LEARNING TO GILD THE LILY.

Eighteen Rich Girls Pledge Themselves to Train Six Ladies' Maids Each Season.

THEY ARE MAIDS PRETTY AND WORTHY.

Adopt the Randolph-Churchill Dress and the Princess Bismarck Cap and Apron—Lady Blackwood and Other Titled Americans Have Taken Girls For Training.

The useful age bids fair to follow the athletic age in the history of the gilded darlings of society, if indeed it does not travel along with it, as many of the ages travelled together in the long ago.

Ever since the very practical Duchess of York began combining the useful with the ornamental, and ever since the leaders found time to mingle King's Daughters' work in with their own social life, the girl of the period has been trying to see how very useful she could be to the world without depriving herself of any

ONE OF THE "LADY BLACKWOOD UNION," PLEDGED TO TRAIN SIX POOR GIRLS EACH SEASON TO BE LADY'S MAIDS.

of her own enjoyment. "Handsome is as handsome does" might be upon the brooch of every belle, for "handsome does" is her description.

A BLACKWOOD IDEA.

The latest and most useful move upon the part of such belles is the teaching of ladies' maids. This includes their instruction in all branches of the toilet and their teaching upon matters of dress.

The young ladies who are willing to take such a duty upon themselves have banded together under the name of "The Lady Blackwood Union," and the ledger shows eighteen names of very well known young people as beginners and pioneers of the movement.

Lady Blackwood in Paris has trained several and is willing to teach several more. She was, in fact, the originator of the movement. The plan of the union is an individual one. Each young woman pledges herself to teach a girl a month until she has instructed half a dozen durthe year. The girl during the month of service lives with her philanthropic mistress, acting as regular lady's maid and receiving instruction in the same until perfect. A month is ample for a quick girl, and those who cannot learn all the duties of maid in that time are dismissed entirely or given a lower degree—as assistant maid or lady's assistant.

The "graduates," or those who at the end of a month are perfect, are given "diplomas." And with these in hand they find no trouble getting positions in the very wealthiest families. The institution is somewhat like the system of trained nurses in the English titled families, where a trained nurse serves six months or a year on trial, hoping for as many cases of sickness in the family as possible. At the end of her year she has a letter of recommendation from the family and leaves the house upon a triumphant career of trained nurse at high pay.

The ladies' maids have much to learn, but they begin with a great deal. They are upper housemaids, farmers' daughters, superior French girls and talented young Germans quick at the needle. As common house servants they would lead an unhappy life, for they are too intelligent for the place of common servants, and the lady's maid position is just the one for them.

The young lady who takes the lady's maid to train lodges her in a small white room which she is taught to keep immaculate. It must be like a seashell and fit for the mistress herself.

Her first training is upon the fashions, which a lady's maid must know to the letter. All the fashion magazines are supplied her, and she is supposed to adapt her knowledge to her mistress's wardrobe.

A PRACTICAL HINT.

"You will take my tight-fitting silk waist, a season behind the style, and arrange it for an at-home dinner tonight," directs the young woman. Then she, herself, takes the squares of white pearl trimming from the bureau drawer, or buys them from the shop, and arranges them in an arbesque upon the front of the waist. When done, there is a diamond-shape trimming from neck to hem of basque.

The neck may be high, or the simple round neck of last season. This she takes and squares a little, raising it to the decorous point of the winter. A trimming of pearls is basted around the neck and small fancy beads set in to make the brilliant irridescency so much fancied now. The sleeves of the dress are probably flowing or supplied with deep ruffles from the elbow. These are cut off and a simple but large puff of chiffon set in. For a deft-fingered girl, with a puff sleeve pattern on hand, this whole work is only the business of an hour. It is the transforming of an old bodice into a handsome waist to wear just once, and is the principal work of a lady's maid.

The matter of stringing ribbons through the underclothes is quickly learned. But the mode here must be followed. All underwear is white as snow now. Silk nighties, silk underwear for night, silk draperies and the numberless little silk things which women have been stringing upon their necks and heads at night are all banished. In their place there is a linen gown, fine, sheer and rich with embroidery or real lace, and an undervest of the same. Sheets are white, not black or blue, and though the over coverlid may be colored if you so desire, it is more fanciful to have all white now. The lady's maid soon gets the etiquette of these things and learns to buy them for her mistress.

Pretty at-home dresses are being planned by the quantity. One or two street dresses and a few dinner gowns are enough if one has plenty of pretty things for the house evenings and for the at-home dinners.

