CHRISTMAS CROWDS

The Gay and Lively Throngs That Fill the Streets and Stores.

SOME STUDIES OF A SAUNTERER

Pictures Taken at Random From the Passing Holiday Panorama.

MAKING HEARTS HAPPY

Christmas times are certainly here. The busy streets, the crowds with bundle-filled arms and faces bright with expectancy and pleasure, the store windows stuffed with gay, beautiful and attractive articles, the rush, crush, bustle and confusion throughout the business section, all show that Washington has given itself over body and soul to the glorious holiday season and is reveling in its gladness and glamor and gaiety. Today it began in earnest, and all next week, until the last little stocking is hung up and the last little restless, towzled head has fallen back

A Busy Spot.

on its pillow to get filled with Christmas eve dreams of Kris Kringle, the panorama will pass rapidly by in time to a merry tune whose notes are human heart beats.

The same scenes have occurred every last week in December since Christianity became fully organized and began to win its battles for the betterment of the world; and the same custom of the giving of gifts that the wise men of the east established on Christ's natal morn at the humble manger in Palestine has been continued and enlarged upon, until the soul is poor and wretched indeed which is not inspired by the sentiment of the season.

It would be pretty hard to find such a one in Washington, if the crowds are a criterion, or a peep behind chamber doors gives one evidence to go upon, for Christmas presents are not confined to articles sold in the shops by any means. Who can tell, for instance, the number of dainty, pink-nailed fingers that are putting the last embroidery stitches upon slippers intended for feet that may perhaps tread in the same life path with the tiny ones that are tapping in time to her needle?

Work of Dainty Fingers.

Who can tell the quantity of shaving paper holders who are now drying their artistically painted backs in the sun previous to being dispatched to youths whose wrists have not yet learned the management of a keen-bladed razor? Who can estimate the thousand and one other varieties of home manufactured articles that are now being made to gladden some near

An Attractive Window.

and dear one on Christmas morning, and what imagination is elastic enough to even hint at the vast amount of love and affection worked into the sweet remembrances? The mere thought of all this heart work being done in the quiet of numberless homes almost takes the breath away and contemplation of the busy streets and their scenes scarcely inspire wonder after it, and such scenes there are on every hand in the shops and out of them. Each hurrying passer by is on a sentimental journey, and they put so much of their feeling into their purchases that the very bundle boys are unconsciously inspired to whistle merry tunes as they wrap them up.

A good place to study the people is in the toy department of one of the big stores. That is where The Star man went this morning.

There was a world of extravagancies and novelties and a wilderness of moderate priced and familiar things that make children happy, and the crowd that filled all standing space selected and purchased according to their purses, for only the rich can follow their inclinations in such a

Buy Me That.

place as that. There were electric toys of intricate pattern and wonderful powers; there were engines drawing trains of cars around circular tracks and running like cars on real railroads; there were dolls, with aptly concealed graphophones, that made them ask for mamma and papa and complain of having the stomach ache; there was, in a word, everything that ingenuity could manufacture and wealth command, and the fragile, costly things were destined to create a few hours' uproarious fun in uptown nurseries and then to be quickly shattered by the darlings of the rich, as their more humble brethren in the world of infantile amusement which would go to dislocation in the back yards down town.

Revelation to a Woman.

One woman, fur-clad and silk-gowned, and escorted by one of the smiling proprietors, swept through the place with indolent elegance. She merely nodded as extravagance after extravagance was shown her, and thus showed assent to its purchase. Suddenly something caught her eye and transfixed it. A glad smile broke the dimples on her cheek, and her lips parted with pleasure.

"Oh, I must have that for Ned," she exclaimed. "I remember how glad I was when Uncle Jack sent me one years and years ago."

It was a funny old jack-in-the-box, ridiculously bedizened and wearing a comical look of amazement on his face that had carried her back to her own childhood, and made her lose all sense that she was performing a perfunctory duty in buying her little ones Christmas gifts. She no longer had any taste for the new-fangled notions. She plunged into the old-time articles and she picked out the ugliest false

Undecided.

faces, the noisiest horns, tin whistles that fairly shrieked, for she tried them herself, to the great amusement of the crowd, and when she was bowed out to her carriage she was a changed woman, and wondered what had ever made her think that children were a nuisance, "particularly at Christmas."

When We Were Young.

Another woman came in, and a man was with her. The fur trimming on her black coat was bald in places, and there were worn spots on his chinchilla overcoat. She asked the price of an engine and cars, and her lips quivered despairingly as the heavy sum was named. Then he whispered to her, and her eyes brightened. A big wooden boat painted gorgeously, and the exact image of Noah's ark, according to the juvenile idea, was passed over to the couple. Of course he had told her that little Willie would just as soon have a boat as a train of cars, and, besides, he could have such fun sailing it in the bath tub and giving the animals a swim.

