# OLD BATTLEFIELDS

## Dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park.

## AN ARMY OF VISITORS

## To Be the Largest Muster of Soldiers Since the War.

### EXERCISES AND MONUMENTS

ALL SIGNS INDICATE that the dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park on September 19 and 20 will witness the greatest military display and the largest muster of old soldiers seen since the close of the civil war. Congress enacted last December that the dedication should be a national affair, and the prospects are that it will be notable and memorable in many ways. An extraordinary degree of enthusiasm concerning it is already manifest, not merely among the veterans north and south, but among all classes of people in all parts of the country. The park commission, with headquarters in the War Department, as well as the Secretary of War's office, is just now receiving a deluge of correspondence from intending visitors in every state asking particulars as to the celebration and the arrangements for transportation, entertainment, etc.—all testifying to the unexampled interest felt everywhere in the event. It is anticipated that as many as 400,000 persons will be there, and preparations are making to accommodate that number.

**Distinguished Visitors.**

The War Department has immediate supervision of the affair, and the dedicatory exercises will be conducted under the personal direction of Secretary Lamont. President Cleveland and all his cabinet are expected to be present and participate, together with the justices of the Supreme Court, committees of Congress, both House and Senate, the lieutenant general of the army and a large body of regular troops,

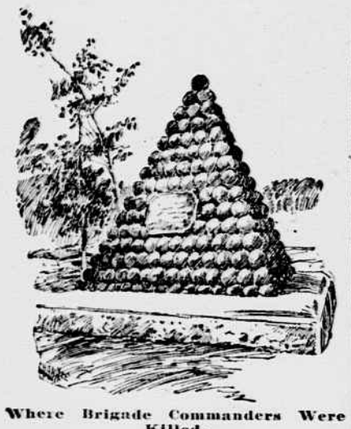
Lookout Tower, Chickamauga.

the ranking admiral of the navy, the governors of nineteen different states, with their staffs, and detachments of local militia, and the survivors of the several armies, Union and confederate, that were engaged in the Chickamauga and Chattanooga campaigns thirty-two years ago. From present advices the states to be represented by their governors in person are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana. The Grand Army of the Republic has set the date of its annual encampment at Louisville, September 11-14, with special reference to the trip to Chattanooga immediately afterward, and it is thought that fully 75 per cent of those veterans will find their way to the dedication, and that an equal proportion of the Sons of Veterans will go thither after their battlefield encampment at Knoxville, September 16-19. The yearly meeting of the Army of the Cumberland has been called to assemble at Chickamauga on the anniversay of the battle, and the Army of the Tennessee will meet in Cincinnati and go in a body to the dedication.

**The Official Exercises.**

On September 19 there will be a grand parade of veterans, north and south, dedication of the Chickamauga section of the park and exercises at Snodgrass Hill, to be opened by Secretary Lamont. The orators will be Gen. John H. Palmer of Illinois (Union) and Gen. John B. Gordon of Georgia (confederate.) At 8 in the evening, at Chattanooga, the exercises will be conducted by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee (Union) and the Army of Tennessee (confederate), Gen. Granville M. Dodge presiding. The orators will be Gen. O. O. Howard and Gen. Joseph Wheeler of Alabama (confederate).

On September 20 the dedicatory exercises of the Chattanooga section of the park will begin at noon at Chattanooga. The orators



Where Brigade Commanders Were Killed.

will be Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio (Union) and Gen. William H. Bate of Tennessee (confederate). At 8 p.m., at Chattanooga, exercises will be conducted by veterans of the Army of the Potomac (Union) and the Army of Northern Virginia (confederate), Gen. Edward C. Walthall of Mississippi (confederate) presiding. The orators will be Gen. Orlando Smith and Gov. William C. Oates of Alabama. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, who commanded the Union forces at Chickamauga, is in California, too ill and feeble to bear the journey to Chattanooga. Gen. James B. Longstreet, who commanded the confederate left wing at Chickamauga, and Gen. A. P. Stewart, one of his brigade commanders, will be present and take part in the celebration.

**The Ohio Monuments.**

On September 18, the day before the beginning of the official ceremonies, the Ohio monuments in the park, fifty-five in number, will be dedicated and turned over to the United States government. Other states besides Ohio, including Michigan, Indiana and Missouri, will also transfer their monuments to the government during the same week. At 3 p.m. of that day, at Chattanooga, will occur the annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, with Gen. Charles H. Manderson of Nebraska as orator. Other states besides Ohio, including Michigan, Indiana and Missouri, will also probably transfer their monuments to the government with appropriate exercises during the same week.

