FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

How to Dress Children Prettily and Tastefully.

EFFECT OF GOOD CLOTHES.

Pretty Gowns and Stylish Hats for Young Girls—Why a Mother Should Keep Her Children Becomingly Attired—A Well-Dressed Lad—Fashion Notes.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1891.

MOTHERS EXTRACT A double pleasure from the task of dressing their children prettily and tastefully—they satisfy the maternal instinct which prompts them to shield the little forms from cold and exposure, and they gratify their pride and general desire of commendation at the hands of their fellow beings. True, the world is malicious enough at times to take advantage of this weakness, if it may be called such, and to warp the mother's better judgment by heaping undeserved praise upon her child, but there is no doubt about the fact that there is an education in a well-dressed and well-behaved child which you can't find in your philosophy that Hamlet sneered at so contemptuously.

Good clothes have the same effect upon little folks that they do upon children of larger growth—they inspire self-respect and refine the instincts and soften the manners. When a sudden quiet happened to fall upon a crowded drawing room some one asked the meaning of it. "Why, every one is looking at my new dress," exclaimed little Lady Pinkandwhite, fully persuaded that her pretty gown must be the cause of the sudden hush. There is no particular harm in this petty display of egotism. It is always much safer to be too much afraid of what the world thinks and says about us than not to care at all about public opinion.

A chat upon the subject of fashions for youth will be interesting, for, although many, very many, of us never get any further than cutting out and making dresses for our dolls, yet the never comes a time when these buds of humanity haven't the power to set our heads nodding in friendly fashion.

FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

The initial illustration represents a very pretty suit for a young girl. It may be made up in pearl gray amazon cloth, the corsage closing in the middle, and is trimmed with a pleated plastron of white surah, or, if you prefer, of the same shade as the cloth laid on the lining. The fronts of the corsage are double. They are both sewed to the sides, and with these are cut away from the shoulder seam. They are cut heart shape and meet at a point at the back. You would do well to cut them out first in muslin. They should be piped and not be fastened to the lining until the plastron has been adjusted. The little figaro is shaped as indicated, and is caught in the shoulder seams, in the arm holes, in the seams of the third side piece. It should be lined with silk and should be edged with black pearled bobbin.

The figaro is shorter at the back than in front. The two narrow basque volants are cut away in front. These volants are gathered most at the back. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves are ornamented with three rows of pearled galloon. The skirt foundation may be of silk or alpaca, should be bordered with a small pleated ruffle and there should be a drawing string midway in the back breadth. The bottom of the skirt is garnitured with two volants, both headed with galloon.

GIRL'S CLOTH DRESS.

The charming costume pictured in the second illustration is suitable both as a promenade and calling dress for a young girl, and may be made up either in a fawn or marine blue vicuna or cloth. It is partly lined with muslin and has an underskirt of the dress material, for, as will be noticed, the dress skirt is caught up on the right side and hooked at the waist line. The corsage is draped as indicated. The embroidered standing collar closes in front. The skirt is trimmed with a broad bias band of embroidery. So also is there a band of embroidery on the corsage and at the cuffs.

A WELL-DRESSED LAD.

Of late years a great deal of attention has been bestowed upon boys' clothing, and the consequence is some altogether delightful results have been attained—results combining style and picturesque effect to a high degree. The school boy no longer as in Shakespeare's time, goes crawling along unwillingly to school, with a shiny face and stubborn hair projecting from beneath a rude and comely cloth cap. He steps along like a little gentleman: his natty student's cap set jauntily on the back of his head shows his carefully cut and smoothed hair, while the most perfect taste is displayed in every detail of his toilet. He looks the little aristocrat, or at least the polished and well-bred little citizen, whose smiling face and laughing eyes will soon be overspread with the earnest expression of the collegian with thought upon the awful responsibilities of foot ball, the eight-oared barge or running high jumps.

This little man, most stylishly and fashionably clad, is shown in the third illustration. He wears a suit of blue cheviot. The blouse opens on a blue and white plastron. A highly polished white linen collar has folded over ends and the laced shoes have patent leather tips. The overcoat, made in thoroughly fashionable style, with a velvet collar, is thrown back with an easy grace to show the handsome checked lining. It must be confessed that the little man thus completely ready to show himself in public presents a very intelligent and attractive appearance—possibly not quite so quaint and picturesque a figure as the little princes in the Tower of London, but, all in all, a creditable specimen of that refinement and good breeding so often met with among the boys of this practical and matter-of-fact age.

HEADGEAR FOR CHILDREN.

