SOCIETY ROMPS AT THE DANCE

Novelty Is What It Wants, and All Kinds of Odd Entertainment Are Fashionable.

The dancing season is on. From now until Lent begins, or for the next eight weeks or so, society will dance oftener and longer and more merrily than during any other two months of the year.

Of late there have been persons who have declared that dancing was going out of fashion among the people most conspicuous socially, basing their opinion on the petering out of the big subscription dances like the F. C. D. C.'s the Patriarchs, the Matriarchs, the Assemblies, &c., instituted and long maintained by the most fashionable men and women in New York. The Assemblies, which were the last to survive and which dropped from three a winter to two and then to one, have been ignored altogether this season by the women whose patronage and management made invitations to the affairs eagerly sought. The Assemblies are defunct—some people say it with a sigh—and their passing sweeps from the social curriculum of the older set the distinctly fashionable subscription dance.

And this is not all. Of late there has been a marked dwindling in the subscription dances, misleadingly called dancing classes, favored for nearly a score of years by the younger element in society—classes arranged to cater to many cliques, to the girls not yet out, to the buds, and to older girls.

But one after another, Mrs. Blank's and Mrs. Brown's and Mrs. Smith's dancing class has been given up, until now the number patronized by the children of the social elect may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and probably by another winter these will have dwindled still more.

At first thought, naturally these facts would seem to suggest a falling off in society's wish to dance, whereas the real state of the case is that New Yorkers, young and old, dance far more now than they ever dreamed of doing in the time of the old day dance. They dance so often and so much that there is no need whatever of society's joining forces to get up a subscription dance.

For one thing, fashionable New Yorkers are a good deal richer than they used to be. They now spend thousands in entertaining where they used to spend hundreds. They live in finer houses which are equipped with a ballroom or rooms big enough to dance in. Miss Crœsus can give any number of dances to her young friends in her own home or a hired ballroom without asking any one to subscribe, and Mrs. Crœsus is more apt to lie awake nights devising schemes for spending money lavishly on her entertainments than planning them on economical lines.

Furthermore, in these days the New York hostess goes in for originality before anything else, even in giving a cotillon, and of course original features are scarcely possible in a cooperative entertainment of that sort.

A well known professor of dancing said the other day that not since he first began teaching here, nearly a quarter of a century ago, had there been such a craze for introducing novelties into the dance as there is just now.

"This tendency has been growing for three or four years," said he. "At Newport last summer the aim of every hostess who gave a dance was first and foremost originality.

"It didn't matter a rap what high jinks were introduced, so long as they were new. One hostess turned her ballroom into a down East farm scene, her guests being costumed to match. Another gave a dance in her barn.

"The cotillon of one lively hostess was costumed to represent all nations of the earth. Still another gave a white ball, and so on.

"In New York I am knee deep in plans to assist hostesses in giving costume cotillons of various sorts between now and Lent, the young people leading off with holiday dances of the liveliest description.

"Instead of dancing being on the decline, more people, I think, of the grown ups, dance now than used to dance, say, thirty or forty years ago. At that time a woman or a man of forty, say, or younger even, considered her or his dancing days over, whereas some of the gayest dancers now in the New York smart set are away beyond that mark.

"I have sixty more adult pupils just now than I had at the very height of my season last year, and far more men than I have ever had. No, there is no danger whatever of the American man giving up dancing, so long as so many visiting foreigners descend upon us every winter—and the number of such is increasing instead of diminishing.

"All foreigners in good society dance. They love to dance; they dance with far more enthusiasm than Americans, and after they learn the American way of dancing they usually take their steps far better than New York men. Last winter my pupils included three Lieutenants from the German Army, who while here went everywhere and never, so far as I know, refused an invitation to a dance.

"They made no bones of the fact that they liked to dance, and they took lessons, so that the American women they met should not find it awkward to keep up with them. In order not to play second fiddle when foreigners are around the American man must know how to dance, and what is more he must dance a lot, too.

"No, there is little or no difference in the dancing steps most in vogue now and those of last winter; but, as I said before, there is a very great change between the ordinary cotillon such as has been danced for the last ten years and that called for this year, especially by young people and the young married set.

"They now want more fun interjected and they don't much care how it is done. All I need do is to give a hostess a hint and then she goes to work, notifies her guests what is expected of them and the thing is accomplished.

"There are dozens of hostesses, however, who don't need any hint at all from me. They can give me points, in fact. I am only called on to drill a selected few for a surprise quadrille or something like that; for, to be up to date, one must always interject a surprise of some sort into every dance.

"Some of the jolliest cotillons, and the gayest dances where the cotillon is discarded for general dancing, will take place between now and the 5th of January. These are mostly for the younger set, whose guests will include a host of young folks home from boarding schools and colleges for the holidays, and, strange to say, with few exceptions, they will run to a reproduction of country scenes often of the most primitive kind.

"For instance, there is a snowball cotillon the costumes for which represent snow as much as they possibly can. The men will wear shirts of outing flannel, almost covered with patches of glazed cotton batting sprinkled with diamond dust, and white wigs, and the girls will be in pure white and wear their hair powdered.