**The Military Park.**

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park is the grandest reservation of its kind in the world, and in many respects the most comprehensive and extended military object lesson. The United States government has spent on it $750,000 since its establishment was authorized in 1890, and various state governments about $500,000 more, making a total of a million and a quarter of dollars. The plan was to restore the old lines of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga campaigns (September 19-20 and November 24-25, 1863,) as they were when the battles were fought, to mark all the points of attack or defense by either side, to set up monuments commemorating the troops engaged, and, so far as practicable, to restore the fields to their original

Monument to United States Regular Infantry.

condition; and this design has been happily carried out to the letter. The Chickamauga and Chattanooga campaigns were, in a measure, representative of the whole country. Chickamauga is held by military experts to have been the best demonstration ever given of the peculiar pluck, endurance, prowess and strategy of the American soldier, and, measured by percentages of losses and the duration of the fighting, the deadliest conflict of modern times, while its sequel and companion piece, Chattanooga, is considered to have been the most spectacular engagement.

**How the Park is Laid Out.**

Of the ten square miles constituting the area of the park, something over 5,000 acres are forest, and about 1,000 acres open farms. A central driveway, connecting the Chickamauga and Chattanooga ends of the park, and passing through and overlooking all the heavy fighting ground, has been built, twenty miles long. Forty-two miles of the roads of the battles have been reopened and improved in the most substantial and enduring manner, and new roads having nothing to do with the battles have been closed up. Many of the minor roads have also been cut and graded, so that there are now about sixty miles of driveways in the park, all of them along the roads of the war. The removal of the underbrush and the clearing out of the new growth of timber have opened the forest so that carriages can drive through it in all directions, and the appearance now is like that of an immense area of forest pasture in the blue grass region.

**The Historical Tablets.**

Within the park the government has set up 400 historical tablets, and will set up some 1,600 more hereafter, each three by four feet, consisting of cast-iron plates, glazed black, fastened to iron posts set in concrete. On these tablets, in embossed white letters, are set forth briefly and impartially the historic details of the six battles—Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Orchard Knob, Wauhatchie and Brown's Ferry. They also mark the positions of army headquarters, corps, divisions and brigades, both Union and confederate, and the parts borne by each organization are concisely stated, without censure and without praise.

Besides these tablets, the government has erected nine handsome granite monuments, all different, one for each of the organizations of regular army troops engaged in the battles. It has also built eight pyramidal monuments of novel design, each ten feet high, constructed of 8-inch shells, in honor of four Union officers and four con-

Monument to Regular Artillery.

federate officers killed in action on the spot where they fell. In addition, the government has built five tall observation towers of iron and steel, seventy feet high, two on Missionary Ridge and three on Chickamauga field, from which the whole landscape below is seen clearly. The lines of earthworks used by the contending armies have also been found, and have been carefully restored.

And finally, the government has marked the most important fighting positions occupied by each of the twenty-five Union batteries and thirty-nine confederate batteries engaged in the battles by 400 mounted cannon of the types and appearance then used, giving to the fields an impressive element of realism.

All of this work has been going on for five years past, and the mere recital of it gives a good idea of the magnitude of the park and the magnificence of its military adornments.

**State Monuments.**

But while all these positions have been marked by the government, it has been left to the states having troops in the battles to erect monuments to state regiments and organizations, and to the military societies to commemorate the particular services of their membership. Nine states have done this already, having erected 171 monuments at a cost of $355,000, and the remaining nineteen states which had troops in the battles are preparing to do likewise.

Twenty-eight states had organizations in the battles, a more general representation than appeared upon any other battlefield of the war. Five states had troops on both sides, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, West Virginia and Maryland.

The nine states that have thus far set up monuments have, as a rule, provided one for each organization. Should the other states do this there will be a wonderful array of 500 state monuments, making a spectacle that will have no counterpart on any other battlefield in the world, except our own Gettysburg. All the monuments and markings are either of granite, bronze or iron, insuring permanency.

The bulk of visitors to the dedication will be accommodated in barracks specially constructed at Chattanooga, fitted with bunks. Tickets are sold at $2 each, entitling the holders to comfortable sleeping quarters, with safe storage for hand baggage and toilet accommodations. It will only be necessary for each person to provide his own blanket and towels. Meals and lunches at reasonable prices will be furnished within convenient distances from the barracks.

**His Collection.**

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Who are all these?" asked the visitor.

"Oh! That album?" said the languid young man; "that is a collection of photographs of the only girls I ever loved."

# GUEST AND HOSTESS

## A Visit That is Enjoyed by All the Parties.

## A LITTLE CONSIDERATION COUNTS

## Advice to Girls Who Go to See Friends.

### POINTS ON POPULARITY

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.

OF COURSE I SHALL be delighted to see Miriam again, but just now—well, if my one little waiting maid were more efficient and I were only stronger so as to look after her, I would really be overjoyed to have her visit me. But you know Miriam. I don't suppose she ever tidied up a room in her life, and there must be a hole in her head where the bump of order should be located. I am sure if my five boys were girls they would make better guests than some people I know. Seems to me that a hostess has some rights that a guest is bound to respect."

