IN THE PARISIAN BRASSERIE.

BEER IN PARIS.

How the French Brasserie Differs From the Cafe.

DRUNKENNESS IS UNCOMMON

Frenchmen Have Become Fond of the Light Beer, but They Do Not Drink It as Americans Do—Bar Room Evils—The Substitute for the BarKeep—No PromiscuousTreating.

PARIS, February 10, 1893.

THERE WAS A TIME, and it was not so long ago, when most Parisians drank beer as if it were coffee; they thought one ordinary glass at a time was sufficient. This beer was made in France and had its own character, which it still keeps, light in flavor and color, light in alcohol and with a perceptible but wholesome aftertaste of barley. At that time the brasserie, or beer-drinking place, was of no great magnificence and scarcely compared at all with the popular cafe.

The idea of the cafe has nothing to do with beer. Essentially it is a place for conversation, for reading and the playing of games, a place that is warm and bright, where the ladies of a family are quite as welcome as the men. Neither does it require any great consumption of refreshments. Cafe means coffee, and the true drinks of a cafe are not dissimilar from coffee; for example, hot spiced wine in winter, ices and cooling drinks in summer, liqueurs, cognac and sweet after-dinner wines, like Malaga, Marsala, port and sherry, with cakes and biscuits. In a word, the primitive cafe fare in the good old Paris which people say that they remember was such light refreshment as would naturally be taken in nice families between dinner and bedtime, and the cafe, even today, is still very much of a family resort. If food is supplied the place becomes a cafe restaurant, or even a taverne, where beer is quite likely to be had, but does not seek to crowd out other drinks.

VARIOUS KINDS OF CAFE.

At the present day in Paris there is not only the cafe proper and the cafe restaurant, but—by the force of competition—the cafe chantant,

TRUE CAFE FARE.

where popular singers entertain the guests on a small stage or not, as may be, and there is the cafe spectacle as well. In this latter there is not only singing, but there are also acrobatic performances, stage dances by skilled performers, juggling, sleight of hand and ventriloquism. There are also cafes which have a special reputation, good or bad, either by reason of the character of their frequenters, the style of furnishing, the name and a hundred other things depending on the temper of the times, or the special aptitudes of the proprietor, accident of location and the like. One cafe will be nearly empty throughout the day and do most of its trade between the acts of the theater which it may adjoin, another may have a sporting clientage, while another is an afternoon resort upon the boulevard. All furnish refreshments adapted to the particular trend of their custom; but in none of them is beer drinking considered to be the one thing needful.

THE BRASSERIE

is a beer output, pure and simple. It furnishes other refreshments, but beer is the staple. Most often it is owned or run in connection with some great brewing company. For that matter, brasserie means brewery. Thus, one of the large buildings which still remain at the exposition grounds of 1889 is leased by a rich beer corporation; and it has in many different rooms, and even on the spacious porticoes in summer, a dozen free singing and variety entertainments going on at the same time, day and night. No charge for admission is made and the patrons, prudent families who have not too much money, obtain cheap holiday amusement out of a single glass of beer apiece. This is scarcely beer drinking in its fullest sense. The beer is of the old French variety. It has no appreciable effect upon the head, it does not digest very quickly, and there is no temptation to take more of it than the ordinary demands of thirst suggest.

The invasion of Paris by beer was started from the outside—by the beer of Bavaria, first of all, and afterward by the beer of Holland and Belgium.

MUNICH BEER IN PARIS.

In Munich two of the sights of that fair mountain town have to do with beer and water. It is a beautiful sight to stand on the bridge and watch the Iser flowing rapidly, a torrent from the clearest mountain springs, which leaps and falls in cascades and whirlpools in its deep bed through the city. It is also a fine sight to stand in the yard of the Hof-brauerei and watch the customers of every class—students, merchants, peasants, farmers, and even princes now and then—quaffing the most celebrated beer of Munich, which owes no little part of its merits to the same clear mountain water. This Munich beer has had the greatest success in Paris.

There are scores of brasseries completely devoted to it, and some of them have also adopted the kellnerin idea, and have, instead of male waiters, young ladies, chosen, perhaps, as much for their beauty as for their skill in making change and fetching beer. But this new habit is not at all confined to the output of Munich beer. Although it is a Munich custom, it rather is one of the secondary effects of the beer invasion of Paris.

The ordinary waiter in every cafe, taverne and restaurant of Paris is a man. He is deft and quick, not too good natured, but very quiet in manner. The young ladies of the brasserie expect larger tips, and get them, too, and they also add the charm of conversation to the ordinary cafe attractions, a thing, as will be seen, quite as novel as themselves. It is at these new

A BEERMAID.

style brasseries, with or without the waiter-girl addition, that beer in the greatest quantity is being taken by Parisians. The life inside of them has its different phases, scarcely to be noticed by the stranger, but it differs essentially in nearly every detail from the life of the American saloon.

WHY DRUNKENNESS IS UNCOMMON.

The first item is that people seldom get drunk in Paris. Drunkenness was never a French vice. There is no tendency to it in the blood, as there is with the Anglo-Saxon; and the whole temper of French habit is against it. For one reason, they are too economical. They will not spend the money on themselves; and that generosity which in America shows itself in indiscriminate "treating" is a virtue unknown to Parisians.

In the second place, respectable women regularly patronize cafes in Paris and have always done so. They visit them in company with their male friends and relatives. It is true that in these newly popular brasseries the ideal German life of the family in the beer garden does not exist so perfectly, and even among the fine cafes of Paris at the present time it is necessary for ladies to make a judicious choice. But this is only to escape their own sex, and not from fear of drinking men.

THE PRESENCE OF WOMEN

of some class, however, is always to be found; and this alone would have the effect, if it were necessary, of keeping the manners of French young men subdued to the proper extent. One of the greatest safeguards of the young Parisian, in this matter of drinking as well as in many others, is his personal vanity, which is great. He objects to making a complete fool of himself, particularly in the presence of women. Above all, he is anxious to have the reputation of "knowing how to live"—savoir vivre. A Parisian is also dainty in his taste and recoils from the mere trouble of having too much alcohol in his head—just as a cat objects to wetting her feet.

THE RESPECTABLE ELEMENT.

