NEW CHORUS GIRLS IN LUCK.

THEY WANT WALL STREET TIPS AND GET THEM, TOO.

So Some of Them Make Money—Anyway Their Lot Is Different From What It Was Once—Their Gowns, Their Ambitions and Their Supper Parties.

"Straight tips on the market are the only tributes that the up-to-date Johnnie dares to lay at the feet of the chorus nowadays," said the old roundsman. "It used to be diamonds and bat-eared bull dogs, but the chorus girls are all stock speculators now and they seem to be mighty lucky.

"In fact chorus girls are a lucky lot, anyhow. You can see them as their best in the gayest of the Broadway chop houses, the dining rooms of which are filled each night with supper parties where sextetters predominate. Every chorus girl is a sextetter now, you know.

"In the first place a chorus girl has to be pretty in these days. Form doesn't go for half as much now as a pretty, refined face and some voice.

"They absolutely must be young. No manager would dare to put on an opera on Broadway with old or ugly chorus girls.

"So a chorus girl is first born lucky in being possessed of a pretty face. Then in these days chorus girls are an absolutely different type from the girls who went on in this capacity ten years ago.

"Despite the many jokes that were written about the wealthy chorus girls who were able to amass fortunes on a salary of $12 a week, not one in fifty ever rose to any position or any considerable salary. Take the case of one young woman who got a leading part and is now a successful star. She created a veritable sensation and her rise from the ranks is always spoken of to-day as a wonderful thing.

"Just now society girls and women all over the country are crowding eagerly into the ranks of applicants for places in the chorus. There is every opportunity for a girl to rise from the chorus now, for something more than face and figure are required.

"In the old days, a girl well built and moderately pretty was employed for the chorus and had little else to do except to march about like an automaton. Few girls knew how to dance, except the queer little steps they used to take as they hailed the bride or welcomed the villagers.

"They were of no importance then. It was always the star. Now the chorus girls are often more important than the star.

"Undoubtedly the change is due to the hit which was made by the sextet that has become so famous, although its identity has been completely lost in the many changes that have occurred in its ranks. But this sextet made the opera in question in this country just as it did in London.

"With the exception of one or two songs neither the book nor the music of the piece was particularly commendable. This song, however, was one of the daintiest, prettiest things ever put on the stage in New York.

"The managers who studied the London production of the piece at once recognized the fact that the girls and men in this little scene had to be above the ranks of the ordinary chorus in appearance, intelligence and voice.

"They sought for singers, therefore, not in the dramatic agencies nor among the regular ranks of girls seeking chorus places, but in dramatic schools, church choirs, amateur dramatic societies, and they investigated the society applicants until they finally had their sextet completed. The immediate hit which the song made with the audience was unmistakable.

"The young women who composed it were fairly showered with flowers, attentions, notes, invitations and suppers and dinners at the fashionable Fifth avenue restaurants. It would be a somewhat surprising chapter in the history of New York if the names of some of the original worshippers at this particular shrine could be chronicled.

"One of the young women was credited with an enormous winning in the stock market during the excitement of last summer by which so many people profited in Wall Street. While her winnings did not reach the sum she was credited with, she made a large amount of money. Her tip came from a millionaire.

"Then one of the principals in the company began to make money in stocks and with proverbial generosity she imparted her information to her friends in the chorus. All the girls were stock-mad then and while they haughtily frowned upon anything but orchids and bon-bons as gifts, they would accept tips on the market.

"Some kind-hearted brokers speculated for them without the usual margin being put up, and so it came about that they were able to indulge in fine gowns, violets, hansom cabs and other delights that the soul of the chorus girl yearns for.

"But their value as a stage attraction was established. Since then the idea has been followed out in a score of productions and there has been a general rise in the status of the chorus girl.

"Another sensational hit was made by one of the prettiest chorus girls of a New York production who recently sailed for London as the leading woman of one of the best-known English actors. She was employed in the chorus two seasons ago at an ordinary salary and her dress was very plain and simple.

"But her face attracted attention, and then it was discovered that she was intelligent and piquant in conversation. Her engagement, however, positively stunned the ranks of the Rialto, but the whisper went about among those who knew her that she would make good, which means that she was clever enough to fill the difficult place that she had been selected for.

"The constant and never failing gayety of the modern chorus girl, which is in evidence at the various restaurants where she makes an appearance, seems to be her chief attraction. She cultivates an almost hysterical joyousness. Her laugh is frequent; her smile constant.

"She is not in the least vulgar in her appearance or manner or conversation. Neither is she ever the least serious. She calls millionaires by their first names and jokes with them with an ingenuousness and familiarity that are startling to witness.

"She is light as froth and frivolous and manages to keep a table full of her admirers intent and amused by her chatter. Her hands are pretty and white and her nails are perhaps over-manicured.

"She wears beautiful rings and shows them cleverly. Her hat and her gown are from Fifth avenue. She sports French heels in the street and her stockings are silk and openwork and are displayed with stunning effect as she steps in and out of the ever-present cab.

