Items, General and Personal, Of Interest to G. P. O. Workers

The regular monthly meeting of the Columbia 101 Athletic Association will be held at Typographical Temple at 3 o'clock to-day. Local Director Frank Lerch will present some important matters pertaining to the coming international tournament, and matters of local importance will come up for consideration.

Chief Doorkeeper Harry McCammon is once more on duty, after a vacation of sixty days, every minute of which, he says, he and his most estimable wife enjoyed.

Mrs. H. D. Young, wife of H. D. Young, of the proofroom, who has been quite ill for four weeks past with neuritis, is so much improved as to be about her room.

Miss Lillian Russell, of the proofroom, has secured the services of Charley Purdy to coach her Bible class of Advent Church in the final rehearsals of the drama they are to present at that church on the evenings of May 3 and 4 next.

H. C. Espey, foreman of the forwarding and finishing section of the bindery, is spending fifteen days at Atlantic City.

Among the recent graduates of the United States College of Veterinary Surgeons is T. P. Polk, of the bindery, one of the most popular members of local union No. 4, I. B. of B. Dr. Polk's popularity was much in evidence at his graduation, when his friends presented him with a leather grip and case of phials. The doctor has also passed the examination prescribed for veterinary surgeons by the District authorities.

Veterinary surgery would seem to be a favorite profession of the bookbinders, four members of that craft recently graduating from the United States College of Veterinary Surgeons.

George Schlosser, watchman on the south wing of the sixth floor, is enjoying his annual vacation leave.

Another well-known ex-employe of the G. P. O. passed away during the week, after an illness of one week—Andrew J. Kenney, father of Foreman Louis P. Kenney, of the linotype night section. The deceased will be recalled by the older employes, especially of the typographical fraternity, during Public Printer Palmer's administration, serving in a clerical capacity. Mr. Kenney was accredited with being the pioneer newspaper man of Iowa and Nebraska, and upward of forty years ago successfully established newspapers in sections of those States not then traversed by railroads. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., he began his newspaper work in that city when a young man, in Toledo, Ohio, subsequently removing to the far West. He served one term in the legislature of Nebraska in 1889. Although having survived his threescore years and ten, Mr. Kenney was unusually active. He had been a resident of Washington the past twenty years.

E. L. Brice, the proprietor of the Star Laundry, who was recently relieved of a large sum of money and valuables, was formerly a compositor on the night force before the occupancy of the new building.

Representative Southwick, of New York, and brother of Harvey J. Southwick, of the monotype section, has introduced a bill in the House to give a 10 per cent increase of pay to all employes of the government.

Messrs. Hawley and Mullan, of the document section, are on the sick list.

The election for delegates to the international convention in Washington Pressmen's Union on Thursday night resulted in the choice of Carl Van White and Morris Bretzfelder, of the G. P. O., and William J. Dooley, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

On one of former Public Printer Leech's "suggestion blanks" during the past week the following memoranda were found, written by a messenger boy: "That I be furnished two (2) pairs of roller skates and a bicycle, with which to further my work; a movable walk, running between this section and the proofroom would be all right. The string to fasten me to the boss is not necessary." It was properly indorsed, but was not forwarded.

The bulletin boards in the various printing sections of the office are covered with election literature, setting forth the merits of the various candidates for international offices at the approaching election on May 18.

The social functions promoted by the various State societies have become quite a feature of Washington life, and people from the printing office are not only prominent in these events, but much of the talent is recruited from their ranks. The Mississippi Society's latest was an enjoyable affair, two of the principal features of their programme being the singing of Ben Lineback and the monologue of George M. Ramsey, consisting of stories in both prose and verse.

Hynes Terry, of the guide force, was held up by a strong-arm near the Union Station in Baltimore late one night last week, but his glib tongue so confused the would-be robber that he bungled the job and got into the hands of the police.

William H. Lentz, the popular corrector in the pressroom, was married on Wednesday last at the residence of the bride's mother in Danville, Ky., to Miss Eugenia Pulliam, a relative to Dr. Pulliam, of the night proof force. After a visit to Cincinnati and Columbus, the home of the groom, the happy couple will return to Washington about May 1.