Another important item in the life of the brasserie, which is the nearest Parisian approach to our saloon, is the presence of respectable elderly men of quiet habits—business men of the locality, who hold themselves quite as high as the corresponding class does in America. In America this quiet and well-to-do middle class man of middle age—the man of family and standing—is seldom a bar room frequenter. This is so much the case that I believe if five such men should take it into their heads to regularly patronize any given American saloon, if they should enter it each evening, sit at the table (if there should be a table) and call for beer and the evening papers, one-half of that saloon's ordinary custom would leave it in a week. After that the good, respectable gentlemen would be asked to quit the place by the terrified proprietor. In Paris men of this class have always patronized whatever places pleased them, and their presence has always acted as another check on the thoughtless and unprincipled.

All these things go to make the Paris brasserie a very different place from the American beer saloon. There remains one other item yet, perhaps the most important of them all; this item is the barkeeper. The Parisian brasserie has no barkeeper.

THERE IS NO BARKEEPER.

If there is one thing peculiar to the American saloon and quite unknown in European drinking places it is the habit of indiscriminate conversation among strangers. It leads to bar room friendships, to acquaintances between those who are not equals; it promotes the objectionable treating habit so much that it is almost responsible for it, and it is a perfect example of the evil communication which corrupts good manners. The American barkeeper is responsible for some of this. He is behind his bar. He is like a king upon a throne. He is consulted about the physical ailments and the domestic complications of many of his choicest guests, about every matter of politics and all the events of the day. You will see them gather about him as though he were a flower and they were bees. He is the center of all this profitless bar room conversation, and strangers finish with each other the talk they had begun with him.

THE DIFFERENCE IN PARIS.

Every fruit grower knows that by wrapping pears or oranges, for instance, separately in tissue paper they are prevented from mutually spoiling each other, or—what is just as important in the result—one bad apple is saved from spoiling the whole barrel. In the same way endeavor to imagine the patrons of an ordinary second-class American saloon each wrapped round in a decent habit of reserve. Then you will have something much more like a Paris brasserie. Waiter girls or no waiter girls, singing girls upon a stage and dancing girls and acrobatic men, snake charmers, comedians and even fighting chickens, if you wish them—a young fellow can sit in their midst without any too great danger. The real danger is where it is possible for old hands, old drunkards, loafers, deadbeats, prison birds, confidence men and race track touts to commence their abominable conversations in the public bar room. It is then that a dear emulation forces the green young man to keep on drinking with his new-made friends, of whose antecedents he knows nothing, and pride forbids that he should not seem to be as knowing and as hardened as themselves.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BARKEEPER.

In the Paris brasserie there is no barkeeper. In his place of master there are servants—waiters, garcons—and, to use a funny French word for these waiter girls, garconnes! They attend strictly to their business, which is that of servants. Their manners are subdued and deferential. They are not barkeepers. The proprietor or his representative sits busy at the cashier's desk. He answers all questions amiably, but he would resent it or not understand it if any one should commence a personal conversation. He is like a bookkeeper in a shoe shop, or a dry goods concern or any other place of legitimate business. Among the patrons no one stands up drinking. All sit down at little tables. Groups of friends, who are really known to each other, come to the brasserie for the sake of playing cards or dominoes and to talk among themselves over their beer. He would be a bold man who should force, or attempt to force, himself upon their company. The solitary patron sits beside his beer, smokes his cigar and reads the papers liberally furnished by the management. Sometimes he gets the waiter girl to talk to him if he is very lonely, and the man would be still bolder who would interrupt these two. Besides she is a woman, and it is very different. No patron, however lonely, would think of talking to a male waiter.

So the evening passes quietly. The beer of Munich as also the beer of Holland, Norway, Belgium and Bohemia have in all of them a tendency to reverie. The stomach is pleasurably swollen, the nerves are gently soothed and the body is revived by an alcohol whose percentage in the beer is not too high. The Parisian begins to like the beer, which is a relief from the everlasting coffee which he too often abuses, and from the nerve-shaking though seldom intoxicating aperitifs and liqueurs which he is wont at other times to drink. STERLING HEILIG.

KNIGHTS OF THE TEA URN.

Sissy Men With a Genius for Doylies, China and Velvet Rugs.

From the New York Sun.

As a contrast to the masculine girl and her swagger it might be pertinent to present the sissy man and his affectations. You see this rare exotic in full bloom at those essentially feminine ceremonies known as 5 o'clock teas, where nothing, sweetened and tied up with a bow, furnishes the repast, where soft light filters through rose-hued shades over fair faces and æstheticism revels in daintiness galore. The sissy man has his prototype in Paris and in London, and one of his chief characteristics is his devotion to the married woman, particularly if she has a monster of a husband that can't understand Browning and had rather shovel coal than read Rossetti. The sissy makes it a point to calmly ignore the husband, who would kick him out for his impertinence only that he knows what a harmless little lamb he is and thinks it would be needlessly cruel.

He knows more about the code of candy giving and the etiquette of flowers than he does about the Constitution of the United States.

He has his sweet apartments, where the foot sinks noiselessly into velvet rugs and the walls are draped with sigh-away tints and hung with pre-Raphaelite etchings. He gives his dear little teas, where the china is exquisite, the appointments elaborate and beautiful. He is up on doylies, and knows all about linen and silver. He persuades his married divinity to preside at the urn and gives himself up to the perfect ecstacy of adoring and serving her. A nice old lady who was invited to one of these teas, and went early because she thought the poor fellow wouldn't have enough spoons and napkins or think to dust the glasses, and would be terribly upset and flustered, looked on in amazement while the host made delicious creamed things in a silver chafing dish and apologized for the stupidity of his servant, who gave some one a chocolate spoon with a teacup.

And when he began telling how he had a dinner served for four every night, whether he invited any guests or not, and that there was the same order of service and quite as elaborate a menu when he dined quite alone as when his most honored guests were at the feast, because that was the proper way to train servants and manage a household, the old lady said it positively made her feel profane, like going to an Ingersoll lecture and having the Bible ridiculed, it was so opposed to all Christian customs and practices.

SHE WAS BUYING STAMPS

And Discovered That the Government Knew Nothing About Business.

From Harper's Bazar.

"How many stamps do you sell for a quarter?" she said to a stamp clerk at the post office.

"Twenty-five one cent ones or twelve two-cent ones, ma'am."