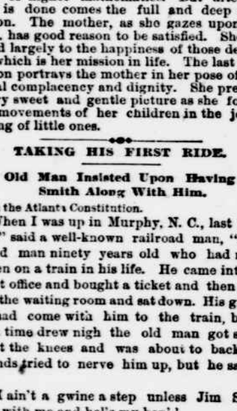
I have noticed many charming bits of headgear for children this season. They are plain felt or beaver and are most tastefully trimmed; also in rough felt and soft felt. Sailor hats, too, I note still continue popular for young girls. They are far more elegant and dressy than they were last season, and are made up in combinations of cloth and velvet. One in particular which attracted my attention had a brim of black velvet edged with jet beads and a crown of cream white cloth, surrounded by several folds of cloth, with a wisp of white aigrette held by a pair of small blackbirds. Another style has a velvet brim, wider than the sailor hat, and is smoothly overlaid with a piece of Irish point lace. At the back is a bow of black satin ribbon, mounted with a bunch of lyre bird feathers. Young girls also look extremely well in the little Henry II capotes, with their pastry-cook crowns and nodding plumes at the back. For those who like to wear something of the masculine mode the Tyrolese, the riding hat and the Brighton, all in soft felt, will be sure to find favor.

A STYLISH FELT.

A very pretty hat is represented in my fourth illustration, a red felt for a little girl. The trimming consists of two bows of cream woolen stuff with red dots and large cock's feathers, held in place by a pleated band of the stuff. Felt turbans, too, are very popular. They are trimmed with silk ribbon and have one or two quill feathers, or are both trimmed and bound with ribbon. The soft heather felt runs in many shades and can be made very dressy. The conical crown turban and the derby are also favorite forms. All, however, lies in the trimming. This must be rich, original and full of style, care being had to hit upon exactly the right shape to bring out all the good points of your face.

DOUBLE-BREASTED PALETOT.

With the approach of winter the careful mother bethinks herself to provide long warm wraps for the little ones, and in this line nothing could be more serviceable than the double-breasted paletot, which may be made up in a handsome French plaid in drab cloth or in a dark blue serge. It should be trimmed with fur of some kind and the hat must match, of course. With such along coat a Tam O'Shanter looks well, with a single quill feather set at the side, and a dainty little muff made up in the same material and trimmed with the same fur completes the costume. The tailor-made long coat in beaver cloth is very stylish for young girls. It should have broad cuffs and turn-down collar in astrachan. The double-breasted reefer coat will continue to be popular for young people. They must be tailor made. For ordinary crisp weather the cloth mantle is a seasonable garment for a young girl, adjusted to the figure at the back, loose fronts and double sleeves, the outer being loose and full and set high on the shoulder. And here we must end our talk about what little men and women should wear indoors and out. Of course much depends upon the taste and ingenuity of the mothers, and, I should add, their patience too, for quite as much patience and good judgment are required in dressing a trio of little girls as in working out a problem in state craft or higher mathematics. But after the task is done comes the full and deep satisfaction. The mother, as she gazes upon her work, has good reason to be satisfied. She has added largely to the happiness of those dear to her, which is her mission in life. The last illustration portrays the mother in her pose of maternal complacency and dignity. She presents a very sweet and gentle picture as she follows the movements of her children in the joyous throng of little ones.



MATERNAL DIGNITY.

TAKING HIS FIRST RIDE.

The Old Man Insisted Upon Having Jim Smith Along With Him.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"When I was up in Murphy, N. C., last summer," said a well-known railroad man, "I saw an old man ninety years old who had never ridden on a train in his life. He came into the ticket office and bought a ticket and then went into the waiting room and sat down. His grandson had come with him to the train, but as train time drew nigh the old man got shaky about the knees and was about to back out. Friends tried to nerve him up, but he said at last:

"'I ain't a gwine a step unless Jim Smith goes with me and hol's my han'.'

"Jim Smith was a well-known business man, and he finally agreed that he would ride out to the first station with the old man and hold his hand.

"'All right,' said the old man, 'and if it's too skeery I'll jest come back.'

"So they boarded the train together, and Jim Smith held the old man by the hand. The old fellow trembled and shook in every limb at first, his eyes bulged out fearfully, and he would groan in his misery.

"After a mile his groanings became more frequent, and when the first station was reached he reluctantly released the hand of the faithful Jim Smith and for the rest of the journey held on to his seat for dear life."

Honest Sprinting.

From the Chicago Mail.

Col. John Griggs, age sixty-eight, weight that is plus 200, was the "fust settler in Tom Green county, Texas, and the only man now livin' who helped scoop out the place where the river runs." The colonel is the hero of an exciting bear story, which deals with the remote antiquity of Tom Green county, which he tells on himself in great gusto, as follows:

"I was right smart younger then than I am now, but purty nigh as hefty. I was livin' in a cabin near the edge of the timber. One day I went out hoss huntin' on foot, and like a 'tarnal fool I just clean neglected to take a gun along. The b'ar and I met about a mile and a half from the cabin. I started for home, and the b'ar loped along in the same direction. The faster I run the more determined that b'ar was to see that I didn't get lost away from him. I was considerable of a leg shaker then, like I am now, but I couldn't shake that b'ar off. When I got in sight o' the cabin the b'ar warn't four rods behind. I could hear him a-puffin' and snortin' and my hair stood up so high it just seemed like I couldn't make no headway ag'in the wind. My wife threw open the door of the cabin and yelled: 'Run, John, run!' and you bet that's what I was doin'. I thought I was a good-by and gone John Griggs and I run. The wind was all on the outside of me, but I kept on a-runnin', and all the time my wife stood there in that doorway and yelled: 'Run, John, run!'

