ABOUT WOMEN DRUMMERS.

MANY OF THEM NOW IN COMMERCIAL LIFE AND THERE TO STAY.

The Pioneers Among Women Who Are Commercial Travellers—One Who Became a Travelling Saleswoman Before She Was Thirteen—Good and Bad Points of the Business—Successful Women.

The woman drummer has entered American commercial life, and she is there to stay. That's what her men competitors say about it. Ten years ago a travelling saleswoman was not only looked upon with curiosity but also eyed with suspicion. To-day she packs her grips and sample cases and comes and goes as she pleases. Nobody bothers one whit about her, for everybody has learned that she is filling her niche in the world with satisfaction to herself and her employer, and, in most cases, without lessening her self-respect or losing the respect of others.

One half of the world claims that the other half misjudges men drummers, and the drummers themselves say that most people do not take them seriously. Nobody will ever make this mistake about the woman drummer. She takes herself seriously. And then she doesn't go at her work as if it were play, but throws that earnestness into it which is characteristic of most women bread winners. One-half the world thinks that the men who sell goods on the road receive large salaries for no other purpose than to eat, drink, and make merry with their inexhaustible fund of good stories and schoolboy pranks. On the other hand, the other half is just as firmly fixed in its opinion that there is much good in the man drummer and that his faults are mostly imaginary. The truth of the matter is this: The men who travel are just like the business men who employ them or any other hard-working individuals. Their presence is demanded in every part of the world, and if lawyers, teachers, and doctors or preachers were forced to scatter from one end of the universe to the other, undoubtedly as many black sheep would come to light among them as are found in the ranks of men drummers. They lay no claims to being saints, but that does not mean that they are sinners. Most of them have jolly, cheery dispositions, are loyal to one another and to their fellow men, devoted to their homes and families, and ready to help the needy, the weak, and the unprotected. This is the average man drummer.

The woman drummer is not the same creature by any means. Women as a rule take themselves and their work and life generally more seriously than men do, any way, and life on the road does not change them in this respect. They complain that the life is hard and lonely and yet travelling is something like eating peanuts in a country store. You get started and you simply can't stop. You don't want another peanut and still you go on munching, munching, munching. Finally you stop from sheer exhaustion, take a drink of red lemonade, and are ready to munch some more. That's the way it goes with the woman drummer. She travels from town to town until she is utterly sick of it, and goes home declaring that it is her last trip on the road. But a few days cure her and she is ready to travel again. She has not so sunshiny a disposition as her brother drummer and neither does she pick up good stories through her territory, which is one more proof in favor of the theory advanced by most men that women have little sense of humor. The woman drummer is just as fond of home and loved ones as her sister who is constantly talking of these things at club meetings, and she is just as womanly and as eager to support those agencies calculated to elevate the human race whenever she finds the time to spare from her never-ending duties.

It is hard to say who among the women has been longest on the road. There are many veterans whose territories extend from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Two lay claim to the honor of being the first in the field. One is Mrs. Kate M. Green, who lightens the burden of womankind by selling washboards for an Evansville, Ind., house; the other is Miss Zindel. The latter has met with great pecuniary success in selling shell goods. Those who are uninitiated so far as women drummers go, must be told the instant that their handle a line of goods suitable only for women. They carry everything from chewing gum up to machinery. Miss Zindel has been on the road for a decade, travelling all over the United States. As an example of her success, it is said that in 1894 she sold $300,000 worth of goods, and that wasn't a good business year, either. This gives an idea of woman's capacity for doing such work.

Undoubtedly the youngest woman on the road is a mere slip of a girl living in Florence, S. C. She is another travelling proof that a child, with all of a child's pretty, unconscious ways, and yet she has covered thousands of miles and made enough money to support an almost helpless family since she was 13 years of age, three years ago. Her name is Ellen Caddell. Ellen Caddell, she has signed herself since she has assumed the dignity of a "lady drummer," as she calls herself.

When she quietly announced one day that her family was in great need and that a weekly paper had offered her $8 a week to travel in her State, which offer she intended to accept, the people in the little town where she lives fell back and fairly gasped. South Carolina was an aristocracy before the war and it hasn't succeeded in getting he stiffness taken out of its back yet. Girls don't especially fall in the lower part of the State, don't like the idea of a woman's doing any kind of work and of all things on earth they would consider drumming a business in which she could not engage. A woman had much better go hungry than engage in business, according to the doctrines which have been instilled in these sons of aristocratic fathers. But little Ellen Caddelle didn't think that way, and she isn't a new woman, either. She didn't know anything about the complexities of life which trouble so many women nowadays, and she didn't care whether it was intended that women should work or not. She knew that her father and mother were both invalids, and that her little brother and sister were too young to help them. She realized that the expenses were greater than the income in the family treasury and that something must be done. "Who is there to do it?" she asked herself and her common sense answered: "I am the one." Do you suppose that she stopped to think about what people would say when in stiff silks with folded hands and what they would say? Not a bit of it. She accepted the business proposition made to her and got down to hard work immediately.