"Don't you give back the odd cent change?"

"Certainly."

"Are they the Columbian stamps or the old kind?"

"I can give you either."

"Don't the old style ones come a little cheaper now?"

"No, ma'am."

"I thought they would. They're out of style, you know."

"The government receives them the same as the new ones in payment of postage, and many people prefer them."

"But their red color doesn't match some styles of envelopes."

"I can't help that."

"Couldn't you sell me a dozen of the old two-cent ones for 15 cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"Couldn't you on Friday?"

"No, ma'am."

"But that's bargain day in the stores."

"Possibly, but not at the post office."

"When is your bargain day?"

"We don't have any."

"Not have any bargain day? Well, I never! And my husband told me the post office was run on business principles. Why, you don't know the first principles of business."

Mrs. Flora Ellis Stevens of Chama, N. M., as a notary public, recently administered the oath of office to her husband, Wm. L. Stevens, who had been elected justice of the peace.

TWO NOTABLE HOUSES

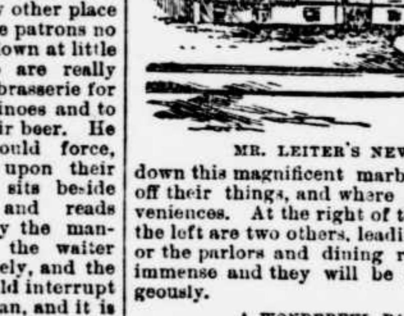
The New Residences of Senator Sherman and Mr. L. Z. Leiter.

A PALATIAL HOME.

A Trip Through Mr. Leiter's Mammoth Mansion on Dupont Circle—A Palace in Milwaukee Brick—Everything on the Wholesale Plan—Senator Sherman's K Street House—His Library Vault.

Written for The Evening Star.

EVERY VISITOR TO Washington will notice the big residence not yet completed which fronts on Dupont circle at the intersection of Massachusetts and New Hampshire avenues. It is to be the home of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, who rented the big Blaine house on Massachusetts avenue for $13,000 a year for five years. I visited Mr. Leiter's new house the other day, and in company with the steward went over it from attic to basement. An army of workmen are now hammering away at it and this, perhaps the most elegant mansion in the country, is now rapidly approaching completion. The ground on which it stands cost $100,000. It will cost thousands upon thousands of dollars to build the house, and the interest on the money invested in it will annually amount to a good-sized fortune. It is on Dupont circle and New Hampshire avenue, and it is a massive four-story building of Milwaukee brick, cream white in color and polished like marble. These bricks form the outside coating of the house and it took 150,000 of them to cover it. The bricks were all selected ones made with great care and the process of selection was so careful that out of a lot of 20,000 bricks only 3,000 were chosen. The effect of these bricks is that of marble, or rather of a delicate ivory, and the house is more beautiful than any marble palace I have ever seen. On the New Hampshire avenue side there is a vast porte cochere of white stone upheld by Ionic pillars as large around as the biggest oak tree you have ever seen and reaching to the height of a three-story house. Passing through these you come to a wide entrance way, the staircases of which are of polished white marble, beautifully carved and of the delicate tint of an iridescent pearl. The staircase leads first to the basement, where are the reception rooms, almost on a level with the ground, however, and where the guests walk



MR. LEITER'S NEW HOUSE.

down this magnificent marble staircase to take off their things, and where there are all conveniences. At the right of this staircase and at the left are two others, leading to the first floor or the parlors and dining room, and these are immense and they will be finished most gorgeously.

A WONDERFUL BASEMENT.

But first let me tell you something about the basement or ground floor. You can get lost in it. There are rooms for all sorts of purposes. Here are two for ice and cold storage. In this ice house you could stow away enough ice for a month, and in it are hooks where the beeves and sheep and game shipped to Mr. Leiter can be kept for weeks. All the beef and mutton used in this house will come from his big farm in Wisconsin. It will be killed by his own butchers and shipped direct to Washington for his use. This is now done at the Blaine mansion. Take a look at the kitchen. The stove is nine feet long and you could feed one of John Wanamaker's Sunday school picnics with the food that could be cooked on it at one time. It has a ventilator over it which runs from the kitchen to the roof and this is so operated by a fan and an extra pipe that when Mr. Leiter eats sauer kraut or codfish the smell of the cooking will go from the stove up this ventilator, and even after the dish is taken off of the stove the pipes will carry its aroma from the table to the ventilator. Another curious arrangement is the apparatus for keeping the plates warm. I venture to say that this apparatus cost at least $500, for it had to be made especially for the house. It consists of a great boiler of heavy iron as big around as a two-bushel basket and so heated by gas that a coil of pipes running from it to the butler's pantry overhead is always filled with hot water. These pipes run back and forth in the shape of a coil in a cupboard of zinc in the butler's pantry, and in this cupboard the plates are kept. They grow warm in a few minutes, and the cupboard is large enough to hold the service of a whole dinner. There is a billiard room in the basement which is 25 feet square, and this, as the whole house, is heated by hot water, the pipes being so covered up that you can't tell where the heat comes from. Under many inviting divans and beautiful resting places there will be steam pipes, and the arrangements for furnishing the heat are such that it would automatically be kept at an even temperature throughout the whole house.

THE PARLORS OF A CROESUS.

None of the finishing has yet been done as to the parlors and dining room. But I can tell you something about them. The grand hallway on the first floor is itself big enough for an ordinary house. The music hall or dancing room is about twenty-five feet wide and fifty feet long. It opens into a drawing room and a great library, which is twenty-one by forty-five feet in length. All the ceilings of this floor are fifteen feet high and all will be finished in mahogany. The upper part of the house is to be finished in cherry in its natural color, polished like a piano, and of the finest selected varieties. The third floor, of the same wood, is to be painted a delicate ivory and all the woodwork of the house will be like mirrors. The floors are to be of quartered oak and of the heart of Georgia pine. Only the finest of selected woods are used, and thoroughly seasoned woods brought from the planing mills are reseasoned here before they are put down.

