CONVERTS MADE BY CUPID;

GENTILES WHO BECOME JEWS BECAUSE THEY ARE IN LOVE.

The Number of Conversions Larger in New York Than Is Generally Supposed—Converts Not Especially Welcomed—Mixed East Side Marriages That Turned Out Well.

"The number of Gentiles who join our faith is much larger than people generally suppose," said an orthodox East Side rabbi. "New York is the leading city in the world as regards conversions to Judaism and this is due to the special conditions under which our people live here rather than to the fact that New York is the greatest centre of Jewish population. Jew and Gentile are not kept apart in this country as they are in Russia, for instance. The two elements mingle freely in the schools, the factories, in every walk of life. They live the same life; they speak the same language. We are not in exile in this land. Hence some mixed marriages.

"Frankly speaking, we are anything but anxious to get proselytes. The point is that almost every instance in which a Catholic or a Protestant asks to be received into the fold of our religion the step is the outcome of some love affair. The young fellow, for example, who has made up his mind to become a Jew arrives at this decision not because he thinks our faith better than the one in which he was born, but simply because his heart has been captivated by a Jewish maiden whom he can't get otherwise than by becoming a Jew.

"'It's the Passover dumplings, not the story of our emancipation from Egypt that he is after,' a Yiddish proverb has it. As it is written in the Talmud: 'In the days of King David and in the days of King Solomon would-be proselytes were rejected, because it was not for the sake of God that they offered to become Jews.'"

The rabbi told of a Swedish girl who fell in love with a young Hebrew with whom she worked in a tin factory. She was an orphan and had no relatives in this country, while he lived with his old mother and a sister. She decided to adopt the Jewish religion. When the rabbi asked her what induced her to abandon her native faith for Judaism she told him frankly that it was her love for the young tinsmith.

"You see, it would break his mother's heart if he became a Christian," she explained. "I am all alone in the world, so I told him I was willing to become a Jewess."

The rabbi tried to dissuade her. He painted the Jewish faith in its sternest aspect. He told her of the inconveniences and privations which it imposed. But all in vain. She was ready to stand it all, and to obey the letter of the Mosaic law, all for her lover's sake, she said.

"As a matter of fact," continued the rabbi, "the duties imposed upon a daughter of Israel by our faith are very few and simple; but then there are a thousand and one things which she must not do, so that to be a good Jewess is really quite a hard job, especially for one who is not used to the restrictions of our religion.

"But that Swedish girl was ready for anything. At least, so she thought. She was insanely in love with the young man. The funniest part of it was that he wasn't good looking at all. You may say that I am no expert in these matters, but my neighbors saw the couple, and they all agreed that her face shone like the sun in the blue sky, while his did not. He was homely. Only he was tall and broad-shouldered. That he was. At all events, she was crazy for him, and was bound to have him. I talked and talked to her, but she wouldn't listen.

"'If you want me to love your religion,' she said, 'I shall love it. I love it already, because it is Sam's. Everything that is Sam's is dear to my heart.'

"Truth to tell, her words jarred on me. I hated to hear the faith of our fathers spoken of as if it was a hat or a pair of gloves, which one might like because it belonged to somebody whom one loved. But there was nothing for it save to instruct the girl in the few things that a Jewish woman must observe. You see, in the case of a woman proselyte the ceremony is so simple. She takes a *mikvah* bath, that is a bath of feminine purity, and she is declared a Jewess.

"Here, however, there was trouble. When Sam's mother found out that his sweetheart was a Gentile she wept. They had told her that she was a Jewish girl, and as there are lots of Jewish girls who can't speak Yiddish the old woman believed them. Sam's sister was in the conspiracy, you know. Well, the good old woman discovered the truth through a quarrel she had with a neighbor, who threw it up to her that her son was going to become a Gentile. Then she made things as disagreeable as she could. She was continually sobbing and making vows to commit suicide. But little by little she calmed down, and after the wedding she spent lots of time teaching her daughter-in-law to bless the Sabbath candles, to kosher the meat and to observe the laws of our faith regarding the purity of woman.

"She even undertook to teach her to speak Yiddish, but all the young proselyte picked up was a few broken words, for you see most of the people around her spoke English, so she had no chance to learn it. The way this young woman took to everything Jewish was a source at once of delight and amusement to her neighbors. My daughter says she was more pious than all the other housewives in the tenement house, but she made some funny mistakes.

"At first she thought it was a good deed to bless the candles every day, and when she was seen doing so on a weekday there was plenty of laughter. 'I saw a good deal of her those days. Now she would come in to ask whether a saucepan was kosher; now she would want to know how to atone for the sin of eating milk-food less than six hours after she had dined on boiled beef. She looked the picture of despair, and assured me that it was all done by mistake that she thought it was six hours. Of course I told her not to worry.