Another sweet-faced woman purchased several simple toys, and one was a riding stick, with an impudent monkey's head at the end. The observer had one once, and he looked into the woman's home and saw a little fellow riding it proudly up and down. Then he saw his little baby sister get hold of it and suck away until all the paint on the monkey was transferred to her system, and he saw the doctor come, and the silence in the household; and then he saw the baby outdoors again, thin and peaked, but getting well again, and saw the boy looking for his riding stick and not finding it any more, just as he did thirty years ago.

Then the thought struck the observer that one Christmas and another he had come into possession of pretty nearly all

An Old Friend.

the articles of moderate character that the toy department contained. He had carried that very gun over there; worn that very sword hanging by it; slid down Capitol Hill on that sled; ridden this hobby horse, until he distracted his grandfather time and time again, and scared the new cook from Virginia nearly to death with the identical false face grinning on the shelf just behind the pretty clerk with the chestnut hair done up in a Grecian coil.

It was wonderful how all those things had been resurrected and rejuvenated and gathered together again to make other little children glad.

Mr. Lamont's Search.

Then his reverie was broken. Along came the proprietor again with a distinguished customer, and The Star man wondered what Secretary Lamont was going to buy for the Cleveland children, because he said he wanted to get something for them, as well as his other little friends. His guide has a great fund of humor, as those who know him could tell if his name was divulged. With a sly smile he picked up the exact counterfeit of a rooster, feathers and all, and when he set it down again it raised its head and crowed in excellent imitation of a barn yard chanticleer with the laryngitis.

"How will that do?" inquired the proprietor.

"No," replied Mr. Lamont, with something like a sigh. "I don't think that would be appropriate to send to the White House at this particular time."

Then he selected lots of other things, but the President and cabinet people all

"For Christmas, Sor."

read The Star, and it wouldn't do to tell what Secretary Lamont bought, because they might tell their children.

Out in the streets again went the observer, and up and down through the throngs. St. Giles jostled St. James aside from the gem-filled windows of jewelry stores to feast his eyes on the unattainable. Flushed faced young men leaned over the counters within uncertain about which beautiful bracelet would look most attractive upon the whitest and roundest arm in the whole wide world.

Sedate matrons and just budded maidens hesitated among the profusion of trinkets before choosing remembrances for those who were near and dear, and a plaintive voice at the elbow begged a few pennies, "for Christmas, sor," and went off with the reply to get his Christmas—but it makes no difference where.

And so the panorama went, and so it will go till the last gift is bought and the last heart made happy. A man named Dickens once saw this panorama in his own dear old London town, and went back of it to where all the separate pictures were, and the same joy and the same pathos, the same gladness and the same gloom that he found and drew out of their hiding places to perpetuate for all people to come are here in Washington today. But those who watch it out of doors and enjoy its prettiness only see the gladness of it and its high lights of incident, for the crowds are lively and merry, and if anybody has a heavy heart he keeps it to himself.

JACK THE RIPPER

Now an Inmate of an Insane Asylum in London.

THE WORK OF A MONOMANIAC

The Story of His Crimes and His Apprehension.

HIS IDENTITY KNOWN

From the Philadelphia Press.

Speculation as to the identity of "Jack the Ripper" may still continue, but other speculation as to when he may be apprehended, when he may reappear in his former field of industry, whether the strangler of Denver is the original who stirred up London, have no longer any place in the public mind. "Jack the Ripper" at this moment is an inmate of a London insane asylum, and has been so confined for the past three years. The fact has been kept quiet for some reason, probably to conceal the man's identity, for that is known to but very few people in London, and one of them, Dr. Forbes Winslow, who is the most famous insanity expert in Great Britain, is responsible for having discovered him and having placed him where his peculiar talent can have no opportunity to display itself.

Dr. Winslow's Story.

But let Dr. Winslow tell his own story, as he did to the writer of this article, one day last summer at his private office in a fashionable street off of Cavendish Square.

"One morning opening my mail I received that letter," said Dr. Winslow, pointing to a frame hanging on the wall of his office, in which was seen half a sheet of ordinary-sized note paper, and an envelope, bearing a stamp and a London postmark, addressed simply to Dr. Forbes Winslow. The letter reads: "You will hear of me in a few days. Jack the Ripper." The writing is evidently that of a man who knows how to write, but who has disguised his style by using his left hand, probably. The doctor continued:

"You see when it is postmarked, which was previous to the first intimation that any such man as 'Jack the Ripper' existed. I opened the letter and read it without attaching the slightest importance to it, or thinking for a moment it would ever become in any way interesting or worthy of preservation, but as is my rather methodical custom, I threw the letter and its envelope with the others into a drawer I use for the purpose and gave no further thought to the matter until many weeks after, when the entire city was startled by the horrible murder of a woman and the discovery of a line of writing on the wall, over where the dead body was found, and which read, 'I will give myself up when I have killed fifteen. Jack the Ripper.'