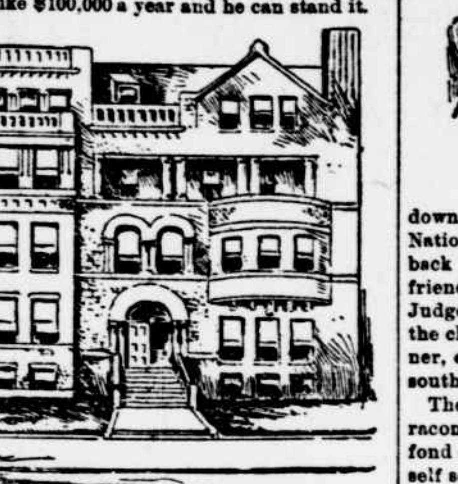
TURNING DAY INTO NIGHT.

I can't begin to describe the queer conceits of this house. The lighting is to be a revelation. Electricity will turn night into day, and in the dining room and in the music hall the electric lights will be so arranged that no one can see where the light comes from, but the rooms will be brilliantly lighted by the pressing of a button. The whole house has electric lights and electric bells. In each room there is a bell for the butler and the ladies' maid and a third servant, whose name I forget. The lights are so arranged that you can touch one button and light the whole house, or you can turn on the light on a single floor or in a single room. The electric wires of the building are all incased in tubes, so that if anything gets out of order you can pull the wire out from the tube and pull another within it at the same time without disturbing the house. These tubes run all over the house. The tubes from the electric light wires are brass, those for the electric bells are of a different composition, but both are made so that they are non-conductors, and the wires are also wrapped in some non-conducting material.

MAGNIFICENT MANTELS AND BIG BATH TUBS.

The mantels are to be magnificent. There is one made of green marble in the dining room running from the floor to the ceiling which is made up of eight thousand different pieces of marble, and which looks more like malachite than anything else. The dining room is paneled in mahogany, and some of the most beautiful rooms in the house to me are the bath rooms. These are floored and walled with ivory tilings, and many of them are as large as fair sized bed rooms. There are ten bath rooms in the house, all finished in this way, and each equipped with a bath tub of solid porcelain so large that you could scald a hog in it without scratching the sides. I don't know how many bed rooms there are in this house, but many of them are twenty-five feet square and the ceilings are about fourteen feet high. Nearly every bed room has its own bath room and the rooms are arranged in suites and single, so that you can have just what you want.

Mr. L. Z. Leiter, who is building this mansion, has not been in this country for months, and he is now going up the Nile with his family. His wonderful fortune is a queer instance of American ups and downs. Only a few years ago he was living in a cheap boarding house in Columbus, clerking for a few dollars a week. He began his career in Chicago as a bookkeeper, became eventually a partner in the firm of Field, Leiter & Company, and when he retired sold his interest there for something like $3,000,000. He owns blocks in Chicago, railroad stocks which are worth millions, and he has an income which will enable him to build just how and what he pleases. He is now in his prime and he will probably enjoy his new home for some years to come. It will cost him nearly as much as the President's salary to entertain in it, but his income must be something like $100,000 a year and he can stand it.



JOHN SHERMAN'S MANSION.

Another fine house which will be open next year is Senator Sherman's marble residence facing Franklin Park. I spoke to Senator Sherman about it the other day and he told me he expected to live in it. Said he: "I have a natural bent for building and I suppose I would have been an architect or builder had I not gone into public life. My house is rapidly approaching completion and we expect to be in it next fall." Since then I have visited the house. It is more than fifty feet front and about 100 feet deep. You enter a wide hall in which you could easily turn a two-horse wagon without touching the walls, and on the right of this is the Senator's library and on the left are the parlors, and back of them the dining room. All of these rooms are very large and the Senator's library is twenty-five feet long. In the back of it there is a great vault with a safe door and time lock on it for the storing away of papers and other valuables. Senator Sherman has some of the most valuable correspondence in existence. He has been in public life for nearly forty years and his papers are full of unwritten history. A great many of them are now stored in the vaults of his library in Mansfield, which are made in the same fireproof way that this vault is, and it is probable that some of these papers may be brought here when this house is completed. The parlors of the house are beautifully finished and they will be frescoed in the finest manner. The woodwork of the whole house is of the choicest of hard wood. Some of the chambers are finished in beautiful bird's-eye maple. The dining room has a paneled oak ceiling and the parlor is finished in white satinwood. The woodwork of the house was brought from Ohio and a great part of the work is being done there. Senator Sherman at one time owned a lumber yard and planing mill and he knows all about different kinds of wood and the selections show excellent taste. I don't know how many rooms there are in the house, but I should judge at least thirty. There are at least half a dozen bath rooms, which are finished in tiles, and the bed rooms are large and airy. It is a curious thing to note that the Senator is building this house on ground which he bought fully a generation ago. When he was in Congress he lived down on C street near the Capitol and when he told Mrs. Sherman he was going to buy a house facing Franklin Square she objected strongly and thought it was away out of the world. Franklin Square was then a kind of ball ground and it was on the edge of the residential part of Washington. Since then the town has crept up around it and two miles beyond it and the ground has become so valuable that you have to carpet it with $2 bills in order to get possession of it. Senator Sherman first built the house in which he now lives when he was Secretary of the Treasury and he has now torn down the one into which he moved when he first came here and put this magnificent mansion on its site. K street is one of the most fashionable streets of the capital, and Secretary Carlisle lives in a brick house in the next block to Senator Sherman. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MAYBE THE OLDEST WATCH.

Dated Nearly a Century Before the Earliest Record of Watchmaking.

From the Carson Appeal.

Sam Longabaugh of Empire has in his possession probably one of the most valuable relics in the country. It is a timepiece in the shape of a watch and bearing the name of "Joseph Davis, London, 1221." The genuineness of the article is unquestioned, and its great value lies in the fact that the earliest record of a pocket timepiece is 1494 and is Swiss.

The Davis watch has been an heirloom of the Swan family for nearly 200 years. It finally came into the possession of Frank Swan, one of the family, who lives in Nevada. He did not appreciate the value of the watch, and gave it to his children to play with, and when Mr. Longabaugh first saw it, about fourteen years ago, the hands had been broken off and one of the three cases within which the works were inclosed was lost. He recognized its value and secured it from Swan. The watch was examined by Tucker, the San Francisco jeweler, and, after making researches, he pronounced it genuine. More recently Hight & Fairchild of Butte made a search in the misty past, but the earliest date they could find of the existence of watches was 1300.