I really felt sorry for Mrs. Minturn when she told me that she was to entertain Miriam for a week, for I know just what she will have to put up with. I have learned that by experience in having Miriam as a guest myself. She is a sweet, amiable girl, but oh, so heedless. The first thing she did was to leave the gas jet burning after curling her topknot, which is an expensive incident in a big house; then the wind blew the lace curtain over it, and destroyed a set of Irish point that has been in our family for ages and that money couldn't possibly replace, but, bless you, Mariam never thought of replacing them.

She was sweetly sorry for the mishap, and offered to paint a spray of roses across the crack in the dressing table mirror caused by the heat, but that was all. Her next act of vandalism was to set my pretty painted guest chamber washbowl on the window ledge with a mass of wild flowers in it one night, and during a sudden wind storm it was blown out and smashed on the head of the baker's boy, who came with some rolls for breakfast, which, by the way, Miriam was never known to get down to in time.

Then she was always uncertain about the lunch hour, and unless there were men in the horizon she never thought it necessary to dress for dinner. Her horrid little toy terrier was never so happy as when playing tag with Rose-in-bloom's pet flowers, and she had a most insinuating way of coaxing Jude to wash out pocket handkerchiefs and stockings, a white dress or clean a pair of gloves for her. Yes, indeed, I know Miriam, to my sorrow.

**How to Be an Agreeable Guest.**

Why can't people who will visit make themselves acceptable to their friends? There is such a vast difference in guests. Some are so agreeable and unobstrusive and so much a part of the family that there is not the slightest friction of the household machinery; and others are so insufferably arrogant or outrageously heedless of all regard for the comfort of others, so fussy and finical, that the pleasantest thing to remember of their sojourn under one's roof tree is the cordial manner in which we waved them farewell. Of course there are people so pachydermatously built that a Congressional Library full of rules for "Polite Procedure" and "Bad Breaks of the 400" would make no impression.

In fact, the class of people who make ill-bred nuisances of themselves do not read, and they would freeze you at a glance if you were to suggest that there were gaps in their breeding that needed mending. But there are people who are only heedless, who would really make charming guests if they would stop to think a moment, and anybody of average intelligence and good nature can, by reading and observation, learn exactly how to be agreeable and acceptable guests. Just at this season hundreds of young girls are taking a vacation visit to some friend, or contemplating one, and of course they want to appear well and leave an impression that will make them welcome another time.

In the first place, be sure that your friend wants to see you just at this time. Write her that you wish to visit her, and have her name the time when you will least incommode her; and, if she follows the sensible habit of the English and French, she will set a limit to your stay. We have scarcely got to that yet, but it is an excellent point. Surprise visits are not always the enjoyable things that they are intended to be, because there is always danger that the friend was contemplating a visit herself, or that she had other guests coming who would fill her house beyond its capacity if you were added.

If you notify your friend, she has a chance to arrange her plans so as to do justice to all. Then it might be that the other guests were not just to your liking, and that would occasion bad feeling and discomfort all around. When you expect your friends to meet you, be sure and state the railway, the hour of the day and the day of the month that you will arrive. Be very particular about this if your friend resides in a country place and has to call for you at a city station. And do give your letter of information a chance to reach her by sending it a day or two in advance of yourself.

**Some Topics to Avoid.**

Don't load yourself down with baggage. Your friend may not have room for your trunks and bags and other traps. While a guest try to adapt yourself to the tastes of your friends and the customs of the house. If there should be differences of religion and politics, never permit either to enter into the subject matter of your conversation. Remember that the greatest wars that the world has ever known grew out of the discussion of political and religious subjects. More prospects have been wrecked, harder feelings engendered between erstwhile bosom friends, more feuds hatched, more crimes committed in the name of politics or religion than through any other causes.

Do not ride your hobbies when you are somebody's guest, no matter how firmly you believe in various isms; it is the worst of taste to air them, for they may run counter to those of your friend, and it might cause a coolness and constraint. I think it was Marion Harland who said in this connection: "We should adjust our taste, sight, smell to the different conditions of the homes we visit. It is far from pleasant to feel that our guest has, with the plummet line of her superior wisdom, fathomed our shallows in domestic economy or family government—found a disagreeable odor or discovered the skeleton in our closet."

I think that hits the nail squarely on the head. Half the horrid scandals and gossip in circulation are the result of betrayal of confidence, the contemptible abuse of the sacred privileges of friendship which have given the guest the entrance into the heart of the family circle, where skeletons but thinly veiled are discovered and hopeless, living sorrows show their cankered sores. If you are ignorant of every other grace or accomplishment, learn to hold your tongue when you cannot speak good of those whose salt you have eaten, whose bread you have broken.