"How I ever got the courage to start out I can't tell," said Miss Caddelle to a SUN reporter, and her pretty eyes twinkled with mirthful mischief. "I started out the first day of January, 1893, nearly five months before my thirteenth birthday. My business was canvassing for the paper and my territory at first the counties near my own. What do you think I did? In two weeks' time I broke up my job for a better one. It happened that they wanted a school teacher in one of the little towns where I went. I applied for the place, got it, and taught from the first Monday in February until the last Friday in May. Then I went home and stayed there until July, when I went on the road again. Why did I start out so young? I just had to make a living for my father, mother, sister, and brother. Poor papa! he lost one leg in the Confederate war. Six years ago he fell ill and hasn't been able to make a living for us since. For three years he didn't make $100 and my mother couldn't do anything, for she has been an invalid for eight years. I just had to do something. That's all there is about it. My only sister is only 11 now and my brother 8, and of course they are too small to work. My father received a small soldier's pension, and if it hadn't been for that I don't know what would have become of us.

"But to go on about my experience as a drummer. In July I went on the road selling Monumental slates for marking linen. I travelled through South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, a portion of Arkansas, Texas, and also over parts of Alabama, Indiana, and Florida. Everywhere I met with kindness and a fair share of success. I was a child and people treated me as such. Most people respect age and youth, you know. Next I struck out for a Cincinnati house. Georgia was my territory and I carried a big line of baking powder, soap, and cigars. Pretty soon a house at Bath, N. Y., heard of me and wanted me to sell perfection tins for them stamped in ware that is and I've continued to work for them up to the present time. A Chicago house has just made me an offer and I have not set decided whether I will continue with the same or not. For 11 years I have always met with a fair share of success in my work and like it very much.

"A girl can be a drummer and at the same time a lady, or she can forget herself on the road as she chooses. I never have cared to talk with travellers, for you never know who you are talking to, but I've heard of a good many women who travel. Some carry chewing gum, some toilet articles, some corsets, while others handle dry goods and groceries.

"I was 16 years old on May 23 and I tried very hard to get the history of my experiences as a drummer, which I am writing, ready to be published by that time, but I was too busy. Co, co," the girl drummer concluded with a happy laugh. "I forgot to say that I inherited my taste for the business from my father. He travelled before his health became so impaired, and I also forgot to say that no matter what line of goods I carry I always sell photographs of myself. People are good about them and every penny helps to buy bread and butter.

"Everyone knows that Cleveland, O., is a hotbed for men drummers. It has sent a goodly number of women into the field, too, and one of the most successful is Miss Ella Stewart, who sells copper hardware for a Rome, N. Y., manufacturing company. Her territory embraces New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. In a recent interview concerning her work, Miss Stewart said:

"When I started out, something over five years ago, it was without any knowledge whatever of the merits of my goods or what I would encounter in the way of competition. My first feeling was that the commercial men as a whole would look upon me as an interloper. If they did, they never let me know it, and I have never had any unpleasant experiences wit them. I have always been treated with the greatest respect. Merchants in every case have given me as fair a chance and showing as they give my male competitors. The life is not unpleasant, but sometimes rather lonely. A woman has equal rights so far as business is concerned, but she does not have the same privileges as men about hotels and in the railroad cars. Consequently, when she strikes a town she has to spend her whole time in her room when not engaged in business. Again, she travels for days at a time without once speaking to any one except the porter of the sleeping car. So you see there is very little excitement in a travelling saleswoman's life outside of her work. For all that I like it, and I know that I am much healthier than if confined in an office."

When asked if she had been successful Miss Stewart answered:

"My only answer to that question is that I have been travelling for nearly half a dozen years. Had I not been fairly successful I shouldn't be on the road now. Then, too, the fact that there are so many women engaged in this business speaks well for their success as drummers. If they weren't capable of doing the work and of doing it well, you may be sure that the men wouldn't employ them."

"Speaking of women drummers," said a woman who was on the road for many years, but who couldn't allow her name to be used because she has changed it, and now has a jolly man drummer to travel for her while she stays at home and eagerly awaits his runs into headquarters, "I used to be one myself. My father was a physician, and we were great chums. I learned a great deal about botany and chemicals from him, and when he died that picked-up knowledge saved me from the poorhouse. It was this way. We thought we had money a-plenty, and when father died we found that about all he left us was debts that we didn't dream he owed. I'd always been used to everything, but I saw that I must get to work. A big chemical company here advertised for a salesman to go on the road. I applied, and those men nearly fell in a fit.

"'We don't advertise for a woman,' gasped one old man.

"'We don't want you,' said another, with great emphasis on the you, while a third spoke up in a gruff voice and asked:

"'What do you know about chemistry and drugs? We want a man who knows how to sell drugs.'