"She was a sweet-tempered child and her mother-in-law was very fond of her. Only from time to time when the old woman's temper broke loose, and there was nobody else to vent her ire upon, she would call her daughter-in-law 'Gentile.' I do not know what has become of the family. They moved out of this neighborhood some time ago and we have never heard of them since. I presume the young couple will live happily all their life, for Sam is a quiet, affectionate fellow and he seemed to love his wife dearly.

"I wish I could say as much for another couple I married. Here the husband was a Gentile. He was a Lett from the Baltic provinces and he made the girl's acquaintance in Little Russia while he was in the army. Leah—that's her name—was the daughter of a saloonkeeper in the town where his regiment was stationed. He was willing to become a Jew there and then, but he would have been sent to Siberia if he had changed the Christian faith for ours, so Leah said:

"'I have uncles and cousins in America. Come to New York where everybody is free and there we will live happily.'

"When they came over her relatives at first repudiated her. They wanted no proselytes in their family, they said. At last a well-to-do aunt of hers, one of the best souls you ever met, was brought round and received the two as if they were her own children. Well, we named the Lett Abraham. This is the name we usually give a Gentile who is initiated into our faith. Do you know why? Because Abraham was the first man to go through the ceremony of the covenant which we impose on every male in Israel, as it is written: 'This is my covenant which ye shall keep between me and you and thy seed after thee.'

"Abraham became a truckman. He had been a horse driver at home, and Leah's aunt bought him a team as a wedding present. There was a good deal of joy about the marriage, but the couple were not destined to be happy. Leah has a temper and Abraham is fond of whiskey. One evening he rushed into the room and speaking in Russian, he said:

"'Rabbi, I don't want to be Jew any longer. Leah is a serpent!'

"He was in his cups, of course, and she had given him one of her lectures. Still, he is devoted to her and to their baby. It's a little girl, the image of Leah. It was a mistake to let them get married so soon.

"I know of a case where a young Irishman was going to marry a Jewish girl, but backed out before it was too late. He was a waiter in an uptown restaurant and the girl was a cashier in the same place. She had some money and he was penniless, but he said he loved her, so she agreed to marry him, provided he embraced the religion of her people. A niece of the rabbi who was to preside at the ceremony says she cared for him very much, but a man who knows all about the case is sure she did not. I myself know very little of this love business. In my time people married simply because it was fore-ordained by the All High that a certain lad should be the husband of a certain lass. When the two were respectable and God-fearing, and good, they got along well. They loved each other after the wedding with the true love that bands two souls into one, the union being blessed by Heaven.

"Now the life of the poorest Jew is full of all sorts of fashions and styles. 'One must not marry without love,' says my daughter. Maybe she is right, but I have married hundreds of couples, and have kept track of some of them. Well, sometimes a couple who have married for love call to get a rabbinical divorce, as a preliminary to a State divorce, a year or two after the wedding. On the other hand, I know families where there was no love before the wedding, but where it came afterward. If this fire they call love burns too brightly before the lad and lass are united, it may burn itself out before he puts the ring of dedication on her finger. But then, my daughter and some of the younger rabbis say I am old fashioned and out of date.

"To return to the Irish waiter. That the fire of love was burning in his heart nobody doubted. Only people say that the girl did not actually care for him and that she yielded merely because she was flattered to have a Gentile lad in love with herself. As good luck would have it, however, things dragged on. He was impatient. He wanted to marry her at once, but the ceremony was postponed again and again. It now appears that it was an uncle of the girl's, a shrewd fellow, who put all the obstacles in the way, but at that time everything seemed natural.

"Meanwhile the young people had plenty of time to go out, to spend their evenings together and—to quarrel. The long and the short of it is that they got sick of each other and the match was broken off, thanked be the All High."

An Eldridge street musician told the reporter of an Italian barber who married a sweatshop girl. He had his shop on Broome street and she lived with her parents in a tenement near by.

"He is a smart fellow," said the musician, who played at the wedding. "By the time he fell in love with his present wife he had lived only four or five years among Jews, yet he spoke Yiddish quite fluently. Of course, he spoke it with an awful accent and some words he twisted all up, but this made him all the more interesting to the girls, it seems.

"I used to see them at the dancing schools where I play. He was a great spieler then, and everybody liked him. He is a nice fellow, indeed, but the main point was that he had the most beautiful pair of eyes and the finest gestures of all the fellows in the dancing school where he met his predestined one. Yes, his gestures. She liked that more than anything else. She told me so herself.

"'When I see him talk, the way he works his shoulders, arms and eyes goes to my heart,' she said. 'He is so sweet. Our own fellows don't gesticulate so nicely.'

"When the other young people of the school saw the two whispering together in a corner, there were all kinds of stories. You see, although he was one of the crowd, yet none of the other girls took him seriously. One never forgot that 'Joe', as we all called him, was a Gentile. This kept the other girls from thinking too much of him. But Katie was different. When a girl friend of hers told her she was too thick with the Gentile, she got wild and blurted it all out:

"'He's a sight better than your fellow,' she said. 'You may tell everybody I am in love with a Gentile, and welcome.'