The lady's maid soon learns about the skirt of a dress. She at a glance learns to tell if the waist is past redemption and how to make the skirt pretty. Without altering the hang of a skirt she will trim it and make it a new one. With small bits of colored silk or floss or cord she will twist and turn the material until it makes a neat little figure. All day she will work until she has a lapful of these trimmings. An hour's time sews them, and there is a new and pretty skirt for her mistress to wear at dinner. One of these trimmed gowns was a simple pink challie left from the summer, and in an hour or so it was transformed into a very Oriental-looking dress stuff by numberless little figures of blue floss twisted deftly and sewed upon the skirt with gold thread. It made as pretty a house skirt as could be wanted, especially when a facing of pink satin had been placed a foot deep inside the hem to give the silken rustle of a house dress.

HARD TO TEACH THEM.

Training a lady's maid is not easy. Many a young woman knows a satisfactory maid when she gets one, but could not for the life of her instruct such a girl. She must be able to teach nearly all the feminine arts, including manicuring. The manicure powders are also taught. An expert lady's maid makes her own pomades and her own polishes. She buys such only when wanting to accompany her mistress upon a journey, when the tightly sealed bottles are what are wanted.

The arranging of bows, the dressing of the hair, the scientific mending of gloves are all among the necessities of a maid before she gets her diploma. One of the young women who is teaching such a maid has actually instructed her personally in the art of glove-mending, as done at the best stores or where gloves are made.

This talented girl is teaching her maid to combine two pairs of gloves. She buys a very cheap pair of exactly the same shade as the expensive ones she is to mend, and cuts out the pieces of the cheap ones for the good ones.

This young woman had a pair of elbow gloves for which she paid something like $10. The fingers were soiled and could not be cleaned, being worn thin in an evening. By buying a dollar pair of the same color the maid replaced the fingers neatly and the gloves are as good as new.

The daughters of the conspicuously wealthy and charitable houses are members of this society. Miss Virginia Fair, who does many a charitable thing, gives it her encouragement, and half promises to become an active member. Even if not willing personally to train six maids a year, any young woman can pay for placing a maid in a place where she can learn, with a dressmaker or with some one skilled in the feminine arts. And, by the way, there are women who make a business of teaching these maids.

LIKE THE CHURCHILLS.

The fashionable cap for a lady's maid is a white one, with a small round crown and ruffle around it. The fashionable dress is the one introduced into England several years ago by Lady Randolph Churchill, a deep black without trimming, and filled down the front with a white Swiss kerchief placed low from the throat. This has held without variation for fifteen years, the only concession to the changing styles being in the puffs of the sleeves, which are almost as large as those upon the fashionable gowns. The cap is called the Princess Bismarck, because adopted by the Bismarck family in Friedrichsruh.

Several ladies, out of charity and pity, always train their own maids. Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston, has long made a practice of doing it, though her reason is an eccentric one—"Because if they are trained before, I have to untrain them."

The maids that will be turned out of the Lady Blackwood Union will be in great demand for several reasons. They are posted on all the little wrinkles of belledom, and they are well taught and respectful. They carry with them a great deal of prestige from being the objects of such wealthy and delightful charity.

HELEN [illegible]

The Ballad of Phyllis and Her Shoe.

When Phyllis stoops to tie her shoe,
The Loves descend with flirt and flutter,
And circle round, though hid to view,
And tilt the robe I dare not utter:
And oh be, it is love's frolic time!
Who may resist the well-turned ankle?
The slender foot, whose swervings rhyme,
And send perfection home to rankle
In lover's mind like arrow true,
When Phyllis stoops to tie her shoe?

When Phyllis stoops to tie her shoe,
And makes the street the moment's boudoir,
Happy the passing public who—
More than her tiring maids are good for—
Stand all attention covertly,
And pray the gods prolong their blisses;
Whereat Dan Cupid roguishly
Doth knot the string her foot that kisses:
Ah, many the tugs, and blushes, too,
When Phyllis stoops to tie her shoe!

When Phyllis stoops to tie her shoe,
And flies white truce to all observers,
I needs must gaze, thrilled through and through,
And die for love, though not deserve hers:
Love's science leads me to divine,
E'en from her foot her whole perfection,
And fain I'd kneel, as at a shrine,
And pour her out a heart's affection.
Ah, Phyllis, take my heart-strings, do,
And knit them in to tie your shoe!

—Harry O. Wise, in The New Bohemian.

TAKING THE NEW REST CURE

Couch Receptions a Fad After a Golfing Afternoon or Run at Indoor Tennis.

VERY INTERESTING ON FUR LOUNGES.

Mrs. McKinley Made Invalidism a Furor in Washington a Few Seasons Ago—Mrs. Cleveland's Cabinet Couch—How Athletic Mme. Faure Receives.