"You will remember that a stupid policeman rubbed this writing out, but the marks that were left were sufficiently distinct to show upon comparing it with my letter they were both written by the same hand. At once upon the fact being published in the morning papers that this murder had been done, and the singular name of 'Jack the Ripper' being identified with it, of course, recalled to my mind the letter I had received. I hunted up the letter and went to the commissioner of police and laid the matter before him and then I went to the scene of the last affair and made a comparison between the writing I had and the hardly discernible outlines of that which had been upon the wall.

Would Not Aid Him.

"I formulated an idea of the murders—it was sustained by later developments—and I asked the police to aid me or allow me to co-operate with them in finding out who the guilty party was, but for some unaccountable and inexplicable reason, they refused to do this. They obtained from me all the details of my idea and then refused to make use of them. Certainly I am not a detective, but my theory was the correct one, and, while the police themselves had no grounds upon which to work, I felt they made a mistake in not co-operating with me.

"However, time passed along and more murders were committed, all of them marked by the same atrocious peculiarity and bearing indications of having been done by a man experienced in the dissection or cutting up of human bodies. There were the evidences of an acquaintance with the use of the knife that were unmistakable, and while these cuttings were simply for mutilation, yet they were made with such a precision and clear understanding of how they should be made that there was no doubt left in a physician's mind of the acquaintance on the part of the murderer with at least the rudiments of practical surgery.

"The sensational stories of revenge being at the foundation of these crimes, or that they were the pastime of some irresponsible foreigner who occasionally reached our shores, were all well enough to amuse the masses, but those who looked into the matter understandingly realized that the murdered women were victims of a monomaniac, a man who was insane upon this one subject, and who had an uncontrollable impulse to commit murder come upon him at more or less regular intervals.

"One day I was called upon by a lady, the wife of a physician in this city, and who, herself, had upon one or two occasions been a patient of mine. The lady was in great distress, and I saw that her nervous condition was serious; she was unquestionably laboring under great mental excitement, and could hardly control herself while in my office—so as to talk connectedly with me. Much to my surprise, instead of the usual conversation that transpires between a physician and his patient, this lady at once talked of the 'Jack the Ripper' murders, asked me whether I had studied them at all, what my opinion was in the matter and whether I had any theory as to the guilty party. I replied to her questions as clearly as possible and told her all that I had conjectured on the subject. I explained the theory that I had formed, and then called her attention to the letter, which just previous to that time I had framed. At the sight of this document she became still more agitated, and I realized there was something on her mind she wished to make known to me, and I endeavored by gentle and kindly words to encourage her to do so.

Suspected Her Husband.

"Finally she, after much hesitation and violent feeling, told me she believed her husband to be the man who had committed the 'Jack the Ripper' murders. At this information I naturally was horrified and astounded. I knew who her husband was, and I knew him to be a practitioner of supposed responsibility, and so incredible did her suspicion appear to me that I thought she herself had become crazed in some way and this awful idea had taken possession of her. I questioned her carefully on other subjects until she had calmed down somewhat, which the revelation of her secret seemd to aid her in doing, and then I asked her the reasons she had for this belief.

"She accounted to me the singular action of her husband at certain periods, how he appeared for a day or two to become irresponsible and how she had finally noticed that upon the occasions when these murders were committed he had been absent from home and had returned in such a mental exhilaration, followed by terrible mental depression, that she felt confident he had passed through some extraordinary experience. There were other evidences, she explained, and which became suggestive when the thought occurred to her, of his connection with the 'Jack the Ripper' incidents.

"Impressed with what she told me and recognizing in it a verification of the theory I had arrived at, I went to see her husband, and after a number of interviews I became satisfied that the lady's suspicions were well founded. Upon every other subject the man was thoroughly sane, but upon this he was totally irresponsible, he was possessed by a congenital insanity, and the appetite for blood to be satisfied in this manner was growing upon him. Not only would this growth influence him to more frequent victims, but to an increased number of victims at the same time, and had he been permitted to remain at large, it would have been only a comparatively short time before two or three murders would have been committed by him, where only one had been committed theretofore.

Placed in an Asylum.

"After satisfying myself that the man was responsible for these crimes, I took steps to have him placed in an asylum where he could do no more mischief. He was examined by competent physicians and found to be mentally unbalanced, and then was placed in an asylum where he now remains.