"'I know more about botany, chemistry, and drugs than nine out of every ten men who will apply for this job,' I answered bravely, but there was a lump in my chest as though I'd swallowed a hard-boiled egg at supper. 'What do you think those men did, and just because I was a woman, too? They said that I would have to stand a sort of civil service examination, as it were. Well, I stood it, and they were astonished at my papers. Written! Oh, yes, and it was hard, too. The three old gentlemen were so astonished that they blurted out it was the first time they ever required an applicant to stand an examination, and that they did it to scare me off. They gave me the job, and I worked for them several years, and could have been with them now if I hadn't found a easier snap.

"I went all over this country, and my business was entirely with physicians and druggists. They always treated me well, after I paid them one visit, and even those who positively refused to have anything to say to women drummers finally came to save their orders for me. I was so successful in my sales that after a while I refused to work on salary, and sold on commission. As for my male competitors, I never bothered my head as to what they thought or said about me. I attended strictly to business, and was happy so long as I could sell big bills of goods.

"I certainly have had some great experiences in small country towns. Many a time I've nearly frozen to death at some little hotel in Maine or Massachusetts. The cheapest board I ever struck was in North Carolina. I was 10 miles from the railroad, from South Carolina was finished Asheville, and passengers had to stage it for twenty miles from Hendersonville. I got to the latter place one day about noon, and after doing considerable business there I concluded to go on to Asheville that night. Hired a team and with a mere mountain lad as a driver struck out. Darkness overtook us before we had gone ten miles, and the little rascal talked to me so much about moonshiners and their desperate deeds I began to get cold and shaky. Everything we saw in the light of the lantern looked like a moonshiner.

"'That air's er still house yander up the mountin. Er turrible gang runs hit. Turrible! Kills ten an' twelve at er shot.'

"Finally I could stand it no longer and told him that we would stop at the first farmhouse we came to, which we reached one. The poorest couple lived there I ever saw. They had one daughter, 'our gal Sal,' they called her. She was 20 years old and had never seen a railroad train. But she had been raised on mighty good things to eat. Such a supper as those women got for me, and in a jiffy. Fried chicken, deliciously light hot biscuits, scrambled eggs cooked only as the Southern people can cook them, hot coffee, honey, and milk. When I saw my little driver fall to and eat I understood why he had scared the life nearly out of me with his harrowing tales. He knew the hospitality and the cooking at that place, and in my heart I was grateful to him. After supper I talked to the family for a while, and they were the quaintest people I ever met. Finally they rose to show me into the sheep room where I was to sleep. I had to climb upon a small ladder to get into the bed, and after I did get in I went down, down, down. At first I thought it was a moonshiner's contrivance, but bless you it was nothing but a feather bed nearly four feet thick. It was an August night; but never mind.

"I slept as I had never slept before and never will again, I'm afraid. I can smell those white sheets and pillow cases now. They had been done up in sweet herbs. These people couldn't read, but innate refinement was there. Next morning I got up to breakfast even more delicious than the supper, the boy geared up his horses and we were about to start on.

"'What's my bill?' I asked, 'and that of the driver.'

"'W-a-l, I scarcely know,' answered the old man, 'we had two meals o' cook'd victuals, a bed, an' keep fur the colts. Hit sun's like a heap o' money, I know, stranger, but call hit 15 cents.'

"'Mek hit 10, ole man,' put in the old woman.

"Really, tears sprang to my eyes. I had been unmanned by kindness, and I slipped a five-dollar bill into the old woman's hand and told her to buy herself and Sal a new dress. They actually didn't know what it was, and when I explained it left both women crying and the old man coughing and blowing his nose. To my mind that is one of the most interesting of my experiences.

"I never had anything to do with other commercial travellers, men or women. Somehow I was rarely thrown in with them. The women I met were those I could come under my care though, were very successful. I once met Mrs. B. K. Henry. She had been on the road seven years then, and that was two years ago. She told me that her husband died leaving her with two or three little children, and that she had to do something to support them, so she took to selling corsets.

"One of the most attractive of all the woman drummers I ever met was a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman who sold women's ready-made underwear. I rarely ever put up at the Gibson House in Cincinnati that I didn't meet her there, and everybody in that house, from the smallest buttons up to the richest regular boarder, respected and admired her, and she had been stopping there five or six times a year for seven years. She sold enormous bills to the wholesale houses, and I used to like to see her now as she went about her business in her quiet, dignified way. Her bearing was that of one to the manner born, and she always dressed in the most quiet but elegant tailor-made gowns.

"Two other women drummers that I used to meet frequently at the same hotel were of another stamp. They carried a line of ready-made clothing for children, the most exquisite I ever saw, and had loads of rich private customers in Cincinnati, as well as merchants. One was a woman of about 35 years old, the other was not more than 20. Their clothes were so loud that you could hear them as they went by, and everybody knew when those two birds struck the hotel. They talked and laughed loud enough to be heard all over the house, and their loud, and conscious signs in the elevator told that they were there and that an exhibition of their samples could be seen in room number this or that. But they were hustlers when it came to selling. No man ever got away from them without buying at least a small bill. Generally it was a large one.