**Promptness at Meals.**

Whatever other lapses you make, be on time at your meals. There is no aggravation in all a housekeeper's ills like that of being unable to get her family to meals. There are certain dishes that are ruined if they have to stand five minutes after being cooked, the coffee gets flat, the muffins cold, the cakes clammy, and to sit down to a meal that is in that condition will frazzle the temper of the sweetest woman living. The cook will be furious, and then there is such a waste of time.

Minutes in the morning are golden, all the lost ones haunt a housekeeper all day, making her hurry and worry to catch up. It may be that out of deference to your known habits the mistress of the house will tell you that you need not get up to their early meal, but don't you believe her. If she has but one servant, or even if she has two, do you get up and hie yourself to the breakfast table with the family, and it will make you a prime favorite all around.

Don't try to be a lily of the field when visiting. No matter if it is understood that you have gone just to recruit your strength, a certain amount of employment will be beneficial, for you can't read all the time. You might lower the pile of stockings in the mending basket while you are discussing the last magazine or the merits of a new brand of gum. Perhaps the fretful baby will let itself be soothed by you. The dusting of the sitting room, the watering of the plants on the piazza; oh, there are so many little ways in which you could make yourself helpful and useful if you would but keep your eyes open and had but the willingness.

If there is but one servant, of course you will care for your own room. Don't leave your traps to scatter all over the house and occasion confusion when you come to pack up. Keep all your belongings in your room and keep that room as neat as wax, whatever you may have been in the habit of doing at home. And when you leave it at last, be sure that it is as neat as hands can make it, with clean crockery and all. Many a housekeeper's heart sinks when she sees a room after the departure of her guest, and she feels that she cannot rest until she has brought order out of chaos, and she views with a feeling of disgust the water spots on her pretty carpet, the soapy splotches on the light walls, the mussed and defaced toilet draperies, combings from the head carelessly dropped on the floor, dust and lint everywhere!

**A Word to the Wise.**

Never be guilty of putting your soiled clothes into the family wash unless pressed to do so, and if you do it then, have it understood that you are to pay for it in some way. Just a few pieces added to the regular wash often incommodes the servant as well as the mistress, and you can better avoid all possibility of this by having your laundry work done away from the house or bargaining with the servant to do it for you and paying her for the extra labor. It places things on a much surer basis.

Make yourself agreeable to every member of the family, no matter how much you may dislike certain ones. It is your duty as a guest to forget all feuds, and all follies, and to be as nearly a streak of sunshine as possible while under the rooftree of your friend. If there are old people, make yourself particularly pleasant to them, anticipating their wants, and if a feeling of interest in them is lacking, counterfeit it, that you may make them happy. Give to the infirm and ailing the same meed of tender interest that you give the aged.

Do not regale your friend with a history of your "nerves" or your multitudinous aches and pains, your restless nights, your family infelicities, or the shortcomings of your neighbors. She probably has enough worries of her own to drag her down to the depths without having the burden of your cares crowded upon her. Do not let yourself be hard to entertain. It may be in the country that you are visiting. Remember, that country living and country thinking is vastly different from the same in the city. Interest yourself in the recreations and pleasures of your friends, even if they are foreign to your preconceived ideas of pleasure and enjoyment.

**Do as the Romans Do.**

They probably offer you the very best that there is, and it would be snobbish in the extreme to slight their efforts to entertain you with the observation that you do not like this or that, and that you consider other things quite beneath notice. A lady is always a lady, and she never gives offense unnecessarily. Suppose croquet is obsolete in the city. Your country friends enjoy it immensely, and they wouldn't like tennis at all, perhaps. It would be decidedly ill-bred to decline to play because "it is so old-fashioned, don't you know?"

Then about your clothes. If you have any sense of the eternal fitness of things don't try to astonish the natives with your city-made wardrobe. It is bad taste, and it is betrayal of your friend, whose modestly made country clothes stand no show at all beside those of your Franco-Irish modiste. Be neatly clad all the time, but never make any attempt to out-dress your hostess. Of course, if you are from the country and visiting in the city, you will have a care that your wardrobe is sufficiently up-to-date to escape criticism because of singularity. Rich attire is not necessary, and if you have not the means to provide such, attend to the little details that are the impress of a lady—gloves, handkerchiefs, ribbons and boots, and the remainder of your attire will take care of itself. Whether you are to visit in the city or country supply yourself with all the little toilet accessories, mending traps, &c., so that you will not have to disturb your hostess by requesting things that she has not got in the house.

If you can remember to attend to all the little things mentioned and are withal a bright, companionable girl, you will always find yourself an acceptable visitor, and will get invited to some desirable homes just because people like to have such a girl as I have described around. She is like a burst of sunshine on a cloudy day, and Uncle Sam has an immense family of just such girls. SENORA SARA.

