THE VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. Hobart's Position in Official and Social Washington.

A MAN OF FORCE AND CHARACTER

Does Not Regard His Office as a Mere Sinecure.

DELIGHTFUL HOME LIFE

Written for The Evening Star.

AS VICE PRESIDENT of the United States, Garrett A. Hobart differs vastly from any of his recent predecessors. He is a surprise to the politicians, for he has made himself a distinct political force.

He evidently realized, when he accepted the nomination, that the position was one of great possibilities; that it might be and should be one of primary importance. He believed the fathers of the republic had no notion that the Vice President should be a figurehead and nothing more, and he determined, when elected, to proceed upon that line. His course was a surprise to Washington from the day of his inauguration. The vice presidency had long been considered a sinecure in the capital city, no matter who the incumbent, and no one could understand how it could be made anything else.

Since then all Washington has learned that the Vice President is a force to be reckoned with in many ways. All Washington likes the change, and it is hardly probable that the vice presidency, after Hobart, will ever drop back to its old level of relative insignificance. It is only right to say that the present importance of the vice presidency is in some degree due to the agreement of the President with Mr. Hobart's ideas.

Vice President Garret A. Hobart.
Photographed by Clendinst especially for McClure's Syndicate.

Mr. Hobart and the President.

The relations between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hobart are more as such relations were planned by the founders of the republic than they have been since Lincoln's first term. There was little sympathy between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson; Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton rarely saw each other; a decided frost sprang up during Mr. Garfield's brief actual service whenever he and Gen. Arthur approached, and friend relations between the President and Vice President have been the rule for more than thirty years.

But Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hobart are more than merely on good terms; they are close friends in every sense. Thus it is not at all unusual for Mr. McKinley to drop in at the famous Cameron mansion on Lafayette place, which the Hobarts have chosen for their home, once or twice a week, between whiles, so to speak, for a smoke and a half hour of neighborly talk and relaxation. Neither is it exceptional for the tall figure of the Vice President to be seen entering the door of the White House, and the conferences between the nation's chief executive and his next man are by no means devoted solely to sociability.

Next to the President.

As many readers no doubt remember, Great Britain's representative has heretofore taken precedence over every one save the President at all social and state functions in Washington. Sir Julian Pauncefote, now British ambassador, supposed that there would be no change when the present administration came in, but in this he was mistaken. In behalf of his office and himself Mr. Hobart assumed precedence of all save his chief, and the President supported the Vice President's position. Sir Julian is a gentleman, and eventually he accepted the situation, though not without some detailed consultation with the home office, which he deemed might be more vitally interested in the question of social precedence at the republican court of the west than any individual could be. His theory was undoubtedly, in effect, that, being the personal representative in Washington of Queen Victoria, he was entitled to all the deference that would be accorded to her in person, and the matter was not settled for good and all until after the ambassador's return from a visit to the other side of the ocean, in the course of which, it is understood, he inquired minutely into the practice in Paris, the only other great republican capital.

Feeling as he did before he went abroad, Sir Julian had refrained from attending various functions at which he might meet the Vice President, but immediately after reaching Washington again he hastened to pay his respects to that official in a formal call, which was duly and properly returned within the conventional three days' limit. It was diplomatically conveyed to Sir Julian soon afterward that Mr. McKinley thought no one of any station whatever ought to come between him and the Vice President, and since that time the precedence question has crystallized itself quite satisfactorily.

As Presiding Officer.

There is no doubt that the framers of the United States government believed they were providing duties of the most important sort for the Vice President when they assigned to him the task of presiding over the Senate. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is held to be next to the President in real potential importance. There is no reason why the presiding officer of the Senate should not be a power to be reckoned with, if he so wills it. It has been as the Senate's official head that Mr. Hobart has most surprised the capital city.

He had long been prominent in the public affairs of New Jersey, his native state, when advanced to his present high position, and for years had been an influential member of his party's national executive committee. He had never been a figure in official Washington, however, nor had he ever served in Washington, as had nearly every one of his predecessors, and no one

Mrs. Garret A. Hobart.
(From a Recent Photograph.)

looked for any stronger work from him in the Vice President's chair than had been shown by them. But Garret A. Hobart resolved, when little more than a boy, to do whatever he had to do as well as he could and as rapidly as possible, and to make every move count to the fullest extent. He therefore took up his duties in the Senate chamber in his own virile, efficient way.