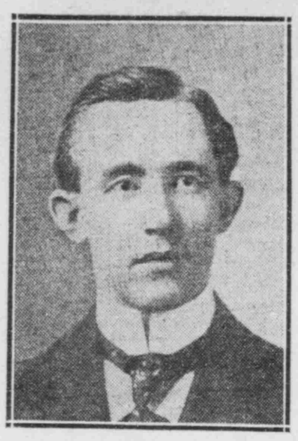
One of the ablest reports ever presented before Columbia Union was that made by Dr. James R. Armstrong last Sunday, detailing the investigation made by his committee of the conditions of the printing offices in Washington.

Pressman Rosalsky has returned to the office, after a month's absence on account of sickness, looking much improved.

Chairman William N. Brockwell, of the proofroom, missed last Sunday's union meeting and was also absent from work during the week by reason of an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Jessie McKenny has returned to her duties in the press division after a few days' illness.

Marion B. Richmond, of the proofroom, leaves this morning for a ten days' visit to his former home in Jackson, Miss., his first visit to that thriving Southern city in nearly forty years.



WILLIAM J. DOOLEY,
Delegate-elect Pressmen's convention.

William J. Dooley, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, elected for the third time a delegate from Washington Pressmen's Union to an international convention, has been an active and influential worker in trades unionism in the District for about a dozen years. He came here from New York, and has been a member of the executive committee of the local union almost continuously for ten years, and, being of the progressive type, has used his time and talents in advocating support for the international officers in every movement looking to the betterment of conditions for the pressmen as a whole, and that his views are indorsed by a majority of the local members is proven by his selection for the third time as a delegate.

Messenger Leapley, press division, has been confined to his home for several days past with the mumps.

Pressman William Earhardt, formerly of the G. P. O., paid a flying trip to the city during the past week on his wedding tour. He reports a prosperous business in New York City.

The nomination speeches of last Sunday's meeting, while they did not disclose any oratory that would take rank with the best efforts of the people on the hill, were interesting and enjoyable as a whole. Tom Bynum's effort was like everything he does—good. He is about the best nominator in Columbia Union to-day. J. E. Colton and Judge Tallman are old and experienced orators, and sustained their reputation. Billy Gutelius and Charles Garrels also did exceedingly well, and Stanley Ridings, for a new one, was first rate. For a good, common-sense effort—just plain reading matter, without small caps, italics, quotation marks, or exclamations points—the gentleman who nominated Percy Lowd is entitled to the prize. And then there was Bill Bailey!

Frank Hambright, of the night proofroom, will have a fine collection of foreign postals by the time his friend Albert completes his tour around the world.

It certainly recalled old times to hear Joe Eggleston on the floor of Columbia Union Sunday.

Vice President Joe Stelle reports a grand time while in New Orleans.

Steve O'Donnell, of the folding room, met with a distressing accident early in the week. He has been compelled to use crutches for many years, and one of them broke, causing him to fall and break one of his legs so badly that amputation may be necessary.

Benjamin C. Wright, one of the best-known compositors, not only in the document section, but throughout the G. P. O. and among the down-town printers, as well, celebrated his eighty-third birthday during the week. He was kindly remembered by his friends with gifts, post cards, and letters. Mr. Wright is well preserved, in the enjoyment of all his faculties, and seldom absent from the office. He is the oldest compositor in the Government Printing office, as far as age is regarded, but his time of employment will cover about thirty-seven years. An active member of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association of the District of Columbia for more than twenty years, he is the present senior vice president of his time-honored organization. Mr. Wright is also an honored member of Columbia Lodge, No. 19, I. O. O. F., his membership extending upward of thirty-five years. He has been identified with the Government Printing Office Mutual Relief since its organization, more than a quarter of a century since. He has been a union printer for almost three-score years, and during that long period has witnessed many changes for the advancement of his fellow-toilers. We know that his host of friends will unite in many happy returns to this "grand old man."

Fletcher V. Shipley, of the night document force, has been granted thirty-days' annual leave.