**SOME FASHION NOTES.**

**The Latest Bits of Information About the Coming Styles.**

Blues that rival the cobalt of a midsummer sky, pink like the changing tones of the after glow of sunset, greens that repeat every varying tint of turf and foliage, grays like the morning mists of the ocean, and every conceivable shade of brown—these are some of the colors that are favored of fashion and most frequently seen in union with other colors and tones. Black in many cases acts as the mediator, being brought into requisition with even the very daintiest tints, and imparting character to every class of material, be it thick or thin.

An odd little fancy, much liked by women who wore them thirty-five years ago, are half sleeves, made of lawn, muslin or net, to meet the elbow sleeves, that are such favorites, but not always in place. The full half sleeve may be gathered into a band or ruffle at the wrist, and has a band to fit inside the sleeve at the elbow. When the material is of a thin, cloud-like texture it is really pretty. It is easily adjusted with a jeweled pin or two, and turns a demi-evening gown into a remark-

ably handsome visiting dress if the too low neck is covered with a lawn cape also.

Here is a forerunner of the ample wraps that will be worn this winter for carriage and opera. This one is of heavy dark green poult de sole, with a lining of shell pink and a border of dark mink. The big, wing-like sleeves are its great feature. It will make up handsomely in one of the fine, soft serges, lined with a delicate wash silk and trimmed with a frayed rose pleating of the serge, instead of the mink, would be an elegant wrap and come within the means of almost any woman. Cashmere or henrietta cloth may be employed with fine effect.

Princess gowns are quite the swell thing for the coming season, and there is a mingled howl and groan. A plump woman always looks well in a princess gown—if it fits. It very seldom does. A tall woman, to whom nature has been stingy as to covering the bones, looks like an attenuated telegraph pole in a princess; but, spare or plump, the "all-together" gown is going to be worn. Particular pains should be taken with the set of the skirt and its evenness of length. Examine your gown skirts in a "foot mirror," such as you find in your bootmaker's, and you will be able to tell something about it. A pier glass is a delusion and a snare when you want to get the hang of a skirt at the bottom.

# WAITRESSES' WOES

## Experiences of Two Independent Girls Who Tried Them.

## SERVANTS IN A SUMMER HOTEL

## Dirt, Drudgery and Dishonesty Inextricably Mixed.

### A VIVID PICTURE

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.

THE TROUBLE with all these people who are out of work," said the banker, between the puffs of his cigar, "is their confounded pride. Here are all these women whining about losing their positions and being obliged to starve, and yet they won't go into the kitchens, where they are needed."

"Cooks are born, not made, and all women are born cooks," assented the fin de siecle woman, sweetly.

"There are the mountain hotels suffering for waitresses who can set a table straight and put down a dish without smashing it. Why don't they try that? Splendid air, good food; it's a paradise to the government printing office."

The fine de siecle woman did not answer. Her thoughts were busy with the summer when she and her college chum, Rose Marie, became waitresses. They were young and democratic, and they were not afraid of hard work. Also neither of them had any money.

The hotel was very large and very rich. Its myriad windows gleamed through the trees on that June evening like the eyes of a huge insect. The web had been spun through carefully worded letters, and these two unsuspicious little flies walked in.

**Their Introduction to Realities.**

The way into their parlor proved to be up a corkscrew stair, through a hall too narrow for two to walk abreast, to the very top of a rickety, four-story frame building, which sheltered over sixty waitresses, twenty washerwomen and a laundry. By the light of a tallow candle they hung their clothes on a row of nails, tacked up a picture or two, and then went down to survey the field of campaign.

The big kitchen was populous with white-capped waitresses, jolly cooks, whose speech, like their sauces, had a foreign flavor, and one ubiquitous little darkey, who dodged under elbows, hopped over benches, ran up the shelves of the dresser after dishes from the top, and was never in the way.

"Ye're new girls, aren't ye?" asked one of the waitresses, a Juno of Irish descent, with a pair of great dark laughing eyes and an indescribable jauntiness of bearing. "Just wait a minute, now, till ye get some supper," and she beckoned to one of the cooks. The supper which presently appeared on the corner of a kitchen table was fit for a syndicate king.

"The steak and vegetables have the true city lusciousness, and the pudding is a dream," remarked Fan, the younger and more sanguine of the two. "Really, if this is the way they serve the servants, I don't see that we'd gain much by being guests."

**A Disappointing Awakening.**

Next morning they woke with the birds and came down to a breakfast of bread and milk and huckleberries and the information that they would not be needed that day. Four were the meals in the servants' hall—6 o'clock, bread and milk; 10 o'clock, breakfast; 3 o'clock, dinner; 6 o'clock, bread and milk supper. They decided to spend the day in the woods and lunch on bread and fruit. They climbed a small mountain, got a view of the most glorious mountain scenery in America, visited the Indian camp and went to bed happy.