The watch in question doubtless represents the labor of many years, as it was made entirely by hand, and the tool marks throughout all its parts are plainly visible, and the watch was probably the only one made by Mr. Davis of London. The machinery consists of a large steel balance wheel, which works with a pendulum like a lever, and in place of the modern hair spring is a long steel chain, which winds and unwinds upon pulleys. Another large wheel, the purpose of which is not apparent, looks like a belt wheel on a threshing machine.

The works are protected and held together by a fine ornamental network of brass carved out by hand and riveted together with brass rivets which show plain hammer marks. On the back of the works is a polished steel face similar to the second dial on a modern watch, but the figures run from one to six. The object of it has never been figured out by any of the jewelers who have examined it. The face of the watch is of polished steel and, the hours are marked by raised Roman numerals. Around the edge of the face are figures from five to sixty to represent either seconds or minutes. In the center of the dial is the British coat-of-arms in raised brass, consisting of the crown lion and unicorn.

The whole works are inclosed in a silver hemisphere, the silver being hammered and shaped by hand, the indentures of the hammer showing distinctly. On the outside of the silver case is another of hammered brass, and the evidence is plain that at one time there was still a third case on the outside of these two. The watch was wound up with some kind of a key, the keyhole being protected by a rude trap or sliding door.

The watch has a stem nearly two inches long and a ring on the end large enough to hitch a horse to. The stem is of solid silver and in the middle is nearly half worn away, which alone is a slight indication of its extreme age. The watch is said to have been in running order up to about twenty years ago. It weighs about four ounces and in shape looks like a base ball cut in halves.

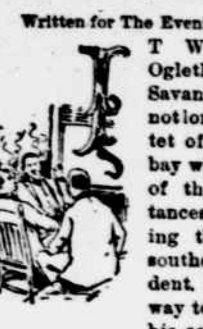
Cheap and Yet High Art.

"Just imagine furnishing a flat with blue jean!" said Mrs. Wittikins the other day. "That is just what Peggy has done with her apartments. Everything in them is blue denim—the furniture coverings, the window curtains, the portieres, the mantel draperies, the table cloths and even the carpets. Just fancy carpets of denim! Who would ever have imagined that it could be pretty? As a matter of fact it is perfectly lovely. The whole floor is covered with it, over paper wadding, of course, just as it might have been with filling-in carpet, and the carpet, you know, is admirable. It has one great advantage over any other floor covering I ever heard of, in that it can be taken up and put in the washtub when it gets dirty. Over it are strewn a number of small rugs, and I do assure you the effect is most artistic. The table cloths and curtains have edges embroidered with coarse white linen thread in a showy outline design and finished with heavy white lace. Some of the furniture is embroidered, too, but most of it is simply tufted with white buttons. The dark blue sets off every bit of contrasting color in the room; the yellow and pink silk sofa cushions seem twice as gay as any others I ever saw, and Peggy's dark red tea gown looks too sweet for anything as she sits in a big high-backed chair. In short, every one is raving over those rooms—and denim costs but 15 cents a yard."

HOW JIM'S WIFE WENT SOUTH.

BY H. O. LELAND.

Written for The Evening Star.



IT WAS AT THE Oglethorpe Club, in Savannah, one evening not long ago. The quartet of men in the big bay window were three of them old acquaintances, although meeting that day in the southern city by accident. Pond was on his way to Palatka to join his coast survey party; Georgeson had been down at Key West on a collecting trip for the National Museum, and was now on his way back to Washington; Middlebrook, a college friend of Pond's, was visiting in Savannah with Judge Borden, who had introduced the trio at the club and was now, after a perfect little dinner, entertaining them with story after story of southern life before and during the war.

The judge was an elderly man, famous as a raconteur, and, young in heart himself, was fond of younger men, and never enjoyed himself so well as on occasions of this kind; but he finally stopped short after a yarn about the occupation of Savannah by Sherman's army.

"Don't ask me for any more, boys. Those were great days, and you may well regret that you were born so late. I would hardly exchange my experience for all your youth and ambition. Let me see. You're the oldest of the three, Mr. Pond, and yet I'll warrant you remember nothing of the war."

Pond, a tall, dark fellow of thirty odd, well known in scientific circles in Washington, smiled broadly:

"I was thinking, judge," he said, "while you were telling that experience of your wife's at Nashville of an experience another little woman had at the north about the same time, and while, as you suppose, I remember nothing of the war myself, I have a vivid personal interest in this event."

"Let us hear it," said the judge. "It's only fair that the other side should be given a chance." And calling for cigars and a fresh bottle of moselle the judge settled back in his easy chair in a comfortable red-faced way, as good a listener as he was a talker.

"The little woman in my mind," said Pond, "was living in Baltimore in 1862. She was only twenty, but had been married two years and a girl baby of nearly a year occupied her time day and night. Six months before her husband had been sent to North Carolina and was acting as naval storekeeper at an important station of the North Atlantic squadron, and she had been left in a boarding house with a widowed aunt.

"It was awfully hard on the poor little thing to live away from her husband, but of course it was no place for her down there; so she had to make the best of it on his infrequent letters. She actually used to put the baby up in her high chair and make believe that she was Jim just back from the south, and she'd tell her how much she loved him and how lonesome she'd been while he was gone and what a good baby she had been and how glad he would be to see her, until she was all mixed up in her personal pronouns and broke down and cried over her own poor little game.

"In fact, it only took about seven months to make her desperate. In spite of Jim's description of the desolation of the place, and in fact partly because of it, she made up her mind to join him. Three-quarters of Jim's salary had been coming to her every month from the paymaster general's office in Philadelphia, and so she wrote to that official and told him plainly that she must get transportation to Wilmington, N. C., and that she would die, or something of the sort, if she didn't. In a few days a reply came, on official paper, signed 'J. C. Smith, assistant,' stating that it was practically impossible to comply with her request, but that an opportunity might come by some possibility at some future day, and asking further particulars as to her reasons, whether her husband was sick and whether she was strong enough to stand such a rough journey.

"The little woman replied in full, and thinking 'J. C. Smith' to be a person of great importance, made as strong an appeal to him as possible. His reply, which came promptly, strengthened her idea of his importance, for he stated that he had been touched by her appeal and that it was fortunate that her original letter had come to him, for he would be able to do more for her than any one in Philadelphia. And then more questions were asked and the correspondence was continued, on her part with the single idea that 'the good Mr. Smith' was doing his best to secure her passage to Wilmington, while on his part it was a 'flirtation with a little grass widow,' with perhaps something further in view, for the scoundrel was only a clerk in the office and of bad reputation, as was afterward found.