"Of course, women drummers are just like women anything else. Some of them are good, attend strictly to business, and always, under all circumstances, behave with propriety; others are bad and go in for fun. Once when I was in Hot Springs, Ark., I met a young woman who was selling chewing gum. She took the town by storm, for she was the first travelling saleswoman who had ever been there. The grocers, confectioners, and druggists laid in sufficient large supply of chewing gum to wear out the jaws of every man, woman, and child in the whole State. The men gave the excuse that they bought from her just because she was a woman, but my experience on the road taught me that good looks go a long way toward effecting good sales.

"There's one peculiar thing about women drummers," continued this well-informed woman. "They have proved perfect failures so far as the millinery business is concerned, with one exception, so far as I know. Miss Arline Carson sells $100,000 worth of millinery for a New York house every year. I think there are very few women on the road carrying millinery. Groceries seem to be more in their line, strange to say. Dozens of women are making money for their employers and themselves selling flour, soda, cocoa, baking powder, buckwheat, and other things. The woman drummer has this advantage over the man in handling things. She stops in a small town a few days, sets up an impromptu kitchen in a grocery store, and invites all the women in the town to call in and see a demonstration of the merits of her goods.

"She shows them what delicious biscuits can be made from her flour or with her baking powder, she lets them taste cocoa more delicious than they ever dreamed of, and her batter cakes made of the buckwheat flour that she carries are so light and spongy that even the men are tempted to go in to try them. What man drummer can do this? He hasn't been found yet, and best of all, the local papers gives the dear girl drummer a puff every day, and incidentally her goods, and so is it any wonder that her sales are large?

"Why aren't there as many women drummers in the East as in the West and South?" asked the reporter.

"That's easily enough explained," answered the ex-drummer. "When the companies in the large cities of the East wish to send some one out near home they send one of their regular salesmen or saleswomen. But when they wish some one to cover an extended territory they send a regular drummer. The salesswomen have a good time in the South and West. If they behave themselves they are not only treated with courteous consideration, but with genuine kindness, and I speak from knowledge, not hearsay. One of the first women to take to the road was Carrie A. Bacon.

"She covers the South for an enterprising chewing gum company, and no matter what town you strike in old Dixie, the first thing you hear is, 'Do you know Miss Carrie Bacon, that sweet chewing gum girl?' There's another pretty little French girl who is a great favorite down there. Her parents live up in the Adirondacks, and she is a demonstrating drummer, too. Her line is cocoa, and they tell me that when she strikes a town the young men, and old ones, too, for that matter, can drink enough cocoa in a day as a thirsty camel can drink water. For my part, I never saw a woman yet who had travelled that did not like it. Women have played havoc with the trade of a great many brother drummers, but it is in this as it is in every branch of trade, and the more progressive, the fittest survive. Let the dear girls drum on."

Miss Laura Canby is a drummer who hails from San Francisco, and like all of the Pacific coast girls, has vim and energy that bring success in their train. She owns up that she believes the drummer's life to be one of the best professions for women and tells the following interesting story in a recent number of the *Commercial Travellers' Home Magazine* of how she started out at the age of 17:

"I wanted to be independent and earn my own living, so I made application to one of the leading firms at San Francisco, and that's all there was to it. No, that is not all there was to it, either, for they thought I was too young. When the manager saw me and the foreladyy was called in to look at me they hesitated in my face. I soon learned what was required of me and went at it with a will. I will say nothing about the heartaches and disappointments. I had to force myself to the routine of a work that took my time every day and my thought every night.

"I have great times getting up for the early trains, and the late hours of arrival in a town are quite enough to upset a better constitution than mine, but I have never suffered in health. In fact I have been better in this work than I was before I entered it. I have grown thinner, it isn't so very dreadful a thing, this going into business for one's self. It has its hard part, but there is no suffering, no humiliation, nor need there be any insults. Tact, self respect, an ability to judge human nature in all its phases, judgment, refinement, all these are required. Without them no one can succeed in this business. I take it seriously, for then I went into it seriously. I had a mother and sister to support, and I had to make my way with these things in view. What else could I do in regard to my work? I have other ambitions and I hope to realize them in time.

"When it comes to drumming for money," said a commercial man when asked about women drummers, "Women knock the socks off of men. Women as collectors have completely revolutionized that business. A man can't collect to a woman that he delinquent intends of settling the claim. His pride asserts itself and he can't bear to have the woman collector know that he is dishonest. He knows, furthermore, that she has a tongue and that it will wag. The woman drummer is here and she is a fixture. We may as well get used to her, and of our way, soon, so we might just as well make the best of her, God bless her!"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written of the travelling man, as she has found him, thus:

The sorrows of the moving world distress him;
He never fails to lend what aid he can.
A thousand times I've seen the smile that does him—
The much abused, maligned commercial man.
I do not strive to cast a halo 'round him,
But speak of him precisely as I've found him.