Compositors Shanks, Dilsaver, and Burkholder, of the document section, have been temporarily detailed to the day linotype section.

On Monday morning last, Emmett H. Burke, a well-known probationary skilled laborer in Foreman Bowen's section, a resident of the Monumental City, and a B. & O. R. R. commuter, had the luck to pick up a valuable gold watch in the aisle of the parlor car in which he was traveling. He at once "ran down" the owner in another coach to whom the missing time piece was returned, and for which Burke received "Thanks."

Among those who received the 14th degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonary during the past weeek was Foreman Lehr, of the ruling room, and Capt. Dan Chisholm of the press division. Both of them, fellow-employes, are well-known workers in the secret cause. Keep a weather eye on them.

William Leatzow, of the night proof force, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at a local hospital, and his condition is reported as very serious.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is working its force an additional hour each day, owing to the great volume of work.

A number of the officials and members of the press division force are spending to-day at the palatial home of William Bond, at Laurel, Md. Mr. Bond has been connected with the printing office for many years, and these occasional outings given by him are much enjoyed by his large coterie of friends.

Charles Ray Wilson, of the ruling force, and a popular member of the Bookbinders' Union, has a fine ten-pound boy at his handsome Brookland residence, and is as proud of the new arrival as any good citizen should be.

John Crutchett, assistant foreman of the Star, has the sympathy of his many G. P. O. friends over the loss of his son.

The necessity of completing the printing of the old specifications by July 1 next has compelled the use of all the linotypes that can be put on that work and the consequent shifting of a good deal of straight composition to the monotypes. The addition of about 700 a week to the regular specification issues means some hustling for both operators and readers, and there is likely to be some disappointment over not being able to see the Nationals as often as some have anticipated.

"The Littlest Girl," made famous throughout the country by that fine actor, Robert Hilliard, the chief attraction of the programme Manager Phil Nachman has arranged for the benefit performance of the Columbia 101 Athletic Association at National Rifles' Armory May 3 next, will be produced under the supervision of Charles S. Hutterly, whose rendition of the chief character is said to be not much inferior to Mr. Hilliard's. William H. Bright will play the part of Van Bibber, F. T. Brooks the part of Davenport, and Master Leroy Bright that of the littlest girl.

Frank Roderick, of the proofroom, tells a good one he witnessed while on the European trip he took a couple of years ago. They were on one of the Cook tours, and a member of the party prepared a great many letters, one addressed to himself at each of the stops they would make, which were confided to the purser of the vessel with instructions to deliver as addressed, but the purser misunderstood and delivered the whole batch at the first landing.

Homer Melick lost a much-prized match safe during the week which was found and returned by an honest man, George Stull.

Nebraska is represented in the D. A. R. convention by Miss Mary Williams, a former specification compositor, who met with quite an ovation from her former associates while visiting the proofroom Wednesday.

The recital given by Miss Hazel Chisholm at the Washington Club on Monday evening was a splendid exhibition by this young and promising pianist. Her handling of the compositions of some of our best authors was well received by a very large and appreciative audience. Capt. Chisholm, of the press revisers' force, may well feel proud of the achievements of his daughter.

Miss May Davis has been transferred from the press room to the postal card section in the old building.

Parson William Fantroy, press division, has been passing the collection basket for his church during the past week and contributions have been generous and freely given. The parson organized and established this church at his home way down in Old Virginia, and deserves much credit for its flourishing condition today.

The smiling countenance of George Sparks is to be seen in the press division nowadays, where he is substituting for W. H. Lentz, absent on a matrimonial trip.

Andrew Parker, press division, reports that his truck farm in the outskirts has been but slightly damaged from the effects of the recent cold wave.

The beautifully expressed sentiment in a note to the chapel of the document section, returning thanks for a wreath presented on the occasion of the recent bereavement of Luther Woodward, was keenly appreciated.

Foreman Charles Rudy says his force of linotype operators set 800 galleys of specification on Wednesday, besides a lot of other work.

The addition of quite a force of copyholders to the proofroom from the monotype section has returned a number of former familiar faces, among them Joe Kauffman, Scotty Young, Ivins Davis, A. J. Boyer, and others.

