WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

THINGS OF INTEREST TO WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Tower's Visit Home.

Mrs. Tower, wife of the American Ambassador to Germany, is now on the ocean on her way to make her annual visit to her home in Philadelphia, where she will remain for several months visiting her sons, both of whom are destined for Harvard, and who are being prepared for that university in this country. Mrs. Tower's eldest son, who was seriously hurt in an accident some two years ago, has fully recovered, and, happily, not the slightest lameness exists as it was thought might be possible. Mr. Tower is booked to join his wife later, but his visits to America are always of short duration, because the embassy at Berlin is of such importance that he does not feel warranted in leaving it in the hands of a charge d'affaires for any length of time. Besides her two sons Mrs. Tower has two charming little daughters, who are great admirers of the Emperor, and his very warm friends. One never realizes, indeed, what a human person that august monarch is until he sees him with children, his own or those of others, when he lays aside the really imposing dignity that characterizes him.

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Monseignor Kennedy in America.

Another distinguished American, at present visiting his home here, is Monsignor Kennedy, president of the American College in Rome, who is well known to all his countrymen and women who visit the Eternal City and seek audiences with the Pope, for he has an open sesame that opens the doors of the Vatican, and a letter from him to the chamberlain of the Pope's household, Monsignor Bisletti, is sure to obtain for its holder an audience with the most benign and gracious Vicar of God who ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. Monsignor Kennedy is prodigal of his time, and never too busy to see those who flock to the American College for one reason or another, or to help them in whatever they seek. It is this charm that makes him so popular with the students in his care, and which gives him an influence in Rome which few Americans ever acquire.

Monsignor Kennedy will remain in America for some weeks before returning to his chair at the university, which is now occupied by one of his assistants.

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Satolli Fond of Americans.

Another distinguished prelate, well known and pleasantly remembered in America, and at present connected with the Pope's household is Monsignor Satolli, who makes his home in the Monastery of St. John of Leteran. His apartments are up three flights of that enormous building, and the broad loggia upon which his suite of rooms opens overlooks the whole city of Rome. Within his apartments are many souvenirs of his detail in America, and he speaks with much feeling of his stay on this side of the water. He is changed very little in the ten years or so, since his recall, and he has always an agreeable welcome for the pilgrims who visit Rome from America, with which he has so many affiliations. St. John of Leteran, it will be remembered, was the cathedral where the popes were consecrated in their holy office before the division of church and state, and where many of them are buried. The last to be interred there was Pope Leo XIII. The hopeful Blacks in Rome believe that some day the Pope will come out of his exile in the Vatican, and until then the papal chair that stands beneath his picture in all the big monasteries is turned with the seat to the wall, to remain so until he will be again privileged to use it.

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Washington Belles Delighted.

There is great glee in the hearts of the belles of Washington at the return of many of the naval officers who were sent to Cuba at the time of its occupancy by the United States. There are no more acceptable beaux in the fashionable world than those who wear gold lace and brass buttons. The Mayflower is back at the navy yard, and her officers are in much demand at all social functions. Those returning give a pleasant account of their life in Havana, and are especially generous in their praise of Mr. Morgan, the American Minister, who has leased a house in the suburbs, which is presided over by his two maiden sisters, and where the warmest hospitality is extended to all visitors. Mr. Morgan was for a long time connected with the State Department, and his first important post was as Minister to Korea, whence he was transferred to the Cuban capital. Novice though he is in the diplomatic service, he is a trained and accomplished diplomatist, particularly adapted for his present post. Whether to assuage the jealousy of the belles at home, the returning officers declare that the beauty of the Cuban women is exaggerated, and that they lack the sprightliness and versatility of the American girl, her taste in dress, and her enthusiasm for all sports. The Cuban young woman, because of her origin and environment is by nature indolent, but the beautiful dark eyes of some of the belles of Havana have played sad havoc with some of the military sons of Uncle Sam.

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Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The late Thomas Bailey Aldrich was not only a poet of finest tone and highest ideals, and one of the most subtle novelists of his day, but he was equally noted for his social talents. As a member of that far-famed institution, the St. Botolph Club, of Boston, he was always the center of an admiring group, and as a diner out he was unequaled. The writer dined with him a few years back at the house of a noted scientist in Boston, where the guests represented all that was best and most brilliant at the Hub. Without seeming to take the lead, Mr. Aldrich dominated the conversation, and the flashes of wit flew around the table even more quickly than the champagne, which the host had served with the soup, "to make gay his guests, and loosen their tongues," he said. It was a unique dinner. After the oysters, fish, and soup were served, a blazer was put before each guest, of whom there were some twelve or fourteen, and then an enormous raw saddle of venison was brought upon the table, which the host carved. Every guest was supplied with a generous slice, thick and juicy, with a cover of white fat. After this ceremony—because it was a ceremony, the carving of the saddle and its service—gravy was passed, currant jelly, peas, rice, and onions, and with these ingredients the convives were supposed to cook their dinner. The unusual custom occasioned the greatest merriment. There was much rivalry, much talk of cooking and culinary methods, the passing about of bits from one neighbor to another, and the table finally constituted itself a jury to decide who was the best cook. Mr. Aldrich was not given the palm, though he was easily among the first of the amateur chefs, having learned the profession in the army, where he served in the civil war, and of which service he was perhaps prouder than of any of his literary achievements. This cooking of the venison inspired him to tell a tale of the curious happenings of that crucial period, which unlocked the tongues of his contemporaries present who had also served in the civil war, and they gossiped energetically until the wee sma' hours. Stories grave and gay, side-splitting and tear-invoking, went the rounds. Mrs. Aldrich was also present at the dinner, a stately woman, manifestly proud of her husband's great accomplishments.