"Men admire her and wish to know her and do something for her. Above all they like to sit at a supper table with her and listen to her prattle as she consumes champagne and soft shell crabs, terrapin and canvasback with a healthy, youthful appetite.

"This is really the secret of the chorus girl's fascination. Superficial observers and those unsophisticated people who always associate evil with light-heartedness and gayety make a mistake in judging the chorus girl harshly.

"It is true that she travels without a chaperon and does all sorts of unconventional things. But she is quite able to take care of herself, and her principal object in life is to have what she calls a good time.

"She retains her popularity just as long as she is able to keep her good spirits and her gayety. There is only one crime that men will not forgive in a woman in these times, and that is dullness.

"The gown that the chorus girl wears may be hers in name only. Any number of dressmakers will give credit to a young woman who may have a place in a Broadway success. They cater entirely to this class of customers, give them generous credit, and manage to get their money in most cases more quickly than from society women.

"Then it must be remembered that the sextet girls, or girls nowadays picked out for parts more important than the ordinary chorus, receive much better pay than formerly. Thirty and $35 a week is the usual figure.

"A girl who gets in the swim of the supper-party-after-the-theatre crowd will spend every cent she makes on dress and will go deep in debt to obtain gowns. Her living expenses will be surprisingly small. But dress she will and must have.

"She is always anxious to get ahead in her profession for, of course, the fascination of the stage is what first brings her to New York, sometimes from the West and often from the South which is furnishing hundreds of recruits for the stage each season.

"Domestic life appeals to her not in the slightest degree. Her dream is to be a comic opera queen, to have gorgeous jewels, gowns, admirers and her photograph for sale in the shops.

"Sometimes she has a voice and has visions of going abroad to cultivate it. But above all she wants to have a gay time and it must be admitted that she seems to get there."

TRAINING THE BABY.

Advice From a Physician on How to Prevent It From Crying.

"It should not be necessary nowadays for parents to sit up all night with the baby, because it will not sleep, and will not let any one else sleep," said a doctor connected with one of the big maternity hospitals here. "Babies can be trained almost from their birth, and whether they are good babies or bad babies, depends entirely on whether they are properly trained.

"Of course, I do not include sick babies in this. The worst-acting babies I have ever known were children who were perfectly sound, but who had never been trained.

"I can show you a ward in our hospital where fifty babies, on the average, sleep every night, and you can go in there almost any time at night and you won't hear a sound. Some people wouldn't believe that, but it is an actual fact. Every one of these babies has been trained and they are as well behaved as grown folks.

"The trouble with young mothers is that whenever the baby cries they think it is suffering. They pick it up and pet it, and walk with it, and from that time on they are slaves to that baby.

"Babies are very wise about such things. They learn mighty soon whether they can work their parents or not. But it is just as easy to teach them that they cannot as to teach them that they can.

"If necessary a new-born baby should be allowed to cry every night for a week, as long as it is well. Generally by the end of the second or third night it will quit and go to sleep.

"Above all, mothers should not pat or rock a baby to sleep. If they do they must pat or rock that child to sleep every time it wakes up, and eventually that sort of thing will wreck a woman's health.

"I have trained hundreds of babies and some of the nurses in our hospital have trained a thousand, and I have yet to hear of a case where the training was not accomplished in a week, at the outside. Generally it is accomplished in two or three nights.

"Once trained properly, a child is put in its crib and it rolls over and goes to sleep. It wakes up at feeding time, but as soon as it has been fed, it goes to sleep again.

"To young mothers who think their babies are suffering every time they cry, I have just one thing to say: A baby's cry is the easiest thing in the world to interpret.

"One can tell by the cry whether a child is in pain, whether it is uncomfortable, or whether it is just in a bad temper. The cries of children are different, and a mother's instinct teaches her to understand them at once.

"Women should be compelled to allow their nurses to train their children, in the interests of their own good health. If women only knew what it meant to them to let the baby cry for a few nights, they'd not only permit the training, but would insist upon it."

A RELIC OF LAFAYETTE.

The Tilghman Family Has a Letter He Bore to Their Ancestor, Washington's Aide.

The death of the Marchioness de la Rosière in Paris last Tuesday has recalled to some New Yorkers an interesting incident in the early history of the Tilghman family of which the Marchioness was the last to bear the name.

When Lafayette, Baron De Kalb and their party came to America to enlist with the American patriots who were fighting for the cause of liberty, they brought, besides their credentials from the French Government, a personal letter issued by William Carmichael, Secretary of the American delegation who went to Paris to ask for the aid of the French, to Tench Tilghman, who was an aide-de-camp of Gen. George Washington. The letter is still preserved by the family and is kept in a safe deposit vault downtown. It reads as follows:

DEAR SIR: Permit me to put you in mind of an old friend by introducing to your particular notice the Marquis de Lafayette and the Baron de Kalb, as well as the Viscomte Laillier and Valfert. They are of the first connections and fortune in France. The latter all officers of the first consideration here in their different ranks. I beg you to introduce them to the gallantest of our countrymen, who, I hope, want no example to inspirit them to act to deserve the continuance of the admiration of Europe which they now have. If such should be wanted, see in the Marquis an example too striking not to be followed, a young nobleman with a clear fortune of £18,000 sterling a year preferring every danger in search of glory to the tranquil pleasures such connections and such fortune could give him, with the example of almost all his predecessors who fell in battle to deter him.