"A few days later Joe called on Katie's father.

"'I love Katie,' he said. 'We cannot live apart. I want to be a Jew and your son-in-law.'

"The old man thought it was a joke. When he heard the same story from his daughter he took hold of a poker and told the Italian to leave the house at once, and that if he did not stop bothering Katie he would lose all his customers. Joe went away this time, but he called again and again, and finally he sent a man, a clever marriage broker and talker, to plead for him.

"This man had a hard job of it, too, but he won in the end. He told the old people that love was not to be trifled with, that if they did not agree to the match their daughter might run away and become a Christian, so they got scared and gave in. Rather than have the girl give up her faith they consented to receive a proselyte into their family.

"'Well, the wedding was one of the gayest I ever played at. The other girls and fellows of the dancing school all brought presents and bottles of wine and all kinds of flowers. Everybody was really glad to see Joe happy. The young couple get along beautifully. Only a few weeks after the wedding Katie fell ill and when she recovered she became so pious that she made Joe miserable nagging him about his prayers. You see, they had hired a teacher for him who taught him to read the old Hebrew of the Bible and the prayerbook, so she wanted him to pray three times a day.

"'It's because I had married you that I fell ill,' she said. 'If you don't try to be a good Jew I'll be ill again and if we have children they'll all die.' She cried as she said this, so Joe told me.

"Poor fellow, he tries to do all she wants him to do, but she is hard to please. She is getting more devout every day. Sometimes he says to her:

"'Look at the other fellows around here. Do they all pray? Why should I be a better Jew than they?'

"Well, she answers that they were born Hebrews, so it's all right, while he is only a convert and must observe every bit of our religion. She calls him Abraham. We don't. We stick to his old name.

"He wears his phylacteries every morning. Sometimes, when there are some of the neighbors in the house, some of the young fellows who don't pray themselves, and Katie goes out marketing, Joe just waits till he sees her turn the corner and then he slips off the phylacteries with a wink, and takes a bite without washing his hands or saying the benedictions. He has the sweetest temper in the world and upon the whole he is happy."

The musician's next door neighbor is the best Talmudic scholar on the block. He sells second-hand collars and cuffs during the day and conducts a class in rabbinical literature in the evening. Sallow faced, with a shaggy little beard of a faded red and a pair of large prominent dark-brown eyes, he is one of the most striking figures to be found in the Ghetto. When the reporter asked him whether he knew of any proselytes, he smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said:

"No. Nor am I longing to know any. I don't take much stock in this kind of people. Let everybody adhere to the faith of his fathers. I understand there are some, though. A man who makes a business of performing the ceremony of the covenant tells me he has had some grown-up Gentiles among his clients, but I think we Jews make as poor a bargain on these proselytes as the Christians do on the converted Jews they get in."

FREE LIBRARY BOOKS SENT HOME.

A System of Delivery by Messenger Being Tried at Springfield, Mass.

The delivery of free library books for a small fee is being tried in Springfield, Mass. Several English cities have made the experiment and found it a success, but Springfield is the first city in this country to attempt it.

One hundred persons have agreed to pay five cents a week for ten weeks for the delivery and collection of the books. The public library provides the messenger.

Each of the hundred patrons, when the library man calls, gives to him a list of ten books which he desires to read. He gets the first obtainable on the list.

The messenger calls for the book a week later. If necessary he renews any renewable book at the door or he leaves the next book on the patron's list in its place. Supplementary lists may be sent on postal cards. The system has been in operation for such a short time that it cannot be determined yet whether it will be a success or not, but the indications are that it will.

QUEEN HELENA OF ITALY.

ABILITY TO COOK WELL DESCRIBED AS ONE OF HER GIFTS.

Dishes She Used to Prepare for Her Royal Father-in-Law—Her Cycling and Walking Tour: With Her Husband—How Naples Took Advantage of Her Love of Children.

One of the most attractive royal figures now in view is the young Queen Helena of Italy. She is not a strong-minded woman. On the contrary, like all orientals and semi-orientals, she learned at her father's court in Montenegro that the woman is less than the man, that the wife is to be governed by the husband. But if not strong minded, she is high minded, a woman who, as Crispi said of her, "will govern without seeming to do so, just by her gentleness and grace and quiet dignity, and because she would generally be right in her judgment and always in her intentions."

King Humbert used playfully to call her "the little mountain savage," a reference to certain unroyal ways and tastes which Helena acquired at her father's court. Nikita, the old-fashioned mountain Prince of Montenegro, who always wears the rich oriental costume of the mountain chiefs, his ancestors, insisted, as, by the way, the Emperor of Germany does, that all his sons and daughters, should know some useful trade or profession. Helena became an excellent cook, skilled both in preparing "plain roast and boiled" and in the confection of the curious sweetmeats and articles of patisserie, for which Orientals have so decided a taste.