The awakening came next day.

"The broom must have been left out of our room," said Rose Marie, glancing at the printed set of rules, which stated that employees must keep their rooms in good order. "I'm going to ask the housekeeper for one."

Just then there sounded a wall from somewhere in the three lower stories. "Who's got the broom? Who's got the broom?" There was but one broom for the eighty females in this great barracks! Forty rooms to be kept in order, four corridors to be swept, and one lone, weary, worn-out broom for them all!

**Initiated Into the Necessities.**

A delegation of guests had arrived during the evening, and many hands were at work shelling peas in the pantry that morning. At 10 o'clock there was a scattering, and the college girls looked around to find themselves alone in the deserted room, while the clang of a bell came from somewhere in the outer regions. They followed the sound and arrived at the servants' dining room, where were two long, greasy, oilcloth-covered tables, swept as clean as if the seven-year locust had been settled there. Girls stood and sat about these tables, with plates piled full of meat and vegetables, which they devoured with energy. On further investigation they found two dry rolls and a pitcher of cool coffee. Nothing more.

"Will ye have some cream from undher the spout?" said a rich Milesian voice, and their friend of the first night pushed a cup of very blue milk in their direction. "I'll tell ye this," she continued, "ye'll not get much in this place unless ye grab it."

"So it seems," said Rose Marie, dryly, chipping at the shell of her bread. The Irish damsel sat down and put her elbows on the table and her chin on her hands. She did not share in the general scuffle for food.

"O, I had my breakfast long ago," she said with a laugh, "and another time you can get all yez want. Just watch your chance when Avery's at dinner. O, yes, it's stealin', if it's stealin' to take what belongs to you."

The two comrades exchanged glances. "So that was the way we got our supper night before last," said Fan, when they were out of the dining hall. "Well, shall we do it?"

**Honesty the Best Policy.**

They tried the custom of the place, after trying in vain to fight their way through the mob that charged upon the platters of tough or spoiled meat and underdone vegetables at dinner. The head waiter, the steward, the manager and the cooks all took it for granted that the waitresses should get what they wanted; all they said was: "Don't let us see you." Once a girl was caught. She paid 50 cents apiece for three bananas.

"Do you think this pays, Fan?" asked Rose Marie thoughtfully, when they had done, after the fashion of this Rome for three days and lived sumptuously every day.

"No, I don't," said Fan, soberly.

"Bread and water with self-respect are more that a pate de foie gras without it," Rose added. And they subsisted thereafter on bread and water, almost literally.

"It would pay these men to feed their waitresses well, if they only knew it," said Rose one night. "The girls take more than they need, just out of spite. Did you see Milly when she came out from supper this evening?" (Milly was the Irish damsel who had taken them under her wing from the first). "She has a pocket on each side a yard deep, and as she went by me she whispered, 'I'm just balanced.' And she had a pitcher of blueberries and cream in one pocket and half a roast chicken in the other!"

"Milly doesn't steal just for herself. She feeds half of the laundresses. They don't have a chance to get anything."

"Convey, the wise call it," said Rose, with a yawn.

**Milly, Mistress of Them All.**

The next view they had of Milly was in the laundry. She was standing in front of one of the four tubs which were allotted to the girls for their washing, and was loading the air in that vicinity with language that was almost visible—varied combination of street profanity, wharf epithets and Millyisms more potent than either. Her washing had been taken out of the tub in which she had put it to soak, and lay in a trampled heap on the floor. The girl who had done this thing presently rinsed the washing and hung it out under Milly's supervision. Coming in from the yard with her basket slung on one arm, she remarked quietly to Rose Marie, "I don't like to swear like that. It makes me feel sick."

Of all the sixty-three waitresses, with their varied nationalities of Irish, German, American, French and Danish, this girl Milly was the leader by sheer force of animal life and spirits. She could do double work to save some overtasked girl, she would carry off half the spoils of the store room to feed half-starved women; she could on occasion rival any man about the establishment in the freedom of her language, and she could keep two inexperienced girls from the rude jests and petty persecution of her followers.

The days went on, and with each came an added degree of smoothness to the kitchen floor. "I wonder how much the guests would eat if they saw this kitchen?" said Fan one day, as she looked at the accumulation of oils and colorings left by all the spills of all the weeks.

**Eager After the Tips.**

"How much did you get?" now became a favorite question in the kitchen. The departure of every guest was surrounded by officious helpers, with expectant eyes. Sometimes it was a bill, sometimes a coin that fell in the outstretched palm, but always it had been paid for and schemed for with crafty planning and foresight.

"I said," said Rose with deliberation, "when we went into this thing, that I meant to take tips. I wasn't going to have any false pride about it. But when I see this everlasting fawning and crawling at the feet of the richest people, and when I think of the people I've waited on all summer—they are nice people, too, and I respect them and should like to have them respect me—it disgusts me to have them think I've simply been trying to make money out of them by every little thing I do. You can do as you like, Fan, but if they offer me anything I'm going to refuse it."