The public will instruct you in our news. The loss of our common friend at Chester distresses me. I hope from your knowledge of me you do not require more testimonies to my past sentiments which my present situation will confirm, although absent in this time of danger and glory. I understand your brother Dick was well a week or two ago and on the point of sailing for India. I am, Dr. Sr., yours very affectionately.

PARIS, 17 March, 1777. WILLIAM CARMICHAEL.

To Tench Tilghman, Esqr., per the Marquis de la Fayette and the Baron de Kalb, Philadelphia.

Tench Tilghman, the great-great-grandfather of the late Marchioness, was Washington's aide from the beginning to the end of the Revolution. When Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown the honor of carrying to Congress the news of the magnificent victory of the American forces was intrusted to Col. Tilghman. The letters announcing the victory which Tilghman bore on horseback to Philadelphia, contained a reference to the splendid services of the bearer to the cause, and Congress voted Tilghman a sword and horse with accoutrements in recognition of his fidelity and loyalty.

The brother Dick referred to in the letter from Secretary Carmichael was the Hon. Richard Tilghman, who was then on his way to India to visit his cousin, Sir Philip Francis, who fought a duel with the great Warren Hastings.

Honey in the Treatment of Burns.

From the New York Medical Journal.

The editor of the *Georgia Journal of Medicine and Surgery*, for March, says that in the treatment of burns of any degree honey has proved very successful. It should be pure strained honey—not glucose or cane syrup mixed with a little honey to give it what the Germans call the "smack." Cover the burn or blister with it and keep covered. Pain will be alleviated and suppuration prevented. It is not necessary to sterilize the honey, but if there should be any darkness or dirt in the injured area it should be mopped off thoroughly with absorbent cotton. Says the editor: "Honey acts by excluding the air, by its chemical composition, and by its specific gravity preventing germ life."

COMRADES ON FRENCH BENCH

A SUMMER COMPANY TO BE SEEN IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.

Wanderers From All Over in It—Not Much Money, but Abundance of Gayety—Cooperation in Drinks and Lodging.

The French bench in Washington Square is an institution. For many years now the half circle of seats placed round the grass plot to the right as you enter the park from Fifth avenue has been occupied during the warm months almost exclusively by Frenchmen.

These benchers, to judge from appearance, are not in prosperous circumstances, and, indeed, one of them was heard to remark the other day, "Hard luck seems to send us all here sooner or later." A few natives of France sit in other parts of the park and regard with severe disapproval the regular occupants of the French bench, holding them, whether with justice or not, as drunkards and *mauvais sujets*.

Whatever their character, they certainly have the saving grace of unquenchable gayety. In the gathering will be found waiters, cooks, barbers, ship stewards and sailors; but they are all alike in one way, namely, that every one of them seems to have travelled extensively, and nearly all speak several languages.

A few of them call one another by their Christian names, but the majority are named from the place they originally came from; so there are "Le Gascon," "Le Marseillais," "Martinique" and so forth. Last summer "Martinique" was a prominent sitter, but this year he has not been seen. At the time of the eruption of Mont Pelée, which caused intense interest, there were many inquiries for him, but no one seemed to know his whereabouts. For some reason or other he had a strong dislike to being called "Martinique," and upon one occasion threatened a man with a knife if the offence was repeated.

All through the summer months these men sit chattering like magpies, and though they are mostly dressed in the poorest fashion it is but rarely that one of them goes to work. Last summer "Martinique" was met once or twice on Sixth avenue acting as a sandwich man, and occasionally one or two of the others would disappear for a while, and from the conversation one learned that "Le Breton" or "Auguste" had a job on Canal street or elsewhere.

When pay day comes around the worker never fails to show up and invite all hands to take a drink at his expense. This invitation is always accepted in such a matter-of-fact way that it seems quite possible that they take turns or draw lots as to who shall go to work on the understanding that the worker shall look after the others.

One thing is certain, that when one of them has a room he always shares it with as many of his fellow benchers as can crowd into it and is frequently dispossessed on that account. If you meet one of the crowd in the street in winter he is generally smartened up and neatly dressed, from which it would appear that it is only in the summer that they are idle.

A favorite topic with them is to compare the different countries and cities they have been in with America and New York; on one point they are unanimous, namely, that so far as American cities are concerned, New York is as far ahead of any as Paris is ahead of every other city in the world.