"One figure will be a sleighing scene, danced with a rope of sleigh bells, the girls wearing fluffy white hoods and the men white caps with ear tabs. These are provided by the hostess and will be kept as favors by the dancers.

"All the favors used, by the way, will suggest winter sports some of them, being miniature sleds, toboggans, sleighs, skates, whips, &c.

"In one of the Fifth avenue houses a barn dance will be given to about 100 young people next week—that is, the room is to be made to look as much like a barn as possible. The walls will be concealed with wood-color canvas, ornamented with greens and bundles of hay, and the lighting will be done entirely by lanterns hung so as to cover up the electric light and gas burners.

"The guests must wear country clothes—the more countrified they are the better, and a prize will go to the man and to the woman wearing what a judging committee may consider the most original costume. I know one young fellow who means to make up as the straw man in the 'Wizard of Oz.' The favors at that dance will be small wheelbarrows, lanterns, rakes, hoes, garden pots, &c., some of them being of silver and really quite beautiful. But they would serve the purpose just as well if they cost only a few cents each.

"There is a Japanese cotillon to be given soon by a well known hostess at which Japanese costumes only will be worn by the women guests. More latitude will be given the men, some of whom I believe balk at Japanese attire, by permitting them to wear a waistcoat or a broad waist sash of Japanese silk with a conventional dress suit.

"The folly dance, as it is called, is having a remarkable vogue just now. Not only do the fool's cap and bells have a prominent place in the costumes worn, but anything associated with the follies of men and women is considered suitable.

"Clowns of every description are received with enthusiasm, and in one case I have in mind the refreshments will include confectionery and ices to represent a clown and a clown's head.

"St. Valentine dances, Washington's Birthday, and St. Patrick's Day cotillons are already being planned to take place in the week on which those dates fall, or near it, and every one means, really, a costume party. To illustrate:

"At the St. Patrick's Day cotillon no one must set foot in the ballroom who does not wear Irish attire, whether it be of the peasant, the domestic or the landed gentry class, and there will be one figure in which the men will wear tall silk hats of bright green and carry shillelahs. Only Irish melodies will be played by the orchestra, the decorations will be entirely of green and gold, extending even to the dining room, and the menu will include pet Irish beverages and dainties of various sorts

"Carrying out the same idea, the Washington cotillons will show up everything colonial in great shape, and, from what I hear, some of the costumes which are to be worn at them will be well worth seeing.

"The principal novelties at the St. Valentine affairs are in the favors and the figures, which, so far as possible, are heart-shaped.

"These instances only give a hint of the many elaborations now introduced to the dance, or to which the dance is introduced. Some lovers of the poetry of motion deplore them. They say that dancing is degenerating from an art into a romp.

"I am not so sure of that, though. One may dance just as well in a harlequin's suit as in court dress if he wants to. They do show, however, that New York society, for the time being at least, likes to introduce vaudeville stunts and theatrical effects even into its dancing parties."

HER MISSING BUNDLE.

This Woman Held Up a Train Till She Remembered Eating It.

When the passengers alighted from an express train in the Grand Central Station one afternoon last week, one of them, an old woman from up-State, remained searching for a package. A brakeman came in to help her, and to him she explained that when she boarded the train she had five bundles. Now only four could be found.

Every nook and cranny of the car was searched, but the package couldn't be found. Then the conductor appeared.

He had to give the signal to back the train into the yards in a few minutes, he declared, and there couldn't be much more delay. If the woman would leave her address, the package would be sent to her if it was found, he said.

But she wouldn't agree to that. Her bundle was in the car, and she meant to have it.

Minutes were passing. The conductor fumed. So did the brakeman. The woman still hunted. All of a sudden her face showed that her memory had come to her assistance.

"I'm sorry to have caused you all this trouble," she said sweetly. "I did have five bundles when I came on the train, but one of them was my lunch, and I've eaten that. But I'm sure you don't mind."

The brakeman helped her off politely. Then he hunted up the conductor again.

"Well, I'll be blowed," they declared in chorus, and the train backed out of the station.

Reindeer in Alaska.

From Outing.

That scheme for importing reindeer into Alaska from Siberia, which met with criticism and even with ridicule when first suggested a few years ago by Sheldon Jackson, is now proving the salvation of the Alaskan Esquimaux.

While the original thought was only to repair the rapidly lessening food supply of the natives, yet it has developed into a veritable reindeer industry. So successfully has the plan worked, in fact, that not only does it furnish the natives with food, clothing and means of transportation, but holds out the prospect of putting Alaska in a few years in the position of supplying deer meat to an outside market.

Reindeer does are prolific, and an excellent cheese is made of their milk. As carriers they have already supplanted dogs for the United States mail, and may be ridden, or will carry easily a pack of 151 pounds. In fact, the reindeer industry is already a very important one, with widening significance.

HATS OF ALL SORTS ARE WORN.

LONG PLUMES TRIM SOME, BIG FLOWERS OTHERS.

An Occasional Poke Bonnet Seen—Wind Resisting Hats Most Popular—Gayer Hat Gear for Widows—Hints for Those Who Make Their Hats at Home.