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No Greek Minister.

A New York firm received a visit not long since from a man who represented himself as the Greek Minister at Washington. His manner was so unlike that of an accomplished diplomatist that before filling the rather large order he gave they decided to investigate his status, with the result, of course, that they discovered there was no Greek Minister in Washington, nor had there been since the latter half of the past century, for, though we maintain a legation at Athens, there has been no representative from that kingdom at Washington since the last minister, who, failing to possess a sense of humor, took very seriously some humorous paragraphs that were published about him in the press. Shortly after he presented his credentials, and without making his adieus to the President, presenting his letters of recall, or giving any excuse, this accomplished diplomatist simply "vamoosed" from town. His departure was not made a subject of diplomatic correspondence; no attention, indeed, was paid to his departure, which doubtless hurt his sensitive pride, but saved the United States both expense and annoyance.

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Pangiras Bey and Mme. Pangiras.

A correspondent from Constantinople writes that at a dinner given recently by the American Ambassador, Mr. Leishman, he met Pangiras Bey and Mme. Pangiras. The story of this couple is so interesting that it is worth while recalling. Mme. Pangiras was Bessie Gerry, of Portland, Me. Her sister, Alice Gerry, at one time the fiancee of William W. Thomas, for many years Minister to Stockholm, and now a resident with his Swedish wife of that capital, married one of the Pattersons of Baltimore, and is, therefore, connected with the Bonapartes. After Mrs. Patterson's widowhood, she went with her sister to live abroad, and they spent some time in Constantinople. Pangiras Bey, at that time serving in the Turkish foreign office, when he met this beautiful and clever American girl became instantly epris, never tiring in his attentions, which, naturally, her family, not wishing her to marry a Turk, discouraged, for Pangiras, who is the hero, by the way, of Marion Crawford's novel, "Paul Patoff," is a fascinating man, and they feared the result of his "cour," so that finally they left Constantinople very hurriedly for Paris. But distance means nothing to a love-inspired Turk. Miss Gerry, in Paris, was deluged with letters, messages, telegrams, flowers, and presents from her Turkish admirer. The attention and devotion she received from the rising young Turkish statesman caused much amusement to her family and friends, who thought she was so far removed from his influence that there could be no serious result. He appeared, however, one day upon the scene, and quicker than they could realize, had wooed, won, and married the little Yankee girl, whose ancestor was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, governor of Massachusetts, Vice President under Jefferson, and died in Washington during his period of office. Almost immediately after their marriage Pangiras Bey and his wife went to Rome, where the latter was accredited as Turkish Minister, and remained there for a number of years, taking a leading part in social life, for Mme. Pangiras is a woman of great personal charm, knowledge of the world, and social talents, with a fortune of her own, which makes her independent of her Turkish husband in case he should prove obstreperous. But it is pleasant to relate that so far this union has been most harmonious, and, what would seem an ill-assorted match, a very happy one. Mme. Pangiras is tall, slender, and graceful, with an ivory white complexion, brown eyes, reddish hair, and dresses with great distinction.

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From the Hermit Kingdom.