"At last a letter came, written as usual on official paper, stating that the chance had come, that the coal schooner Sarah Jane would sail for the station from pier 8, Richmond, just outside of Philadelphia, on the following Wednesday and that the little woman should come to Philadelphia on the train arriving at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening and should go to Kruger's Hotel on Blank street, where 'Mr. J. C. Smith' would meet her and see that she was made comfortable and put on the vessel in the best shape imaginable.

"Then she was happy! She told her aunt that she and the baby were going to join Jim and in spite of the strongest protestations proceeded to pack her trunk.

"She had never traveled, except from the native farm down on the eastern shore to Baltimore, and the old lady insisted that in her inexperience and with a young baby she would meet with all sorts of trouble and would probably not get there alive. Smith had stated in his letter that there was only room in the Sarah Jane for one passenger and so the aunt could not have gone too.

"In spite of everything, however, the trunk was packed and with the baby's crib and the pet rocking chair was put on board the train late Tuesday afternoon and the little woman and the baby had a whole seat to themselves and rattled over to Philadelphia in the bumpety-bump fashion of the sixties. Holding the baby on one arm the little mother pulled out Smith's letter and read it over two or three times and every time she read it her mind misgave her more. The most innocent, unsuspecting person in the world herself, some good angel must have put suspicion into her mind, or, if not suspicion, at least the idea that it would be safest to go straight to the schooner, for might it not sail without her if she went to the hotel?

"And so, when the train drew into Philadelphia and the passengers were discharged into the mob of howling hackmen her woman's intuition picked out the only honest one in the lot, a young Irishman, and she asked him how much he would charge to take her to pier 8, Richmond.

"'Howly mother!' he said, 'Oi cuddent do it fur a cint under sivin dollars. It ud take four hours.'

"Then she told him that she was going to join her husband in the south, and that she hadn't but ten dollars with her, and she would need most of it for other things, and so he dropped to three, for he was 'just back from the ar-r-my' himself, and 'wuddent rob a soldier's wife,' and the trunk and crib and rocking chair were piled on the old trap, and the mother and baby climbed into the musty interior, and the jolty, gloomy, interminable ride began.

"Richmond and pier 8 were reached at last, and the Irishman and the little woman, both loaded with baggage, went, as directed, out to the end of the pier and across four vessels in all stages of lading, until the Sarah Jane was reached. The captain was on shore and the mate was so taken by surprise that trunk and furniture were deposited on the deck and the hackman was paid and had gone before he recovered enough to ask what under the sun she wanted.

"'Are you the captain of this vessel?' asked the little woman. And when he said that he was not and that the captain had gone ashore, but was expected back soon, she calmly said she'd wait and seated herself in the little rocking chair, between trunk and cradle, and rocked to and fro, singing softly to the baby, until after a while big, round-shouldered, down-east Capt. Grimes made his appearance.

"'How de do, mom,' he said, 'I'm Cappen Grimes and the boys sez you want to see me.' (This was a New England twang the little woman had never heard before.)

"'Capt. Grimes, weren't you expecting me?' And her heart began to sink.

"'Wal, no, mom! I can't say as I exactly was.' Then looking at the trunk, 'You don't mean to tell me as you calculate to ship with us?'

"'Why, I was sent for to Baltimore by Mr. Smith of the paymaster general's office, and he wrote me that he had arranged everything and that I was to sail for Wilmington on the Sarah Jane first thing in the morning.' And, nearly ready to cry, the poor little thing stood there in the lantern light with her baby hugged tight to her breast, the picture of distress.

"'I never sot eyes on your 'Mr. Smith' and I never heern tell of him and there ain't no possibility for you to go on any such a craft as this here,' said the old fellow, 'so you'd just better come ashore with me, mom, and one of the boys 'll fetch your things, and I'll take you to a respectable tavern.'

"The little girl nearly broke down, but with tears in her eyes and great sobs in her voice she told the captain her story and begged him to take her. And when he said that he had no room, no place in which he could put her and nothing to give her to eat, she declared that she could sleep on deck and if they had hard tack and water that would be enough for her, and seeing denial still in his grim old face she choked down her sobs and sat resolutely down in her chair and said she would stay, they must take her and that was the end of it. The captain still expostulated, but she said with a lofty air that the letter from the paymaster general of the navy, which she had in her pocket, was authority enough for him, and that he'd be paid for the passage if that was what he wanted and that (with great emphasis) she was—going—to—stay?

"Then she rocked back and forth with great spirit, and as the baby began to whimper, 'Yes, mother's darling, it is going to see its father, and no cruel-hearted old sailor is going to make it stay any longer! There, there, there, go-to-sleep, go-to-sleep!'

"It was a hard fight, but she won! The old fellow gave in grumblingly and went below to see about ways and means. He gave her his own bunk and rigged up screens for her, and she had presence of mind enough to smile and thank him warmly when he showed her the miserable hole, and to praise the greasy bacon and hard tack and wretched coffee they brought her in the morning.

"The voyage was a hard one, but she sat on deck in her chair all day long. The few men on board were very respectful, and the captain and mate made much of the baby. There was nasty weather rounding Cape Hatteras, and at one time they were in great danger, but the little woman could not be made to go below. Advice, entreaties nor commands had any effect. Stationing herself abaft the mainmast, or somewhere on deck, she stuck out the storm, her eyes turned always to the sou'-sou'-west, where Jim was.

"And when at last they glided behind the breakwater and the harbormaster's boat put out to meet them, with Jim on board, there she stood, near the bow, her baby in her arms, her eyes brimming with tears and her face transfigured with gladness."

"She was a plucky little girl, said the judge as Pond concluded; 'and luckier, too, than many another poor wife was in those days. But did they never learn anything more about that fellow, Smith?"

"Yes! The husband wrote to a friend in the office and the matter was investigated. It was found to have been a most fortunate thing that the little woman went straight to the schooner. Smith was discharged with a little extremely plain talk from the general which resulted in his departure for other scenes."

"But where comes in that vivid personal interest which you said you had in the story?" asked Middlebrook.