"Well, I got there fust," and the colonel wiped from his brow the clammy perspiration which the recollection of his narrow escape had caused to accumulate there. "I got there fust, and fell in a heap on the floor, while my wife barred and barricaded the door. I was clean gone, tectotally tuckered out, but bime by I got my breath, and I said 'wife,' said I, givin' her a reproachful look, 'wife do you think I'm a born fool?' 'Why, no, John,' says she' but sort o' lookin' as though she mo'n half did. 'course I don't; why should I?' 'Well,' said I, 'you stood there in that door a-hollerin' to me to "run, John, run!" Now, do you think I'd play off in a race like that?'"

Respect That Was Earned.

From Judge.

"You must honor your parents," the Sunday school superintendent said to the new boy. "I am sure you obey your mother."

"Yes, sir!" came the reply with an emphasis that rather startled the questioner.

"And you and your little brother here always show her respect, don't you?"

"You bet we does. Why, she kin lick dad, she kin."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity.

OLD-TIME ACTORS.

Some Memories Awakened by the Death of Comedian Florence.

PROMINENT STAGE LIGHTS.

When Mrs. Florence Danced Between Acts—Charles Burke's Inimitable Performances—The Little Box of a Theater on the Avenue—The Effect of Society Drama.

Written for The Evening Star.

THE DEATH OF THE ACTOR FLORENCE, notices of which filled the New York papers for several days, recalls the comparatively early days of the drama, before the actor became such an important part of social life as to require columns of obituary and to absorb the attention of the country. I can recall particularly one character which Mr. Florence made his own, that of *Obenreizer*, in the dramatization of Charles Dickens' "No Thoroughfare." It was a performance in which dramatic talent was displayed. Charles Fechter played the character, as he did everything, admirably, but not as well as Florence. The characters of *Captain Cuttle* and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* were first appropriated by Burton and John Brougham, but those of the present generation cannot remember those actors.

The days when Mr. Florence made his appearance on the stage was at the close of that theatrical epoch when the elder Wallach, the elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, James E. Murdock, Macready, the Vanderhoffs, Burton, John Brougham, Charlotte Cushman, Julia Dean, the lights of the stage of that era were illuminating it. To have seen and acted with such illustrious histrionic genius was of itself an inspiration and an education.

Mrs. Florence, as *M'lle Malvina*, appeared in Washington as early as 1846, when she was the wife of the leading "old man" of the company, Mr. Littell. She danced between the play and farce under that name.

In those days there was always some performance, usually dancing, between the play and the farce, which was generally a very entertaining operetta (as the "Loan of a Lover"), or some such capital farce as "Box and Cox," &c., and to the theater goers of that day that portion of the performance was looked for as anxiously as the first piece; for the comedian of the company was a favorite, and some of the old farces I can recall with pleasure. Miss Reynolds, who was for some seasons a favorite at the old National, made a great success in a musical farce, "The Fair Maid of Munster," in which she sang and danced, and those who remember Mrs. FitzWilliams in that style of performance can recall her charming voice and delightful acting, and with her was Buckstone, who ranked very high on the English stage. How few remember

THAT REALLY EMINENT ACTOR, CHARLES BURKE.

Eminent, I use the word in all its meaning, as applied to his profession. The actor who could move his audience to tears and sobs in "Grandfather Whitehead"—Farren's great part—and convulse them with laughter at the farce of the "Illustrious Stranger," had indeed reached an eminence which entitled him to the appellation. I once asked Joseph Jefferson when he was playing in farces like "Claude Meddlenot" and "Mazeppa" why he never played "The Illustrious Stranger," and he said never while Charley is remembered. Who is there today on the American boards that can play "Grandfather Whitehead?" that beautiful domestic pathos, which gained renown for Placide and Farren and Burke. That and other plays of like beautiful character gives place to "society plays" and burlesque operas, with scanty dressed models, who display their perfections to crowded audiences.

THE DAYS OF FARCE.