Despite the strong effort made by some milliners to introduce the high-crowned hat, there are few hats of this fashion seen on really smart women. The reason for this is probably to be found in the fact that only about two women in every hundred find this kind of hat at all becoming, for nothing is more trying to some faces than its severe lines and steeple-like crown, looming away five or six inches above the head. In fact, the effect it gives is frequently almost grotesque.

Notwithstanding this, to the woman who can wear it, it is not only most becoming, but it gives a picturesque distinction that is most fetching. One of these hats, worn by a tiny dark haired woman, suited her as nothing else could.

It was of black velvet, turned up slightly on one side. Around the inside of the brim, tucked in close to the hair, was a succession of small bows of velvet ribbon with a larger bow on the side that turned up. The facing was of a brownish yellow velvet, shirred, edged by a band of black velvet, about two inches wide. Small black plumes were on the side that turned up and the hat was tied under the chin, at the left, with wide black satin ribbon.

Bonnets are a novelty that is having a decided vogue, one that will probably grow in favor as the season advances, for there is a certain charm given to a face—old or young—by the wide strings, tied in big bows or choux under the chin, that is attractive in the extreme.

Occasionally one meets on the street a bona fide poke bonnet, and it, too, is very becoming to a certain few, but it is altogether too startling an innovation to be much worn, to say nothing of its being a most uncomfortable piece of head gear. One seen in a box at the theatre recently was about as attractive as anything in the shape of a hat could be.

It was of pink, either chiffon or one of its numerous cousins, very cleverly shirred and corded. A soft ruche finished the edge and on one side, close to the hair, a very small bunch of pink rosebuds peeped out. The strings were of the soft material, meeting away around behind the ear in a soft, fluffy chou.

Of course it was on a remarkably pretty woman, else it would have been bizarre beyond words, but on the woman who wore it it was perfect, and its quaint old-fashioned lines made her loveliness only the lovelier.

In toques and walking hats there is but little change. They remain close and flat at the back and stand well out from the face in front, though they are noticeably smaller than those of last year, or even a season ago. Wind is becoming such an unpleasant factor in our climate that in buying a hat for shopping, walking, &c., it must be taken into consideration, hence something that will not easily become disarranged and fits closely to the head is far more comfortable and suitable than a hat that is larger and more picturesque.

One of the prettiest of the smaller models is the tricorne, so universally becoming to girls and young matrons who affect a jaunty style. These are frequently trimmed with birds of paradise, whose imperial, flowing plumage seems one of the favorite decorations for this season's headgear.

These birds often have tails half a yard long, and are dyed every color imaginable, but in almost every case the color either shades into or harmonizes with the shade of the hat it trims. A very pretty example of this is a Charlotte Corday toque made of frills of plaited green maline, the crown of which is of a soft beaver of the same color. The only trimming is a bird of paradise on the left side. This bird shades from the deepest emerald in the head and breast to the softest sage green in the tail, which droops gracefully over the hair.

Feathers of all sorts are used extensively, long ostrich plumes, than which nothing is more beautiful as a hat trimming; tiny tips—great bunches of them—breasts, wings tails, in fact, every part of the feathered tribe will lend itself as an ornament. Whole hats are made of infinitesimal wings, lapping one over the other, or tiny heads form the trimming around the crown of felt or beaver hats.

Among the popular feather conceits are quills, shaded from dark to light and vice versa, in every color known; peacocks' breasts, wings exquisitely tinted, either by nature or artificially, and the heads, wings and breasts of wild fowl.

The shaded ostrich plumes that were so fashionable when they first appeared are decidedly out of style now, and need one wonder when one sees on the same hat one plume shading from red to pink and another from green to light blue?

Flowers are more used now than they were at the first of the season, and were it not for the fact that no matter how velvety and rich they are in appearance they are always more or less summery looking, they would easily be the season's favorite hat trimming. Indeed, at one time it looked as if the much plumed Gainsborough and highwayman hats were to be pushed aside entirely by those trimmed with flowers and foliage.

Large flowers, dahlias, cabbage roses, huge poppies and camellias are the favorites, and with a fine disregard for their natural shades, are colored to suit either the hat they trim or to match the gown the hat is worn with.

A toque of white moire lamb is trimmed with a garland of roses in the faded shades of an old eighteenth century brocade. The brim is higher on one side than on the other, and the roses and leaves form a large wreath that encircles the crown and is brought down over the brim on the side that turns up. This hat is to be worn with a Directoire coat of the fur, over a skirt of white cloth, and a more perfect costume it would be difficult to find for afternoon functions.

Fruit is seen on some very smart hats, but it is always in very soft coloring, rather than in the bright greens and reds of cherries and gooseberries that used to be so fashionable long ago. A cluster of green and purple plums, in soft pastel shades, with darker green leaves of velvet, was most effective on a gray beaver tricorne. Some of the leaves formed a spear shaped trimming that fell over the side of the hat to the hair, fitting very closely to the head.

Trimming falling over the hair is seen on a great many hats this season, and it is a style that is almost invariably becoming as it tends always to brighten the hair and bring out its latent high lights.

Flowers, bows of velvet or ribbon, small ostrich tips and leaves, all are suitable to be used in this way, but care must be taken that the trimming is not too far forward, as in that case it is apt to make the face seem too broad and so prove a detraction rather than an addition to the general becomingness of the hat.