As to the respective merits of New York and London there is some difference of opinion. "Le Gascon" declares he would rather work for $10 a week in London than for $20 here. What his opinion is worth may be judged from his statement that the horses of the New York Fire Department are as goats compared with the London fire horses. Words failed him to express the superiority of the London "bobby" over the New York policeman and he was almost tearful in his description of the gentle treatment accorded to a London drunk.

Of course, the eternal feminine is another favorite topic and it is a fact—whether regrettable or the reverse depends on the way you look at it—that the American woman is not popular with the French bench.

Another never-failing source of chatter and amusement is furnished by the small misfortunes of themselves and others, which are always productive of much laughter and merriment. They never hesitate to tell jokes on themselves, the victim in all cases laughing as heartily as his hearers. And it is this unflagging gayety which is the most striking characteristic of all their conversations.

Political events of the day do not interest them, at least those of America do not; but they still keep up a lively interest in France and all that goes on there. Their excitement over the Dreyfus trial was intense. To a man they believed firmly in Dreyfus's guilt. Their love and admiration of their own army, of which they never tire of speaking, are almost equalled by their admiration of the Boer troops and fierce hatred of the British soldiers and their acts in South Africa.

The pet of the bench is old Matthieu's nondescript dog, which walks on three legs and, like Daudet's hero, is called Jack, with the English pronunciation. In spite of several notices in the park which read, "No dogs allowed at large," Jack always has full freedom and it is Matthieu's boast that on several occasions when his pet has not been home all night, it has been found in the morning seated on the French bench waiting for its master.

It has been said that there is another class of French residents who frequent the park and who hold themselves aloof from the merrymakers on the French bench. M. Jean and his close friend, Mme. Smith, may be taken as typical up there.

M. Jean, now more than 80, has been here ever since he was a young man, when he worked in a bakery, and out of his earnings he has saved enough to enable him to rest in his old days. He is reputed to have quite a large bank account.

This old man lives by himself in a small room where he does all his own cooking and housework, and in the fall he may be met any day carrying on his shoulders boards and wood of every description for winter fuel. It is his boast that he never asks charity, though he adds naively, "If any one offers me anything I do not refuse." What his meals cost him may be gathered from the fact that he positively refused to believe the statement of an acquaintance who said he had paid as much as 50 cents for a meal in a restaurant.

Mme. Smith, on the other hand, does not believe in stinting herself. She is a plump, comfortable-looking, white-haired widow. She has outlived two husbands, the second of whom left her sufficient to live comfortably without exerting herself to work.

Once a year she visits the grave of Mr. Smith, which she decorates with flowers, never failing to demand of M. Jean on her return if he thinks her act of devotion was observed by her dear husband. The name of the first husband, who left nothing, is never mentioned nor is his grave, wherever that may be, ever visited.

On any warm day these two old people may be seen sitting side by side, in appearance a typical Darby and Joan, but while it has long been M. Jean's boast that none has ever seen him associating with these worthless fellows, as he calls the occupants of the French bench; they somehow know him and gossip freely about him and the widow, whom they accuse of having designs on the old man's fat bank account.

"It is that one does not know," they say, "that Madame is living far beyond her income and does not hesitate to touch her capital when hard pressed—things cannot go on so for long, bien!"

It is to be hoped for the widow's sake that all this talk merely rises from envy of her own and M. Jean's comfortable circumstances.

In spite of the condemnation of M. Jean and his friends, it is rarely that one of the French benchers appears under the influence of liquor and even when such a thing does happen the offender is so good natured and witty and his humor is so infectious that one is far more likely to smile tolerantly than to frown. If his figures of speech are more picturesque than polite it must be remembered that his life as a rule has not been one favorable to the cultivation of refinement.

NON-RESIDENT HOUSEKEEPERS.

A New Field of Activity for Women of Practical Knowledge and Common Sense.

One of the new occupations open to women is that of non-resident housekeeper. It is said to provide well-paid work and to entail on the women who practise it no disagreeable duties or embarrassing situations. The extent of the duties varies in different houses. While one mistress may want a great deal attended to, there are others who require much less. But as the work is paid for according to the amount done most of the women who are in this kind of employment have no objection to undertaking all of it.

Some of them do no more than the marketing. They go to the house that employs them in the morning, and from either the cook or the mistress learn what is required for the day's meals. Then they go to market and order the materials, sometimes going far downtown for what they buy.

In addition to these simple duties there are other employers who make this outside helper more like a housekeeper who lives on the premises. She hears from the mistress what may be wrong in the menage and corrects or instructs the servants just as the housekeeper would have to do if she were in the house. But she has the great advantage of being able to live in her own home.

In many cases the women who have the assistance of these visiting housekeepers put everything into their hands. If they are to give a dinner they are not required to do more than tell the number of guests expected. In the case of a woman's luncheon the employer may intrust the details even to the flowers to her visiting housekeeper. All of the trouble of these affairs is thus taken off the shoulders of women who have these high-class assistants.