When Helena's gift became known to her father-in-law, he insisted on tasting her dishes and liked them so well that one day in the palace at Naples he conferred upon her with mock ceremony the title of Lady-High-Cook to the King of Italy. He had, as everybody knows, a strong dose of wandering blood; a mighty hunter of big game in the Alps, he used sometimes to take his son, then Prince of Naples, and his daughter-in-law, Helena, far away from the routine and ceremony of courts to one or another of his mountain shooting boxes. A few servants would accompany the party, and Princess Helena would herself prepare the luncheon to be brought out on the hunting expedition or the dinner for the return in the evening.

It seems to be agreed between King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena that while she shall provide the wisdom for the couple in important matters, outside the affairs of state, he shall be absolute lord in the minor details of everyday life. Sometimes his exercise of the prerogative seems to amount to petty tyranny. A striking instance of this trait in his character was afforded at Naples in connection with the cycling mania of the royal couple. In the days when they were only Prince and Princess of Naples they used very often to set out from the palace on long bicycling expeditions together, the Prince dressed just like any young man out of an American office or store; the Princess in short skirt and a soft felt hat. Hundreds of foreign tourists must have often seen them whirring by along the splendid sea road by the bay without any idea of their exalted position. They both like this occasional anonymity, but the Prince did not wish his wife to indulge it except when he was along.

One day when he was too busy over state affairs to go with her, she committed her first act of marital disobedience. She went out cycling without him, accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting. As luck would have it, descending the steep olive-lined hill that leads toward the blue bay, the Princess ran into an ox cart laden with barrels of wine, and was thrown violently. After suffering a good deal of abuse from the half-tipsy driver, she had to return shoving her wheel before her. Her companion rode before her to the palace. Arrived home, she was met by the Prince, with anger in his eye.

"You do not look like the Princess of Naples just now," he said, "and only the Princess of Naples has the right to enter in bicycling dress by the grand staircase."

"I am very sorry," said the Princess, all covered with confusion, and she brought her machine round to the servants' entrance whence she made her way to the private apartments.

It was a lesson that she remembered. She never again went out on her bicycle without her husband. Another of the King's little manias is that he will not allow his wife to receive any personal compliments. A lady of the Court once expressed approval of Queen Helena's long and beautiful hair, of which the owner is certainly a little vain. The noble dame received her dismissal immediately, and returned to her home. The Queen received in public a dry recommendation to recognize that in her exalted position personal flattery was an insult.

Despite these little conflicts, the young Queen and her husband were, in the days before the troubles of sovereignty came into their lives, as close comrades as any young married couple in the world. They biked together, went rowing together, shot together. Together they made long walking expeditions armed with a camera. Sometimes both would put on the local costumes of the district they happened to be exploring, and would mingle freely with the people in their cabins and in the fields or vineyards, being taken, to their huge delight, for a couple newly married from some remoter village.

When, as was inevitable, it was discovered that the supposed peasant bride, for all her local garb, could speak but very little Italian, the royal couple used to take pleasure in spinning the wildest yarns to mystify the honest villagers. The simple peasants were quite willing to believe that the Princess was a waif thrown on land by the sea, after having voyaged in a cradle from some unknown eastern country. If they had been told the simple truth, that the couple were the future King and Queen of Italy, they probably would have hounded them out of the village in derision at the clumsiness of the supposed falsehood.

This language question, by the way, is a source of trouble between the new King and Queen. She has not succeeded in mastering Italian perfectly, and she does not like displaying her imperfect skill before a Court audience. On state occasions and at Court dinners the Queen sticks to French. The King objects.

"The Queen of Italy should talk Italian," and the Queen retorts: "The Queen of Italy should not publicly make mistakes in grammar." So the matter rests for the moment; though her Majesty studies hard at the national tongue with an old professor of Padua.

Apart from the language the young Queen studies a great deal. She is well read. Her choice of the name Yolande for the little princess just born to her was the result of long delving in the annals of the House of Savoy, where she was fascinated by the heroic figure of the royal duchess of that name who left a deep dent in the history of Northern Italy in the fifteenth century. Philosophy also is one of her passions. She loves to engage in metaphysical discussions with her professor, and is reported frequently to floor the poor old gentleman by her display of minute knowledge and by her subtle original speculations in these tenuous matters.

Probably the safe arrival of the Princess Yolande will drive these lofty problems out of the Queen Helena's head. She had ever a passionate love for children. In Naples she was noted for her incurable habit of making sudden descents upon the black-eyed little bambini playing in the streets and tossing the bewildered urchins in the air to make them crow.

It is characteristic of Queen Helena that she should have decided to celebrate her own baby's birth by presenting every baby born in Rome or Naples on the same day with a handsome cradle, or 100 lire, ($20). Characteristic also, by the way, of the highly intelligent citizens of Naples, is the fact that some four hundred local families put in a demand for the cradle or the cash; the figures would mean a birth rate that, if long continued, would rapidly make the old town the most populous centre in the world. Despite the manifest trickery the royal present is to be handed over to the happy babies. There could not be too many of them to please the kindly-hearted Queen of Italy. And this, though she pays the bill out of her own pocket—she insists on that.