A rather novel use of this sort of trimming was seen on the hat of a young widow. Instead of the regulation widow's band, she had a wreath of tiny white crêpe roses encircling her bonnet. To the American eye this embellishment of widow's weeds is rather an innovation, but in Paris it is so entirely the thing as to make the simpler mourning seem out of place.

One widow, fresh from that gay city, wears a coquettish toque of black crêpe pointed slightly in front, trimmed with wreath of chiffon roses running around the brim, which is slightly more turned up on one side than the other. On this turned up side is a bunch of white crêpe roses, and the long veil, instead of falling straight down the middle of the back, is fastened behind the left ear. The usual widow's ruche is worn too, and gives a subduing touch to this confection.

To give a hat that touch which makes it smart, one must be a born milliner, or have had some practical instruction in the art, and if one finds it necessary to trim her own hats she will economize both time and money if she takes at least a few lessons at one of the many schools that teach that sort of thing. Through this same school she will learn what to buy for her hats, and where to buy it, and so save much needless and fruitless hunting through the shops.

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but in comparison with that of the amateur milliner it is a flower strewn pathway.

It is practically impossible to find in the ordinary shop the materials necessary for the proper building of a hat, and unless the foundations are right the hat will have a home made look and be a source of annoyance until it is cast aside. Even a hat made by a cheap milliner, a professional, may not be satisfactory, and a plan that is much better than going to such a person is that of waiting until the smart houses have begun to have their sales and taking advantage of them.

Many women who do not go in for ultra fashionable dressing buy their hats a whole year ahead, but this is not always advisable, as it frequently happens that a hat becomes too popular the second season, especially if it be a style that is easily copied by home milliners, and one sees the hat that she has cherished for all this time duplicated in every conceivable material and worn by all sorts and conditions of women.

GOOD WISHES FOR DR. DUNNING.

George Williams's Speech to the Former Woman Physician at Gouverneur.

THE SUN told a few days ago about the presentation of a set of resolutions to Dr. Emily Dunning, the woman physician who lately retired as chief of staff of Gouverneur Hospital because she is soon to be married. The resolutions were presented in the presence of a delegation composed of the drivers who had piloted Dr. Dunning around town on the ambulance, politicians, merchants, police officials and other well wishers.

But THE SUN at that time was unable to get the presentation speech, which was made by School Inspector George Williams. The speech made a hit, and it was freely said on the East Side last week that as an orator Mr. Williams was a coming man.

The speech also made a hit with Dr. Dunning. She has a copy of it filed away with the resolutions, and declares that she prizes it highly.

The East Side has a lot of respect for Dr. Dunning. In spite of prejudice against a woman hospital physician she made good after her appointment to Gouverneur, both as ambulance surgeon and chief of staff, and Mr. Williams's speech shows what the East Side thinks of her. This is what he said:

DR. DUNNING: We take great pleasure in stating we are a committee selected by a large number of citizens and the police of the Seventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth precincts of New York city, to tender you this set of resolutions as a token of the high esteem in which we hold you as a friend.

It is our humble opinion that you, by your courage, hard work and independence, have broken down a prejudice which has existed for centuries and have attained a place in the front rank of the vast army of prominent physicians of this country. The idea of this presentation arose with the ambulance drivers of Gouverneur Hospital, and we take this opportunity to congratulate them on the successful termination of their project.

These resolutions, to our minds, embody your career as we know it for the past two years. The paper is the foundation, yourself; the wording, your work and achievement; the glass, plenty opposition, which served to display your qualifications to a better advantage; the beading, a narrow strip of sunshine and a sense of gratification at duty well performed; the frame of oak represents the sturdy men and women who watched you with pleasure as you advanced step by step until you reached the high position in the medical profession which you have recently resigned and so ably filled.

You came among us unknown and, as we thought, doomed to failure; but to your credit and our delight you have surmounted all petty and adverse criticism and gained the goal for which you strove—namely, chief of staff of Gouverneur Hospital. By your dignified manner, your ever ready and superior advice, you have secured the lasting friendship of us married men, the love and esteem of our wives and children, and, permit me to say (by way of parenthesis) the same may be said of the unmarried men and the girls who in the near future will be their wives.

We stand here to-night in a paradoxical position, inasmuch as we are glad you are entering upon a wider field wherein you will have better opportunities to display your professional talent. At the same time we are sorry you are leaving us.

Doctor, as you advance in years and honors, as you gather a large circle of social and professional friends about you, and when you have reached the pinnacle of success, let me assure you that there will be none more delighted than those among whom you have lived the past two years, and who are bound to you by ties of friendship and admiration for your sterling qualities.

In conclusion, on behalf of all concerned in this presentation, from professional man to laborer, from the housewife to the professional woman, let me say: "God speed you in your chosen career, and God bless you."

THE BACHELOR TAX.

A Plan to Punish Men Who Don't Marry Revived in Indiana.

An old project of taxing bachelors has recently been revived. When the Indiana Legislature meets at Indianapolis in January, it will be asked to pass a bill introduced by a Gibson county member levying a tax of 10 cents on every $100 salary earned by an ablebodied bachelor of more than 35 who receives more than $1,000 annually. It is proposed to apply 10 per cent. of this revenue to the school fund and 90 per cent. to the maintenance of the various orphans' homes in the State.