And in this day, in the twilight of what will be woman's century, as Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, why isn't this equally applicable to the woman drummer? Those who know her say that it is.

WOMEN IN THE CAMPAIGN.

Miss Boswell Already Preparing to Help Elect a Republican President.

The women's end of the Presidential campaign, so far as New York is concerned, opened when Miss Helen Varick Boswell put the last shirt waist into her trunk before starting for the St. Louis Convention. Miss Boswell will have the direction of the New York branch of the National Woman's Republican Association. She will attend the Convention in her capacity as an officer of that body and as the representative of Mrs. Emily Chase of Rhode Island, who is the Secretary of the association.

In every crease of the grass linen gowns in which she will disburse smiles and gold sentiments from the Convention platform she folded away a plan for the more serious warfare of the fall. The plans are broad enough to cover the political views of any possible nominee. They can be made to fit the narrow, conservative way along which a gold-standard candidate may be expected to lead his party to the polls. They may, on the other hand, be stretched to carpet the wide platform of a silver Republican, "with its sixteen planks to one joist," as one of the members of the association said. But they are complete, and they are practical. As an instance of their practicality, there is the glee club.

The glee club is one of Miss Boswell's most hopeful allies. It is already in commission, and is only waiting for the signal from St. Louis to sail right into the race. Miss Eva Worms of the Professional Woman's League, is in command. She has picked her crew of six young women, and they are already cruising about, trying the light airs of the league against the time of the regatta. They are pretty. They are to sing campaign songs. The association believes this is a good deal in the way of ballast. Before the next President is elected, the impromptu or itinerary quartets which sandwich patriotic songs between the stump speeches and have to respond to an encore with "Little Tommy went a Fishing," when their political repertoire gives out, will be stranded high and dry, and the Woman's Republican Association Chorus will sail in with the cup and the glory. At least that is what they expect.

"What shall we do, you do," said Miss Boswell, when Miss Worms presented herself for instructions. "be sure to select good-looking singers. That means more than half the fight. Then we'll keep them busy with stirring election songs. I've seen a row of darkies file up onto the platform and sing every thing from plantation songs to bits from current operas in every campaign through which I have gone, but I don't believe they were half so effective as our glee club will be. Their musical exhortations will not be confined to the women's mass meetings. They will go right through the campaign, singing at all the political affairs. It will be a novelty any way, and I believe it will be a pretty strong factor.

"They'll be in time for the Convention. Our State Convention for Republican women will be held here in October. Some of the most earnest workers from all over the State will be chosen to form a State Central Committee. I expect to gain a good many ideas which this committee may be able to put to use during my visit to the Convention."

"She expects to see for the first time there," jocularly remarked her father, as he put his head in at the door to announce the arrival of the expressman for her trunk, "that storied individual, the washing machine agent. First is if the hotel's still insist on their present interpretation of hospitality toward the colored representatives."

The expressman was called back, while Miss Boswell unlocked the trunk to put in the skirt of a dress which she had overlooked. Lying on a chair,

"I wouldn't have left that out for anything," she commented. "That was my chiefest joy. It was to me what his favorite chicken was to a man down in our parts. (Miss Boswell is a native of Maryland.) He was always complaining of having his chickens stolen. He told us the tale of the latest of these bereavements late one night, and then went home. We were aroused shortly afterward by his excited appearance. He gasped.

"'I want to tell you that I've just found out that it was my most partic'larest chicken what I was just tellin' you about was stole.'

"That was my most partic'larest skirt, I need it. I am to sit on the platform where few women are privileged to sit. There will be many other women there, and I must look well.

"I expect to meet Republican women representing every section of the country. From them I shall doubtless get many available ideas, particularly from the silver States women. They are likely to be well represented, since they are the women who take not only an interested but an active part in politics. Of course we are not working for McKinley's nomination since we have our own favorite son, but we will support any candidate who may be nominated with the same strength, the same enthusiasm, and the same glee club."

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED. My Tubular Cushions help users and use far as glasses help eyes. Write for Book on Deafness. Instrument 1861 and consultation at our new depot. I. Hisco & Co., 853 Broadway, cor. 14th st, N.Y. BOOK FREE.

HAIR-HEALTH Restores youthful color to gray hair. Best Hair grower. Cures Dandruff, baldness, hair falling. Don't stain skin. Ask druggist for HAY HAIR HEALTH. 50c. Absolutely harmless.

DELIGHT IN WAX NOSES.

THE JOY THEY BRING TO PERSONS MISUSED BY NATURE.

De Wolf Hopper's Nose in "El Capitan" and the Wonder It Excites in His Audiences—The Transformation of a Putty Ball Into a Comic Feature of the Comedian's Face.