I was intending only to speak of the days when the farce was to me and to many others as entertaining as the play where the tragic muse presided. The great Junius Brutus Booth—the only Booth—thought he had missed his vocation in assuming tragic roles; that his forte was low comedy, and he would occasionally, when the management failed to move his purpose, appear as *Jerry Sneak* in "The Road to Bath." I saw it once, and it has remained in my memory as one of the most atrocious bits of so-called comic acting I ever saw, and because I didn't say it was most laughable he regarded me as a very dull listener. Those old days of the farce come back to me from the far-off time when the elder Jefferson and the present one of that name and Burton and Charles Matthews and Buckstone and Brougham and the Wallacks shone in those brief, enjoyable plays that send the audience away laughing. Whoever can recall Tyrone Power will remember him best as *Paudeen O'Rafferty* or *Corporal Connor* and other farcical plays. These served as foils to his *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo*. Barney Williams first made his reputation, and no better Irishman ever trod the boards, as *Paddy Miles* and those other pieces of Irish humor in which he left no successor. It is useless nowadays to talk of that past, which I regard as the golden age of the drama, with any hope of seeing it renewed. It has gone, never to return. The society drama and its kindred monstrosities block the way.

THE LITTLE THEATER ON THE AVENUE.

The little theater I am writing about, and where Mrs. Florence danced as *Mlle. Malvina*, was on the avenue near 4½ street, now occupied, as it had been previous, as a coach shop by Mr. Young, was altered into a very neat little "box" of a theater by Mr. Cartlidge, who was the original *Mazeppa* when played in Cook's Circus in London, in company with George F. Browne, who married the sister of Mrs. Florence, the theater he occupied for several years, and there Booth, Murdoch, Davenport, Charley Burke, Barney Williams and all the great actors of the day appeared.

Over Joe Shillington's store a little Englishman named Kilmeste, with some very talented children, fitted up that hall and there George Jordan made his first apperrance on the stage, and there Charley Burke played "Grandfather Whitehead." I cannot now realize how small the stage was, but the performance remains in my memory as one of the most beautiful I ever saw.

John Owen made a good deal of his reputation in farces, and, by-the-by, he left no one behind to take his place in some of those characters he made his own. His *John Unit*, in "Self," was an admirable performance, and for pathos and tenderness the stage has not seen his superior in *Caleb Plummer*. Jefferson comes nearest, but he does not give the character the sympathetic touches which won for Owen's personation tears and smiles. In farce his *Wooden Injun* was like Burton's *Madame Vanderpants* and *Toodles*.

FOR THAT LONG AGO.

In recalling these personations I am pleading for the memory of that long ago, when the afterpiece was welcomed after a heavy tragedy or gloomy melodrama and when it was a most important part of the evening's enjoyment. The dancing between the pieces was a long-followed custom. At the National, when it was rebuilt, Annie Walters, who married George Jordan, performed pas seul before the farce and it was always greeted with applause. As I look back at the little box of a theater in Young's coach shop I wonder how they managed to produce the plays as well as they did, and the wonder increases as I recall the fact that George Browne played "Putnam" there and gave the famous "run" from the top of the theater on his very beautiful horse and attracted crowded houses. Very pleasant memories cluster round the little box, where Booth, Murdoch and all the "stars," who then indeed illuminated the stage, came to give us the intellectual enjoyment we so eagerly sought. I am just reminded that E. L. Davenport, then at the National Theater, sang between the pieces, "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew," and that after playing a leading part in the tragedy or play. What a beautiful actor he was! His *Benedict*, *Hamlet*, *Rover* and other parts made him truly eminent.

BURTON'S WARDROBE.

On the death of Burton of course all of his effects were sold, and among other purchases Florence bought some of the wardrobe, and, more particularly interesting to this story, he bought the costume of *Captain Cuttle*, iron hook and all, and succeeded Burton in the part. One of the theatrical returns told at the time was that when Florence appeared at the prompter's table he found Gus Fenno there, who, by the by, has become a confirmed believer in spiritualism, and as Florence approached the table it began to move violently, and Fenno replied to Florence's question—what was the matter—and said Burton was there. "What did he say?" asked Florence. Fenno replied: "He says, 'Tell that fellow to take off my clothes.'" Florence declined to do so, however, and wore them, with a good deal of success reflected on them by him. The mention of Fenno, who for years was a conspicuous character on the stage, recalls an incident at Washington when Forrest played *Damon* to Fenno's *Pythias*.

FORREST DISGRUNTLED.