Indiana is not a State in which bachelors are unduly numerous. By the last census, there were 9,465 unmarried men in Indiana between the ages of 45 and 55, 4,318 between 55 and 65 and 2,506 above 65, a total of 16,284, exclusive of 21,536 bachelors between 35 and 45 who are to fall within the provisions of the bill, though generally bachelors between 35 and 45 are not deemed totally incorrigible and hopeless.

How many of the 37,000 bachelors in Indiana earn more than $1,000 a year and how many of them are ablebodied are questions which could not be decided offhand. But that many of them, perhaps as many of them as 10,000, would fall within the provisions of the proposed law seems probable, and the school fund of the State and the orphan asylums would, by the adoption of this act, be considerably enriched.

In New York State there are 100,000 unmarried men between 35 and 45, 40,000 between 45 and 55 and 18,000 between 55 and 65. There are, moreover, candor compels, and feminine neglect accentuates the admission, 9,800 bachelors over 65—absolute incorrigibles.

Return to Grandmother's Jewelry.

From the London Daily Mail.

Grandmother liked her finger rings to look neat and very refined. That is why the extraordinary showy ones of yesterday, with their huge stones and gorgeous settings, are declining in favor, and simple hoops and half hoops are coming into fashion again. The stones are cut all of the same size, and are set quite closely together, so that they produce very little show, but look exceedingly well.

But that is not the only way in which the women of this generation are copying their clever grandmothers. They are displaying their jewelry in divers forms, though it must be remembered that the jewellers are not quite so generous as to permit them to wear exactly the same large brooches and wide bracelets that were modish years and years ago. That would not be at all good for trade. But it is often quite possible to have a family treasure such as a cameo reset in modern guise, or to take from an ancient and too heavy bracelet the big amethyst that figured in it as the principal gem and adapt it to the requirements of the moment, say, as a pendant or brooch.

Some women occupy their time very pleasantly and profitably delving and diving into the old curiosity shops, where such things as bead necklaces, curious old girdles, set with seashore stones like agate and carnelian, and like quaint gewgaws are stored away. These they are adapting to their needs with excellent results.

THE HAIR NEEDS MUCH CARE.

BY IT A WOMAN'S BEAUTY MAY BE MADE OR MARRED.

Transformation of an Elderly Woman Into a Young One—The Coiffure Should Fit Not Only the Face, but Its Expression as Well—Elaborate Simplicity.

There is a high priced man milliner in New York who was once a woman's hairdresser.

"I learned so much about the face feminine," says he, "that I decided to put it in use in the millinery business. If I were a woman I would dress my hair becomingly. That is one of the things I learned.

"I have in mind a woman who once looked old and unattractive. One day somebody took her to the hairdresser.

"When she came out she was a beauty.

"She remained in the hairdresser's nearly all day. And it was the best day she ever spent in her life. To a friend she confided this information:

"'They shampooed my head until the oil was all out. Then they went over it with a little restorer. Then they put a substance on it to make it bloom. And they brushed it until it was glossy.

"'Next they took it and dampened it with a curling mixture and, when it had dried, they waved it.

"'Finally, they tossed the front high over a pompadour which extended all the way around my face. And, when they had done this, they sorted the waves to make them regular, as it were, putting in a few extra curls here and there. They kept on doing this until the pompadour was a mass of beautiful undulations.

"'When they came to the knot at the back it was a simple affair. It was low and loose, and put together like a big eight, with the upper loop of the eight pinned on to my head and the lower loop lying on my neck very low.

"'Into this they stuck a quantity of fancy pins and, to make it perfectly firm, they added some patent pins, warranted to stay in place until I took them out with my own fingers, which was quite a laborious task, by the way.

"'I might have said they treated my bare temples to a few little waves which were attached to hairpins and stuck into my hair; and they added a few to the nape of my neck to make me took younger.

"'When they had finished I looked positively girlish. I was proud of myself. My husband, when he saw me, gave a smile of delight. "I shall have to buy you that pearl collar," he whispered.'

"That is one woman's story. And others who have tried the rejuvenating effects of good hair dressing have had similar experiences. But the trouble is that few hair dressers are good ones. They like to bleach your hair, and they like to dye it, and they like to do all sorts of unnecessary things. A really good hair dresser will do as little dyeing as possible and will devote himself to dressing the hair becomingly.

"There is a hair dresser in London who makes a specialty of dressing the hair to suit a woman's face. And he does more. He dresses it to suit her expression.

"If she be of the sweetly gentle type he takes her hair in both hands and tosses it up in a puff at the sides. He then waves it until he brings out all the pretty colors of the hair and forms a frame for the woman's face. The sweet faced type can dress the hair like the old time portraits and look pretty.

"For the classic faces, those of the perfect profile, like the Cleo de Merode type, he dresses the hair much more simply. Study the pictures of Merode and you will understand the style.

"The hair is parted and is banded down smooth on each side of the face. It covers the ears and is brought back and twisted in a knot at the back of the neck. A fillet can be slipped on for evening, but none is required for daytime.