One of the great advantages possessed by these women is their knowledge of the world and of the best way in which things are done. Most of them were not reared to do work of this kind. They have seen and experienced the homes that are kept up in the best fashion and are consequently familiar with what is expected of them. Because of this knowledge employers are able to leave to them all the details of their entertainments.

Another advantage of employing these women is the economy of the plan. They buy for their employers as carefully as they would for themselves, which is not true of servants or hired housekeepers who often extort a commission from the tradesmen, and therefore are not inclined to be economical.

One woman after following this plan with success here decided last summer to carry on the same kind of work in a Long Island town where a number of her city clients happened to reside. She had them as a nucleus and hoped to get others. She succeeded beyond her best expectation. The need for such a person was felt much more in a small country town than in the city.

After a few weeks this young woman was doing the buying for half the cottagers in the village, looking after their servants for them and relieving the housekeepers of half the hardship of their work. It was she who had the fine groceries imported from New York, and she who ordered down the maids when any were suddenly needed to fill the places of others found ineffective or gone away for reasons of their own. She made summer life in that place easier to housekeepers than it had ever been before and she is now there, with an assistant looking after her work in this city.

THE STAR ATTRACTION.

A Powerful Baseball Magnet Considerably Upset Things.

"Is there any penalty in this year's baseball rules for tampering with the grounds?" asked the fat ex-mascot of the Lightfoot Lilies. "No? Ah, well, wait until the game ascends to the lofty scientific plane it occupied in the good old Jones county days, when the Ringtail Roarers and the Lightfoot Lilies struggled to pluck the palms of victory from each other's brows. The rule framers will have a tight fit trying to keep abreast of the times when that happens.

"It was in '87 that the Roarers attempted to put through what was probably the scurviest scheme ever hatched outside of a melodrama. Three consecutive seasons had the Goddess of Victory made our banner her perch. With the Roarers it was a case of do or die. They almost did.

"There was a drizzling rain on the day of the big game that year, but rather than disappoint the enormous crowds that had gathered in Ringtail Grove it was decided to pull the contest off in spite of the leaky weather. As we trotted out upon the diamond to the inspiring strains of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes' confidence expanded every Lily chest; victory was reflected in every Lightfoot eye.

"Sammie Salmon was the first man to bat for us. He lifted a little pop-fly over third, which should have been good for a single. But just as he was within ten feet of the bag he stumbled and fell flat on his face. The shortstop threw him out. That was all right. Then came Bull Thompson. He rapped a slow one down to second that seemed to be all to the good. But just as he reached the spot where Sammie had come to grief he, too, took a tumble. Slugger Burroughs, the third man up, was thrown out in the same way.

"Well, sir, that set us to shaking our thought-boxes some. Bull Thompson, it is true, interfered a bit when he first joined the team, but he got pretty well over that after we'd kept him on snowshoes for a couple of winters. While as for Sammie and the Slugger, they were as fly on their pins as any guy that ever wore a shoe clout. We couldn't understand it. To make matters worse, after the Roarers had batted out seven runs in their turn we the stick, and the old story over again. Stump Greenwood, Jim Timpson and Home Run Hankins—they all took a spill in the same old spot, ten feet the home side of first. At the end of the fourth the score was 17 to good intentions, the Lilies having all the good intentions. We were considerably less inflated above the shoulders than when the game began.

"It was between the fourth and fifth inning that the explanation of it all came, and things that were things happened. The particular part of Mother Earth's bosom where the Lilies had been unwillingly coming to rest with such regularity had become so ruffled that the Slugger hauled out the hand roller to level it off a bit. Cy Priest, the Roarer's captain, protested that the game was being delayed. Overruled in this he asked that he be allowed to do the rolling. But the Slugger couldn't see it that way. He ran the old machine down the first base line until he reached the spot that needed smoothing. Kerchunk! That roller stopped with a jerk that almost created a vacuum in the Slugger. He got down on his knees and began to examine the ground. Priests made a rush for him, but the Lilies dragged him back. What do you suppose we unearthed there? What is probably the largest and most powerful magnate ever constructed, sir. It was so large and so powerful that every time a steel shoeclent came in contact with it the wearer was stopped short and thrown upon his face. Twas then that we noticed for the first time the Roarers had worn their rubbers throughout the game, and as rubbers, you know, are non-conductors, they were entitled to ——. What's that? Well, you ask Slugger Burroughs if you don't believe it.

WOMAN'S EARS AND HER EYES

CARE NEEDED TO PRESERVE THEIR BEAUTY.

Points of the Ideal Ear—Things to Remember About It—Treatment of the Eyes in Everyday Life—Benefits Conferred on the Eyes by Tears.

To be ideal, a woman's ear must be small, rosy, transparent and it should taper slightly at the top. A well-shaped ear goes with a high-bred temperament, and is rarely found on a person of coarse nature.

It is, however, only among the more refined and civilized peoples that small ears upon women are considered pretty, and a mark of aristocratic distinction. The Chinese, who admire small eyes and tiny feet, look upon long, large and drooping ears as marks of beauty.