De Wolf Hopper's wife came within an ace of knocking his nose off the other night, but she was not one bit sorry; she simply doubled over with laughter. It happened during a performance of "El Capitan." In which Mr. Hopper's nose is at its biggest, if not at its best. The thing that puzzles the members of the company who happen to see the nose veer from leeward to windward is how that little, tiny woman ever mustered up the strength to move that immense and grotesque feature, which is the talk of everybody who goes to see "El Capitan."

"It was quite accidental," she answered demurely when asked about the accident. "I was in an unusually playful mood that night, and somehow I happened to give *El Capitan's* nose a fearful whack. My, but I was scared when I felt it wiggle. It gave me that awe-struck feeling which comes over one who feels the first slight tremor that usually comes before a hard earthquake shock. However, the earthquake didn't follow in this case, and *El Capitan* is still wearing his nose." That is all that little Mrs. Hopper would say.

It is amusing to hear the comments on Mr. Hopper's proboscis as they are made in the theatre between the acts. The country brides and grooms who flock to New York at this particular season believe that all of *El Capitan's* nose is Mr. Hopper's own, and go home with the idea that he is one of the sights of the city.

"Did you ever see such a nose on a human being's face?" said a pretty little woman, dressed in the pale gray of Mrs. Newlywed, to the groom in his brand-new frock coat the other evening when the curtain went down on the first act.

"I never did," he answered, "ain't it awful?"

"Well, I should remark," replied the little bride. "I wonder if his little daughter, Edna Wallace-Hopper, ain't ashamed to be seen off the stage with him?"

"No, sir. I'll gamble on it she ain't. She's too good-hearted, that little brick is," answered the groom with enthusiasm. "I reckon she's mighty sorry because her father has to go through life with such a deformity, but I bet she makes the best of it. I've heard of people who have no noses having artificial ones made. I wonder if there is any place in New York where a man with too much nose, like Hopper's there, can get a reef taken in it?"

"Of course there is," replied the bride. "I always have heard that you could get everything under the sun here, and have anything done, and now I know it. Maybe he's too old to have anything done. He looks like a pretty old man," and as the lights were turned down for the second act both he and she forgot about the nose in their eagerness to hold hands.

Not five seats away sat another happy pair, also much disturbed about the length, breadth, and shape of *El Capitan's* nose.

"Well, New York needn't say anything more about Chicago's fret, when this climate grows such noses as Hopper's," said the little man.

"Pshaw, Charley; that's a false nose," answered his big wife.

"Oh, no; it's precisely the color of his face, and if it was false we could see where it began and ended. That's all his nose, I'm sure."

"Sure it isn't. I believe he has on a mask, Charley."

"Of course he hasn't! See how his face wrinkles when he talks. Maybe it's a wax nose, though. They do say they have got wax noses down the row. Just then, it can't be wax, for it would melt this hot night. Leave it to the audience, I say, Mary Ann."

"I'm probably not just what you call, and nearly every woman too, considers, after making a careful study of *El Capitan's* nose, New Yorkers who are accustomed to seeing Hopper on the street and at the social park, have ceased to be curious in the matter. The members of the Lambs' club and are in the habit of treating him on a warm summer night, know that he has big, frank eyes, a great big mouth, and a chin like mine, and they also know that his nose is prominent. But when he comes on as *El Capitan* they feel sure that he has added a finishing touch to that nose in some way. Just what the touch is none of them is able to tell, but when a reporter put the question, "How do you manufacture *El Capitan's* nose?" he did not object to telling.

"You didn't know that I was an artist, did you?" he asked. "Well, that's what I am. I'm not only a sculptor but a painter, and that nose proves it. I not only press, mould, pat, squeeze, and stretch it into shape, every night I have to paint it to match my face. What's it made of? Why, putty, of course, on that putty stays so tight that it would hold even together. So people call my nose grotesque, do the We? They wouldn't if they knew that it is artistic, precisely like that part of my face which it covers.

"But to get back to my nose. It is a rather huge affair, and quite a contrast to that of my chandelier, who, I hear, looks like me. He is a putty nose, too, but he hasn't so much of a foundation to build on as I have. I build upon a ball of putty, and I can, and I do, build up producing exactly the effect I want. Putty lends itself to a great deal in character acting, for there is much in a nose. Suppose a man who is playing the part of a great military commander happens to have a pug nose. He builds his putty up to a Roman nose, and he builds his putty up to such curves and size as one expects to see in a person destined to command. Walter Jones wore a putty nose when he played the tramp in "1492," with such success, and he couldn't have made and sort of a tramp nose, for he had to be funny. Next to his favorite adornments, Wilton Lackaye has the greatest success in his make-up as Svengali to his putty nose. W. H. Thomas, the character actor, has one of these flexible noses, and he can make it express almost anything. With the aid of a little piece of nose putty.

"Now, in 'Dr. Syntax,' continued Mr. Hopper, "I had a big nose. The party did it and I had the most comical jug that you can imagine, so to speak. The jug was the body of a burgomaster after a life of beer and sedentary habits. I also wore a putty nose in 'Boccaccio,' in 'Wang' or 'Pudjadurum' I had none. It all depends on the character which one is to play whether the nose putty will be called into use or not. And that reminds me, I'm wanted in the dressing room. Walk into my dressing room and you can see the operation."