Thomas A. Bynum indulged in a much needed vacation from the arduous duties of the proofroom during the week.

Pressman Bob Sullivan is breaking in on the webs, and says it beats wrestling with the troubles of the automatic feeders all hollow.

Some miscreant has poisoned a number of valuable dogs in Bloomingdale district recently, and if he can witness the grief of the little boys and girls over the death of two of the victims of his dastardly act, a fine setter dog named Leo, and a fox terrier named Punch, who were the playmates of all the little ones around First and R streets, without regret, he is welcome to all the satisfaction he may have gotten out of his mean and contemptible act.

A Lost Art.

From M. A. P.

Our grandmothers would have blushed crimson over some of the stories the young girl listens to and laughs at today. The art of blushing bids fair to become a lost one.

The Lesson of Art.

Sir Oliver Lodge.

The lesson taught us by works of art is that the whole effort, the groaning and traveling of creation, is worth while.

MARK—TIME—MARK.

Halt! halt! he said; Mark Twain is dead—
Magnificent—delightful,
'Mid sorrows deep, he fell asleep,
Loved, unafraid, unspiteful.
He's with his Jean in heaven, I ween;
Old friends of song and story
From everywhere will meet him there
In grandeur, greater glory.

My heart's in Twain, I'm sad again;
The reaper Death hath found him.
Courage sublime, while marking time,
With loving hearts around him.
And while we grieve we must believe
The love and joy and laughter
He sprinkled here will all appear
As part of the hereafter.

April 22, 1910. J. W. CRAWFORD. (Capt. Jack.)

MEETING OF MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Matters of Hygiene Discussed at Session in Rockville.

The semi-annual meeting of Montgomery County Medical Society was held last Tuesday at Montgomery Country Club house in Rockville. Dr. O. M. Linthicum, of Rockville, the president of the society, called the meeting to order. The morning session was taken up with a discussion of hygienic matters. The society approved the bill introduced by Senator Owen providing for the establishment of a department of health.

Dinner was served, and the afternoon session was held at Dr. Bullard's sanatorium. Prof. G. M. Linthicum, president of the State Medical Society, made an address on "Sewage disposal in small towns."

Among those present were Col. L. M. Maus, U. S. A.; Drs. Anderson, Mannar, Linthicum, Lewis, Henderson, and Bullard, of Rockville; Farquhar, of Olney; Stabler, of Brighton; Thomas, of Silver Spring; Haddox, of Gaithersburg; Deets, of Clarksburg; Muncaster, of Washington; Chappell, of Tennallytown; Pratt, of Potomac; Conrad, of Chevy Chase, and Gouch, of Barnesville.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are Dr. William L. Lewis, Kensington, president; Dr. James Dudley Morgan, Chevy Chase, vice president; Dr. John L. Lewis, Bethesda, secretary and treasurer.

California Tours.

The beauties of California, as seen from the Pullman car windows of the Washington Sunset Route, are unsurpassed by the scenery in any other part of the country. The low rates, always in effect, are another inducement to the tourist or the settler. A. J. Poston, General Agent, 905 F street, or 705 Fifteenth street northwest.

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR HISTORY

No. 42.

"THE ROSARY."

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My Rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

"The Rosary" is one of the most beautiful of the shorter poems in the English language. Its great popularity, however, must be credited to the beautiful music settings that have been given it, notably that of the American composer, Ethelbert Nevin, which is one that is to be found in countless thousands of American homes.

The author of this pretty poem is Robert Cameron Rogers. There is no particular story attached to its writing, other than the weaving of a little sentimental episode in the life of the author, which he found well expressed in the string of pearls, and they suggested the rosary.

Robert Cameron Rogers, the author of the poem, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., about thirty-six years ago, the son of Sherman S. Rogers, a noted lawyer. He is a graduate of Yale, and now lives at Santa Barbara, Cal. Besides "The Rosary," he is the author of "Will o' the Wisp, a Sea Yarn of the War of 1812," "Old Dorset: Chronicles of a New York Countryside," and poems, which have been collected and published in two volumes.