"A London paper shortly after the man was locked up contained a paragraph on the subject, and it doubtless would have led to the entire matter being thoroughly exploited and given to the public, but this it was not thought desirable to do, and at the request of certain parties the paper made no further reference to the matter, and as the paragraph in question escaped the eye of anyone who was interested in the case, it never went any further."

Doctor Winslow expressed himself further in regard to insanity generally and says that his investigations into that unfortunate affliction convince him that it is largely on the increase. There are many reasons for this excitement, business difficulties, as they are greater now than in former times, but primarily and above all the doctor feels that liquor is the foundation of most of the insanity prevailing today.

WELL-READ SOCIETY GIRLS.

They Are Able to Talk on All Kinds of Subjects.

From the New York Herald.

Besides the kindergarten, the governess and the fashionable school as evolutionary developers of the well-read girl in society, there are no end of coaching classes and clubs devoted to the cult of the reigning god of the moment, be it Browning, Ibsen, Chaucer, Tolstoi or Bellamy, all of which help a great deal in bestowing ideas, gems of thought and pertinent quotations which sometimes come to mind in the most apropos way and make for the clever manipulator a reputation for wonderful originality.

The well-read girl in society does not flaunt or parade the wisdom she has taken pains to acquire, for she is also well bred, and not assertive in the least, but we see her eye sparkle and her face glow vivaciously when the opportunity is afforded for her to show in an unobtrusive way that she has passed the cocoanut stage of her cranial development.

Gladstone finds the young girl of today worth talking to, and quite recently one of our own countrywomen of tender years engaged Herbert Spencer in an animated conversation while awaiting the announcement of dinner, and compelled that able thinker to declare that she had completely floored him and won him over to a point of view which he had at the outset committed himself to condemning unequivocally.

Lady Juene attributes the increasing popularity of dinners over other forms of entertainment to the more frequent presence of bright girls, who are well informed on the current topics of interest. In order to get at the real meaning of what is meant by current topics of interest, girls should follow Mr. Howells' advice, and do their reading in a desultory way, here a bit and there a bit, till the little compartments of the brain are stocked with facts about many subjects, ranging from the abolishment of the house of lords to the latest regulations of the foot ball code; from the Westminster tribute to Lowell, to Whitcomb Riley's most recent hoosierism; from the Hawaiian muddle to Sargent's portraits; from Gregorian chants to the new Strauss waltz.

Mental Athletics.

She does not need to be deeply read to be what is usually considered well read, so far as society demands are concerned, if she but understands what is worth while remembering, and here is where the "memory class" comes to her rescue. The teacher of the art of memorizing gives her the cue to the "correlation of ideas," as he calls his method—a sort of hitching one's mental impression to another and giving them some important fact to guide them through the memory, just as a locomotive draws a string of cars. The couplings are the "correlations."

This sort of reading does, undoubtedly, put a girl at her ease with whoever she may happen to be for the moment, for the touch and go movement of society does not permit conversation—only a gay chaffiness of wit and humor or the occasional opportunity of a bon mot.

A more thorough acquaintance with subjects of deeper and more earnest import will, of course, stand her in better stead when she finds she must really converse with some man or woman of noble achievement.

Such circumstances arise when, for instance, a noted traveler, scientist, archaeologist, philanthropist or man of letters is her father's guest for several days, and when the duties of second hostess at the family board inspire her with the ambition to acquit herself not only creditably, but so very cleverly that the visitor shall pronounce her a remarkably entertaining young woman.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Live Woman Is More to Be Dreaded Than a Ghost.

From the New York Sun.

"At 2 o'clock one morning," said the retired burglar, "I was in a good-sized second-story back bed room in a comfortable old house in a country town in Massachusetts. The bed in this room was empty, but the clothes were turned back and the bed had evidently been occupied. It stood in the rear corner furthest from the door, with the headboard against the rear wall, and the side of the bed about a foot or so away from the side wall. At the foot of the bed, against the side wall, about in the middle of that side of the room and right opposite the door, stood the bureau; between it and the footboard itself there was a space of perhaps a foot, maybe a foot and a half, enough for anybody to pass through comfortably.

"I stood now in front of the bureau. I had set my lamp down on top of it, and had just opened the top drawer when something prompted me to look up into the mirror. In that mirror I saw, dim, but clear enough, the reflection of a ghost in the hall. There was a faint light in the hall, just a little light from a lamp standing on a table near the front end, and by that light, when I turned to look, I saw the ghost. It was moving from the rear of the house toward the front, along the hall a little nearer to the side I was on than to the other, and moving slowly, like a stage ghost. It was tall and spare and all in white, with something white over its head. It moved slowly across the door and disappeared. After it had gone I stood there, with my back to the bureau, staring at the doorway.