A recently published paragraph that went the rounds of the papers to the effect that Korea had the smallest representation of any country in America, is rather amusing to those who know that for the last twenty-five years the Hermit Kingdom has been pouring her sons into the New World to be instructed and to become acquainted with the point of view and the ethics of the West. This exodus began almost as soon as Japan commenced sending her sons to America for education and enlightenment, but since Koreans are so much like the Japanese in their customs, appearance, and habits it has been difficult to distinguish them; hence the statement that there are but few of them in the United States, which a reading of the rosters of the various colleges would disprove. A pioneer in inspiring his countrymen to come to America was Pom Kwang Soh, who was exiled from his country because of his revolutionary ideas, sought a refuge in this country, and was for many years employed here in various capacities, and for a long period was associated with the bureau of education, whose chiefs learned to respect and admire him. Later he was recalled, with honor, to his country, and subsequently accredited here as Minister. In many ways he was the most wonderful Korean of his age; a prophet who looked far ahead and had the courage to utter his warnings. Indeed, if he had been heeded, it is not to be doubted that Korea would not now be in the indefensible position in which she finds herself; but Mr. Soh gained such influence with the authorities in this country and at home that a cabal was raised against him, and he was finally dismissed from his post at this Capital. This injustice decided him not to return to Korea, and he accordingly established himself in Washington, in a charming house on Columbia Heights, which he made an asylum for his countrymen and became the mentor of all the young Koreans who came to the United States. It was to him that Prince Eiu Wah, the second son of the King of Korea, was consigned when he was practically exiled from his country because of his popularity in Seoul, a popularity that quite dimmed the prestige of the eldest son of the King and the heir to the throne. The prince, whose rather bizarre experiences in America; his affairs with chorus girls and other extravagances, the coat of mail he wore underneath his clothes to protect him from assassins, said to have been sent by his envious brother—have been so much exploited that it is hardly worth while to mention them here, but Mr. Soh was never discouraged. He was always a father to the little princling, inspiring and helping him, and if this son of the King ever becomes a power in the Hermit Kingdom it will be due to the patient labors of Mr. Soh, who, in the light of all sorts of discouragements, never lost hope or faith. It is true that most of the young Koreans who come to America associate themselves with the agricultural colleges, because Korea is essentially an agricultural country, and it is the aim of the statesmen, because even in that semi-barbarous country there are statesmen who have the well-being of their country at heart, and who are planning a coup that may one day astonish the world.

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Clara Barton and the Red Cross.

It was very pleasant the other day to meet Miss Clara Barton, the organizer in America, and for so many years the president of the Red Cross Society, whose buoyant expression showed no chagrin over her removal some time since from the directorship of the body which she had created. It is not to be doubted that Miss Barton's usefulness as the head of the Red Cross Society had come to an end, but when one remembers her labors in this country, her indefatigable energy, and her devotion to the care and nursing of the soldiers in the civil war and in the Franco-Prussian war, which earned her many decorations and the friendship of the crowned heads of Europe, her displacement seems a little cruel, though her warmest friends cannot but feel that it was for the good of the service. She is, however, the same brave, strong, and self-reliant person, possessing the same energy, if not the strength, which enabled her, as a nurse in the civil war, to carry in her seeming fragile arms, wounded men from the shot and shell of the battlefield to a place of safety, and to nurse them back to life and strength. It would require more space than there is here to recount the many decorations she has received from those who admire her and are indebted to her on the other side, but from the Emperor William I she received the Cross of Merit, and from his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, whose guest she is whenever she visits Europe, the Gold Cross of Remembrance, the colors of Baden, and a Red Cross brooch.

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A Story from Alaska.

One of the most picturesque figures in the last Congress was Frank H. Waskey, who was elected to fill the short term as delegate from Alaska, and who, with Mrs. Waskey, has already turned his face toward his home in Nome. Mr. Waskey is only thirty-three years old, but has already made a reputation for himself, not only in the politics of the northern Territory he represents, but as a business man, a miner, and a money maker.

Speaking of Nome, brings to mind an incident that happened there to Oliver P. Morton, the grandson of the late Senator Oliver P. Morton, the famous war governor of Indiana, who, in its early days, was one of the leading lawyers of Nome. Mr. Morton is, at present, connected with the legal department of the Reclamation Service, and for the last two months has been in Washington on special business for this department. He is as tall and broad as his grandfather, of massive build and striking appearance, honest blue eyes, and a winning expression, speedily making him friends among strangers. When Mr. Morton was in Nome, happening to be in the Central barroom, which was crowded with miners and people of that ilk, he noticed a man, very much the worse for whisky, and holding a sack in his hands, come in and go up to the bar. In conversation with his companions he lost sight of the tipsy stranger, and was only reminded of his presence by having fall into his lap the sack the man held, which he had thrown deliberately across the room at Mr. Morton. Astonished at this ball-playing, Mr. Morton did nothing, but retained the bag in his hands, thinking that before the evening was over its owner would return to claim it. He left the saloon, however, without doing so, and, labeling the sack as a contribution from an unknown person, the unwilling recipient locked it up in his safe. It was several months afterward that a ragged, dirty, sick, and miserable man appeared at Mr. Morton's office and told a pitiful story. He had made a big stake, some $12,000 or $15,000 in all, and was about to return to the States, when he went on a desperate and prolonged spree, and lost everything he had, except one bag of gold, that he remembered throwing at somebody in the Central barroom. He had lost his courage, was down on his luck, wanted to get back to the States, and had come to ask advice and assistance.

"Say, old man, I can fix you up," said Mr. Morton. "I am the man at whom you threw that bag, and here it is in the safe." The miner was, of course, in the seventh heaven of delight. He only remembered that he had picked out the most honest looking man in the room and sent the gold flying over at him, so that it should not go the way of his other earnings. The bag was taken out of the safe, the gold weighed and found to contain some $4,500 or $5,000. Its owner was sobered up by Mr. Morton and his partner, dressed in suitable attire, his passage paid, the rest of the gold returned to him, and he was then sent homeward, a grateful and happy man.