No sooner was the invitation extended to the reporter than it was accepted, and in a few minutes Mr. Hopper was seated before his dressing table, attired in his pink silk dressing gown, a dark blue flannel shirt, and his Dean's ship, he explained. "This is the nose putty," and he took up a roll of waxy looking stuff done up in tin foil. "Of course, it really isn't putty at all, but is a combination of wax and other ingredients known only to the manufacturers. Speaking about the color of a man's complexion when he has a bad case of jaundice, and one of its best points is that it can be used over and over again.

He picked up a ball of the putty of about the size of a marble. "This has been *El Capitan's* nose for a week and will be again tonight. I knead the ball between my fingers until it gets soft and then I begin my artistic work.

"This is about soft enough to mould into shape now, and I'll stick it on the end of my nose, so. Next I'll smooth it up into shape, but I want it to hang down at least an inch below my nose. That gives the long effect to my face. It looks as if I measured over a foot from my eyes to the end of my chin. So.

All the time Mr. Hopper was talking he was pressing his nose into shape with his fingers. After he had it moulded just exactly to suit him, he said:

"Now, I'll show you where I come in as a painter. Anybody can see that my nose doesn't match my face, so I shall take some flesh colored grease paint and work it into the putty until I have my nose of the correct shade. There, I have it! But it looks too shiny, so I will powder it with flesh colored powder. How is that for a nose?"

"Pretty extensive," suggested the reporter. "Aren't you afraid of losing it?"

"Oh, no. That happens quite often with actors. I've lost my nose on several occasions, and one night when my wife gave it such a blow that it distinctly left it there from east to west, but by a quick movement I pushed it firmly into place. Even when such an accident does happen the audience doesn't take it, what it is. They know that something is wrong with the actor, that his appearance is changed, but just what is altered they can't tell. That's the signal for me to go on," and out rushed *El Capitan*, nose and all.

"Not only actors but opera singers use a great deal of nose putty," said Charley Meyer, who deals in make-ups. "Women are opposed to using it and not many of their parts require it. Miss Meisinger did in her part as the witch in "Hansel and Gretel." All Jew parts require nose putty and a good deal of it. Albert Neumann used it when "Tabbilabu-ee" was sung in Paris for the first time in Germany in 1893 under the direction of Richard Wagner. He made up with great skill. Theodore Hoffritz, who played the part of Scarbow the Indian Sioux chief in the "Girl I Left Behind Me," had a broad Indian nose made entirely of putty. Dixey used a large quantity of it when he made up for Henry Irving, and both John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett depended on their noses largely when they played *Shylock*, or rather on the nose putty. Nearly all comedienne use it.

"Of course dealers in theatrical goods keep wax noses made on linen in stock, but they are used only by amateurs, who do not know how to put on the nose putty, and for fancy dress affairs. It requires a great deal of practice to become expert in moulding just the nose to suit the character, but some of the actors are so expert at it that the very sight of their putty noses sets people to laughing. The putty is perfectly harmless, being nothing more than chalk and a preparation of gum."

Theatrical people aren't the only ones who are able to make noses to suit themselves. The doctors can do this nowadays, too, or at least a few of them can. They make noses not for ornament, however, but for use. If a man's nose has been wholly or partially destroyed he can get an artificial one that almost defies detection. The business in artificial noses in Greater New York isn't very extensive, however.

Noses are expensive. A Brooklyn physician who is a successful carver of noses said to the reporter:

"There is no class of deformed persons more susceptible to the gaze of the general public than those who have disfigured and deformed faces, and as a rule they are very sensitive, especially if it is a deformity of the nose. 'As plain as the nose on your face' is a very significant saying. Surgeons have tried plastic operations, such as grafting tissues from different parts of the body, from the arms, and also from lower animals. Parts of fingers have been grafted to form a bridge for the nose, but very few of these operations have been successful, and they very often increase the disfigurement.

"For years I experimented, trying to graft soft and hard tissues from the lower animals, and in no case were any satisfactory results obtained. The tissues from the lower animals will not unite with human tissues, and never have done so, despite reports to the contrary. I believe that when only a part of the nose has been destroyed the work of the surgeon is of great benefit, but when the supports to the soft tissues are destroyed some artificial work must be provided. Hence these noses," said the doctor, pointing to at least two dozen of various shapes and sizes on the desk in front of him.

"The material used in these noses is plastic, very light and durable," he continued, throwing one against the ceiling. The color is very near that of the human skin, and hundreds of patients write me that strangers do not notice the artificial noses at all and some state that people have stood talking to them without detecting the mechanical work. The nose is held on firmly by means of glasses which hook behind the ears, and hide the shadows of the face hide it on the sides."