"A moment later it reappeared, moving now toward the rear of the house, and this time nearer still to my side of the hall. It was moving slowly, as before, but instead of passing by it turned toward my doorway, when it came opposite to it, and came in over the sill and moved slowly across the room straight toward me; nearer and nearer, and I couldn't move, until something told me—I wondered why it hadn't come to me before—that the ghost was a sleep-walker. It was a woman; this was her room, and she was coming back where she belonged.

"Of course, I felt a little easier then, but I wanted to get away, and I thought I should soon be able to, for I supposed, of course, that she was making for the bed, and the idea that she would do anything but go to the front of the bed and get in there, like any other human being, never entered my head. While she was coming across the room I had sort of involuntarily backed into that gap between the corner of the bureau and the footboard of the bed. I stood there looking at her while she was still coming straight across toward the bureau, never doubting that she would turn in time and go to the front of the bed, and she did turn and move in that direction, but when she got pretty near to the other corner of the footboard from where I was she turned again and started toward the gap that I was standing in, evidently with the intention of going around to the back of the bed, between it and the wall, and getting in on that side. That last three or four feet along the footboard she seemed to glide, as smooth as ever, but quicker'n lightning, and I in the way and too scared to move. She was awake the instant she touched me, and screaming like a mad woman, and I was awake then, my friend, finally, and clawing across that bed to a window there was at the head of it, I cleaned that window out, blinds and all with one sweep of the jimmy and jumped."

CITY OF DOLLS AND TOYS.

Nuremberg as a Winter Resort—Strange Sights at the Garden.

From the New York Tribune.

The instant you go into the Madison Square Garden you smell popped corn. That is the way you know you are in Old Nuremberg. If faith be placed in this reproduction, Old Nuremberg was in some few respects singularly like new New York. Perhaps it is the intention to imitate, in a symbolic sort of way, what used to pass in Old Nuremberg rather than reproduce it exactly. They used to have humorous ways of disposing of wrongdoers there. There would be nothing strange about putting a man into a wire basket and shaking him over a fire. At the Garden they do the same thing with corn. The Iron Maiden of Nuremberg got men in her clutches and stuck them full of jagged daggers. The young women at the Garden, having gentler manners, when they get men in their power, are content to take their money from them in exchange for birds, or cakes, or dolls, or wooden spoons, or monkeys or other harmless things of the sort.

The Mastersingers of Nuremberg in the old time stood upon a platform and amused one another and their fellow townsmen with their stilted songs. At the Garden the "song and dance artist" and the "musical eccentric" hold the stages and entertain the people. Hans Sachs sat in his little old shop at his shoemaker's bench, and, with the measured tap of his hammer, attended at once to the feet of his customers and of his verses. Now in the house at the Garden that looks like that of Hans Sachs they exhibit and sell the products of Russian cottage industries, from laces to wood carving.

But Nuremberg was always a town of surprises, and if the one here in the middle of New York seems to be rather up to date at some points, no objection should be raised. It has a good many visitors, and they all seem to be satisfied. The three variety shows, all going at once, no doubt contribute largely to this result. The one at the 4th avenue end of the Garden was so popular on the first night that two-thirds of the population seemed to be crowded together in front of it. The congestion interfered with the sale of refreshments at the tables, and people got a bad habit of standing on chairs, so that nobody behind them could see anything. Now a barrier has been put around the tables, so that those who want refreshments can have them in peace, and the rest of the crowd can group itself around the outside of the space. The result is that everybody is more comfortable and can see better. It was surprising to note how large the attendance was at the Garden yesterday. A show that is to have a run of two or three weeks usually suffers seriously from storms, but there were plenty of people in the streets of Nuremberg last night.

CORSET OR NO CORSET?

Views of Prominent French Actresses for and Against It.

The Gaulois asks the opinion of a certain number of prominent professional ladies upon the use of the corset. The following are among some of their replies:

Mlle. Bartet—I can do nothing better than give you a line from "Francillon," which is sufficiently significant: "The corset! Oh, the horrid thing!"

Mme. Jane Hading—The corset may be a hand of iron or a glove of velvet. Since my recent trip to America I am for independence.

Mme. Worms Barretta—You may say that on principle I am against the corset. I favor it in certain cases, but on condition that it be light, short, and very elastic, something like a brace, which lightly incloses the waist. My little three-year-old girl will wear it that way, and if later on she renounces the corset entirely her mamma will only be too glad of it.

Mlle. Reichenberg—The corset is an ordinary piece of feminine clothing, just like a belt, shoes, gloves, etc. I have always worn one, and found it very comfortable. Why should it be regarded as the evidence of coquetry and bad taste? But I cannot give any particular opinion upon the subject, because for me a corset is a thing of very little importance. It should be a light affair, inclosing the waist very gently.