It was in the last days of poor Fenno, and he had not improved with age, and his mannerisms told on Forrest's nervousness fearfully. At the conclusion of the play Col. Forney and myself and some one else, whom I cannot recall just now, were waiting for Mr. Forrest to go with us to Gen. Armstrong's to a party such as used to be given in those days, and when he came into the box office a bear with a sore head would have been a joy, a plaything, to the great tragedian. Any of your readers who have seen Forrest in one of his moods may form some idea of his manner. Poor Fenno, all smiles and geniality, not knowing that he was the cause of the ill humor of the great tragedian, augmented it by his manner to Mr. Forrest. After some argument, in which Forney felt authorized to indulge with a good deal of vigor, we got under way for the residence of Gen. Armstrong, but Forrest was a wet blanket to all enjoyment, and to the remonstrance of Col. Forney, who talked very plainly to him, he would answer: "What did you bring me here for?" And poor Fenno, the unconscious cause of the anger of Forrest, rather aggravated it by trying to soothe him. Fenno and Forrest, and now Florence, have passed to their long home, and these incidents serve to recall their peculiar traits. The next night, however, after this one in which Forrest was so utterly unfit to join the social circle he appeared at a party at Marshal Hoover's and was the life and light of the evening. He told inimitably, as only he could tell them, some quaint French stories, recited poetry, and made himself, in fact, the entertainer of the large crowd who in those days filled the parlors of our genial entertainers. The contrast was so marked between this night and the night before that the enjoyment was enhanced.

MEMORIES.

One of the attractions of Washington in the days of which I write were the members of the theatrical companies which wintered here. I can recall so many of them that their names would fill a column of THE STAR, now, alas, passed off the stage of life, leaving in the memory of but very few the incidents which made us cherish their memories long after the grave had closed above them.

Florence's compeer, Joseph Jefferson, remains a veteran who does not "lag superfluous over the stage," but as full of life and vigor as when, years ago, he graced the boards of the old "National" and officiated as stage manager for that other veteran, John T. Ford. These two theatrical magnates are the connecting links between today and the long ago. Amid the pelting storm of last Monday Florence was laid in the vault until the return of Mrs. Florence, who is familiar to some of our old play goers.

THE CAPTURE OF SLIDELL AND MASON.

I had occasion while in New York to visit my old haunt, the Astor library, and while there my eyes struck upon the headlines of a New York paper of November 22, 1861. Thirty years ago! These display lines announced with the most cheering exclamations the capture of Slidell and Mason by Capt. Wilkes of the San Jacinto. It was hailed as the most stupendous success and its importance was deemed equal to a great victory. I followed up the file and varying editorials of boasting and a determination to do something—they did not seem to see what they would do—but the usual parade of capitals and dashes and exclamation points were used; but at last, not until December 17, did the English news come, and then there was a change. There was great excitement in Liverpool and London, consols and cotton fell, mass meetings were called and the peremptory demand was made on the United States to place Messrs. Mason and Slidell again under the British flag. The demand was an unconditional one. Artillery was sent to Canada, and reinforcements, so the papers of that day announced, and there came a more quiet time in the daily press—perhaps, it was said, Capt. Walker committed a breach of international law, &c., &c., but a change had come.

In the meanwhile Capt. Wilkes was not disposed to remain silent under this change of opinion, and he wrote a very lengthy and admirable letter to the *National Intelligencer* asking to be heard. I took the letter to Gov. Seward, as we did all matter referring to the State or War department, and the governor desired we should withhold it from publication for a few days, and in the meanwhile the confederate commissioners had been transferred to the protection of the British flag. How namely it all reads now, but at the time the capture of the commissioners, and with them their secretary, the Hon. George Eustis, was regarded as a great thing, and Capt. Wilkes was extolled to the skies.

Mr. Eustis is most agreeably remembered here as a member of Congress before the war, and on his marriage to Miss Corcoran, sole heiress to the benevolent banker, he resided abroad for the last years of his life, and the incidents which recall him have passed out of the memory of many of his countrymen. Not one of the actors in that exciting period of our country's history whose name I can recall remains among us.

JOHN F. COYLE.

ROAR OF THE NEWSBOY.

Nothing in Human Vocalization so Impressive as His Practiced Cry.

From the Chicago Herald.

What will be the vocal possibilities of these young men who sell newspapers when they come to manhood? Take a young fellow of seventeen or so, who began ten years ago with a little bundle and sold it in the side streets where the veterans of the trade would permit him. Imagine the training he must have had in the hot mornings of summer and the chill evenings of winter. Fancy him driven from his bed before dawn with a conscious necessity, a sort of sense of duty such as a grown man might possess. See him wailing out the names of half a dozen papers, all pretty much the same in news, all radically—frantically—diverse as to policy; see him call over that list time and again, a score of times for each single copy sold. Compute what his profit must be when his whole stock, say twenty papers, is disposed of. Is there any one else who would work so hard for so little?