First of all, some time before March 4, 1897, he addressed himself seriously to the study of the history, the traditions and the rules of the Senate. He already possessed an intimate knowledge of parliamentary law, gained when he was in the New Jersey legislature, first as member of the lower house, then as speaker and later as senator. When he took up the gavel as presiding officer of the Senate he knew just what to do and exactly how to do it. He had both himself and the Senate well in hand on the first day of the extra session that marked the beginning of the present administration, and was early seen to be a chairman of strength and decision. Since that first session his reputation along these lines has grown steadily, and more than once his sincerest admirers even have been surprised and delighted by his clear perception of the philosophy of parliamentary law and his minute knowledge of Senate procedure.

His Technical Knowledge.

Strangely enough, too, some of the oldest and best known of the senators are least posted in the technicalities of legislative business. They know how to present their ideas succinctly, often eloquently, and they are masters of the art of pleasing the commonwealths they represent, else they could not serve term after term; but they do not understand the ins and outs of the Senate rules, and are often bothered with the how and the wherefore. These senators find the Vice President's unfailing technical knowledge, which is frequently at their disposal, of great value.

Mr. Hobart usually reaches the Capitol at 11:30 when the congressional wheels are grinding, just half an hour before the Senate begins work for the day. Of course he is surrounded with a group of men eager to get a word with the Vice President as soon as he reaches the Senate chamber floor, and he gives every one as free an audience as circumstances will permit. But, no matter what the pressure, there is one duty which he invariably attends to before the session begins. This is the careful perusal of the previous day's journal. He has an unusually retentive mind and might reasonably be sure of keeping track of everything were he not to look at the journal at all, but he prefers to refresh his memory every morning and to take nothing for granted.

After the session has begun he has eyes and ears only for the current proceedings. He keeps close watch of all that is going on and of everything that is said; he has never been known to lose the thread and be obliged to ask about the previous question, and he enforces the rules. In other words, he looks upon the work of the Senate chairmanship precisely as he regarded keeping a country school years ago. It is rare indeed that he calls any one to the chair, and for this reason a newspaper correspondent, out of sympathy with the Vice President's self-imposed task of listening to many speeches delivered, otherwise chiefly to empty benches, recently described Mr. Hobart as the "chronic audience."

Mr. Hobart's Busy Days.

When Congress is in session Mr. Hobart is one of the busiest men in the national capital. He rises early, and before 9 o'clock has broken his fast. Sharp on the hour he seats himself at his desk in the ground floor room set apart as an office in the Hobart residence. His letters are always roughly divided into classes by his personal secretary before Mr. Hobart is ready for their consideration. Into one class are put the letters relating to his large business interests. Mr. Hobart got out of most of his directories when made Vice President, so as to be free to give virtually undivided attention to his official work, but there are still many matters upon which his business associates consult him by mail. Their letters are, naturally, attended to by Mr. Hobart himself. Besides these the morning's mail brings many letters of a purely personal and special nature, many others that are formally official as to contents, and still others whose writers solicit personal backing with the President or the heads of government departments.

Mr. Hobart impresses the visitor who sees him for the first time as essentially American in type, and this impression grows with each subsequent interview. He is rather above the middle height, his features are almost regular, his wholesomely tinted face is shaven clean, save on the upper lip, his hair and long mustache are beginning to show the gray and his blue eyes have the frank, direct look of a man who has fought his own way to a high place in life and is neither afraid nor arrogant. His voice is full and round. His manner has been termed bluff. It has also been characterized as suave. I should say it might better be spoken of as offhand. He gives the typical American salute with heartiness; there is no grudging Peter Grievous touch in his handshake, nor is there any affected overcordiality or careful conformation to the latest vogue. You get the whole hand and you are made to feel when you get it that should you have a reasonable request to prefer, it will be granted without any ifs and ands, and that if it can't be granted the fact will quickly but inoffensively be made clear.

Those who meet Mr. Hobart by special appointment generally see him in his office; the others are received in the reception room opening directly off the entrance hall. It is a large, cheerful room, which somehow suggests the man, and is furnished with easy chairs and lounges, which make your waiting comfortable if you have to wait. Sometimes, when there are many present, Mr. Hobart circulates among his callers instead of having them come to him, to the great saving of every one's time. On those rare occasions when the visitors are few he is prone to seat himself easily by a caller's side for a short talk, and he always puts every one at his ease. As a rule, he is ready for the callers by 10; this gives just an hour to them, for he likes to start for the Capitol, to which he generally walks, at 11.

Mr. Hobart's Social Life.