"What will you say when the girls ask you how much you got?" asked Fan.

"They won't know anything about it," and Rose tied her apron in an irreproachable bow and vanished down stairs.

Fan had privately come to the same conclusion, and it happened that nearly at the same moment Milly at one table and Dora Lane at another saw the two college girls hand back the bills that were offered them, instead of pocketing them with a demure "thank you" and a smile of triumph at the rest. The two comrades met a storm of questions and comments when they emerged into the pantry.

"You're queer chickens, you are," was all that Milly would say, but among the rest there was a marked coldness and dislike for the rest of the week.

**Their Departure is Celebrated.**

The night before the college girls left there was a demonstration in the servants' quarters. The transom over the door in the room occupied by the two independent young menials was shattered and knocked inward by a stick of wood. Through the opening whizzed a broken lamp chimney, some old shoes, and various kinds of rubbish. All sorts of language was being talked outside, by tongues as rough as unpolished lava. Rose Marie was of Highland blood—the blood that is both gentle and fierce as no other in the world can be. Fan watched her in silence. Suddenly, to the jeering, mocking crowd in the hall there appeared a figure that might have been the incarnation of a boarder chieftain. With one hand she held the door shut—she had flashed out before Fan saw what she was about to do—and with the other she held up a small box. Then Rose Marie came back and locked the door, smiling softly.

"I've quenched them," she said, "I told them if I heard another sound tonight I would throw this package of red pepper over the transom, or come and fling it at them if necessary. Your mother did a provident thing when she gave us that for my cold, Fan."

**Fire Behind Locked Doors.**

They swept up the broken glass into a corner, threw the other contributions out of the window, and were just slipping off their wrappers, when Rose leaned out of the window. "Fan, look here!"

A tiny tongue of fire was leaping from the laundry window. And the lower door was bolted on the outside every night!

A fire in a crowded building, with wide stairways, fire escapes, and engines within call, is sometimes terrible; a fire in a building full of women, with narrow, crooked stairways, no fire escapes, and no engines anywhere about, is a thing that should have been impossible.

"We must call the girls," said Rose, swiftly unbolting her door. She met Milly on the second floor. The girl had been out for a drive. By the way she had come in others could go out; it was a woodpile on the end of the building furthest from the flame, under the hall window. Somehow or other the girls were got out and the watchman called. The crazy old building burned like tinder. Some of the women saved their clothes, but most were glad to get out alive. Rose Marie and her friend had their traveling gowns only.

"Well," said Rose, when they had told their story to a few dozen sympathetic friends, and been petted and feasted by Fan's mother, and were making the most of the few days before the beginning of the term, "we've had the experience. And I'm not sorry. But I'll live on herbs and water, or plain water, I'll turn every gown I have upside down and inside out, I'll live in a tent in the woods, before I'll try it again!"

"Here's a letter from Milly," said Fan, coming in. "She says 'If I'd been there they'd never dared give you that shivaree. But take my advice and don't fly in the face of Providence.'"

"I agree with Milly," said Fan's mother, with a sigh.

**AUTUMN DRESS FABRICS.**

**Crepons Are Still the Thing—Other Stylish Gown Material.**

What a cranky old dame Fashion is! Three months ago she said that not an inch of crepon would be worn by the smart set this winter and that a crepon gown would mark its possessor as being hopelessly behind the style, and here comes Fashion's outrider with the information that crepon will be "quite the thing" for autumn gowns! The fact of the matter is, crepon is a pretty fabric, even if it is unserviceable. It catches and holds the dust in a most lamentable manner, and it pulls so that it has to be "sheared" at every wearing, but if you are careful to keep it clipped closely the pulled threads don't hurt, they simply add another crinkle. Black goat's hair crepon is one of the very newest designs and the crinkle is deeper than ever. Crepon with Dresden stripes in color is one of the new fancies, and another has a shadowy device of figures over it. Alternate stripes of crepon and velvet is another odd fancy, and it is right smart looking.

The bouretted goods will be here in full force for autumn and early winter wear. The favored fashion is a bright ground of smooth surface with the tiny curled knots of darker color thrown up on the right side. In these there seems to be a return to "patterns" also. Indeed, it looks as though we were to have a revival of the Watteau figures, for everything seems to have a touch of "design" in it. You can't go astray if you have a gown with these boucle effects.

Nearly all fabrics for gowns present a rough appearance. Heavily corded materials will be quite the go again this winter. One of the newest designs shows the cords separated by a silk thread. The effect is very elegant. Matelasse effects are in vogue again, the design being wrought in colors, but always contrasting with the ground. The illuminated diagonals will be as much in favor as ever this winter. Mohairs promise to hold their sway well into the winter also. In a climate such as Washington possesses mohair could be worn quite late indeed.