A woman who has small, shell-like ears at 20 years of age should not be too proud, at 40 she will possess medium-sized ears, and at 60 large ears. This is a fact, and is proved by some busybodies who are not happy unless making some one miserable.

They have gone to work, with malice and mischief in their hearts, to prove that ears keep on growing all one's life, or during the latter decades of life. So bound are they to carry their point that they have even gone to the trouble of making a systematic examination of not fewer than 40,000 pairs of human ears.

Another curious revelation is that nobody in the world has a pair of perfectly matched ears. In most people, the two differ perceptibly, not only in shape but in size, and frequently they are not placed precisely alike on the head.

They betray one's age too, in the most heartless fashion, and with great accuracy. After youth is past they assume an increasing harshness of contour.

A pretty woman, whose first youth has departed, may not show the fact in other ways, but these tell-tale features will surely betray the story of the flight of time. Then there are the wrinkles that come just in front of the ear during later life—a fatal and ineradicable sign.

Ears are also as eloquent as the tongue in showing disease. A very white, transparent ear shows a delicate constitution.

There are several important things to remember regarding the ear. One is that earrings are sometimes very dangerous to the health, and a woman with any tendency to scrofula should never assume the risk of boring her ears.

Deafness may be brought on by sea bathing; a large wave striking the side of the head may rupture the drum of the ear. This danger is partly avoided by putting cotton in the ears while bathing. Boxing a child's ear may be followed by a rupture of the drum and deafness.

Oil should never be put into the ear, as it forms a gummy mass which cannot be washed out with water and serves to catch the dust, thereby clogging up the ear; nor should any liniment be put into the ear.

If an insect enters the ear or any small, hard substance, do not make frantic efforts to dislodge it; do not dig it out. Try a douche of warm water; if this does not avail summon a physician. The substance is not likely to do any serious harm unless tampered with.

If ears have a tendency to stand out from the head, caps, which can be purchased for the purpose, should be worn. They are rather expensive, and home-made ones answer the purpose quite as well.

Take a strip of muslin about three inches wide, press it over the ears and cut it at the right length to meet beneath the chin. Fasten a band to it across the back of the head, another at the nape of the neck and a third across the forehead. Tie the cap with strings under the chin. It should be worn at night.

There is a prevalent notion that the eye is the most perfect organ of our anatomy, whereas it is really the most imperfect. The percentage of perfect eyes does not exceed 10 or 12. That is to say, eighty-eight or ninety people out of every hundred have something the matter with their eyes.

Weak salt water is good to strengthen tired or weak eyes. Tears are salty, and therefore never idle, Tennyson to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed tears give a bright, tender look to the eyes, keeping them soft and limpid; it may be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tender eyes than others.

Balmy tears are to the eye what salve is to the skin, or nourishment to the blood. The effect of tears on the skin about the eyes, however, is irritating and inflaming, and in romances only do women who weep preserve the beauty of their broad white lids. Niobe, all tears, may have had clear eyes, but she was not a comely sight when indulging in her favorite pastime.

The appearance of the eyes depends largely on the lids, eyebrows and eyelashes. Scanty eyebrows may be filled out by the application of olive or cocoanut oil to them every night. They must be rubbed or stroked the right way.

Oil applied to the eyelashes also increases their growth, and stroking them upward gives them the curly tendency which is a charm to any eye. Children's eyelashes may be very slightly cupped at the ends occasionally; they will grow thicker and longer in consequence, but an adult should not on no account tamper in this way with the lashes, as it only makes them grow coarse. Even when cutting children's eyelashes, the very greatest care should be exercised and only the very tips clipped.

Don't try to get a cinder out of the eye by rubbing the injured orb; rub the other eye. If a foreign substance has lodged in the eye, and lies loosely on the surface, it may be removed by means of a camel's hair pencil dipped in oil, or with a bit of paper rolled up to the size of a quill, and moistened in the mouth.

Don't expose the eyes to a strong, glaring light; it causes squinting and wrinkles.

Don't face the light when reading or sewing. No matter if your eyes are shaded, the reflex rays strike from your book or from your sewing, into your eyes. When your back is to the light, the rays rebound away from you, not toward you.

Don't read, study or sew lying down.

Don't have colored shades on the lamps; use white or ground glass.

Don't sleep opposite a window in such manner that a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening.

Don't have children sleep so that the morning sun shines in their faces to arouse them.

Don't use the eyes when they are tired or weak from illness.

Don't go directly from a warm room into a cold, raw atmosphere.

Don't allow a cold wind to strike the eyes.

Don't open the eyes under water in bathing, especially in salt water.

Don't bathe inflamed eyes with cold water; that which is as warm as it can be borne is better.

Don't work longer than two hours without closing your eyes and resting them for five minutes.

Don't wear a veil, or don't wear one with dots, or one woven of double threads.

Don't wear tight collars, tight corsets, tight shoes, which cause a clamming of the blood in the vessels of the head and eyes.