Callers are occasionally received by Mr. Hobart at his home after the Senate has adjourned for the day, but the time between 5 o'clock and the dinner hour is brief, and not so many go then as in the morning. There is no lack of occupation, though, for the afternoon mail has to be attended to, and often some of the morning letters are still unanswered. These must be disposed of, for if there is anything he dislikes it is left-over letters. Besides, time for the consideration of social matters has somehow to be provided. That is not always difficult, but there are days a-plenty when it is.

Since Mr. Morton's term it has been supposed that social observances take up a large portion of the Vice President's time, money and energy. Unlike some general suppositions, this one is just now quite accurate, though Mr. Morton was the first vice president who cut much of a social figure. But Mr. Hobart is offhand, as I have said, while Mrs. Hobart is gracious, and both enjoy social life immensely. The result is such pronounced personal popularity for both that were each week to be of thirty instead of seven days, it would be impossible for them to accept all the social courtesies tendered. As it is, they either go out or entertain every evening in the week, except Sunday, in the season. The first noteworthy function given by the Hobarts in Washington was a reception to all the senators, regardless of politics, while the extra session of 1897 was on. Something has been doing at the Vice President's house at least once a week since then, when Congress has been in session. The most important functions so far this year have been the reception to the diplomatic corps and the dinner to the President.

In Exquisite Taste.

Every one of the Hobart receptions and dinners is got up in exquisite taste, as you have probably read from time to time in the dispatches. The house is always decorated profusely with flowers, and there is high-grade music, whether the function be a dinner or a reception. Dances are barred, for the reason, among others, that the house is not properly arranged for them. The details of the social program are mostly looked after by Mrs. Hobart, whose punctilious observance of all the forms and ceremonies is highly satisfactory to the best Washington circles. A young woman secretary is employed to look after Mrs. Hobart's calling lists and the engagements of herself and Mr. Hobart, as a matter of necessity, and a regular social schedule for at least a week in advance is always on the Vice President's desk.

It may be said here that were Mr. Hobart dependent wholly upon the vice presidential salary for his income there would be fewer and less delightful entertainments in the Hobart mansion. It would be impossible to say how much of a drain upon his private purse his social expenditures have been, so far, but the aggregate is surely well into the tens of thousands.

LIBRARY IN VICE PRESIDENT HOBART'S WASHINGTON HOME.
Photo by Clendinst.

FASHIONS IN FLOWERS.

Varieties That Are Being Used for the New Hats.

From the Millinery Trade Review.

The latest additions to the list of fashionable flowers are hydrangea and azalea blooms, magnified wall flowers, particularly favored in Bordeaux tints, primroses of all colors, both Chinese and garden varieties, and large flat roses with few petals, nicknamed "wheel roses," while all the flowers mentioned in former letters are maintained in vogue. Lilacs, violets, cowslips and hyacinths being essentially spring flowers, will not be worn after May, but until then they will be in considerable request. I was shown a pale gray sailor hat trimmed in a novel way with lilac, the sprays standing up around the crown, three mauve ones on the right, three violet on the left, and as many white behind. The interval in front is filled in with a puffing of mauve tulle. Among the new models entirely covered with flowers I noted one of hyacinth bells shaded from deep violet on the edge to lilac in the center; another, the low-domed crown of which was covered with pink rose petals, and the brim with a double row of Bordeaux roses placed back to back; and a third made of primroses, the flowers arranged in little bunches of different colors, each surrounded by leaves.

Milliners are just now showing great partiality for hydrangea tints—combinations of very pale pinks and lavender blue—and the flower itself is also in high favor, now used to trim pink straw (as described above), now lavender blue straw. Most shades of blue are fashionable, and in some cases two very different shades of a similar depth will be mingled together. For instance, here is a bolero in forget-me-not blue straw, with braids of the same sewn on at intervals so as to form little frills, turned up by two "wheel bows," one of the same color as the straw, and the other of a pale turquoise shade; it is further trimmed with a half coronet of forget-me-nots. "Wheel bows" owe their name to the copy of the great Chicago wheel now in full working order near the Champ de Mars; they are made of ribbon folded double and then plaited into a circle. Taffeta ribbon serves the purpose as well as gauze.

A turban hat made of thick plaits of herringbone braids has two such taffeta bows of the same wood-violet tint as the straw, and a bunch of transparent leaves. This is the latest novelty in foliage, and very delicate and pretty. Such leaves are almost white, with just a tinge of color on the veins.