"Why," said Pond, as he relighted his cigar, "I married the baby."

DOMESTIC CATECHISM.

A Sharp Husband Hits Upon a Grand Scheme to Save Trouble.

From the Boston Globe.

The other day a thin, tired-looking man entered the office of a printing house, and, approaching the proprietor, said:

"I want to have a list printed. Suppose you write it down as I tell you."

The proprietor made ready, and the man said:

"Yes; I am sure I locked the front door. Have you got that?"

"Yes; but I don't understand."

"Never mind; don't interrupt me till I have finished. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"I turned out the light in the bath room."

"All right; I've got it."

"The kitchen windows are fastened."

"Yes."

"The dog is in the cellar."

"Yes."

"The servants are all in."

"Yes."

"The stable door is locked."

"Yes."

"The kitten is out of doors."

"Yes."

"I turned off the draughts of the range."

"Yes."

"No, I do not smell smoke."

"Yes."

"No, the water is not running in the bath room."

"Yes."

"I do not think I hear any one trying to get into the house."

"Yes."

"No, that is not our dog barking; it's the one next door."

"Yes."

"It is not necessary to go down and see if the cellar door is fastened. I know it is."

"Yes."

"That is nobody; it is only the wind rattling the shutters."

"Yes."

"Well, I think that's about all. You see my wife asks me certain questions every night just as I am getting into bed, and if I had a printed list I could show to her would save lots of trouble. Besides that, it injures my lungs to answer them. Have the lists printed as soon as possible, please."

AFRAID TO RISK IT.

Something That Made a Bride Hesitate to Make a Court Room Marriage.

From the Omaha Morning World-Herald.

Among the applicants for marriage licenses who were before Judge Eller yesterday were Fred W. Randall and Bertie Brubaker, who had come up from Beatrice to be joined in matrimony. They were both up to the requisite age, and Mr. Walkup did not hesitate to draw up the preliminary affidavits. When he had dotted the last i and crossed the last t the young woman, who had apparently been buried in deep thought, remarked:

"I don't believe I care to get married."

"You don't?" cried the startled bridegroom.

"No, I guess not," and she started out.

The young man followed her and they held a brief conversation among the books and papers of the outer office, when Mr. Walkup, with dreams of an elopement in mind, suggested that they might have the inner room for a private discussion if they desired. They entered and were for some time engaged in earnest talk, the bridegroom expectant arguing for all he was worth. Finally the girl gave in and agreed to carry the affair through and the judge was called from the bench to fix it up before she could again change her mind.

"By thunder! it was mighty lucky and it was nearly unlucky that you had a judge around handy then," observed the newly married man, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"What was the matter?" the clerk inquired.

"Why, there's some kind of a lawsuit going on in there, isn't there?" indicating the direction of the court room, from which the voices of attorneys in dispute were heard. It was a case in which one member of a family living in South Omaha was trying to get money from another, and some vigorous family truths were being told. "Well, she had been listening to the way they were testifying about family troubles and it had scared her out."

It was true. The dissension bred by marriage in the South Omaha family and wafted over the transom had nearly spoiled the hopes of another couple.

HE WASN'T THERE.

The Course of True Love is Crossed by the Small Brother.

From the Detroit Free Press.

When the course of true love does not run smooth it frequently happens that a small brother of one of the lovers is the rock in the stream.

That was the case with Mr. Spatts and Miss Kissam. The young man was waiting for his adored one to descend to the parlor, when Tommy came in and observed, curiously:

"I don't see 'em."

"Don't see what?" asked Spatts, mystified.

"The two strings."

"What two strings?"

"Why, the two strings tied to you."

"What on earth do you mean, Tommy?" asked the young man.

"Ain't you sister's beau?" demanded Tommy, who thought the best way to answer questions was by asking more.

"Why?" replied Spatts. I suppose that in colloquial terms I might be alluded to in that way."

"Then you must be the chap she meant."

"Who meant?"

"Sister."

"What did she say?"

"I heard her tell mamma she had two strings to her beau."

That is why, when Miss Kissam came into the parlor five minutes afterward, looking just too sweet for anything, Mr. Spatts wasn't there.

Susan B. Anthony had a warm friend in the late Justice Lamar, who was always willing to interest himself in her work.

Written for The Evening Star.

ROUGHING IT IN FLORIDA.

A Party of Prominent New Yorkers Off for a Holiday.

JOLLY TIMES AT JUPITER INLET—GOOD STORIES ABOUT SENATOR BRICE AND "LARRY" JEROME—ENJOYING GOOD FISHING AND BALMY BREEZES—WHY JEROME WOULDN'T SING—NO EXTRA TROUSERS IN THE CROWD.

Mr. Frank Carpenter's recent article in THE STAR, "Chats with Great Men," in which he wrote very entertainingly of Senator Brice's Washington life and of his political aspirations, recalls to my memory a week spent in the society of Senator (then plain Mr.) Brice and his charming wife at Jupiter Inlet, Florida, in the early part of March, 1888.

I had just completed the construction of the United States military telegraph line from Titusville, Florida, to Jupiter light house, one hundred and forty miles southward along the Indian river lagoons, and had gone on a trip of inspection to see that the work had been properly finished and that the government buildings at Jupiter were satisfactory. My wife was with me on the trip, and it so happened that on the same steamer were Mrs. Brice, Mrs. Cannon, wife of President Arthur's controller of the currency, and Mrs. Moore, wife of the well-known New York banker.

The Moores and Cannons were guests, as it turned out, of the Brices, for a southern outing, and they had left their luxurious private car behind at the Titusville terminus of the railroad and were on their way to Jupiter for a few days of roughing it with no other luggage than their hand-bags and the clothes on their backs.