She is not very rich, by the way, scarcely even well off, for a Queen. Her private fortune received from the Prince Nikita is naturally very little—for he is probably the very poorest of royal personages. Old Humbert left her a property in Piedmont, but it is more picturesque than productive. The money she receives from the nation all goes back whence it came, in the maintaining of her queenly state. She is really poor and she has the misfortune to be very charitable, very softhearted, utterly unable to shut her purse when poverty holds out its hand; in a land stricken with dire lack of pence and prosperity that is an awkward combination for a person so much in the public eye.

BASKET WORK WAGONS AGAIN.

New Fashions in Carriages Displayed at the Summer Resorts.

Notwithstanding the vogue of automobiles, there has never been a season when the fashions in wheels were more stunning than this summer.

The morning wagon and the Ravenscourt are two new styles in basket work, which is again revived. There is also a morning phaeton that has a top, which the morning wagon may or may not have. These vehicles are upholstered in Bedford or whipcord. The body of the wagon is dark in color, with coaching red wheels, coaching red or carmine being the latest color. Reubens red and vermilion are the shades which have it all their own way this season. Green or dark blue is the next choice in color, with little or no striping.

The young person affects the open spider, with square lamps and a rumble which can be removed if desired. Basket work is also used in the construction of the spider, a vehicle much in demand by the smart young woman.

The runabout is, of course, always popular, and there is a woman's gig, which was first brought out in Paris. It is intended for use with a well-built, well-mannered cob, and is smart enough for outdoor horse show as well as for country driving.

The golfing cart and tennis phaeton are much affected by the young and smart set at Southampton, Ardsley and Tuxedo, where sports reign supreme. The game wagon is a turnout much in demand at Bar Harbor and ranks next in popularity to the ubiquitous buckboard, which from time immemorial has been the feature of life at that seaside resort.

The game wagon has, of course, lunch and ammunition boxes attached. Some of the more elaborately appointed ones have an ice chest, besides the basket hamper and luggage lockers, and an imperial of generous size for rugs and wraps. Quite similar in style is the Hampstead hunting wagon, with the gear in French green, and body panels to match, striped in dark green, with the fine glazed carmine stripes on each side and moldings in black. It carries four passengers, and there may be one horse or a pair, with the price anything from $300 to $700. The seats of this hunting wagon are arranged to ride dos-a-dos or to follow.

The newest brakes have gear and facings in English vermilion, with broad black striping. They are upholstered in finest English pigskin, and any number of persons up to thirteen can be accommodated. Price, $1,000, more or less, usually more.

After 4 o'clock the more splendid victoria, cabriolet and brougham are in evidence. The demi-daumont, a carriage specially dedicated to royalty, is seen occasionally in this country. Mrs. Dewey takes her outings in one drawn by four horses, with clanking chains and postillions. As there is no driving seat the view is unobstructed, and on this account the carriage is ideal for pleasure driving, besides being the very last word in elegance. "It is only royalty and Admiral and Mrs. Dewey who ride in demi-daumonts," some one has said. The demi-daumont, strictly speaking, is for two horses; the daumont for four.

The up-to-date brougham is fitted up in a luxurious style, rivalling any boudoir. There are clock, memorandum book, bound in ivory and silver; parcel rack, hand mirror, manicure case, cut glass vinaigrettes with silver tops, a bell, an opening for the umbrella to drip outside, pockets for any packages, straps for books and magazines, arm rests, foot rest, French plate glass windows. This vehicle costs about $1,200 or $1,500, and is upholstered in morocco and satin, with Wilton rugs.

The grand victoria and victoria sedan, of course, always hold their own. They roll along so smoothly as hardly to give an idea of motion to their occupants. The victoria is one of the most expensive carriages built and costs from $1,700 to $2,250 upholstered in morocco.

HIGH-PRICED CANARIES.

Difficulty of Teaching Human Tunes to Birds With a Natural Song.

"I read in THE SUN a little while ago," said a bird dealer on Sixth avenue, "about a canary that had brought $1,200 in Chicago because it could sing 'Yankee Doodle' faultlessly from beginning to end, having been taught it by a cobbler. Now, if that be true, that's the biggest price probably that a canary ever brought in this country, and yet any authority on birds will tell you that that its achievement was not so remarkable.

"Other canaries have been known to equal it, and, indeed, to surpass it by singing a more difficult piece, and one bird sold right here in New York some time ago sang two pieces both as hard to learn as 'Yankee Doodle.' The highest price that I ever heard of another canary's bringing, and I've been in the bird business fifteen years, was that brought by a bird that could sing 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail Columbia.' It was sold here in New York about two years ago and only brought $150, including that canary. I don't believe there are five in this city now that can get through one piece creditably, so the Chicago canary's performance was unusual anyway.