Wood violet, Bordeaux and pavot are certainly the most fashionable dark shades; blue is seldom required deeper than the medium. Bordeaux is often mixed with pink, pavot with black. A red straw hat of this tone has a black Chantilly veil draped about the edge of its flat brim, the extremities of which are fastened in front by being drawn through a jet buckle. Its trimming further consists of crimson taffeta ribbon gathered into a close resemblance to the open petals of a huge poppy about a group of black stamens. Two of these fanciful flowers are set against the high crown, and a third under the brim behind the left ear. The petal-like effect is enhanced by a bordering of very fine chenille on the upper edge of the ribbon.

This model is also very stylish carried out in golden yellow straw and ribbon and black lace. Sunflowers are also made by flocking pieces of ribbon round a black velvet button.

Although milliners make up mock flowers in this way, they are lavish with fleurists' productions.

The Round Table Again.

From the Woman's Home Companion.

For luncheons, afternoon teas and evening suppers nothing compares in favor or effectiveness with the polished table. Indeed, it may be said that polished tables, round, square or oblong, are the fad of the hour. They are, of course, made the background for beautiful lace effects, in centerpieces, large and small doilies. New mahogany may be aged by processes that are known to furniture dealers, and defaced or dull woods may be renewed or polished. A top sixty inches in diameter will seat seven or even eight comfortably, and one seventy-two inches will seat twelve. A large doily is place at each cover, and every article on the table (excepting the silver and glasses at the individual covers) has something under it proportioned to its size. These bits of lace or openwork, with the centerpiece, flowers, brilliant crystal, silver and fine china, give an effect as striking as it is pleasing.

HINTS IN ECONOMY

Making One Gown Do for Dress-Up and Other Occasions.

AN UP-TO-DATE COMBINATION

But You Must Have Lots of Pretty Waists and Fixings.

TWO WAISTS FOR ONE SKIRT

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1899.

The wife of an army officer who said she would like to have a gown which could be used for an evening, street, tea gown or bathing suit voiced the need of both women who travel and cannot take about with them a lot of clothes in heavy trunks and also those whose limited purse makes economy a necessity. Women whose husbands are now on our vast frontiers form such a rapidly growing class that it is a pleasure as well as a patriotic duty to be able to tell them that although no gown has yet been designed which can be used for both an evening gown and a bathing suit, since the abbreviations of one are exactly opposite those of the other, yet it is quite possible to combine a calling, street, reception, dinner and evening gown; that for all outdoor sports one skirt and coat will do, as it will also do for rainy days, and that one coat and skirt gown will answer all the ordinary exactions of traveling, shopping and general street wear.

Aside from these three central and necessary gowns a riding habit (if one is going where riding is indulged in without the enormous outlay which attends it in the larger cities), a tea gown and a house gown or so which can be fashioned of half-worn silks made over, will make a wardrobe which can be packed into one good-sized trunk and will answer all the ordinary purposes of two winter seasons, with the addition of a cape or heavy coat.

The Necessary Extras.

This is but a rough outline and there will have to be thin gowns and shirt waists of silk, cotton and flannel and one or two fancy silk waists. But as no one is ever quite in the state of Miss Flora McFlimsey it is probable that a wardrobe of this sort could be carried out by using what one already has without great expense. Like all descriptions of what gowns are absolutely necessary, it falls short of what one would like to have, but it does give the gowns which can do duty on all occasions, formal and informal, which come into the life of a woman of modest means and good taste.

In buying new gowns and in having them made women who wish to wear them more than one season should be most careful to choose the very latest model. Women who are not constantly buying or seeing new gowns are apt to distrust the illustrations shown them by good modistes, and to think the French models far too pronounced. It is true that many French models are better for being slightly changed to suit our American taste. For instance, we walk and the French ride; therefore our gowns should never trail. But if one going to buy a gown this spring decides that tunic and princess effects are too outre, and that she wants something less pronounced, she will be making a mistake. By the time that gown is laid aside or made over tunic and princess effects will be far from new, and anything which antedates them will be as hopelessly out of date as a balloon sleeve is today.

Subdued, but Becoming.

A woman who cannot have many gowns should not have conspicuous ones, that is true. They should be subdued in color and trimming, but they should be made up in the very smartest way, and if it is possible to get something which is pretty and just coming out—hardly yet well known—by all means do so.