Mlle. Rejane—Each epoch has its exigencies. The corset, in my opinion, has as much importance as the cut of the costume. To look well, the corset Louis XV ought to be a perfect torture. In "Sans Gene," on the contrary, two ribbons suffice. I speak for myself. In these days I favor as little of the corset as possible, and believe in ribbons, or braces, leaving the back and the haunches free. French women are too slight and too well made to have need for even the lightest support. And in this not one of your lady readers will contradict me.

Mlle. Sanderson—The corset, in my opinion, is very useful in certain cases, in society as in the theater. Speaking of the theater alone, the corset should be used in roles of the present time or in the costumes Louis XV, as in "Manon," for example. It is absolutely useless in antique pieces like "Thais" and "Phryne," in which I dispense with it entirely.

Mme. Judic—It is a very delicate question, and I am not sufficiently learned to criticise it or to make an apology for it. Nevertheless, if I had the great advantage, especially for an artist, of remaining slight, I would most assuredly follow the example of Mme. Tallien, who never consented to shut her waist up in an iron prison. For all that, I owe to the corset a daily pleasure, because the bother of putting it on every morning is more than compensated for, to my mind, by the pleasure of taking it off every night.

Mlle. Darlaud—Oh, pshaw! that beastly cuirasse, fit only for a coquette! Up to her twentieth year a young woman can do without it. I dispense with it, and I have adopted the little brace (brassiere) of such refined elegance, in white satin, set off with Valenciennes.

Mlle. Granier—For my part I don't believe that the thing has any importance.

Mlle. Yvette Guilbert—All women, fat and lean alike, belittle the services rendered by the corset, because they all pretend to be able to dispense with it without impairing the beauty of their figures. For my part, I admit that since I began to get a little fat I have rarely worn one; but when I was lean it helped me in the manufacture of a shape, and consequently I owe some little gratitude to the corset.

A CONJUGAL CONVERSATION.

And They Missed the Train After All.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The young Bittersweets were going away on a visit, and after many vicissitudes they were in the street car on their way to the station.

"Now, Amelia," remarked her lord, "I hope you will learn a lesson in punctuality from all this. You nearly made us late by running upstairs again at the last moment."

"For the tickets which you had forgotten, dear."

"H'm. That was because you fancied you smelled gas and sent me to look for it in the vacant room where nobody had been for six weeks."

"Well, you said that some one might have been hidden there for days for all I knew—and they might. I have been so busy all week making my own dress, because I couldn't afford a dressmaker, that——"

"Well, well, keep to the subject, Amelia. Now, we would have missed our train if my watch had not been in order—yours was at the jeweler's, as usual."

"Because you tried to regulate it, dear, and put it out of order."

"Always some excuse. But, as I say, punctuality is a great virtue—now, I never miss a train and never sit at the station half an hour or so. You are habitually late; you should make a habit of winding and setting your watch at a certain hour each day, say, when you go to bed."

"Yes, dear, I know. But sometimes I go to bed quite early and sometimes I sit up very late for you."

"H'm. Here we are at the station. Wait a minute, my dear, while I buy a cigar. Now you will see that I have allowed just time to get comfortably into the train. Just give me the tickets, will you?"

"Why, Chauncey, I—I must have forgotten and left them on the bureau where they were lying. I remembered some chocolate creams in the upper drawer and I was afraid the mice—"

"And for the sake of a few chocolate creams we shall lose our train. You will never learn—"

"What train did yez want?" queried the gatekeeper.

"The 3:30," snapped Mr. Bittersweet.

"Went ten minutes ago," was the cheery reply.

"But—but my watch says 3:28 now," faltered Mr. Bittersweet.

"Watch is slow. Yez should wind and set it at a cer——"

But Mr. Bittersweet was out of hearing.

CHURCH ATTRACTIONS.

Some of the Methods in Use in New York Churches.

From the New York Advertiser.

If the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford created a sensation a year ago by the position which he took in regard to saloons, what will the temperance advocates think when they read what he said to a reporter yesterday?

Dr. Rainsford was asked if he had changed his views in regard to the liquor business. After replying that he had not, he made the following additional declaration:

"I am in favor of opening the saloons Sunday afternoon. I do not think it is right to allow a rich man to buy all the liquor he wants in a club, and to give no such liberty to the poor man."