THE SOCIAL CODE

BY THE ARBITER

So many questions have come as to what is good form in the giving of presents between engaged couples, and for weddings, that The Arbiter has decided to slightly discuss the subject.

It is a delicate matter, that of the giving of presents by a young man to a young woman, and the etiquette regarding it cannot be too closely considered. A man who has a mere acquaintance with a young woman should not presume to send her anything but flowers, bonbons, or an occasional book. He may be very rich, and she may be very poor, and it would be natural for him to feel that, perhaps, something useful would be more acceptable than mere luxuries; but unless he intends to marry the girl, he has no right to put her under such obligations as the acceptance of valuable ornaments or wearing apparel would do. Even among engaged people it is the very worst form for a man to endeavor to add to a woman's wardrobe. The Arbiter once knew a multimillionaire in New York who had been led to feel by his satellites that his money could buy anything. Shortly before the time set for the wedding, he went abroad to order his own trousseau, when he purchased for his bride, whose means were very limited, a number of handsome gowns and many valuable jewels. Despite the modest circumstances of the family, the mother belonged to the ancient regime, and when the boxes of dresses were sent from the custom-house in New York to her daughter, she was in a mild flurry, and insisted upon it that her child should not marry a parvenue, who had so little appreciation of what was due the woman he expected to make his wife. So bitter was she, and so convincing, in stating that her daughter's rich fiance made no distinction between a mistress and a wife that the engagement was permanently broken, "because if this man chooses to insult my daughter before marriage, and if he has not the tact to know that he has insulted her, what can she expect afterward?" The daughter subsequently married a poor and struggling lawyer, and they lived for some time on little or nothing a year, but are very happy.

For the bridal present the groom should give as handsome a gift as his means will allow, not drawing on the future to make a "splurge" at the time of his marriage. It is not necessary for the bride to give the groom a gift, but this is often done, and this gift is generally a set of pearl studs or a unique pin, some little souvenir that recalls the early days of their romance. It has long been the custom for the family and friends of the bridegroom to give the bride personal jewelry, and for her family and friends to give her silver. The habit of giving cut glass has happily gone out, because in the last year or so cut glass has been relegated to the upper shelves of the pantry, and the silver of our grandmothers has been brought out and now appears on festive tables, and adds very much to their distinction and beauty. It is no longer good form to display the wedding presents to all the guests, but the intimate friends of the bride and groom are invited to a private view of them. Every present should, of course, be acknowledged by a personal note, written as soon as possible after the return of the bride from her honeymoon. The bride generally gives to her attendants some little gift—a pin or a ring—any little thing to be kept as a remembrance of the occasion; and the groom, to his best man and ushers, a scarfpin or something of the sort.

Every one receiving an invitation to a wedding, or announcement cards, should at the earliest opportunity call on the newly wedded pair. It would be extremely bad taste, however, for any one not so remembered to visit them. If one is invited only to the church, it is not necessary to acknowledge the invitation, but if one is invited both to the church and the house, it is well to say whether he will be present at the house, as a knowledge of just how many to expect makes a great difference in providing for the guests. It is not necessary to invite all those who are asked to the church to the house for the wedding breakfast, which is often confined to the family and intimate friends of the young couple, but the old-fashioned custom of making the principal feature of the wedding breakfast, an enormous bride's cake, is still in vogue. This is generally made at the confectioners, and is of rather gigantic form, sometimes containing souvenirs. But the old-fashioned custom of the bride cutting the cake and distributing it among her guests has gone out, and fancy boxes containing wee slices of the piece de resistance of the wedding feast are given to the guests as they leave the house.

Regrettably the throwing of rice, of old slippers, the festooning of the wedding carriage with bizarre ribbons and flowers, and posting it, is still indulged in, but cannot be too strongly condemned. This habit is so different from the Anglo-Saxon point of view that it is a wonder that a fashion more suitable to the Fiji Islanders should ever have come about. Nothing too strong can be said against it. Marriage is a sacred thing, and should be so accepted, and no one who aims to lessen the holiness of this contract should be encouraged. Innocent fun is pleasant, but the abuses that have arisen from old traditions, are, to refined and earnest people, most distasteful, and from every point of view inexcusable. Dignity should mark all the observances of a wedding. It is pleasant to see the bride and groom drive off in a carriage bedecked with white ribbons and flowers, the coachman and footman wearing white favors, but the bombarding of two innocent people with old shoes and rice by a lot of hysterical attendants is vulgar in the extreme. One word more about weddings upon which The Arbiter has had so many communications: After the invitations to the wedding are given out the bride should not appear in public, or accept any invitations, but should remain quietly at home until the event which turns her from a maid to a matron takes place.

Front Royal, Va., March 11, 1907.