This advice is best exemplified by the tale of a Felix gown which was brought over the year of the world's fair. It was a fawn-colored broadcloth combined with green velvet. It was made with a princess effect, and for this year it would be quite as distinctive and beautiful as ever. But, unfortunately, even Felix gowns don't wear forever, and that gown had to be laid aside last fall, having been triumphantly and distinctively smart through a long career and only needing each fall alterations in its sleeves.

We can very few of us have Felix gowns, to be sure, but all of us can hunt up the very latest models and boldly have our new gowns made on the very latest lines we can find.

Stylish Color and Form.

The illustrations this week are of a gray ladies' cloth skirt with modified Louis XIV coat of the same material. This same skirt is repeated with a decollete bodice of gray and white, and also shown with a lace yoke and sleeves. Thus this one gown will answer for many occasions. Gray is a good color, because a smart gray skirt is so often worn with separate waists and because it combines so well with white, and now that tailor-made evening gowns are not only allowable but popular among those who prefer cloth to silk either gray or white cloth can be worn at night. Louis XIV coats are only seen once in a while and for this very reason are recommended for new gowns. They are cut either short, as in the illustration, or with long coat tails reaching nearly if not quite to the hem of the gown. Better than a cloth skirt would be one of silk, one on the order of bengaline or some such soft yet strong weave being more serviceable and twice as artistic as taffeta. Then the coat could be of cloth of the same or a darker shade and the decolleté bodice be made of the silk. If silk were used tan or beige would be very smart. Whatever the color of the coat and skirt the waistcoat or shirt waist should be of white silk. A beautiful combination would be a red jacket with a white skirt, the skirt being perforated cloth, showing a cerise petticoat. Scarlet cloth jackets with white skirts are just coming in. Nothing could be prettier and the only point to be considered would be whether one would tire of the red before it was replaced. Of course it is brilliant and only she who is going to wear a particular combination can decide how long she can wear it without wearying of it.

For Well-Rounded Figures.

Besides Louis XIV coats there are the long tunic coats, which fit tightly in the back and in front have the fullness either only taken in with one bias or have it all drawn to one side and fastened with one button. In either case these tunics wrinkle slightly at the waist line, and give the effect of slenderness and height. But for stout women Louis XIV coats or a modification of them are infinitely more becoming.

Perforated cloth is exceedingly popular. Until lately it was only worn by women who could afford to have the perforations made and the edges embroidered by hand. But now the cloth already perforated can be bought under the name of guipure de drap. Even now it is not a bargain.

A tunic of guipure de drap and a cloth skirt of a lighter shade of silk would be exceedingly smart, and the skirt could be used to combine with other bodices.

Will Do Double Duty.

A good idea in these days of black net and sequins is to have a black gown of brussels net embroidered with sequins and have two waists, one high necked and one low necked. Then beside this one could have sleeves and yoke of black tulle or net and another of white lace, making quite four combinations and none of them fussy ones. By fussy I mean needing much adjusting and changing of ribbons or arrangements. For although these ingenious women may live who by taking off and putting on different trimming on gowns alter their whole wardrobes, yet as a rule the modern woman who is not blessed with a maid cannot spare the time to sit down and sew half an hour every time she dons a gown.

MABEL BOYD.

PERSONAL DAINTINESS.

Factors That Contribute to the Making of a Human Flower.

From Harper's Bazar.

We have been so nauseated with patchouly and musk and their secondary extracts, frangipane, white rose, and peau d'Espagne, that the simple violet and its sister fleur-de-lis are now almost the favorite scents used by the fashionable woman. Many delightful composite odors or bouquets are made across the sea. The French seem to be the only perfumers successful with the quantity of musk or ambergris required as a binding to the bouquet, the anchor of the ethereal blossom breaths, which would escape were they not held by a strong material aroma. Some women prefer an individual perfume, to which they are faithful; while others show caprice and impulse in the array of flasks which deck their dressing tables. A first-class cologne is refreshing and not expensive as an addition to the daily bath; from that the scale mounts up to luxury and delight in well-being—bien-etre, as the French say, those lovers of curves and colors. The aftertale is told in satiny skin, rose-hued cheeks, and infantile sweetness. Scented bran-bags for the bath, extracts, waters, hair tonics, tooth pastes, powders, sachets of infinite sweetness and variety have all contributed to the making of a human flower.

The daily bath prepares the way for this fragrant ornamentation, or is in itself enough. The personality is lost in too much perfume, and developed in a course of mental, moral and physical hygiene.