There is a bar room at the corner of 3d avenue and 16th street which is sometimes called "Rainsford's saloon," and those who hear it so spoken of infer that it is the outcome of the suggestions made by the preacher twelve months ago, that it is visited by members of Dr. Rainsford's congregation, or that he exercises some sort of supervision over it. This is not true, but the history of the saloon is interesting, nevertheless. At first blush the public understood that Dr. Rainsford advocated the ownership of saloons by the churches—that a bar room should be run as an annex. He declares that he has never advocated the churches as corporations going into the liquor business. But he regards the saloon as, to a large extent, the poor man's club. The man goes there because he likes company and his desire is to make the drinking a mere incident. To sell liquor is, however, the only aim of the barkeeper; and the place, instead of being conducted on the plan of a social organization, has for the mainspring of its purpose the sale of intoxicants. Dr. Rainsford's idea is to reverse this, and to have men of character provide places at which liquor can be obtained, but at which the social features will be emphasized and all idea of profit be eliminated.

The so-called "Rainsford saloon" is a neat place, well fitted up, with handsome plate glass mirrors and cherry furniture. On the opposite corner and much nearer St. George's Church is an old barroom which it has been impossible to close, because there is a Tammany tradition that when a saloon is once granted a license the establishment is there to stay. Dr. Rainsford fought the application for the license for the new saloon. As a concession to him the proprietors of the place gave him a bond for $1,000 that they would not sell to minors, and that bond is in the preacher's possession. It is said that it also includes a clause against the sale of liquor to women. That is all the connection Dr. Rainsford has with the saloon.

When he was asked yesterday if he had ever taken any steps toward putting his ideas into practice he said:

"No; I merely made the suggestion. But it is my opinion that we shall eventually have some application of the Guttenberg system.

"We try to make the people feel," continued Dr. Rainsford, "that St. George's Church is trying to help them. We work on the idea that the church is a social organization, based on the teachings of the Savior. We have club rooms and a gymnasium, and fully fifteen hundred young people visit the church during the week days, while the Sunday school numbers more than two thousand children."

One of the novel features for attracting people to church is that adopted by the Rev. A. B. Wilson of the West Eighteenth Street Methodist Church. Dr. Wilson has two seats set aside for women who bring their babies. Thousands of women who have little children tugging at their apron strings are denied the opportunity to attend church, and Dr. Wilson's innovation is for their benefit. A room is set aside as a nursery, and a committee of young ladies is in charge. If a baby behaves himself like a Christian he can hear the sermon. If not, he is taken into the nursery and given a toy to play with, or is amused in some way, while his mother listens to the preacher.

A special feature of the music in Dr. Wilson's church is the children's chorus. There are perhaps 150 of the little fellows, ranging in size to the veriest tots, and their music is a great attraction. There is one boy about as high as the back of a chair, whose singing never fails to attract especial notice. They have a choir balcony to themselves.

Every Sunday Dr. Wilson prints an advertisement in a newspaper whose readers are supposed to be in greatest need of his kind solicitations. He announces his special features, using about as much space as recently announced the attractions at Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. The doctor is discriminating, not only as to the paper, but as to the particular position of his advertisement, which is placed among the "personals." It is fairly packed with the advertisements of young women who yearn for the society of wealthy gentlemen "matrimonially inclined." One may turn from these sirens and go to hear "the New England Queen of Song," or whoever else happens to be the attraction at Dr. Wilson's church.

The Rev. J. L. Scudder of Jersey City makes a specialty of preaching to bicycle riders. He invites all wheelmen and wheelwomen to come to his church. He will have their bikes taken care of while they listen to the Word.

A feature of the music in the Marble Collegiate Church is the organ, which is a double action, playing from both ends of the church at the same time.

The Judson Memorial Church has quite a large orchestra. A children's choir is another feature of the music there.

The Broome Street Tabernacle is a place at which great attention is given to the music. There is a full orchestra, and the violin, cornet, piccolo and other instruments contribute their share.

In contrast to the elaborate programs of music in other places is the scene at the Hicksites' church—the meeting house of the Friends, on East 15th street and Rutherford place. Not a note, not a chirp, not a sign of an organ. The good Quakers have no paid preacher, and unless the spirit moves some one to speak they worship God in absolute silence.

Sedative Novels.

From the London Spectator.

What is the kind of a novel best suited for sedative purposes is a difficult question, and one which cannot be fully answered on the present occasion. It is as much a question of men as of books. One man finds rest in "tendencies novel," another in the tale of adventure, a third in the study of manners. As a rule, we should say that the form of fiction best suited for the purpose of keeping the mind occupied, but yet not actively at work, is the novel which is neither too clever nor too stupid—the book which is in fiction what the man of moderate views and moderate talents is in public life. If the story is too clever it may prove a stimulant instead of a sedative. Mr. Meredith's works, for example, are far more likely to tire than to rest the brain. The man who wants to tackle "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" must sit up to a table and put himself mentally at attention. Even Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, though so alluring, are apt to stimulate too highly. On the other hand, the sedative novel must not be actively stupid. Foolishness, irrelevance, lack of coherence, bad grammar, are irritants, which should have no place in the novel which is meant to give rest to the mind. The man who is made to grind his teeth and mutter, "What infernal bosh!" is not getting his sedative, nor is the woman soothed who is perpetually being forced to declare that she never read such English.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

All Diseases Have Same origin.