Last fall, in a magazine article contributed by Mme. Schumann-Heink, the noted singer pays a high tribute to Ethelbert Nevin's setting of the "great and perfect song." She says: "Nevin was a kindred soul with Schubert and Schumann and Liszt as a writer of songs, and seems otherwise unaffected by the modern vagaries in tone painting. Schumann would have been proud to have written 'The Rosary.' And if Schumann had written it, what hidden beauties the critics would have found in it. But Nevin was an American. So his song is merely banal and his chromatic originality just ignorance or effrontery.

"It has always been a mystery to me why some American critics abuse me for singing 'The Rosary.' The fact that it has achieved popularity is no reason for condemning it. I am willing to go on record that 'The Rosary' will be a popular song long after its detractors are dead and forgotten."

In speaking of the merits of the song Schumann-Heink says that the essentials of a great song are heart interest and beautiful melody, and that no one will deny either to this song. The poem recites a soulful tragedy to which the composer has achieved a musical setting, exquisitely conceived in the lyric mode, and expressed with simplicity and directness.

When Mme. Schumann-Heink sang the song in Germany the critics were not very much impressed, but the German public went wild over it and compelled her to repeat it every time she sang it.

Next to Nevin's musical arrangement of the Rogers poem, the setting by Ferdinand Lust is the most popular. The latter is, if anything, more musicianly than the former, and it is more difficult to sing and requires a wider range of voice.

Nevin died in New Haven, Conn., in 1901, and Lust met a tragic death in a little Tennessee town several months before. The latter was at one time musical director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his setting of the "Rosary" to music occurred on his deathbed.

Nevin was born near Pittsburg, Pa., in 1862, and Lust was a German, most of whose life was spent in America. He was at one time a wealthy man, but the large amount of money he had acquired from his operas and musical compositions gradually vanished, and as he grew old he forsook his Vermont home and drifted to San Francisco, where he taught the chorus at the Winter Garden Theater for a few years, and then drifted to Colorado Springs. Then he became a wanderer, without home or friends. He joined a cheap opera company as conductor, and finally found himself stranded in a little Tennessee town, without a cent of money.

He was lonely, in bad health, and without a friend. Naturally under such circumstances his mind reverted to a romance of his youth. One day he ran across Rogers' "The Rosary." It recalled to him the sweetheart of his early life in the Fatherland. They had been separated by a lovers' quarrel.

While his life was filled with sorrow there was one who brought him cheer in his last days. It was a little Southern girl to whom he gave vocal instruction. Sometimes, when the lesson was over, she would pin a rosebud on his coat or send some little delicacy to his studio. Sometimes she would bring him a bunch of Southern roses. He would place them on his piano and play out his soul to the sweet-scented beauties.

One day, late in the fall of 1904, Lust was too ill to teach, but he undertook the task. That morning his pupil sang sweeter than usual and there was something especially tender in his music. But the effort was too much for him. All of a sudden his head began to reel, his eyes dimmed, and his voice failed. He clutched at a chair and fell to the floor. He awoke on a couch and felt the touch of a gentle hand upon his brow. He seemed to realize that the end was drawing near, and his eyes filled with tears as he gazed upon the young girl. In her he saw the image of the only girl he ever loved, and he seemed to be living in the past as he began to talk.

"Your name is Rosa. It is a sweet name. You have been my best friend; you are my Rosa!" Then a sudden light came into his eyes and he sprang from the couch. "My Rosa!" he exclaimed. "My Rosary! I will write music to that poem. He faltered a minute and then added in a pathetic voice, "and I fear it will be my last."

It was then that one of the sweetest songs ever composed was born. He was enthused with the inspiration and, almost too sick to stand alone, went to his studio. There, all night long, by the light of an oil lamp, he toiled at the piano putting his emotions into music. He adapted Robert Cameron Rogers' poem "My Rosary" to the music of his inspired soul.

By daylight it was finished. He made a copy of it and carried it to her to try. He never played an accompaniment as he did that morning, and she sang the song as it has never been sung since. A week later she sang it in a concert, and it caught the public ear like a whirlwind.