And then as he becomes hardened to the street, as he learns what a gang of shameless, laughing plunderers his fellow craftsmen are, as he comes to know and checkmate their attacks upon him, as he comes to see that every man possesses what he can capture and hold, as he grows physically stronger see him walk boldly on the busy streets with a flattened bundle of sheets with a louder, livelier, more strident voice of advertisement. See him finally occupy a stated place on a busy corner, his papers by the many score ranged beside him, weighted down with a bit of marble or a fragment of granite, with one side polished, from the nearest building. Hear him lift up his voice till it amazes the people. Walk slowly past him and catch the irritant roar of sound as it rends the air and beats upon your ear like a blow. It seems he has smitten that sound with clanking metal in a prisoned space. It roars in your ear for hours afterward. It teaches you a lesson and you shun him, or buy two papers to keep him still. There is nothing in human vocalization that can equal a grown newsboy's trumpeting for trade. Professional auctioneers are weak and wearying imitators. Profane first mates on river steamboats are vain and empty strivers after excellence. The big newsboy alone can point his parted lips down street and force a message into a thousand ears. He asks no walls to hem in the frightened air. He wants no sounding board. He only turns from a paper sold and proves his training by a cry so fierce and forceful that customer has to come.

If his voice might keep on growing till he comes of age the nations of the earth could hear his threatenings.

A GOOD PARROT STORY.

The Result of Polly's Attempted Practical Joke on a Busy Hen.

"Speaking of parrots, our next door neighbor," writes a correspondent of the Ashland *Item*, "owns an amusing parrot which is always getting into mischief, but usually gets out again without much trouble to herself. When she has done anything for which she knows she ought to be punished she holds her head to one side, and, eyeing her mistress, says in a sing song tone: 'Polly is a good girl,' until she sees her mistress smile; then she flaps her wings and cries out: 'Hurrah! Polly is a good girl!' She has been allowed to go free in the garden, where she promenades back and forth on the walks, sunning herself and warning off all intruders.

"One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast, when Poll march up to her and called out: 'Shoo!' in her shrill voice. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Poll, who screamed 'Shoo!' at every step.

"A few days later Poll extended her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner, till she came to the old hen on her nest. The hen made a dive for Poll's yellow head, but missed it. Poll, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run, the hen, with wings wide spread, followed close after.

"As she ran, Poll screamed in her shrillest tones: 'O, Lord! O, Lord!'

"A member of the family, who had witnessed the performance, thought it time to interfere in Poll's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out, and, stooping down, held out his hand. Poll lost no time in traveling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage ground, she turned, and looking down on her foe, screamed: 'Hello, there! shoo!'

"The frightened hen returned to her nest as rapidly as she had come."

Written for The Evening Star.

ANTS AND THEIR QUEER WAYS.

Insects Which Rival Human Beings in Point of Intelligence.

HOW THEY LIVE AND MAKE THEIR NESTS—WHAT THEY FEED UPON—THEIR COWS AND OTHER DOMESTIC ANIMALS—ANTS WHICH MOVE IN ARMIES—SPECIES WHICH KEEP SLAVES.

THOSE WHO HAVE STUDIED THE WAYS of ants have often asserted their claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence. Nothing can well be more interesting than the contemplation of the habits of these little insects, their social organization, their elaborate habitations, their artfully constructed roadways and their large communities, some of them rivaling London or Peking in numbers. More than 1,000 species are known and no two kinds are the same in their manner of life.

Ants come into the world from eggs, which are hatched from a month to six weeks after they are laid. When newly out of the shell they are small white grubs, helpless, of course, and for thirty days or so they are carefully nursed and fed by the worker ants. Usually the little ones are assorted by their nurses according to age for convenience in caring for them, being divided like a school into five or six classes. At the end of a few weeks they spin silken cocoons about themselves, from which they subsequently emerge perfect insects and as big as they will ever be.

SOME OF THE CLASSIFICATIONS.

Ordinarily an ants' nest contains an army of workers, which are females undeveloped sexually, a certain number of males and a few perfect females or "queens." There are often several queens in one colony. They are provided with wings, but, after a single flight for the purpose of mating, they tear them off and do not again quit the nest. In the habitations of a species found in Mexico certain individuals are found which serve as living honey jars. They move about very little, and seem to have no other purpose in life than to contain in their enormously swollen abdomens stores of honey for the benefit of their companions. Among certain ants common in southern Europe some of the workers have huge heads with very large and powerful jaws. These are the soldiers and do the fighting. The very young insects in a nest devote their attention to taking care of the little grubs, not doing any out-door labor until they are some days old.

Some species of ants make their nests out of conical masses of sticks and leaves which they heap up for the purpose. Others dwell entirely under ground, while others still burrow into the trunks of old trees. Sometimes the habitations are very extensive, that occupied by a single community extending perhaps for hundreds of feet.

THEIR FOOD AND HOW THEY GET IT.