In reply to a question as to how he fitted a nose, the doctor replied:

"If a patient comes to me I take a plaster cast of his face and carefully carve a nose to suit the face after studying every feature in detail. The nose is painted and the paint rubbed off until the nose matches the complexion perfectly. Many of my patients, however, live as far west as California or as far south as Louisiana and cannot afford to come here. In such a case I send directions for taking a cast of the face and from that and the photograph I make the nose.

"It's wonderful how many physicians have deformities of the nose, and with them it is nearly always the result of some disease that they have caught. Of course, artificial noses are always designed to deceive, but, astonishing to tell, quite a number of women come to me for artificial noses out of sheer vanity. Such cases I refuse absolutely to treat.

"Very funny things happen sometimes. Once a great brawny German woman came all the way from Buffalo to have a nose made for a pretty old man," and as the lights were turned down for the second act both he and she forgot about the nose in their eagerness to hold hands.

Thomas Slater's offer is a boon to men of all ages. See page 4, main sheet.—Adv.

OUTINGS FOR WORKING WOMEN.

The Seashore Cottage at North Long Branch to Be Opened To-morrow.

Well-to-do and rich people aren't the only ones who are going to the seashore this hot weather. Many young working women of New York are going, too. Some will leave to-morrow, and a great many others have engaged rooms for a little later in the season. When August comes they will fairly pour out of the city, or at least things point that way now.

"But where are these women with but a limited time to spare going? They surely haven't the means to pay the charges at the usual resorts," some will say. No, they have not, but all the same they are going as usual to the Seashore Cottage at North Long Branch, which opens to-morrow for the reception of visitors.

Every day for two weeks, between the hours of 11 and 1 in the morning and 7 and 9 in the evening, a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced, motherly little woman sits at her desk in an office at 18 East Sixteenth street receiving applications for rooms. She is Mrs. E. C. Haliburton, the city manager of the cottage, and is just as enthusiastic over it as if it were a brand new enterprise and not an established success.

"Eight young women are going down Monday," she said with a satisfied smile, "and think of it, why, that's only opening day. Really I don't know what the girls would do without the Seashore Cottage now. It was established by Mrs. Fletcher Harper, Jr., wife of one of the publishing firm of Harper & Bros., eighteen years ago, and since her death has been carried on by her daughter, Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley of Rochester. The cottage is a long building with broad piazzas in front and back. In fact, it was a gentlemen's club house before we bought it, and that is enough to show that it is very comfortable and conveniently arranged. There are twenty-six bedrooms, and two persons are expected to occupy each room. This being the case, it is always suggested that friends or acquaintances visit the cottage at the same time. We can accommodate only fifty-two at a time, so if the house is full and more applications for rooms come in, the stay of each visitor is limited to two weeks, including the day of the arrival and departure.

"The dining room is a very large room, and the table excellent. As the charge of board has been fixed at $5 for one week, or $9 for two weeks, the girls themselves often marvel at the delicious meals set before them and the prompt service, and wonder how it is done. Of course, it takes close management, and the house does not pay running expenses unless every room is filled. At the same time, this is not a work of charity, but of philanthropy. The girls who go there are a set of proud, independent women, and wouldn't go for an instant if they felt that they were depending on charity. Most of our customers are young women from the stores, but we have a great many artists, music teachers, school teachers, and women in some other profession or business during the season, and they do have great fun. They get up the most wonderful musicales and dramatic entertainments and have a merry time when some one wants to play the part of a gentleman. Of course she has to use a bathing suit for man's attire. The girls at the cottage do just exactly as they would at a hotel. They are free to come and go as they please, and gentlemen are permitted to call on their friends during the day. Last summer two men called one morning and asked the superintendent if they might sit on the back veranda for a while and enjoy the view, explaining that they had been members of the club and accustomed to enjoy their afternoon cigars there year before. The privilege was granted, and they enjoyed it about as much as the girls do. The young women spend their days in surf bathing on their own beach, which is only a stone's throw from the cottage, and playing tennis. In the evenings they dance in the big double parlor. To give an idea of the zest they throw into this amusement, they've already danced away one set of beams underneath the parlor, and new ones had to be substituted last year.

"Mrs. J. F. Henderson has been the superintendent at the cottage ever since it opened, and is the right woman in the right place. She seems particularly adapted to such work because she leaves her guests to themselves, and never collides with anybody. It is free sailing. Every girl or woman who has ever been to the cottage and comes in here the second time to make application for board always confides to me that Mrs. Henderson has especially favored her. This shows a rare gift, and everybody loves her.

"We accommodate from 250 to 300 women from every class in business, except the domestic, each season. Creed makes no difference, and the spirit that these women of all denominations and creeds show toward one another is beautiful. Mrs. Sibley visits the place every year. Not only young women are received, but elderly ones who have been reduced in circumstances also. However, experience shows that it is desirable for a lady to be able to open for the girls employed in shops, as most of them get away in that month. The Fourth of July is a gala day at the cottage, and a great many go down to take part in the festivities. Already eight have engaged to go down on Friday