"This style brings out a classic nose and makes it ten times more classic. It makes the features absolutely perfect, provided they be of classic outline, and it also displays the clearness of the skin.

"There are a few women that can wear their hair in abandon. But even these must be well groomed women.

"Mrs. Brown Potter can take her wonderful red hair and toss it back and twist it in a careless knot, letting the front take care of itself. But there are very few who can do this. And, if you were to consult Mrs. Potter's maid she would tell you quite another story from a careless one.

"In spite of the splendid abandon of her hair, those red tresses are magnificently groomed. They are washed until they are fresh and sweet. They are scented until they are delicious, and they are brushed until they shine.

"In tossing this hair together, the abandon is so carefully studied that not a lock is out of place. The hair is not waved, but it is twisted into a knot. The strands are straight, but so fine and soft that the effect is as though they were curled.

"Women who reach 50 or 60 are apt to be careless about the condition of their hair. And this, too, at just the age when they need every art and every artifice.

"The middle part is undoubtedly coming in, and for those who can wear it, there is no prettier style. But there are many who cannot part their hair, and for these there must be learned the lesson of doing the hair becomingly some other way.

"The pompadour is still the style, and it can be said for it that it certainly makes many a woman look pretty. While it has its faults, they are as nothing compared with its virtues. It frames the face, softens the features, and does away with the necessity for waving the hair continually.

"There is a pompadour which is called the chorus girl, because it calls for a deep dip over one eyebrow. To make this pompadour the hair should be waved and tossed high over a very long and very round roll.

"When the coiffure is nearly completed a handful of hair is pulled down low at one side. This makes the big becoming dip over the eyebrow.

"The irregular pompadour is becoming to most faces, a fact which is recognized by artists, who take advantage of its softening traits. You will notice how cleverly and irregularly the hair is treated if you will look at some ideal heads and art studies. Artists know its beautifying effects.

"But don't think you can make a pompadour out of ill kept hair. The locks must fairly shine, and they must be light and free to toss and blow.

"By this is not meant a careless arrangement. The Newport girls, with blowing locks, and the Southern girls, with hair twisted in a very careless shock at the back of the neck, are always mighty careful that the snood be secured in place with many hairpins and that it be arranged in the most becoming manner.

"The coming style for the new year calls for hair that is beautiful in its texture, for it is elaborate, and unless the hair is just right the appearance is spoiled. Let the hair be bright and lightly twisted. And let it be twisted low in the back of the neck. It can be covered with an 1860 net if desired, and this is, perhaps, the prettiest way to fix the hair.

"If one be young and fresh, the hair can be secured at the back of the neck. Then it can be twisted and bundled into a net. And, finally, the whole can be anchored to the head with many handsome pins. This is a very becoming style.

"Those who want to do so can wear a front piece this year without fear of losing it or of discovery in the wearing. The new pieces are so perfect, and so exquisitely pretty, in every way, that one cannot help envying one's neighbor the possession of them. They are put on the head in a natural manner, and it would take the eye of an expert to tell the difference between them and one's own natural locks.

"The tendency in the new style is toward the part. There is the 1860 parting. The hair is parted and the sides are then rolled pompadour fashion. Any woman who was a belle in 1865 will show you how.

"A less trying and more becoming mode for the woman with good features is the one in which the hair is parted in the middle and is religiously waved at the sides in great big deep waves that seem to cover the temples. To make these waves more attractive, a few little stray curls are allowed to creep out at the temples, the ears and the nape of the neck.

"It takes a bold woman these days to expose the ears. The woman whose ears are large should puff her hair a little over her ears and she should bury them in tiny little curls, combed out loosely. They should be thin, just the little stray earlocks, curling over the tips of the ears, that one reads about in poetry."

THE NEW WOMAN OF 60 PLUS.

Traits She Lost When She Declined to Grow Old as Formerly.

The new woman of 50 is now a fixed feature of city life. She is welcomed, moreover. She wears the same style of hats that her daughters do and her interests are correspondingly youthful.

There may have been a certain tenderness in the former woman of 50 in her lace and violet bonnet which is lacking in her successor with her Napoleonic beaver turned back defiantly from her brow. But as a change from conditions that existed formerly, the new woman of 50 adds much to the beauty of out of door life, even if she may not bring the same grace and gentleness as her predecessor to her own fireside.

One has seen this new woman during the holiday season wandering through the shops with her daughter of 20 or less, the two dressed with so little difference in detail that they might be sisters. The débutante of 18 by the side of her mother of 38 seems very much like her. When twelve years more have made that maiden a matron and her mother a grandmother there will still be little difference between them in looks.

"Now that we have accepted the new woman of 50," said an amateur sociologist, "we have to accept also the newer woman in the next stage of her development. She is—well, the woman over 50. Say that she has reached the sixties or passed beyond them. Is she an agreeable substitute for her predecessor?

"How many white haired, unamiable looking women one sees nowadays, covered with feathers and furbelows and wearing clothes that are much too young for them! I see them fighting their way into theatres, elbowing themselves through the crowds in the Fifth avenue shops and calling harshly in rasping voices to girls in the stores. Are these women the results of the new women of fifty?"