All progressive physicians now admit the correctness of "the germ theory of disease." They know that all diseases are caused by germs, or microbes, which lodge in some organ, get into the blood, and multiply with terrible rapidity. The trouble may show in the head, lungs, stomach or elsewhere. You may call it by any name you choose, but the cause is the same—microbes in the blood—microbes at the root of your life.

Kill them and it cures you. Let them live and you die. The disease isn't Consumption, or Eczema, or Dyspepsia, or Paralysis—it is MICROBES of different kinds. The only preparation that will kill them all and so cure any (so-called) disease is

Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer.

BOOK ABOUT IT FREE.

DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR IT.

CONSUMPTION.

PATERSON, N. J., August 14, 1894.

Gentlemen—Having had three sisters die with Consumption, and knowing by my symptoms that unless helped I would be the next, I began to use your MICROBE KILLER upon the advice of friends, and I am now happy to say that I am again enabled to work (which I was unable to do) and have good rest and appetite, and no headache or cough.

ED. E. SPEAR, 7 Hamburg ave.

RHEUMATISM.

MORTON, Delaware County, Pa., August 26, 1894.

Gentlemen—I had the Rheumatism in my limbs so bad that I was unable to do my work. I was induced to try RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER, and am happy to say that I was cured in a few weeks. It is a grand, good medicine, and I would advise every one to try it.

ARCHIE THOMSON.

ECZEMA.

MELROSE, Mass., September 1, 1894.

Gentlemen—I have been a great sufferer from Eczema; tried any number of Sarsaparillas and Blood Purifiers, but could not effect a cure until I used RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER, which did the work thoroughly and effectually.

GEORGE UPTON, Melrose, Mass.

PARALYSIS.

NEW YORK, October 3, 1893.

Gentlemen—On the 25th of September, 1892, I was suddenly seized with Paralysis and dropped helpless in the streets. My friends sent me to the New York Hospital, where I was treated for sixty-four days, and on being discharged, my condition was such that I could not get about without the use of a heavy cane. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when through a friend I heard of the MICROBE KILLER, and immediately began taking it. From the first I received benefit, and after taking it for four months, was entirely cured.

FRANK P. SHULL, 1 East 28th st.

Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., 7 Laight St., New York.

AGENTS FOR WASHINGTON:

SCHELLER & STEVENS, 201 Pa. ave.

ACKER & KENNER, 1429 Pa. ave.

oc27-s2m

An Up-to-date Necessity For the Toilet and Bath.

Pine Blossom Soap.

Medicated, antiseptic, absolutely pure. Soothing and healing, it purifies and gives health and beauty to the skin, removing all irritating and humiliating disfigurements.

Price 25 Cents,

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Foster Medicine Co., Baltimore, Md.

42d12t-3

DIAMOND HOUSE.

Our house has long since been known as the leading Diamond Establishment at the National Capital. None appreciate this fact more than those who have traveled—especially actors and actresses, Senators, Representatives, Foreign Ministers and others who have had an opportunity to compare our diamonds and prices with the largest importers in America. We can undersell them all, for we import direct in the "uncut" state and originate our own designs in "cuttings" and settings. We can easily save you 25 to 33 1-3 per cent on diamonds.

Jacobs Bros.,

Diamond Importers and Jewelers,

1229 Pa. Ave. & 1115 F St.

d13-36d

Butterine

Is better than Butter,

and costs less; it is sweet, pure and clean, never fails to give satisfaction, providing you get the right kind. We are the originators of strictly HIGH GRADE BUTTERINE in Washington, and never a pound of any kind but the best have we ever offered for sale, and we don't ask any more money for our kind than others do for cheap, shoddy goods that don't even look like Butter—ours cannot be distinguished from the fancy output of the finest creameries.

Wilkins & Company,

SQUARE MARBLE AND GLASS STANDS,

Center Market.

d7-40d

Finnan Haddie, 15c. Pound.

We've just received a shipment. It's something new and very delicious. The meat is as white and delicate as spring chicken—and boneless. Delightful broiled or on toast.

New England Sausage, 18c. lb.

—the real, old-fashioned sausage, such as our grandfathers made—rich and delicious—not to be compared with the usual makes.

Mail and telephone orders filled promptly.

G. G. Cornwell & Son,

1412-1414 Pa. Ave.

d14-40d