But the musician never recovered from the shock. He took to his bed, and gradually the eyes dimmed until they closed forever. During his illness almost every morning there was a bunch of roses beside his bed that had been gathered by the fair Southern girl, and often she would drop in for a few minutes to cheer him up and bring some delicacy which she had prepared with her own hands to tempt his appetite. It was she who sat beside his bed and cooled his brow as the last light in his eyes faded away. The funeral took place at the church which he had served as an organist. It was an unusually solemn occasion. Just as the minister finished his discourse a beautiful sunny-faced girl stepped to the chancel rail and began the strains of an unusually sweet and tender song to the accompaniment of the great organ. "My Rosary" was the singer, and the song was the same. The dead composer lay at her feet. The audience was as still as death, and as the last notes of the pure, sweet voice died away many eyes were filled with tears.

The remains were laid away in Greenwood, and on the red earth of the new-made mound a girlish figure placed a large bunch of Southern roses.

A short time after the death of Lust, a New York impresario went to Europe. One night, while occupying a box in a theater at Vienna with a party of friends, a singer came out on the stage and sang "The Rosary." In the party with the impresario was Leah Lessi, a well-known singer of that country. There was something in the song which touched the woman in the box, and after the play she was introduced to the singer. She was shown a copy of it and there learned that the song was composed by her long-lost sweetheart. On the title page of the music was the story of his death. Miss Lessi was completely unnerved, and at once made arrangements that the grave in the far-off country should never be neglected nor without its rose.

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PERFUMES IN HISTORY

Subtle Power Exerted in Mythology, in Greek, Roman, and Modern Times.

By DOROTHY HARMON DAWSON.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that what the poet refers to as "the subtle power in perfume found" should have associated with it much that is picturesque and memorable in the drama of human life. The very flower by the names of which many perfumes are called,—the rose, the myrtle, the syringa, the daphne, the crocus, the iris, the violet,—are all of them in one way or other the subjects of romatic old myths; the iris recalling the pretty, quasi-scientific fancy that where the rainbow's arch seems to spring, a distinctive fragrance may be noticed.

But there is plenty of romance of perfume with a wholly human and personal interest. The important role it plays and has always played in Southern and Eastern countries is matter of common knowledge. Powerful and entrancing scent is the dominant note in female fascination in those far-off climes. In the Shah Nameh of Firdusi we read how Nahid gained the love of Darab by a herb of peculiar efficacy and fragrance which made her breath like balmy zephyrs. It is by his love's "musky tresses" that the hero Zal, Romeo like, climbs to the chamber window of his bride-to-be, Rudabeh, who, we are told, was "all fragrance." And throughout this and the countless epics of which it is a type, as well as the more spefically Anacreontic poems, there is constant reference, almost, to Western ears, wearisome in its iteration, to the "idol's musky hair."

Product of "Crocus."

It seems strange to us to-day to read of saffron,—the product of "Crocus," the beautiful youth who was metamorphosed into the flower—as a perfume. But such it undoubtedly was, almost universally, and the element of "romance" about it, so far as we are concerned, lies in the story told by Hakluyt of a pilgrim smuggling at the risk of his life from the Levant a head of saffron in a hollow made in his staff, from which grew the plantation which gave its name to Saffron Walden.

Attar of roses owes its discovery to Noorjeehan, "Light of the World," wife of the mighty Jehangir. Walking one day in her garden, through which flowed streams of rosewater, she noticed an oily film floating here and there on the surface. The oily film was collected, and was the first attar of rose. It will be remembered as strictly belonging to the "romance" of perfume that one of the ancedotes of the veracious Captain Kearney was that he once captured a pirate with a puncheon of attar of rose. By some mishap it broke, and though the ship was smoked and sunk for three weeks the scent was never eradicated, and she was finally broken up and sold to "people at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells for turning fancy articles."

The late Dr. Andrew Wynter, in a charming article on perfumes, suggested the desirability of every lady having her own special—and self-prepared, perfume. The custom, however, would have its disadvantages. More than one sensational story might be mentioned wherein the heroine or villian was saved or unmasked as the case might be by the recognition of a distinctive scent.