Ants depend for food largely upon other insects, which they destroy in great numbers. They also eat honey and fruit. Many species keep insects of the aphis kind for cows, which they milk by stroking them, thus causing them to emit a sweet fluid. This fluid the ants drink. Also they gather from plants the eggs of these cows and keep them until they hatch, thus making sure of the stock. If a nest is disturbed the ants will carry off these eggs to the lower chambers with the utmost haste. Having been kept through the winter the eggs are hatched in early spring, and the little aphides are brought out and placed on the young shoots of plants so that they may thrive and grow. Other sorts of insects seem likewise to live with the ants. With certain of the larger species smaller kinds dwell, apparently being regarded as pets. Sir John Lubbock, to whose book on this subject the writer is indebted, suggests that these may be called the dogs and cats of the bigger ants. Another small species, which makes its chambers and galleries in the walls of the nests of a larger kind, is the bitter enemy of its hosts. The latter cannot get at them, because they are too big to enter the galleries. Thus the little fellows are quite safe, and from their holes they make raids into the nurseries of the larger ants and carry off the youthful grubs for food. It is as if human beings had small dwarfs about two feet long, living in the walls of their homes and every now and then carrying off some of their children to devour in their dens. Ants appear to have many different games which they play together.

BENEFICIAL TO PLANTS.

Ants are very beneficial to plants by killing off many small caterpillars and other injurious insects. The inhabitants of one large nest have been observed to bring in an average of twenty-eight dead bugs of different kinds per minute, which would make more than 100,000 destroyed in a day by that colony alone. Some ants forage alone, while others hunt in packs or even in armies. There are species which store up seeds for food and many kinds are believed to actually cultivate certain plants for their seeds, permitting nothing else to grow within a given area about the nest and carefully harvesting the crop. There are at least two kinds of plants which cannot grow well without the assistance of ants. As soon as the young plants develop a stem the ants gnaw at the base and the irritation causes the stem to swell. The insects continuing to irritate and excavate the swelling, it assumes a globular form and may become even larger than a man's head. This globular mass contains a labarynth of chambers and passages, which are occupied by the ants as their nest. The mass increases in size with growth, and from its rounded surface are given off small twigs bearing leaves and flowers. This tumor on the stem has become a normal condition of the plants, which do not grow healthily without the insects.

Of the various species of ants which travel in armies for purposes of forage probably the most remarkable are the "drivers" of West Africa. They are apt to appear wherever there is dead and decaying matter to be consumed, and the dread of them often compels the people of that torrid latitude to keep their towns and dwellings comparatively clean. Their entrance into a house is immediately followed by a simultaneous exodus of all rats, mice, cock roaches and other vermin, which promptly run away. They will destroy the largest animals if they get a chance at them, and they have been known to gobble up gigantic snakes when the latter were gorged with food and powerless. The marauding troops of another species may fairly be compared in their movements and discipline to organized armies. Wherever they go all other creatures try to get out of their way.

ANT SLAVERY.

One of the most interesting subjects of study in ants is the habit which many species have of keeping other kinds of ants as slaves. Apparently through having been long unaccustomed to do any work they have become unable to take care of themselves. Accordingly they attack the nests of weaker ants and carry off the young ones, both those in the chrysalis and the little grubs. These they take to their own dwellings and bring up as servants. Some of them may be eaten, if there is need of food, but the others are fed and trained to labor for their captors. An army of ants will sometimes be seen to assail a nest, taking possession of it after a sharp fight and finally emerging, each soldier bearing forth in its mouth a grub or a chrysalis.

Some species of slave-keeping ants afford a striking lesson of the degrading tendency of slavery. They have become entirely dependent on their slaves, no longer knowing how to build or to do anything else that is useful. They can fight, but that is all. If the colony changes the situation of its nest the masters are all carried by the slaves on their backs to the new dwelling. They have even lost the habit of feeding, so that they will starve unless they have servants to put food into their mouths. The naturalist Huber on one occasion placed thirty great Amazon ants in a box with a supply of honey and some young grubs of their own offspring. "At first," he says, "they appeared to pay some little attention to the grubs, they carried them hither and thither, but did not know what to do with them. More than one-half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling. Commiserating their condition I gave them one of their black slaves. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the grubs, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the chrysalis condition and preserved the lives of the remaining Amazons." However small the prison and however large the quantity of food, these creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves.

DEAD BEATS OF THE TRIBE.

The last scene of this sad history of physical degradation through slave-keeping is found in the species called "Anergates," which are the dead beats of the ant tribe, boarding in the dwellings of another kind of ants and doing nothing, being supported and cared for by the owners. It is imagined that such a state of affairs must have come about somewhat in this way: In distant times the ancestors of these paupers lived partly by hunting and partly on honey, as so many ants do now. By degrees they become bold marauders and gradually took to keeping slaves. For a time they maintained their strength and agility, though losing by degrees their independence, their arts and even many of their instincts. Gradually their bodily force dwindled away in idleness until they sank to their present miserable condition, weak in body and mind and few in numbers, maintaining a precarious existence as parasites of their former slaves.

