceeds all others in strength, purity and wholesomeness, because of its specially refined, chemically pure ingredients.

Gov. Chemist Dr. MOTT: "The Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

MAKING RAIN.

Who Is Entitled to the Chief Credit for the Latest Developments?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: As THE SUN is one of the few newspapers which have mentioned my name in connection with the recent rain-making experiments, I beg leave to make the following statement:

It was observed by many during our late civil war that battles of any considerable magnitude were almost invariably followed by heavy rains. The same thing had been observed in former wars, and was noticed in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. Who first suggested in print that heavy artillery firing would bring on rain is not known, but it is said to have been mentioned by Benvenuto Cellini, the Italian artist, who died in 1570, and, at one time in his life, performed some military exploits. The subject was also mentioned by Arago, the noted French physicist and statesman, who died in 1853. The superstition of the ancients in regard to rain following battles, which is often mentioned by the opponents of the concussion theory, was an entirely different matter, as it referred to rain happening, not immediately after battles, but a long time after them and after the bodies of the slain had putrefied.

In 1870 I suggested, in an article published in numerous papers throughout the country, that some experiments ought to be undertaken to develop the natural principle that seemed to be involved and determine if it could