Question: 1. Will you please state how cards should be worded announcing the second marriage of a divorced woman who has resumed her maiden name, Miss ——, and is making her home with her mother, who is a widow?

Answer: Your wedding card should read:

Mrs. Jane Smith
announces the marriage of her daughter,
Ellen Grace,
to
Mr. Henry George Jones,
on March —, nineteen hundred and seven.

Exactly as though you had never been married, since you retain your maiden name, and do not use the prefix Mrs.

Question: 2. Kindly help a stranger out in this dilemma. I have met several times in society a young lady whose mother is dead, and who is at the head of her father's house. He is a high official in the army. I want very much to call upon her, but how? She has not asked me, nor has her father. Must I wait for their initiative?—Westerner.

Answer: The best and most direct way would be to call upon the father of the young lady whom you wish to know, and ask his permission to visit his house. It is a man's place to take the initiative, and he should never expect a young woman to ask him to call. Her mother, or some married relative of the young girl, might have that privilege, but she should never seek to continue an acquaintance with some one whom she casually meets. It is unmaidenly and bad form.

Question: 3. I am invited to a social function, and at the last moment, as I am about to start, a friend whom I have not seen for years, and for whom I have a high regard, unexpectedly drops in on me for a brief visit. Now, my acquaintance with the family who have invited me is not close or intimate enough to warrant my being sans facons with them, and my friend is not necessarily theirs. So he cannot well accompany me. On the other hand, I do not wish to leave him. What should be my decision—remain with my friend, and send immediate excuses to the others, or plead the prior engagement and take leave of my friend?—J. V. do it.

Answer: By all means, plead a prior engagement and go. Your friend will surely understand the circumstances and excuse your absence. It is a great mistake to think you cannot leave a guest alone for a moment. The privilege of privacy is a great one, and, in my experience, is especially appreciated by visitors, who, in this country, are apt to be overentertained. The English custom of not meeting one's house guests until luncheon cannot be too much commended.

Question: 4. I am going to give an Easter luncheon for fourteen of my school friends, so won't you please make out a nice little menu? I think the menus in the Ladies' Home Journal are perfectly lovely, but in looking over all the back numbers, I do not find anything that seems exactly to suit. Expense is no object, but I would like it to be real pretty and quite odd, and I want to give favors.—School Girl.

Answer: The Arbiter would not presume to compete with the Ladies' Home Journal, but is very glad to write a little menu for you which may be acceptable. Let your table be set as simply as possible, with the finest cloth in your mother's closet. Set a bowl of spring flowers in the middle of the table. Fill your dishes with whatever nuts and bonbons suit your taste. There are many delicious things to suggest; glaced prunes, stuffed with walnuts; marrons, glaced, or dragees, which are always acceptable; salted pecans and almonds, candied figs with rum, and a thousand other things. It always gives a personal note to have the bonbonnieres filled with something unusual. For a schoolgirl's luncheon the menu should be very simple. Begin with a fruit salad, served in orange or grape fruit skin; then should follow, in the daintiest cups in your china closet, a consomme of beef or chicken; a cold fish salad, croquettes, or timbales of fish, should be next on the menu; then quail or squab with tomato, celery, or asparagus salad, when comes the ices, in the most unique shape that you can find. A charming device for this course is a nest of spun candy, filled with Easter eggs of different colors. When this is well done it is a most attractive feature. Each egg can contain a little souvenir, such as a gold thimble, a ring, a pin, or something of the sort. This is perhaps a little ultra, but is often done. Another pleasing mode is a mother hen, surrounded by little chickens, or individual rabbits. The French have more interesting and queer conceits for the semaine de Paques than any other nation, because nowhere is Easter so much celebrated as there. As for your souvenirs, child, let them be suggestive and as interesting as possible, but not too expensive. It is always bad taste for the rich person to put her poorer associates under the obligation of accepting very expensive presents. Above all, carry to the table a merry heart, learn some new stories, tell them well, eliminate all gossip from your conversation, and be as merry as the season warrants.

Question: 5. Will you give me some hints for an Easter wedding? My cards are out, and some 200 or 300 people have been invited, which means, probably, that I can count on the presence of at least 150. I wish to be married in white, but have not yet decided upon my wedding gown. I would like to have four assistants, my two little sisters of fourteen and sixteen, and two old school friends. The wedding will be in the house. My father is not in affluent circumstances, but can give me a very nice wedding; so please let your hints be moderate, and not too expensive. I am twenty, which I tell because it may influence you in advising me regarding my wedding dress.—Bride.