Don't use stimulants and drugs which affect the nervous system.

Don't rub the eye by outward motions, this flattens the ball and injures it greatly; a contrary motion, toward the nose, rounds the ball, which is thus preserved in its normal shape.

Don't sleep too much or too little; too much sleep weakens the eyes; too little fatigues them.

Don't fail to wash the eyes every night before retiring to remove the dust which may have gathered on the lids during the day.

THE GRAY SPRING MORNING.

Transformation of the Suburbs in the Hour Before Dawn.

Sultry gray spring mornings come in May and early June, transforming the northern suburbs with the touch of silence and mystery. That still dim hour before dawn when night has not yet quite fled and morning lingers on its way, when as yet nothing of characteristic suburban life is astir has a peculiar solemn charm.

In the dim diffused light from a cloud muffled sky in which the sun has not yet risen, the lush green that clothes the whole suburban region is many degrees darker than its daylight wont. A brooding mystery rests upon the face of field and woodland, like that cold light which darkens rather than brightens the waters of New York harbor in some aspects of the heavens.

Distant trees are smooth shadowy masses against the neutral sky. No detail of the grass or shrubs is brought out in the prevailing half-light; only the general dark green, smooth and motionless, meets the eye with mysterious appeal.

That dim world, at once shadowy and shadowless, it seems cannot be the cheerful and familiar suburbs of noonday. It looks rather some desert region under the spell of a mysterious hour, a land into which nothing commonplace can penetrate, as unsympathetic with the lives of ordinary human beings as Poe's "misty mid region of Weir."

Even the beasts and birds seem conscious that the time is not one in which to make merry as in broad daylight. Rabbits nibble the damp fresh grasses, and the mother squirrel securely leads forth from the hollow tree her young brood, quaint little creatures with abnormally long legs, and bushy tails of unexpected maturity. The weasel slips from his cranny in the stone wall and the ground hackle, his brown streaks dim in the uncertain light, glides along the fences like an animated shadow.

There is not such a din of bird music as on bright mornings. Dreamy calls of the crows come from the distant parts of the woodland, a lone woodthrush here and there sweetens the dim air with his rich soprano, at long intervals the magic spiral of the veery shrills from some unguessed spot in the thicket.

Only the robins sing with the high courage of their daylight hours. Filling in the pauses of other bird notes come the plaintive cries of the pee wee, the only sound that seems appropriate to the hour.

When at last the sun bursts through the thick swathing of clouds, lawns and trees glow with an inexpressibly fresh greenery. Dense sharply defined shadows of trees and shrubs accentuate the brilliance of the grass.

Hot damp airs move languidly through the foliage, giving a semi-tropic effect to the scene and suggesting the shut in atmosphere of a greenhouse. Undeterred by the sultry heat of noon the woodthrush, safe in the green tower of the new clothed hickory, sings his best, charming the still, hot noon with delicious melody.

It seems another world, that area of brilliant greenery, glistening with dampness and lit with an unclouded sun, from the silent region of the hour before dawn, with dim air drawn boundary lines, and its greens of various hue melting imperceptibly into one another. All the mystery of the night has been diffused by the searching beams of the noonday sun, and the familiar fields and woodlands, no longer desert and aloof, look like the fitting haunts of everyday suburbans and commuters.

MRS. KENDAL AND MISS TERRY.

At Odds and Both Are Engaged for "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

For a great many years Mrs. Madge Kendal and Ellen Terry have not spoken. The cause of the quarrel between them was never made public, but the quarrel was commonly thought to be due to a speech made by Mrs. Kendal in which she made a slighting reference to an actress who so far forgot her duty to her art and to the public as to pretend that she was sick at home when she was really enjoying herself there behind closed doors, feasting with her friends, while there was a layer of tanbark in front of the house to give the impression that she really was seriously ill.

This is said to have been the *casus belli* and with Mrs. Kendal's genius for "putting her foot into it," there seems every ground for believing that it is true. Mrs. Kendal never makes what would be called in the Bowery "cracks" of this kind by accident. She knows whom she wants to get at and speaks right out in meeting wherever she happens to be.

A few weeks ago in England, Mrs. Kendal, when called upon to speak on the subject of the relations between Church and State at a bazaar, attacked the manager of the theatre at which she was acting. She did not like the condition in which he kept his dressing rooms. Then he made the orchestra play when she tried to make a speech in his theatre on the last night of her appearance, but Mrs. Madge was too much for the band and eventually had her say.

It was by some frankness of this kind that the trouble with Mrs. Terry began, and the next time they met in public Miss Terry naturally could not see Mrs. Kendal. And the estrangement has continued for years.

Now Beerbohm Tree has engaged the two, and they are to appear at his theatre in the revivals there of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Mrs. Kendal will act *Mrs. Ford* and Miss Terry is to be *Mrs. Page*. How the rehearsals are to be conducted under the circumstances will tax the ingenuity of Mr. Tree, especially as the two actresses have several important scenes together.

EXHIBITS FROM OLD SPILES.