A certain woman not in her first youth, but overflowing with vitality, cheerfulness and enthusiasm, retains her freshness and awakens admiration through her exquisite care of her body. It may be said that she is as bright as a woman can be, and as sincere and strong as it is possible for poor humanity to become, through years of suffering and success.

Every dress is turned wrong side out and sunned by an open window once a week. Her under-linen is arranged at night on chairs, so that each piece and part receives a measure of air. Her shoes are put on the window sill in the sunshine, and cleansed as well as may be. Her veils are washed, if the fabric permits, or else pinned across the window and relieved of all atoms of dust. She washes out her stockings every other day, and dries them in a current of air and sunlight. The dress shields are washed after a few wearings; this involves a set of half a dozen and a package of tiny safety pins, but both are cheap enough to warrant buying and using. The bath should never be slighted. Such care of the person is possible to all except poverty's poorest slaves, since it is not among the rich that we find those who know best how to live.

COMFORTABLE BEDS.

An Important Consideration That is Slighted in Most Homes.

From the Woman's Home Companion.

We spend one-third of our lives in bed; and yet beds are not made a supreme or even a very important consideration in the equipment of most homes. The fact is strangely unaccountable. Anne of Austria told her friend Cardinal Mazarin that her idea of future punishment was—to be put between linen sheets. So would say many if questioned—at least the protest against linen would be long and loud. In winter it borders upon refined torture, in summer it is fairly comfortable, but not sufficiently so to justify its expensiveness. Nice cotton sheets, made long enough to tuck in generously, are the sensible thing, and good enough for the most fastidious. Sheets should measure at least two and three-quarters yards. This will make the sheet long enough to tuck it well in at the foot and give enough at the top to turn back and prevent the blankets from coming in contact with the faces and hands. Why will people make sheets too short? It is one of those sins of domestic management which encourage male humanity to profanity and women to hysteria. Did any woman ever save ten dollars in a lifetime by shortening her sheets? If she did, her family, if normal, have taken it out of her nerves.

In providing beds for a family one should guard against misfits. If husband, son or brother is six feet three, let him be spared at home the discomfort he is sure to suffer abroad in the accommodating of his superfluous inches. He is entitled to the privilege of stretching out. The length of a bed for an adult should be no less than six feet six inches.

The use of a folding bed is either an accusation or a matter for congratulation. If a necessity, by reason of space limitation, its use must be condoned; but if used as a matter of choice, it stands as an accusation against the sense of propriety of its owner. Its presence in a roomy, well-appointed home, unless for emergencies, is unjustifiable.

The most expensive material ever produced for a dress was that purchased by the German empress last year from Lyons. It was white silk brocade, having flowers, birds and foliage in relief, and cost £25 a yard, the actual value of the raw silk, it is said, being £20. The empress was so struck with its beauty that she had not the heart to cut it up, and it was eventually turned into curtains. The price paid for this material is about double as much as the famous cloth of gold that Louis XIV had made into a dressing gown.

SHOPPING IN CUBA

One Place Where the Bargain Hunter Has a Poor Time.

THERE ARE NO DEPARTMENT STORES

Clerks Are Not Particularly Anxious to Please.

IN THE MARKET PLACES

Written for The Evening Star.

TO BE CAUGHT shopping in the middle of the day in Cuba is to be considered either loco or an estrangero—crazy or a stranger—terms synonymous to the cynical Cuban. During the later hours of the afternoon or in the evening are the allotted times, and it is then the ladies stroll forth to scan the counters and criticise the latest styles in lace mantillas.

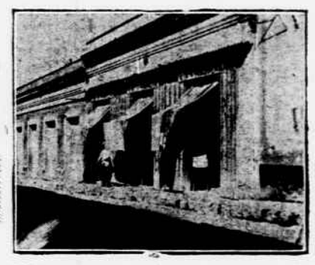
There are no large department stores as in America, no bewildering steppes of articles dear to feminine hearts, no miles of aisles, no multitude of floors, no swift-moving elevators, in fact, there are only three shops in the whole of Cuba containing more than one room devoted to the sale of goods.

A recent arrival in Havana, the wife of a major of volunteers, sallied out on her second day to look for the shopping district. She called a carriage, but was unable to explain her needs to the native driver, and after driving bootlessly through the streets for several hours, returned to the hotel.

"There is not a shop in the place," she declared, half in tears. "It is something dreadful."

"There must be stores of some kind," replied her husband. "People surely buy things."

"But I looked everywhere. I saw lots of houses and they had their doors open, but they must be like those little cheap



Largest Store in Santiago.

places we have home, where they sell calico for five cents a yard, and knitting yarn and—and thread. Where are the large stores like we have at home?"