This critic's views may be extreme, but it is a fact that elderly women are seen in public much more than they used to be. Nothing seems to daunt them now.

They jump in and out of crowded trolley cars with a pretence of youthful alacrity, and they sparkle with gems at the opera. The new woman of sixty plus. She may be poor and yet affect the same jauntiness that the Fifth avenue dressmakers try to provide for their customers who are over 60 years young.

"It may be an improvement to have old women looking so much younger," the sociologist continued, "but I have observed that they try to substitute for certain recognized charms of age what poorly replaces the original gentleness, tenderness and contentment—where are they in the new woman of more than sixty?

"It may be that the ability to wear a black jet hat with three ostrich feathers on the side was not possessed in former years by women who had long passed into the grandmother class. But those earlier grandmothers had some other traits not possessed by their successors; and they were the qualities that made old age restful and lovable and above all, revered."

FACTS ABOUT MAHOGANY.

Where It Grows, Its Value and How It Is Prepared for Shipment.

The United States is not a mahogany growing country, unless Cuba may now be said to be a part of the United States. It is a tropical wood. Its home is in Central America and in Cuba, Jamaica and Santo Domingo. These islands, says the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, give the smallest but heaviest and prettiest wood. British Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua give the most and Mexico the largest timber. The richer, solid, heavy varieties come from the islands. These will not float. They are susceptible of a high polish, and the wood has a rich, wavy figure. The pretty figured pieces of wood are of great value. A six foot piece (which included the crotch of a tree) in a certain shipment will bring about $500 when cut into veneers.

No matter where a shipment of the wood comes from, or what variety it is, there are always more or less of the fine, flaky sticks that make veneer. Mahogany is a phenomenal wood in that it does not warp under any conditions of weather, use or age; neither does it shrink. It is of great beauty, hardness and durability. In no other wood can these qualities be found combined with large size, uniformity of grain and richness of color and figure.

The island timbers are eight to ten feet in length by twelve inches in diameter, some from Cuba, however, reaching thirty-five feet in length by two feet in diameter. Honduras squared timbers are as long as forty feet by two feet in diameter, and the three foot and four foot timbers come from Mexico. The softer mahogany comes from the swampy lands. There are no mahogany forests; the trees are not grouped that way, the individual trees being more or less widely separated. Like other trees, the core is the poorest part, often being worthless.

A schooner load represents an expenditure of about $13,000. That is not all for the timber, labor and freight, a considerable part of it representing "grease" to the Spanish customs officers, whose favor is not obtained by a smile. There are no sawmills in the mahogany growing countries. The trees when cut down are squared by hand. An Indianapolis company is going to have them hewn into octagon shape hereafter instead of squares, believing it will get 25 per cent. more timber out of them this way. Oxen are used for the haul to the water, and the timbers are rafted and floated to larger streams, where larger rafts are made and sent to a loading port. Having arrived there, the lumberman's trouble and expenses are not half over.

The coming and going of ships to these small ports are not regulated like the running of railroad trains. It may be announced that a ship will be there on the 4th and there is great scurrying to get the timber ready. When the ships do get there they will not wait for the arrival of their timber cargo, but will sail away without it if it is not ready. So the rafts are anchored. There is a worm, or marine borer, that likes mahogany, and he goes promptly to work. If the ship does not arrive on time and is not sighted within a day or two the timber must all be hauled up on the beach or every timber turned over daily. The worm does not make fast time in boring, and if the side he is working on is turned to the hot sun before the borer gets more than an inch or so in it will scorch him to death.

Pension for Soldier Injured by Street Car.

From the Washington Star.

"Some years ago," said an army officer, "the War Department held that a soldier who was injured while out hunting in the far West on a pass was disabled in the line of duty and therefore entitled to a pension. It was held that as hunting is encouraged by military authorities, the soldier in doing what he was encouraged to do was not thereby taken out of the line of duty.

"Following the precedent established in that case, the Department has recently held that a soldier whose leg was broken by being run over by a street car was disabled in the line of duty. In this case it appears that the soldier was absent from his post on a pass for the purpose of self-improvement; that is he was going to attend a lecture. It was held by the authorities that this case was analogous with the other one referred to, in that in each case the passes were granted with the [illegible] use to which they would be put [illegible] benefit to the soldier, and through [illegible] the service."

A $10 INDIANA MARRIAGE.

ELOQUENCE THAT IMPRESSES BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Highest Effort on the Sliding Scale in Use Among Hoosier Magistrates—The Charity Marriage Very Simple and the $1 Ceremony Not Much Better.

"They have a graduated marriage ceremony in some parts of Indiana," says a whiskey drummer who has been exploiting the thirst of the Hoosiers for the last twenty years, "and I suppose that if that George Meredith form of marriage ever obtains in this country the Indiana Magistrates will devise a more elaborate sliding scale than they have now.

"In Jeffersonville, Ind., a sort of Gretna Green for Louisville and other river towns of Kentucky, the Magistrates will marry you for charity, but they go about it as if it hurt them. For $1 they will make a pretence of trying to give you satisfaction. For $2 the proceedings are disproportionately good, and for $5 or $10 they become demoralized and lose their form. If you mention more than that they will tie a knot for a man in such a way that he, his children and his children's children will cherish the words forever.