The tenacity with which ants retain their hold on an enemy they have once seized is well known. Sir John Lubbock says that the Indians of Brazil make use of this in the case of wounds, causing an ant to bite the two lips of a cut and thus bring them together, after which they snip off the ant's head, which remains attached, holding the lips together. The natives, it is said, are often seen with wounds in course of healing, "sewn up" with seven or eight ants' heads.

HOW BRUNO GAVE A PAW.

Disastrous Result of the Act to an Unhappy Victim of Stimulants.

"OH, HELP YOURSELF TO LUNCH!" The bartender spoke sarcastically. His remark was addressed to a person in an advanced stage of inebriety, who tottered unsteadily about the free-lunch table in the corner. This over-stimulated individual was rapidly emptying a plate of bologna sausage in slices, throwing them one by one to a huge St. Bernard dog, which had come into the saloon with a fashionably dressed customer.

"Goo' boy, Bruno! goo' boy!" cried the tipsy one, failing to remark the sarcasm and tossing another slice.

The bartender grinned savagely.

"Gi' paw, Bruno? Goo' dog! I say—hic—can't you gi' pretty paw, eh?"

Four or five more slices went the same way, and the bartender began fingering his bung-starter nervously.

"Bruno," said the bummer, "I mush have a pretty paw. Here's a—hic—anuzzer piece. Now, gimme paw."

To this last appeal Bruno responded with more emphasis than had been expected. In his eagerness to secure the bite he suddenly rose upon his hind legs and planted both fore feet full upon the intoxicated person's chest. The latter gave utterance to a brief and astonished hiccup and sat down precipitately in a cuspidor that stood convenient.

The occurrence appeared to arouse widely different emotions in the bartender and the tipsy man. The latter, continuing to sit in the cuspidor as if he did not care to arise immediately, burst into tears, while the former gave utterance to several loud whoops expressive of delight and proceeded at once to perform a complicated pas de clog behind the bar. The fashionably dressed customer looked disgusted, whistled to the St. Bernard, and the two walked out.

When the bartender had finished executing his pas seul the over-stimulated person was still in statu quo, uttering the most lugubrious howls and moistening the sawdust on the floor with his tears.

"Hully gee! Wot's de matter wid yer?" asked the bartender.

"Boo-hoo!" wailed the man in the cuspidor. "I'm a family man."

"The doose you say!" replied the bartender. "Then why don't you get up and go home?"

"I'm a family man," repeated the unfortunate, not regarding the interruption and shedding more tears. "Glass is my line—that is, it used to be."

"Before you took to bathing in rum?" suggested the bartender.

"Glass and—boo-hoo—paints and putty—hic—and so on," added the sorrowful one. "Family man, too, an' here I am."

The bartender went around the end of his counter and jerked the tipsy person to his feet. Then he wiped the mourner's eyes with the bar towel, grasped him firmly by the collar and gently kicked him into the street. Returning therefrom, he cut a fresh batch of bologna sausage, briefly combed out his mustache before the mirror and resumed his pleasant business expression in time to welcome the next customer just as though nothing unusual had happened.

RAISING VEGETABLES BY ELECTRICITY

The Interesting Discovery Made by a Boston Truck Gardener.

From the Boston Journal.

Experiments upon electricity as affecting plant growth have been going on for some time at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, and Prof. Warner, who is giving great attention to the matter, is preparing a paper for an agricultural bulletin which will not only embody the results of his own experience, but will give the investigations lately made in foreign countries.

Intense interest has been aroused among Massachusetts farmers and agriculturists by the recent publication of a bulletin from the agricultural station of Cornell University in which the declaration is made that experiments show that the electric light can be profitably used in the growing of plants. In the light of this announcement the publication of Prof. Warner's experiments will be looked forward to with considerable interest. Prof. Warner has conducted his investigations with great care and thoroughness, and few persons outside the college staff have been aware that experiments were going on. It is understood that important experiments have also been made at the college with electric currents, with the end in view of verifying the experiments of foreign scientists which go to show that the action of electric currents upon plants and vegetables seems to consist in the active dissolution of the organic principles existing in the soil, which are thereby brought within the reach of the roots, thus causing a more rapid growth in a shorter period.

Independent of the experiments at the agricultural college only one private individual in the state is known to have experimented with the electric light, and that is W. W. Rawson, an extensive market gardener in Arlington. Mr. Rawson had his attention drawn to the effect of the electric light on plant growth in a singular manner and by accident. As far as he is concerned, therefore, his experiments were original with himself and were made long before he heard any attention was being paid to the subject by foreign or American scientists. In the fall of 1889 it so happened that an electric light was erected by the town of Arlington for street lighting purposes at a point in close proximity to one side of his residence. On that side of his house were a number of flower beds which never thrived until the rays of the electric light began to fall upon them. The plants soon began to show an unusual change. Finally they exhibited such a lively and increased growth that they could not fail to attract attention, and no reason could be assigned for the phenomena but the effect of the electric light. Determined to push the experiment further, Mr