"It's the hardest thing in the world to teach a bird with a good natural song to give up the tune that nature gave it for one of human invention, and it's only the natural songsters that can be taught. The canaries that most people are acquainted with only whistle. They do no singing as a bird expert understands it.

"All real singing canaries are imported and are expensive. There are only a few people who have the patience to teach a canary even with the assistance of the bird organ, which has made bird teaching much easier than it used to be. Before the invention of the bird organ the only way of teaching a bird was by whistling to it the same tune over and over again day in and day out until it had picked it up perfectly, and dropped its natural tune. That is the way that the canary in Chicago is said to have been taught by the cobbler. It probably took him several years.

"It takes about eight months with the bird organ. That is simply a miniature reed organ keyed up very high, and within certain ranges that the bird voice has. It is often played by electrical power. The tunes that are played on bird organs in the attempt to teach them to singing canaries are 'Hail Columbia,' 'America,' 'The Last Rose of Summer' and 'Yankee Doodle.' The people who make a business of teaching birds are in most cases tenement dwellers and they take the birds on contract. That is, they buy the bird from the dealer who has the order for it to be taught, and when they have finished with the bird's instruction they bring it back, and sell it to him for a price far in excess of that they gave. Sometimes they make as high as $50 on the deal.

"I suppose there are thirty or forty people in New York with whom that is a business taken up as a sort of side issue to their regular occupation. Sometimes they fail, of course, but they can always dispose of the canary at the price for which they got it from the bird dealer.

"Taking it all in all, the canary with a natural tune which it sings well is to most bird lovers far preferable to one whose accomplishment is a popular ditty. The reason is that while a bird so accomplished can sing such a tune true it can never sing it in as sweet a tone as it did its natural song."

The Knickerbocker Girl

is a feature of the Wednesday and Saturday EVENING SUN interesting to all women. Read it if you would be well informed.—Adv.

THE MAN SHE WOULD MARRY

MOLLY AND DOLLY DISCUSS GOOD POINTS IN A HUSBAND.

Little Attentions That Women Like From Men—Good and Bad Features of Being Married to a Rich Man—A Primer of Masculine Qualities—The Conclusion.

"All alone?" said Dolly. "Has that writer man gone?"

"He hasn't gone," yawned Molly, "because he doesn't come."

"Already? What a case of rapid transit. It's only a month since he began coming. Why this unseemly haste in checking him off?"

"It was his own fault," in an injured tone. "He would ask me."

"I see. You tried to keep him outside the skirmish line, but he insisted on advancing to the charge and was repulsed with heavy losses."

"Not he!" exclaimed Molly, with resentment. "He retired in good order and, if there were any casualties, he concealed the fact."

"Humph!"

Dolly mused over a most uninteresting palm leaf fan for a few moments, then—

"Not to be personal, Molly," she said, "don't you intend ever to get married?"

"Perhaps, if I find the kind of man I like."

"Oh! Well, I think you must have refused about sixteen kinds of men. Do you happen to know what kind you wouldn't refuse?"

"I have my own ideas on the subject."

"That's lucky. Other people's ideas are so apt to be misfits in such cases. Tell me what sort of man you have in mind when you think of marrying?"

"I don't think of it."

"Of course not. No girl ever does. How thoughtless of me. But tell me the sort of man you would like. Or perhaps you wouldn't permit yourself even to think of liking a man."

Molly maintained a lofty silence.

"Well," said Dolly cheerfully, "this is what it is to be accommodating. If you wont tell me, I'll have to tell you what kind of man you think you would like. I am sorry to make so trite a beginning, but that is the penalty of being truthful. You want him to be tall and straight and strong. That always goes without saying. So do the next few items. He must be careful about his dress but with the carefulness of unconscious habit, not that of personal vanity. His neckties? Yes, neckties are a Waterloo for a good many men who are Napoleonic conquerors on other sartorial fields. But you know you could give him his neckties for birthday and Christmas presents if you married him. I wouldn't balk at neckties if I were you."

Molly made an impatient movement.

"I'm coming to the essentials," said Dolly calmly. "Don't hurry me. T is mind-reading business is hard work. I make out, however, that the man you would approve would be like this: In a crowd he would somehow keep you from being jostled, would find quiet corners for you, would always manage to be a fender between you and the world. If you were to get on an open street car he wouldn't put you in where there were already five on a seat and you would have to stand and look at the two persons spreading themselves all over the second seat in front of you.

"If you were in a crowd waiting for a closed car you would find somehow it stopped with the step right at your feet and you, first on, would have the only vacant seat. If you took a train you would never be on the sunny side. If you travelled by boat you would always be in a bow stateroom—if you wanted to be there. At the theatre your seat would never be behind a post. In the restaurant your table would not be the neglected one.

"You know there are some men who think that all these little things are simply luck. They never size up a car and pick out the spot to attack. The trouble with them seems to be that they don't think. While they are talking, or reading a paper, or watching the crowd, the train, or car, or boat, or whatever it is, is taken by storm and these slow-witted men and their wives have to put up with the perches that are left. Am I right so far?"