Answer: Let your wedding gown be of chiffon cloth, a name given to a sort of mulle very much in vogue just now, made over a soft silk, because the rustle, fashionable for a few years back, has entirely gone out, and it is considered bad form to announce one's approach by a flutter of petticoats. A veil should adorn every bride. Since your means are limited, this might be of tulle, reaching to the edge of your gown in back and front, and covering your face, with a crown of orange blossoms, mixed with myrtle and ivy, which is a pretty foreign custom. Your father should, of course, escort you into the drawing-room, while your mother, if there is no best man, accompanies the groom. For the attendants, the simpler the toilettes they wear, the better. Plain muslin, with white moire ribbons and trimmings of Valenciennes lace make a most charming costume. As for the ceremony and whatever pertains to it, consult your pastor. The house may be as plainly or as richly decorated as you choose, but two weeks hence there should be budding trees in the woods that would make a pleasant background, and there are always ferns in the woods to be had on the edge of creeks, and evergreens at the florists at small expense. Your admission of limited means pleases me. There is nothing in such bad taste as to make a splurge at a wedding and to set a standard which one cannot keep up. A very pleasant custom, and one that has always been followed in Europe, and is being widely introduced in America, is the keeping of a record book, in which all the family and the guests sign their names as witnesses of the marriage, and which later on serves as a repository for all the events that happen in the family. Many congratulations.

Question: 6. Is it necessary for the wife of a Senator or member of Congress on leaving town for the summer to send P. P. C. cards, and what exactly does P. P. C. mean?—Member's Wife.

Answer: No. P. P. C. cards should only be sent when those they represent are to be absent from town for a long period. The departure of a Senator or Member means only a rather prolonged vacation, but if either a Senator or Member is retiring permanently from political life, it is well to send P. P. C. cards to those whose acquaintance they have made. P. P. C. are the initials for the French expression, pour prendre conge, "to take leave."

Question: 7. Will you kindly tell me what to wear at an afternoon tea? I was invited informally the other day to the house of an intimate friend, and went in street tailor-made costume, to find all the women in velvet, laces, and tulle, with spring bonnets. The next day I went to a formal tea and wore a rather elaborate new spring gown and a hat made entirely of roses and violets, to find nearly every one in street tailor-made costumes.

Answer: It is very difficult to assist you in this matter. One must be guided entirely by the character of the house to which they go. The first tea which you speak of is probably given by a mondaine whose friends pay very much attention to dress; the second, perhaps, to a strong-minded woman with a cult. In this day of sumptuous attire it would be very difficult for any one to overdress.

Question: 8. I am a very old-fashioned woman and am chaperoning two nieces in a fashionable school here. They continually use such words as "howling," "swell," "feller," and "just grand." What course must I pursue? Should I speak to their teacher about it?—Spinster.

Answer: Most certainly I should speak both to their teacher and to my nieces. Such language is unpardonable, and it is what discredits Americans, both in their own country and abroad.

Question: 9. In one of your former issues you said it was unnecessary to return a call after attending a tea. Does not this hold good about a bridge party? Should one, having accepted an invitation to an afternoon bridge, make a return visit, especially if one has lost one's last month's allowance?—W. S. D.

Answer: Most certainly. If you accept one's hospitality you should make a return call. Whether you lose or win has nothing whatever to do with it. It depends simply upon yourself and your lust for gambling.

Question: 10. I am a young woman from the West visiting some distant connections here, who are very straight-laced, and quite opposed to races. Having several race horses myself, which have run on the Western tracks, and being deeply interested in this sport, I do not feel that I can miss it. Could you, perhaps, mention a chaperon, for a money consideration or otherwise, who would take me out there? I do not want to offend my relatives, for they are dear and hospitable people, but I must see the races. If you can aid me in this, I shall be very grateful.

Answer: Your request is quite beyond the province of The Arbiter, who cannot undertake the supplying of chaperons to Benning for ambitious young women; but it would be possible, it seems to me, for you to find some one who would include you in their party. It is perfectly good form for you to go to the races, if you care to, especially so if you are familiar with racing and own a stud. Why not make a confident of your relatives and ask them to help you out. I dare say they would be very glad to do so.

Question: 11. I am invited for several days to go with a party to Benning to visit the races, and being a stranger in Washington, I am anxious to know what will be a proper toilet to wear there?—Stranger.

Answer: A modest street costume. The only thing to avoid is not to overdress. The women as a rule wear very gay hats, and you are apt to see all the new spring models.

Expects to Live Long.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Mr. Taft says that he expects to live to see the passage of the Philippine free-trade bill. The fulfillment of this expectation will doubtless create a new figure for the longevity championship.

Way to Be Whangdoodled.

Hast ever been whangdoodled, friend?
If not, we pritthee, simply lend
Some seedy chap a five or ten
Because he says he needs it, then
Expect to get your money back,
You never, never will, alack!
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

When Ben Franklin confided to his mother that he was considering the establishment of a newspaper, the worthy woman exclaimed: "What can you be thinking of? There are two newspapers in America now!" As a matter of fact, there were five papers then, but three of them were printed in places so remote from Philadelphia that the Franklins had not heard of them. The United States now glories in some 25,000 journals of various descriptions, which is ten times as many as were in existence fifty years ago. When the Declaration of Independence was signed, there were only thirty-four newspapers in the thirteen colonies, and now there are more than that number of dailies in New York City alone. No other phase of American development has been so phenomenal as the growth of its newspapers. If the New York World had attempted in 1840 to issue a Sunday paper such as it now prints each week, with the equipment then in use, the press would be still running and the edition would not be finished.