Plaid in the clan colors are going to be very popular. If you've got any Scotch in you and want to bruit that fact abroad, have a plaid waist or a plaid kown and then tell everybody you meet that you are wearing your national tartan. It helps to distinguish you. But unfortunately, some of the plaids are simply hideous.

**FOR NERVOUS FEMALES.**

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

Dr. J. B. Alexander, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is not only pleasant to the taste, but ranks among the best of nerve tonics for nervous females."

**THE KEY-NOTE.**

**It is Usually Struck by the Mother in Her Morning Mood.**

From Harper's Bazar.

The key-note of the day is usually struck by the mother in her morning mood of cheerfulness or depression. If she be a brisk and light-hearted person, with a knack of putting crooked things straight and tangled things smooth, her very step and air, and her voice as she goes singing about the house, will make husband, children and maids blithe and buoyant.

Little as the world suspects it the key-note of the business office, of the shop, the factory, the exchange, is often to be discovered in the quiet home from which the merchant, the operative or the broker has come to engage in the vocation of his daily life. A woman's sweet face, her caressing hand, her loyal truth, her unswerving faith are supplying the man not only with motive power, but are forming his environment, subtle and intangible, but strongly potential all the while he is away from her. Women seldom guess how much men owe to their insistent influence, so gentle, so restraining, so taken for granted, like the atmosphere or the daily food.

A serene, true-hearted wife is a blessing which a good man appreciates and which the most selfish man prizes more than he himself understands.

The boys of a certain family are noted for their chivalry, their considerate manner toward their sisters and their unswerving honesty. One stays a few days in the home where they have been reared and observes that the key-note of that home chords with the melody of the golden rule. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you" is plainly the marching order of the day for all who go forth from the training of the parents there.

On the other hand, the mother, otherwise very attractive in person and demeanor, is sharp and incisive in her way of addressing her young people. Aggressiveness and peremptoriness characterize them in turn. The small boy bullies his little brother, he orders the maid rudely about, he contradicts brusquely and impetuously statements made by schoolmates. His mother has enforced her authority by the strong hand, and her imperious will has been obeyed, but no sweet spirit of obedience, no tender grace of decorum has made life easeful and beautiful to the children. The key-note has been struck, with the result of jarring dissonance at present, and, what is worse, of future ill effects on character—ill effects which can never be quite overcome. As the mother's word of the moment gives the key-note for a single day, so the mother's habitual mood, her aims, her secret ambitions, her way of looking at life give the key-note for many days and sometimes for many lives.

Whatever else perishes from the race, history is always going on, and one by one families are making it in the commonplace, uneventful days which are lived in quiet homes.

**ABOUT WOMEN.**

**A Delusion Which Most Men Cherish About the Opposite Sex.**

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is in one of the current magazines a clever little sketch, which is also a parable, on the subject of the new woman. It represents a number of women at a luncheon, discussing between the different dishes the interests of their sex, and thus presenting, in the form of a lively and good-natured colloquy, the several aspects of what may be called the latest situation in the scheme of progress. The hostess strikes the keynote and sets the various tongues in motion by saying, with reference to her choice of flowers, that her daughter has pronounced it tame and old-fashioned because it includes only carnations and violets, whereas "the flower of the new woman is the orchid."

To this one of the ladies replies: "An orchid never seems to me a flower at all—a sort of cross between a flower and a butterfly."

Then an elderly woman observes that in her day women used to be compared to roses.

"But," says a younger one, "we modern women are orchids. I like that. Next to a mushroom an orchid has a look of mystery, of being, perhaps, deadly and poisonous. Yes, we are orchids."

The new woman's opinion of herself is nicely expressed in this botanical comparison. She likes to be considered a wonder, a menace, a something to fill the minds of men with awe and alarm, and to startle society from its habitual and self-satisfied propriety.

**Then to Matrimony.**

Of course, the talk easily drifts from the orchid to matrimony, as talk is apt to drift from anything to that familiar topic where women are congregated. The curious fact is suggested that a bachelor may declare, in joke or earnest, that he has an inextinguishable desire for matrimony, but a woman must not do such a thing. An explanation is quickly furnished. It is "simply because woman's whole habit of thought and expression has so long been regulated by a very complicated and insincere formula, according to what appeared proper and correct."

That is to say, woman has been denied the right to declare in plain terms what she has always made it her business to tell by her actions. Men cherish the pleasant belief that they select their wives, but the wives know that it is an illusion. Custom requires the man to do the asking, but behind this custom is a force of feminine cunning and ingenuity which puts the question where the woman desires. Any careful student of the matter knows that most of the match-making is done by the sex that is supposed to be merely passive in the case. The new