Marine Curiosities From the Battery Sea Wall in Aquarium Tanks.

Some idea of the varied forms of marine life existing immediately around Manhattan Island may be gained from a survey of old spiles pulled up in the course of dock work.

Oak spiles pulled up the other day off the Battery sea wall were found bored through and through in many places by the teredo. On other spiles oysters were found growing—good-size ones, in some cases, three or four years old.

The shells of some of these oysters were clean and white, having been scoured by the tides. In some cases of these oysters there were attached other living animals, as barnacles and sea anemones.

The Aquarium has secured a section of one of the honeycombed spiles, and some of the oysters and they have been put on exhibition.

In the tanks the oysters give no sign, but the little sea anemones, standing as it were on the oysters' backs, wave their marvellous tentacles, and the tiny barnacles sweep the water with that wondrously formed member which is like a hand of skeleton fingers, quite in their accustomed manner.

DOYLEY CARTE'S WIDOW WEDS.

She Knew the Theatre World Thoroughly and Helped Him Make His Fortune.

Mrs. D'Oyley Carte, the widow of the manager of the Savoy Theatre, who first brought before the public the joint works of Gilbert and Sullivan, was recently married in London. It has since not transpired with the high social prestige in any way, and has been for years a lawyer.

Before her marriage to Mr. Carte, who died two years ago, his wife was active in the theatrical business and her husband used to say that he had to marry her in order to get her out of the way as a possible rival. It was as Helen Lenoir that she came to this country first. At that time she was in Mr. Carte's employ, although she had been in business on her own account. She was his adviser throughout his long career and he accumulated a fortune in the management of the Savoy Theatre.

Mr. Carte always gave his wife credit for her share in the success of their ventures. She has retired from business since his death.

GARDEN PARTIES IN FAVOR.

ENGLISH PLAN OF ENTERTAINING TAKEN UP HERE.

Picturesque Costuming and Effects Possible—The Example Given by Mrs. Roosevelt—Garden Parties Feasible Even in a City Back Yard—Roof Parties.

Garden parties, which for many years have been one of the most popular forms of amusement in England, have at last begun to become fashionable in America, until this season. Now, following the lead of the wife of the President, several Washington hostesses have arranged for garden receptions in the afternoon and evening.

At Newport and Lenox, as well as in the country estates of Long Island and Westchester county, many garden parties will be given during the summer, and with the picturesque accompaniments of Chinese tents, open-air orchestras, girls in muslin gowns and men in flannels and knickerbockers or riding togs, for one of the charms of the garden party is that it admits of somewhat informal costuming.

The English garden party has been chosen by many of the English novelists as a setting for their scenes. George Eliot, M. E. Braddon, Mrs. Forrester and "Ouida" have placed their heroes and heroines in this admirable environment for their meetings and partings.

And that the outdoor fêtes have never ceased to charm is proved by the fact that to-day in England as soon as spring begins to color the hedges and the trees, making outdoor scenes attractive, cards for this form of entertainment shower upon the fashionables of London, and are eagerly accepted, for garden parties offer endless opportunities for the display of handsome summer gowns and for discreet flirtations with roses and apple blossoms for a background.

Of late country houses have grown to be a necessity here, and beautiful estates are built up in all parts of the country offering unexampled facilities for this form of recreation.

Mrs. Roosevelt's first garden party was substituted for one of her regular receptions, and the grounds of the White House made a beautiful scene for the occasion. The gowns were very handsome and a jolly time generally was the result.

With young people garden parties are very popular, while men like them because dancing is usually barred. And as it is a social axiom that the function boasting the greatest number of men is always a success it will be seen that the garden party has an advantage over the tea and the dinner dance to which men must be driven by main force.

The garden party also offers the best opportunity for the display of picturesque and dainty gowns and flower laden hats. The rich summer frocks of lace and organdie made over silk are the most radiant creations manufactured by modistes.

For evening parties they admit of a combination of outdoor and evening dress that is particularly effective and artistic, and it is this that has brought about the fashion of the half decolette gown, worn with a picture hat, a style so often utilized for photographic poses.

Then the setting of flowers, gay tents and awnings, the waiting drags and traps, and at evening the Chinese lanterns swinging in the breeze, make a most lively and inviting scene for a social gathering.

For a garden party with a hostess possessed of the necessary grounds and means all that is necessary is to notify the caterer, the decorator and the musicians and send out cards of invitation, but to the average dweller, a garden party seems entire inaccessible.

But the possibilities of even a city back yard are not generally understood or appreciated. In one city block of back yards a notable conversion was accomplished by a German family that moved into one of the houses in the spring last year.

They cleared and scoured their meagre little yard as though it were a parlor, they planted climbing vines, morning glories and roses over the high board fence, they put flowers and green fragrant things in plenty in the corners, and next to their door they had a tiled pavement laid and a bit of red and white awning stretched over.

A Japanese rug was spread beneath the awning and here the family dined and breakfasted each day.