The newspaper is an Italian invention. The first regular publication of a bulletin containing information for the public was undertaken in Venice in the latter part of the sixteenth century. It was not printed, but was written on large sheets and displayed in a room. Those who desired to read them were admited upon the payment of a small coin. They were called "gazetta," from which comes the word "gazette," common in the newspaper world of to-day. The war between the Venetians and the Turks and the popular clamor for information concerning it was the reason for the birth of this first newspaper. The files of sixty years of its issue are preserved in a museum in Florence.

The first printed newspaper appeared in London on July 23, 1588. It was called the English Mercurie, and was a religious publication, of which Lord Burleigh was the patron. The earliest real newspaper printed from type, one designed to give the news, was the London Weekly News, which appeared in 1619 from the print shop of N. Newberry. It proved so popular that six years later Ben Jonson wrote the first newspaper play, satirizing the novel venture in a piece acted on the London stage under the name of "Staples of the News." In 1641 the Parliament first permitted the newspapers to publish a report of its proceedings. In the next nineteen years there were 200 papers started in London, but all of them failed for want of support.

In the United States the first attempt to establish a newspaper was made in Boston on September 25, 1690. It boasted of four quarto pages, one of which was blank. It evidently took a lively interest in politics, and its editor must have belonged to that class of journalists now known as muck-rakers, for it was suppressed. The legislature officially described it as a "pamphlet which came out contrary to law, and contained reflections of a very high nature."

Boston came again, and in 1704 John Campbell, a native of Scotland, and postmaster, began the issue of the Boston News-Letter. It had two pages, twelve by eight inches each, and appeared first with this announcement: "This News-Letter is to be continued weekly, and all persons who have any houses, lands, tenements, farms, ships, vessels, goods, wares, or merchandise, &c., to be sold or let; or servants run away, or goods stole or lost, may have accounts of the same inserted at a reasonable rate from 12 pence to 5 shillings, and not to exceed, who may agree with John Campbell, postmaster." When this weekly was fourteen years old it had a circulation of 300 copies weekly, and announced that it would issue an extra half sheet fortnightly, as the editor was behind on printing the news from Europe. A year afterward he announced that he had caught up eight months of the news, and that in five months more he would have all arrearages of intelligence from the Old World "needful to be known in these parts."

The American Weekly Mercurie came out in Philadelphia in 1719, and the New York Gazette appeared in Manhattan in 1725. The weekly paper by that time had become a profitable venture in the larger towns, and soon spread through all the thirteen colonies, until in 1776 there were thirty-four which maintained regular issues. The determined opposition of the Crown representatives in the South prevented the foundation of several papers, and the first successful one was the Weekly Virginia Gazette, in 1736.

Before the end of the eighteenth century the newspaper business had crossed over the Alleghenies, the first being the "Kentucke Gazette," published at Lexington, Ky., by John and Ficiding Bradford, in 1787. This was followed soon by the Knoxville Gazette, at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1791, and the Sentinel of the Northwest Territory, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1793.

The increase became so rapid that in 1830 the United States, with only 13,000,000 people, had more newspapers than all of Europe, with its 190,000,000 population. In 1833 the 1-cent paper made its appearance in New York, but was not successful. Then came the New York Herald, founded by James Gordon Bennett, in 1835, the first of the modern daily newspapers, which placed more importance upon news than politics. Three years before, George D. Prentice had started the Louisville Journal in Kentucky. It became the first of the great personal journals, and Prentice the first of the great editors of that remarkable type which controlled the thought of the people of America for a generation, and who would have been supreme in power if they had been united.

No story of early newspaper life in America is more interesting than that of Matthew Lyon. Lyon was born in Ireland, and when a mere boy ran away to sea. He was sold as a slave to a Vermont farmer in exchange for a yoke of oxen. After several years he contrived to buy his freedom. He was sent to Congress from Vermont in 1797. In Washington he got ideas and went back home to establish a newspaper which gloried in the name "The Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truths." This paper was red-hot, and for publishing an article attacking President John Adams, Lyon was fined $1,000 and sent to jail for four months under the alien and sedition laws. While in jail he was reelected to Congress. Later he went West and founded the town of Eddyville, Ky., which is in Lyon County, named in honor of the old Irishman. He took with him to Kentucky the press and type which he had used in Vermont, and sold it in Louisville for the establishment of the first paper there, the Farmer's Library, by Samuel Vail.

Newspaper readers are sometimes heard to complain that "the papers are all advertisements." They are better off than their grandfathers, for in the beginning of the daily newspaper growth in this country, each paper devoted three of its four pages to solid advertising, and the fourth page was not always sacred from the encroachment of the business office. When the New York Tribune was the most powerful agency in the United States, next to the Federal government, it was a small affair which printed about one-twelfth as much reading matter as does the Tribune of to-day.