The major concealed a smile.

"We will go forth and explore, my dear," he replied. "Seems to me I saw a shop down near the Prado."

He led her to a corner building which had doors and iron-barred windows, and an awning over the sidewalk. They passed in and discovered a long room containing a counter running parallel to the wall, and several dingy cases. Heaped about were cottons and silks and wearing apparel of various kinds. Back of the counter were seated half a dozen young clerks, each with a cigarette in some stage of combustion in his mouth.

There were no placards extolling the merits of the goods, no glistening metals or glass. Near one of the doors—there were several—was a pile of shoes resting haphazard upon an empty, undraped wooden packing case. In the center of the room stood a rack bearing an assortment of gaudy shawls.

The windows were narrow and barred with iron. There was absolutely no pretense of decoration or window dressing. It was simply a room with shelves, a counter and several cases.

Clerks Smoke Cigarettes.

The clerks glanced up listlessly, and presently one approached, still puffing at his cigarette. At the same time a little bald man with carefully waxed mustache left an inclosed wicker cage in one corner and came forward rubbing his hands.

There was an effort at conversation, the volunteer's wife discovered a quantity of

A Curious Wayside Country Store in Santiago.

really fine linen at marvelously cheap prices, and finally a purchase was made.

"I suppose they have a—er—delivery system," she remarked, doubtfully. "Or do they carry their own bundles?"

The question was answered by the action of a Cuban lady near by, who had bought a number of articles. These were wrapped up by one of the clerks and given to a barefooted negro girl who had entered with the lady. The custom of the country stood revealed.

"Each purchaser brings his own delivery wagon," remarked the major, as he thrust the package of linen under his arm. "Not a bad idea where vehicles are dear and servants plentiful."

In Santiago de Cuba, a city of some fifty thousand inhabitants, there are not three shops worthy of the name. The largest store is located on Calle Enramadis, back of the palace, and the entire contents could be displayed in the parlor of an ordinary dwelling house. All manner of goods are on sale, however, and it is possible to purchase anything found in the general country store of the United States, but not in any quantity.

A captain of the 5th Immunes, a wealthy young southerner, with the reputation of looking after his company's interests regardless of personal cost, applied at the largest store in Santiago for light linen shirts.

"We have them, senor," replied the clerk.

"Many?"

"Oh, yes; plenty."

"Well, let me see," mused the military philanthropist, doing a little figuring. "Send out to the 5th Volunteer camp, to Capt. Blank, about one hundred shirts, assorted sizes, and have them there by—"

"Senor, senor!" hastily interrupted the clerk, aghast; "we have not that many; we have not one dozen. Madre de Dios! One hundred shirts! There are not twenty-five in the province of Santiago. One hundred! Por Dios!"

The shirts were ordered from New York.

No Grocery Stores in Cuba.

The entire absence of what we call green grocery stores early becomes apparent to the visitor. There are small shops in which can be bought teas and sugar and articles of that class, but for fresh vegetables it is necessary to apply at the market.

The latter institution really forms the center of industry of each city. It is the financial barometer and the visible proof of the progress of all trade. From early morning until late at night it is occupied by the petty merchants and the prospective customers. The lower middle class and the bottom strata of municipal society frequent the main street market or one of its branches and exchange the gossip of the day. It is a thriving beehive that is never empty; and the money changing hands in the course of twenty-four hours is no inconsiderable sum.

One can pass through the entrance and emerge again fully clothed, fed and satisfied. There are stalls offering for sale fish, boots, cane-bottomed chairs, walking sticks, medicine and lottery tickets. Check by jowl will be found a jewelry booth carrying a valuable stock, and one displaying ten bananas at three cents the lot.

Each Cuban market is a Bedlam of noises—that class of uproar expected from a horde of shrill voiced negroes, negresses and excitable half-whites. There are drunken people, shouting servants and babies. The conversation of the strange visitor must, perforce, be carried on through the medium of gesticulations, and it is difficult to make one's meaning plain even then. There are policemen about and wardens of the market, but they make no effort to quell the constantly arising disturbances except under danger of riot.

Probably one of the most peculiar customs noticeable in the Cuban markets is

Principal Street in Santiago.

the extremely small purchases—small in quantity—made by the lower class of natives. Small gourd cups holding scarcely more than a tablespoonful are used in measuring rice, flour, beans and peas. Cabbages are cut in wedges the size of a cigar, turnips into eighths, squashes into minute chunks and onions in halves. Potatoes are sold by number.