"A bashful looking couple faced a Magistrate some time ago and the bridegroom announced naively that he had no money and wanted to be married on credit.

"The Magistrate asked the woman if she wanted to be married to that man. She allowed that she did. Then he asked the man if he wanted to become the husband of that woman. He rather thought he did.

"'Well, you're married then,' said the Magistrate, turning away.

"'I just don't believe it,' said the woman.

"'All right,' replied the Magistrate, 'but you go and get married to another man and see if you are.'

"He refused to lend them money to get to their homes across the river, and they walked home, ten miles.

"For $1, there is the usual joining of hands and the recital by the Magistrate of a formula which takes two or three minutes. The adjectives are all passed over.

"For the two bucks, there is a good array of adjectives and two or three references to the divine origin of marriage. If the Magistrate is feeling pretty good he will have on a clean collar and an irreproachable necktie, and he may place his hands on the heads of the pair and bless them.

"But for $5 or $10 the adjectives throb, the nouns do a cakewalk in all their splendor, the adverbs are gorgeous and the sentences are involved, sonorous and stately. The subjects of the ceremony are often so impressed that they have the Magistrate write out the words, and there's many a family Bible that has the matrimonial masterpieces preserved in it.

"I have made a little collection of some of the best of the lot. The king pin is the work of a newspaper man who used to be a Magistrate over in Jeff, but is now risen to higher and better things and is selling 120 proof whiskey down in the tall and uncut of Oklahoma. She goes like this:

"'By virtue of the authority most widely delegated to and invested in me by the laws, statutes and ordinances of this the great and historic State of Indiana, than which the sun never shone on a fairer, a more righteous and a more splendid, I hereby call on you to link your hands, enjoining on you the recollection that at the beginning our Creator, to make possible the advancement of the human race and the ultimate attainment of heaven, instituted the divine ceremony of matrimony. In the resurrection they neither give nor are given in marriage.

"'And marriage, I may state, is honorable in all, above all and for all; through it the unit of the nation, the family, springs into being, and by it this great United States is become what it is.

"'Marriage is a sheet anchor. Made fast to it are the cables of the home, by means of which the ship, laden deep and evenly with morality, prosperity, bounteousness and happiness, swings in the ocean of life, secure from the tidal waves of distress and disaster. The tempests may blow, the hurricanes may howl, the seas run high, but through them all this earthly institution of our Creator and Saviour remains safe and unimpaired.

"'Therefore shall a man leave his father, Therefore shall a woman leave her mother, Therefore shall both man and woman leave their parents and kin and become of one flesh and cleave to each other.

"'Whom God has joined together no man shall put asunder, and with a humble appreciation of the honor conferred on me in being chosen as the instrument of the will of God and of the glorious State of Indiana, to which our forefathers emigrated from far distant parts, to hew them out a home in the wilderness, thriving mighty and waxing powerfully till they had placed the capsheaf of attainment on their endeavors, once more I enjoin on you the recollection of the solemnity and the awe of this the great occasion of your lives.

"'Do you promise faithfully and sincerely and with all your heart and with all your mind to carefully and wisely and generously provide for this woman, rendering honor to her all your life? And do you, whose hand is joined trothfully to the hand of this man, promise to render him all honor, to love, care, obey, tend him in his sickness and his health during your joint lives?

"'Then may peace, prosperity and all the blessings of married life and of mankind be yours. You are now man and wife.'"

SIGNS AND NAMES.

Some Instances in Which the One Seemed Peculiarly Appropriate to the Other.

"In the course of my walks about the city in the past twenty-five years," said an old fellow, "I have come across a good many signs that interested me. One kind of sign was especially entertaining. I mean the sign on which the name, either by its meaning or sound, seems especially appropriate to the proprietor's business. Some few instances of this sort of sign that I happen to remember will illustrate. They are recalled at random and not chronologically, and most of them are signs of long ago.

"For instance, it seemed to me entirely appropriate that Mr. Linderman should be a pawnbroker on the West Side, and Mr. Hammerschlag a gold beater down on the East Side. I never looked at the large and various display of sausages in the windows of Mr. Link's meat shop, not far from Jefferson Market, without that feeling of satisfaction which comes of viewing an exemplification of the fitness of things. Later, in nearly the same neighborhood, there was an Italian grocery store in the windows of which was a liberal array of cans of tomatoes, arranged on a series of narrow shelves, and on the window panes was lettered the proprietor's name—Tomaso Canna

"I have forgotten the spelling of a man's name whose sign, somewhere on what was then the upper West Side, read 'Snuff and Tobacco,' but, as I remember it, it was Cachou. In lower Second avenue the Pröfniedt Bros. had a printing office. Sexton the undertaker did business in Brooklyn, as did Kick the printer, with small foot power presses in the front of his shop.

"There were many instances that I suppose I might recall of names corresponding with vocations, but perhaps I remembered the ones I have mentioned because at the time they seemed more entertaining than such signs as 'barber,' 'tonsorial artist' and the like. But I came near forgetting a sign that used to be displayed in the old Third avenue horse cars before the days of electric doorbells—the well-known sign of Dingledein the Harlem bell hanger."