In the old times the size of the paper was just four pages, whatever happened. When business demanded it, the size of the paper was increased. Thus came the "blanket sheets," of which the Cincinnati Enquirer still reminds us. During the civil war the papers began to print "double sheets" and "triple sheets," that is to say, eight and twelve page papers. Then eight pages became the accepted size, and so remained until ten years ago.

The enormous circulations attained by American papers are not possible in any other country of the world, because there is no other nation which has so many people who can read. The New York Herald in 1835 reached what was then considered the almost incredible circulation of 25,000. Ten years later the telegraph was invented, and the circulation of daily papers in the country was soon trebled. The civil war was the most sanguinary contest ever fought between two armies speaking the same language and having the same interests, yet it was good for only 150,000 copies a day for the best newspapers of the time. That was in the '60's. Thirty years later, when the United States fought a little war with Spain, two of the most enterprising New York papers, the Journal and the World, ran their circulation up to 1,250,000 a day, which remains the high-water mark for newspaper circulation.

The statistics of the newspaper business under the present high development reached in this country are almost unbelievable. To provide enough paper for the use of either one of several of the largest New York papers, ten acres of spruce forest must be cleared and fed into paper-making machines every twenty-four hours. To increase the size of one of these papers, say from twelve to fourteen pages, means an increase in expense for that edition of at least $450. If this increase in size were maintained through all the editions of one week alone, the additional expense for white paper would be $5,400. Several New York papers, week in and week out, use $20,000 worth of paper. It requires seventy tons of metal to make the stereotype plates for one of the big modern Sunday editions. The total weight of the paper in the Sunday edition of several of the larger New York papers is nearly 300 tons. Thirty extra large express cars are required to carry the Sunday morning edition of the papers of Manhattan to out-of-town readers.

To-morrow—Newspapers in the United States.

IN THE SCHOOLS.

Literal Translations.

The story of Joseph, taken literally from the Bible, was the reading lesson for the day. A boy was reading the paragraph describing Jacob's grief at the report of his son's death, ending with these words: "And Jacob rent his clothes and put upon sackcloth upon his loins."

"What does rent mean?" asked the teacher.

"Rent," said the boy, "means to hire out; so I guess he hired out his regular clothes to some one while he went in mourning."

Another boy read of the entertainment provided by Joseph for his brothers and his command to "Set on bread."

"I have been wondering what that meant," said the boy who was reading, "and I think, perhaps, it was the custom in those days to bake bread in big loaves and to use them for stools."

A Hasty Repentence.

The appearance of a policeman at a schoolroom door struck terror into the hearts of a few boys to whom that emotion is a rare experience. After a serious confab with the teacher, he left. Along the avenue in front of the building are some street lamps of an improved pattern, which are lighted by the pulling of a wire.

"The policeman," said the teacher, "has asked me to find the boy who has been pulling the wires of the lamps in this street."

It was not difficult to discover the culprit, for the tell-tale eyes of the other pupils alighted upon one who arose unsteadily and acknowledged his guilt.

"It is not necessary, Johnny," said Miss B., "for me to say anything to you. The policeman will return this afternoon and will settle the matter with you."

This arrangement had been made at the teacher's request, since she felt it might act as a restraint upon a few lawless spirits in her school who acknowledge only one boss—the cop.

No sign of regret or fear had yet settled upon the countenance of Johnny, who occasionally glanced up from his work to meet the stern look of rebuke from some small publican or a smile of jealous sympathy from another venturesome sinner. At one small person most intent on her work he frequently looked. Finally, in a moment of despair or bravado a scribbling pencil finished a missive which was sneaked across to her desk.

But the teacher's voice was again heard. "Mary, bring me that note which Johnny has laid on your desk."

With obedient but reluctant steps Mary came to the teacher, handing her the following: "Dear Mary: I ain't afraid. When I am in the station-house I'll work my way out by cleaning cops' wheels."

The teacher's only reply to this was a quiet glance, but one full of meaning. Johnny's head bent more closely to his work with an air of resignation. At length the recess bell rang and the children filed out. As Johnny passed his teacher a note was surreptitiously slipped into her hand. Returning to the empty school-room, she read with a sigh of relief:

Dear Techer: You certinly are going to see an improvement in me. I have made up my mind to be a diffrent boy from what I have been. Deed I dident lite them lites. They was already lited. I only lited the lites liter. If you will keep the cop from getting me I will promise you will never have no more trubble with me. Your loving schooler,
JOHNNY.

The teacher interceded with the policeman.

New Line of Investigation.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

Mrs. Sage's $10,000,000 gift for the improvement of society might be expended in investigating the bridge whist clubs.

Practical Patriotism.

From the Nashville American.

A man who makes two jobs grow where one grew before is about the best working definition of a patriot.

**An Oppos