Discovered by Perfume.

In "diplomacy" the denouement is effected by the telltale perfume of the adventuress being detected in the dispatch box she had rifled. As a matter of history, the assassins of the Oriental soverign Yezdijird were discovered by one of them smelling of the perfume with which the robes of the murdered king had been redolent.

Perhaps the part of the romance of perfume which has most interest deals with those incidents—in fact or fiction,—that make Pope's hackneyed line, "Die of a rose in aromatic pain" descriptive of grim realities. Of course, we are told that most of them are exaggerated or absolutely impossible, but that in no way detracts from the romance. There was that "scented" apple intended for the Prince de Conde which wrought such hideous evil to the physician who examined it first.

There was that fatally perfumed lip salve that Catharine de Medici, the Queen Mother, sent to Mme. de Sauve, the beautiful and loving mistress of Henry of Navarre. There was the rose, with added deathly fragrance, with which Diana de Meridor revenged on the Duke d'Anjou the treacherous murder of her lover, "the brave Bussy." And in cases of female jealousy unscrupulous beauties innumerable have adopted toward their rival the method advocated by wily Vivian when Merlin was telling of the irresistable charms of the wondrous Eastern queen and made her "paler by a poisoned rose."

One George Hamilton frustrated an attempt of this sort on that frail and fair complexioned beauty La Marquise de Parabere. The marquise had sneered at Mme. de Montmorale—who was a brunette—as a "mulatto," and the latter knowing the favorite's love for stephanotis, had provided herself with a bouquet, so medicated as that one inhalation of its perfume would have forever destroyed that ivory skin with which the debonair was so infatuated. And just as the bouquet was about to be presented, Captain George became suddenly the victim of most unwonted awkwardness, and with a flourish of his plumed hat dashed the death sweet flowers to the ground.

Introduced Into England.

Of the introduction of perfumery into England during the Elizabethan age John Stowe said "the heroic achievements of the Right Honorable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who first brought from Italy the whole mystery and craft of perfumery, and costly washes; and among other pleasant things besides, a perfumed jerkin, a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed with roses in which the queen took such delight, that she was actually pictured with those gloves on her royal hands, and for many years after the scent was called the Earl of Oxford's Perfume."

The Elizabethan age was the golden age of cosmetics. The beaux of that day, it is evident, used the abominable art of painting their faces as well as the women. Old comedies abound with perpetual allusions to oils, tinctures, quintessences, pomatums, perfumes, paint, white and red, &c. One of their prime cosmetics was a frequent use of the bath, and the application of wine. Strutt quotes from an old manuscript a recipe to make the face of a beautiful red color. The person was to be in a bath that he might perspire, and afterwards wash his face with wine, and "so should be both faire and roddy." In Mr. Lodge's "illustrations of British History," there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury who had the keeping of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The earl notices that the queen bathed in wine, and complains of the expense, and requires a further allowance. A learned Scotch professor informed me, on my pointing out this passage, that white wine was used for these purposes. They also made a bath of milk. Elder beauties bathed in wine to get rid of their wrinkles and unwrinkled beauties bathed in milk, to preserve the softness and sleekness of the skin.

Wine Bath and Sand Bath.

From the wine bath to a sand bath is a far cry and yet the latter is the latest wrinkle in the line of face beautifiers. The very latest fad of the smart Parisienne is the sand bath, which she finds invigorating and beautifying. A few bushels of fine sand is brought to her room and slightly warmed before being spread out on a wide sheet. An energetic maid rubs her body all over with sand paper, turning her attention particularly to knees and elbows, which easily become roughened. After this process soft, rich cream is massaged into the skin. Then the bather stands in the middle of the sheet, and taking up handfuls of the sand she rubs it over her body till she is glowing with the friction. Then she reclines at full length on the sheet, the ends of which are folded over her, and rests several moments before rolling over and over so as to become completely immersed in the sand. Following this comes the hardest process of the sand bath. It is called the blow bath, and corresponds somewhat to the shower of a Turkish bath. From a sort of fan-shaped blower sand is whirled out briskly so as to strike the body as forcibly as the bather can stand it. The effect is said to be wonderfully stimulating, and the sting is not unlike that produced by electricity. The sand brushes off the body easily and simply. The feeling of cleanliness and freshness following the bath is declared to excel the after-effects of any water bath. That's a French idea and now for the English method.