"Ye-es."

"Your man will have a healthy sense of humor but not an abnormal one. He wont make it his chief business in life to keep you laughing. He wont be a professional funny man who loses his first wit and recovers only his second wind. A steady course of a man like that would be something like seasickness. At first you would be afraid you would die laughing and afterward you would wish you had.

"But he wont be prosy either. He wont occupy forty minutes telling you that he lost 40 cents. He will be original but not eccentric. Originality is the spice of life, but eccentricity is the tabasco sauce. A little of it goes a long way. It would be all right for a man to have the courage of his convictions if there could only be some way of regulating the convictions. There are men, for instance, who are convinced that politeness is an infirmity peculiar to women and effeminate men. They take a real delight in keeping their hats on when courtesy would recommend uncovering. A hat on the head is next thing to a chip on the shoulder with these men.

"I'm not sure that you want your man to have the courage of all his convictions, even when you approve of the convictions. There is tipping the waiter, for example. You may both think that it is a nuisance and, very often, a robbery. But you wouldn't want your man to be one of those models of iron-clad consistency who would expose you to the withering treatment always given by untipped waiters.

"I see that your mind is being led by these semi-financial considerations to the question whether or not your man will be rich. If you ever did consent to think of marrying you would find yourself halting between two opinions. You would want the man to be rich. That would be your first thought, but it would be elbowed out of your mind by a great reluctance.

"You would find yourself thinking wistfully of the price you would have to pay for a rich husband. None of the fun of economizing together! None of the delight of accumulating your lares and penates little by little! None of the housekeeping where a bottle of wine is a celebration and the purchase of a new chair marks an epoch. None of the exhilaration of saving up for a gigantic spree, the same to consist of going to the theatre and having broiled oysters thereafter! There's fun in that sort of life. You're doing something. You're getting somewhere."

"It might be only a treadmill," suggested Molly, "where you went through all the motions but never got anywhere."

"Possibly," retorted Dolly, "but I'd rather do treadmill stunts than have to sit in an invalid's chair and eat sweetmeats all the time."

"Is that your idea of what it would be to marry a rich man?"

"Not exactly, but it has a family resemblance to my idea. I suppose you and most women—including myself—would prefer that the man we married should be rich at the beginning of our matrimonial career rather than have him always poor. But on the whole, the ideal state would be to have him just beginning to win success and then have the winning go right straight on."

Molly nodded thoughtfully.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"All? My dear, your mind is an open book to me. You don't think I read more in it than I have told you."

"I fancy it is a good deal of a primer on the subject," with an assumption of indifference.

"Even so. Give me a pencil and allow me to retire to the open room for five minutes and I will out-bishop Bishop in my mind-reading."

In little more than the time demanded, Dolly returned and handed over the following:

THIS IS THE MAN THAT MOLLY LIKES.

A is for Ardent in telling his love;
B is for Brave, all others above;
C is for Chivalrous, a good deal like brave;
D for Devoted, but never a slave;
E, Enterprising; success he is after;
F is for Fun, a flavor of laughter;
G is for Generous in money and mind;
H is for Honest, the only safe kind;
I, Independent, takes no one's behest;
J is for Jealous, enough to add zest;
K is for Kindly to every creature;
L is for Lovable, the very best feature;
M is for Manly; without that, just fancy!
N is for Neat, but not for Miss Nancy;
O for Original, of which we have spoken;
P for Persistent, his will can't be broken;
Q is Quick-witted wherever he goes;
R for Reserved, want tell all he knows;
S for Sincere, no posing or prating;
T is for Tender; A No. 1 rating;
U for Unselfish—make this an equation!
V is for Vehement when there's occasion;
W for Well-bred, no cardified graces;
And X all the good traits omitted embraces;
Y is for Young, but no younger than you are;
Z is for Zealous in loving, as few are.
&c., in order to make up good measure,
I'll allow you to fill out to suit your own pleasure.

"There, Molly, that's what you call a *tour de force*."

"Yes, it sounds like it, anybody would say it had been written by main force. It's what might be called muscular poetry. Isn't it?"

"Ungrateful creature! I toil like a slave to extract a few scattered ideas from the lonesome corners of your brain and this is the reward I get."

"You never found all those notions in my brain!" objected Molly.

"You're right for once. I found them in the dictionary. If you had a better dictionary—not to speak of a better mind—I could write better poetry. But tell me, couldn't you love a man like that?" pointing to the primer poem.

"Yes," said Molly. "I could love him—or hate him. If he had the right pinch of all those things he would be adorable. If he got his proportions mixed he would be an insufferable prig."

"Quite so," sighed Dolly. "And so few men have a sense of proportion."

A COURTSHIP IN HAVANA.

Language of the Fan and Pedestrian Feats of an Infatuated Young Man.