Buying in Small Quantities.

It is no uncommon thing to see a woman buy a piece of meat weighing a couple of ounces, then pass through the market purchasing a tablespoonful of vegetables here and a piece of garlic there, and finally, after an hour of gossip, depart with food products worth 5 or 6 cents.

An odd feature of the markets is the temporary restaurants found in every nook and corner. They do not occupy stalls, but are conducted wherever a bit of space can be secured. As the sole equipments consist of a small charcoal brazier, a frying pan and a wicker basket, not much room is required.

The proprietor is generally an ancient black dame—one of the toothless, mumbling kind sometimes found in the south. The menu is not extensive, rarely exceeding three articles—fried plantains, tortillas or corn pancakes and frijoles, a black bean.

There are no dishes, no cutlery, no napkins. The beans and cakes are sold together, and the cake acts as a plate for the beans. The fried plantains are served in husks and are eaten much as a banana, the husk being peeled off by degrees. A breakfast of this class, consisting of two portions of cakes and beans and three plantains, is sold for three cents. There are fried fish stands and places where jerked meat is the piece de resistance, but they are reserved for those who earn a day's wage or who have money left them. There is a tradition in the Santiago market that a man from Jamaica once started an eating place with real tables and plates, but only the oldest frequenters tell it.

A new business in Cuban mercantile circles is the selling of pledged articles to the American soldiers and visitors from the north. Shortly after the surrender some one started the rumor that the pawnshops of Santiago were filled with valuable plate and jewels pledged by the inhabitants during the siege. This may have been true to a certain extent, but the quantity of alleged family heirlooms carried from Cuba during the past six months would stand for three periods of Spanish history.

Last June there were two pawnshops in Santiago. Today there are at least six, and they are springing up, fully equipped, all over the city. It is quite the thing for the tourist to ask after their location on reaching shore, and his purse must be small if he cannot carry away one or more pictures, candlesticks, silver teapots or inlaid machetes. The painful truth is that these articles are pouring into the coast cities from the interior and from adjacent islands in an increasing stream.

A volunteer signal officer lately returned from Santiago took great pride in exhibiting to his envious friends a curiously worked sword he had secured at a price from a dealer down there. He told its history, and how it had been worn by an ancient grandee from Spain, until one day an inquisitive acquaintance found a little mark on the lower part of the hilt, which read: "Made in Germany, 1897."

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

Wasn't Quite So Funny.

From Tit-Bits.

An aspiring young artist of local fame received a terrible blow the other day. While walking with a friend the following conversation took place:

Friend—"I say, Daub, I suppose you heard about our house being broken into the other night?"

Artist—"No, I hadn't heard; did they take much?"

Friend—"A couple of watches, some silver, a suit of clothes; and, it's a funny thing, but you know that picture you painted me—they cut it out of the frame, and—"

Artist (interrupting excitedly)—"By Jupiter, old man, you don't say so! Why, my fortune's made. Yes?"

Friend—"And nipped off with the frame, the beggars."

Artist—"Oh, did they; it is rather funny, isn't it? Good day."

Friend—"Good day."

There is no argument so good as an absolute, plain, truthful statement of fact. There is nothing so interesting as fact.

In the true happenings in the every-day life of every-day people are materials for most thrilling novels. There are every day stories of heroism, suffering and the final triumph of good over evil—of happiness finally crowning endeavor. Here is a case in point:

In the county of Escambia in Alabama is the little town of Flomaton and there lives Mrs. Mollie Grimes. She was a good wife and mother but several years ago she found her health slipping away from her. She realized that this meant the inevitable nervousness and irritability that would surely lose for her the affection of her children and husband, and that as her health declined discord and misery would appear in her home. She was filled with the loving motherly instinct, but two miscarriages in succession almost broke her heart. She had almost lost hope when the clouds rolled away and the light of health and happiness returned.

She tells her story in these words:

"I was almost heart-broken to think I could not raise any more children and had to suffer as I did. I had lost two children by miscarriages and I fully expected to lose another when, in August 1897, I learned of and began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took it until after baby was born in November. With my other children I had suffered everything that flesh could suffer but this time I was in perfect health and had a very easy time. I was in labor only a short time. I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's medicines enough for I believe they certainly saved my baby's life and maybe my own life as well. I took the 'Favorite Prescription' and also the 'Pleasant Pellets.' The 'Pleasant Pellets' act like a charm."