Their husbands had preceded them by several days' start on a sloop of about six tons, and the ladies were constantly on the lookout as we voyaged southward among the fairy isles of "The Beautiful Indian River" for a sight of the little craft on which their lords were supposed to be suffering for the luxuries, if not the necessaries, of life. I shall never forget the first sight I had of Ohio's present junior Senator. As the Georgiana slowly drew up to the dock at Saint Lucie we descried several sloops moored alongside that crazy structure, and upon the wharf half a dozen gentlemen in a variety of remarkable costumes were earnestly engaged in confab with sundry natives and boatmen. It seems that the natives were trying to convince the visitors of unusual garb that the magnificent oysters, red snappers, bluefish, bass and sea trout then lying in profusion on the dock had really been captured in the adjacent crystal waters and inlets; the gentlemen stoutly protesting that the captains and guides of their sloops had thus far failed to steer them up against anything more animated than coquina reefs and sand bars. It was a remarkable group. Mr. Brice wore a gorgeously brilliant red and blue smoking jacket, variegated slippers and an old straw hat. As we neared the little wharf the gentlemen on shore recognized their ladies on our decks, but wives were just then a secondary consideration. Mr. Brice held up a large sea trout by its tail and the whole group, pointing to the bivalves and fish, yelled in earnest chorus: "See! they catch these near here. We stay right here; we go no further." It then appeared that Messrs. Brice, Moore and Cannon somewhere on their southward voyage had spoken a second sloop which happened to contain the well-known millionaires, Mr. Hanna of Cleveland and Mr. Ellis of Philadelphia, and last but not least by any means that genial art and prince of good fellows, "Larry" Jerome, as he was lovingly called by his friends. When the six occupants of these two sloops fell in with each other somewhere amid the "Thousand Islands" of the Indian river narrows, they at once joined forces and proceeded under easy sail southward. And so we came upon them at Saint Lucie. As the ladies could not possibly stop at Saint Lucie, there being no accommodations for them either on shore or on board their husbands' sloop, the gentlemen finally but reluctantly agreed to continue their voyage to Jupiter, as they had set out to do, and to overtake and join their wives there.

AT JUPITER INLET.

Our good little steamer arrived safely at Jupiter inlet late the same evening, but the sloops did not reach there until the next day with their nondescript looking principals. Mr. Brice still continued to wear his vivid smoking jacket and slippers. Mr. Hanna had on a serviceable shooting coat, corduroys and leather leggings. Mr. Ellis wore some old shooting clothes and a tall peaked slouched hat in which he sported an enormous feather and a number of very long knitting or darning needles stuck through one side at a rakish angle. You never would have guessed that a member of Philadelphia's most exclusive set (almost "a Biddle," I may say) strode about under that wonderful headpiece. Messrs. Cannon and Moore had started on the trip with Mr. Brice from Titusville in ordinary business garb, but from a five days' fishing and boating and rough life on the sloop, with the eccentric modifications added to their toilets from time to time, had transformed them into veritable pirates bold. On arrival at Jupiter these six voyagers had enough of roughing it in a little sloop, and, discharging their quondam skippers and guides, they all sought shelter aboard the great steamer Chattahoochee, which was moored in the inside waters of the inlet and used for hotel purposes to accommodate just such wayfarers as ourselves. This steamboat-hotel Chattahoochee was a very large Mississippi river boat which had been brought around from New Orleans for the purpose above mentioned and was in command of jolly Capt. Fitzgerald, whom all Indian river travelers of that and subsequent seasons will remember. The delightful climate, the soft heavenly blue of sea and sky, the fragrant balmy breezes that fanned our checks as we sat upon the hurricane deck of our delightful marine hotel, gazing seaward and watching the passing steamships out in the gulf stream, or the vast schools of fish that invaded the waters of the inlet with every incoming tide, and the many bright plumaged birds ever on the wing, all combined to delight the senses with lasting impressions. Larry Jerome insisted on fishing steadily from 5 o'clock in the morning until after sundown every day, his younger companions nearly killing themselves in trying to fish as early, as often and as long as he did. The ladies enjoyed the acres of beautiful shells on the white sands of the beach, crawling about on all fours to gather all they could carry, and then throwing them away that they might gather more, all just like a bevy of girls of twelve or fifteen years. The gentlemen would return after dark from their fishing all day, so tired they could hardly drag themselves on board, and after a mysterious but very brief visit to jolly Capt. Fitzgerald's state room they would appear at the supper table with such appetites. Jerome was the wit of the brilliant party, and while his mobile countenance never showed a trace of a smile when talking, he was such an overflowing, bubbling fountain of fun and humor that no one could eat with safety while he was speaking, for one never knew what instant the inevitable explosion would come. One day Jerome, that he might more conveniently prosecute his fishing mania as the morning grew warm, took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his nether garments to his knees and in this fashion continued to wade about in the warm salt water and on the burning sands until nightfall, so intent upon his sport that he never noticed the lobster-like hue that Old Sol was burning into the white skin of his ankles and calves. At supper time the poor old gentleman began to feel the pain and smarting of his sun-burned legs, and he berated Hanna and Ellis for allowing him to commit such an indiscretion. He said he had "supposed he was with men and not boys," and that he had "given them credit for some little sense;" he was "surprised and pained that men of their years, who he had always believed to be his friends, should allow him to be so indiscreet and to do himself such a mischief." He "certainly should never trust them again," and so on. Next morning the poor old fellow could not get out of his bed, his legs were so burned and swollen, and for once he did no fishing.

WHY MR. BRICE DID NOT GO.

On one occasion the whole party was to go to the beach to gather shells, but when the hour arrived Mr. Brice was nowhere to be seen. Finally, as we were about to pull off without him, Mrs. Brice decided on some pretext that she would remain behind on the steamer. It finally became known that Brice was in his state room bunk awaiting repairs to a bad rent in his only pair of trousers, which delicate operation his wife had not quite finished when the boat left for the beach. I am certain there was not an extra pair of trousers in that whole party, and none to be had nearer than Titusville, 140 miles away. Our play time finally came to an end, and the whole party came up river together on the next steamer. On the northward voyage, as we were sailing among the green islands, in the beautiful tropical evening, one of the ladies of the party remarked that there lacked but one thing to complete the scene and our happiness at the same time, and that was for Mr. Jerome to sing a song. (He had a fine voice with his many other accomplishments.) One of the gentlemen was immediately dispatched as ambassador to "Larry's" state room with request from all the ladies that he should kindly come forward and sing for them. The gentleman found him bathing and anointing his sunburns of a few days before, and so the ambassador returned with "Mr. Jerome's compliments to the ladies. He was very sorry not to be able to oblige them, but he was still moulting, and therefore could not sing." Next morning Mr. Jerome and his two friends left us at Rock Ledge, and Mr. Brice and his party boarded their private car at Titusville and resumed their journey through the south.