Complexions Are Renovated.

The beauty parlors of London have a serious and scientific rival in the inoculating department at St. Mary's Hospital. Here complexions are being renovated and revived by the latest scientific treatment. The injection of a few millions of disease germs into the tissues of the shoulder or flank can transform a sluggish, blotchy complexion to a normal healthy skin, according to one of the physicians attached to the institution. The best results are obtained in the cases of muddy, sallow complexions, due to sluggish action of the skin glands. The disease here is caused by a recently discovered germ named the acne bacillus. In other cases, where the skin is tender and painful, another germ, the staphylococcus, is usually found as well.

The treatment consists of injecting under the skin vaccines composed of one or both of these two bacilli, according to the symptoms of the case. The ordinary patient seeking treatment for a bad complexion will receive in her first dose about 150,000,000 of staphylococci with perhaps 5,000,000 of the acne bacilli. The vaccines are manufactured in the laboratory, and are supplied in glass bulbs, each holding about a teaspoonful. One of these bulbs is sufficient for three or four doses, and contains over 500,000,000 of the bacilli.

Where the new treatment has a great advantage over the beauty parlor complexion cure is in the time required to accomplish results. A tiny patch of skin on the shoulder or flank is washed and sterilized, and the vaccine injected with a hypodermic syringe. The whole treatment takes only a minute or two, and the patient has only to go home and await results.

MUSIC TO BE INTERPRETED.

Choir of New York Avenue Church Gives Programme To-night.

The monthly musical interpretation will be given by the choir at New York Avenue Presbyterian Church to-night. The programme will consist of numbers from Von Urber's brilliant mass, and will include the Kyrie Eleison, "I Will Call Upon the Lord;" the Gloria, "Praise the Lord;" the Credo, "O Lord, Give Ear Unto Me;" the Benedictus, "He is Blessed," and the Agnus Dei, "Show Me Thy Mercy."

The choir consists of Mrs. Shircliff, soprano; Miss Whitaker, contralto; John H. Nolan, bass, and Mr. Mathieu, tenor. J. Porter Laurener is organist.

SENT IN AN ITIMIZED BILL.

Artist Does Wonderful Things, According to His List.

An artist had been engaged to repair some paintings and other decorations in an old church. He sent in his bill, but payment was refused because he did not mention the items. He made out another bill, which read as follows:

Correcting the Ten Commandments	$5 16
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon in his bonnet	3 02
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended comb	2 30
Replenished and gilded left wing of guardian angel	8 18
Washed the servant of Herod and put carmine on his cheek	5 12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, and cleaned the moon	7 14
Reanimated flames of purgatory and restored souls	3 06
Renewed flames of hell and put new tail on the devil, and mended his left foot, and did several jobs for the damned	7 17
Rebordered the robe of Herod and readjusted his wig	4 00
Put new spotted dashes on son of Tobias and draping on sack	2 00
Cleaned ears of Balaam's ass and shod him	3 02
Put earrings into ears of Sarah	2 01
Put new stone into David's sling and enlarged head of Goliath and extended his legs	5 05
Decorated Noah's Ark	3 00
Mended shirt of prodigal son and cleaned his ear	4 09
Total	$50 22

The Young Cynic.

From Tit-Bits.

A dominie, after telling his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them:

"Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?"

After a long silence one little fellow exclaimed.

"Because there wouldna be nobody left."

A Real Hustler.

From Success Magazine.

Lady (to applicant)—Yes, I advertised for a maid-of-all-work. Are you an early riser?

Applicant—Indade, an' Oi am, mum. At me lasht place Oi was up an' had breakfast ready an' the dishes washed an' put away an' all the beds made before anybody else in the house was up.