HAVANA, July 16.—When the sun goes down life begins for the Havanese. Then they come forth to enjoy the cooler air of the roofs and balconies. For the stranger it is a pleasure to watch the constant stream of carriages, passing and repassing on San Lazaro street, and to peer at his neighbors on the balconies or roofs or standing at their windows.

Here, for instance, is a pretty señorita leaning forward from one of the windows further down the street, fan in hand. There is a *novio* who passes and repasses her window, not once in the evening, but scores of times. When the mother is safe in the background you may see the señorita as she leans forward, carelessly counting the sticks of her fan. He understands that signal and knows that she desires to speak with him. He approaches and pauses before the window. See, they are able this time to have quite a conversation.

Ah! now her mother must be coming. He walks outward to the corner and crosses the street. Certainly, this young man has enough exercise in walking. He carries himself gracefully, with a peculiar pose one often sees here, and you always recognize him by his walk as he approaches each evening in the distance.

As the señorita walks toward the window from the room fanning herself he knows she intends to say to him: "This evening I am going out." Of course, he wonders when. She shuts her fan very slowly and he knows that she does not leave the house until quite late; so there may be opportunity for further conversation.

She returns to the window and holds her fan closed against her right cheek. She feels sad that she must go out this evening away from him. Will her mother never leave the room and give him another chance to approach? No, to-night the mother specially favors the front room.

After a while the *novio* loses hope of speaking with his sweetheart and enters a carriage which has already passed and repassed him three or four times, with two friends of his. This coach will be driven past this particular window not five but twenty times during the evening that he may have at least the pleasure of looking at his sweetheart. He is untiring—this thing has been going on for months.

Usually, in such a case, when a young man is strongly attracted he obtains an introduction at a dance or through a friend of her family, and is invited to call at the house, provided the mother approves of her daughter's making his acquaintance. Evidently, in this case, the mother does not approve, but the young lady does.

What will be the end of this little romance? The neighbors all wonder; and, as all mankind loves a lover, they do not feel that they are taking a liberty in watching this game of hearts.

See, she opens her fan as it is turned downward in her hand. She is asking him to write to her. To-morrow night you will see a letter transferred from one to the other.

You are doing nothing unusual in watching your neighbors thus closely. As you walk down the street in the evening you can see into the interior of each house. If you see a pair of lovers in the corner of a salon, you also see the mother nearby with paper or embroidery in hand. How would you like that, you American girl?

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Cuban señors and señoritas do not find a way to communicate their sweet nothings. There is the ever-present fan, and moments in the dance when a whisper can be spoken that no chaperon can hear.

SOME SHINING HOURS WASTED.

The Cuban Bee Would Not Be Called Industrious on the Mainland.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"While down in Cuba recently," said a Bohemian, "I stumbled onto a rather interesting observation in connection with the life of the Cuban bee, and I have marked a very clear difference between the Cuban insect and his American relative. Bees are universally looked upon as industrious, hustling members of the insect world, and have become tame in the earlier school literature on this account. Children are taught that the bee's example is one to be followed, and so far as the American type is concerned there is no reason for a discontinuance of this lesson. The American bee is a great hustler, and he has sustained the honor conferred upon him in the verses and short stories found in the early readers.

"But with the Cuban bees it is different. They are lazy, trifling fellows, almost slovenly in the way they do things, and in the architecture of the hive they do not show that delicacy and precision in the matter of finish and measurement which have made the bee a wonder to some of the men of science. I even believe that I was able to detect some difference in the flavor of Cuban honey, some lack of that daintiness of flavor found in the American product, but this might have been an unconscious prejudice on my part.

"But at any rate, the Cuban bee is not like the American bee. I have watched them for hours, and they all look like drones to me when compared to the American type. The Cuban bee has a sort of an ox-cart movement when he goes about his work. The American bee is snappy, quick, almost electrical. Now, why is this? I have my own theory, and I base it upon the broadest principle of science, a principle universally recognized for its potency in the shaping of character. It is a matter of environment.

"The Cuban bee has been surrounded by slow methods and awkward crude ways of doing things. He simply reflects the life, the mannerisms and the methods about him. He is still the bee of the ox-cart age and buzzes about his business in an ox-cart gait. He is a Cuban to the manner born. The American bee's industry may be accounted for in the same way. He is a natural born hustler. He is an American, full-blooded and full-fledged."

The Euphemism and the Real Thing.

From the Boston Herald.

"Car for drunks," does not sound as pretty as "Saturday night owl car," but it may be none the less appropriate at times and places.

A. Simonson
933 Broadway, 21—22 Streets.
Hair Goods for Summer Wear

are light and delicately made, but still I guarantee them to keep their curl and wave in seashore, or moun ain air. I can provide you with anything in hair goods from the mo t artistic Wigs, Toupees, Pompadours, Wavy Switches, etc., to the simplest curl.
Your inspection of my latest creation, the Lover's Knot, is requested. It makes a most beautiful hair dress for the back hair.
My assortment of HAIR ORNAMENTS is so varied that none can fail to find what they want, be it for summer hops or for out-of-doors without