(Copyright, 1895, for The Times.)

Since the rest cure was invented it isn't a painful invalidism—the hospitals attend to all that—nor is it a lackadaisical invalidism, as when the fashionable young ladies were advised to "eat little in public and appear very emaciated of face, whether ill or not, for the interest aroused thereby!" Oh, mercy, no. It isn't invalidism of that kind by any manner of means.

The rest cure means actual relaxation and the one who is relaxing in the "invalid." He or she lies upon a couch, and the rest cure does the rest.

The type of invalid that is so fashionable now is the athletic invalid. Queer, but listen! It is the woman who golfs for six hours on a stretch and walks several miles to and from the golfing grounds who is the "invalid." She comes home, puts on something very becoming, and throws herself upon a white fur couch. In this attitude she receives callers and is "at home" for an hour or two. Tea is served, people come and go, but the "golf invalid" lies upon the couch during the entire reception.

This has become a real custom with very many ladies of society. It was started by one who had only the courage of her convictions and the sense of her own comfort to guide her. But it has been generally taken up. Until this athletic craze subsides you will find five hostesses out of six serving tea from a couch and receiving callers there. When the quieter outdoor season comes it may be different, but this is now.

MRS. M'KINLEY CLEVER.

Mrs. McKinley, the wife of the Governor, created a positive furor in Washington one season by her couch receptions. Mrs. McKinley has been an invalid for some years. That winter she was particularly ill, though very fond of receiving her friends. The duties of Mr. McKinley took him to the capital city, and they almost compelled him to entertain. Nine women out of ten would have called a sister or a friend to their assistance, but Mrs. McKinley did nothing of the sort. She ordered a very wonderful couch of gold silk, with gold in the woodwork. The couch was antique and beautiful. It set off any one who might repose upon it.

Upon this easy throne, reclining part way, nestled snugly in rugs of black and white fur, with a glass of something to drink near by upon a spindle-legged table, Mrs. McKinley fulfilled all the duties of hostess. By some preconcerted signal it was agreed that no one should mention health or sickness, and many callers did not know of the illness of the hostess. They supposed it was an eccentricity or a fad to lie down.

At these receptions iron chains could not have kept Mr. McKinley away. He loved to see his wife flushed with health and to know that for an hour she was "in the swim," with all the enjoyment of the old days when she could walk around.

Frances Willard had an awful taste of invalidism. Invalidism isn't necessarily sickness. It may be that tired feeling that will not allow the muscles to work nor the limbs to support the body. And here is where the rest cure is called in, instead of a doctor. When lying down the invalid is a well woman. Miss Willard was not as stylish in her dress in those days as she is now. But she was always immensely clever.

She took a steamer chair and lowered it half way. This she draped with a silk rug. The back she filled with pillows and the head she ordered rounded out with a silk roll. It made a very pretty invalid's chair, and during that year of nervous prostration before she went abroad with Lady Somerset she almost lived in this chair. Miss Willard is a dashing woman now. Have you seen those new pictures of her with waved hair and head cast back like a Madonna? And she lays much of the present vivacity to the fact that she knew how to rest a year or so in comfort and beauty.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S COUCH.

Mrs. Cleveland for various reasons has been obliged to receive many of the callers at the White House upon a couch. She has not been over-strong, and to get up, shake hands, sit down, move around and bid adieu was too much exertion when friends call so very often.

She has had what she calls a "Cabinet couch." Mrs. Cleveland, be it known, never denies herself to the ladies of the Cabinet. She regards them as part of the reigning family, and is always at home to them though all three babies may be crying at once.

The Cabinet couch is a window seat. It is more than five feet long and very deep. It is filled with blue and gold silk cushions, and it has a large silk quilt over it. Another lies handy. At the head is a tall palm, and there is a small bookcase within hand's reach. The window is far above, and, though it sheds its light down, it does not let down a draught. Upon this she reclines when Cabinet ladies are calling; and she has learned the art of entertaining at rest as well as ever a Japanese lady did it.

Foreigners say American women wear out young because they do not know how to rest. They think lying upon a couch is a sign of sickness. Abroad a French lady habitually reclines when she is not busy. She lies down, instead of placing a strain upon her muscles by sitting up. It requires effort to support one's self in a chair, but to lie down takes none at all.

A woman who is the greatest athlete of all the amateurs in this country went to her doctor, telling him that she was worn out, yet she did all sorts of healthful things. "Be an invalid at your afternoon receptions," advised he. And now if you call upon her between 4 and 6 you will see her stunningly dressed, supported upon cushions, dispensing the pleasant words of the trained hostess.

VICTORIA AND NELLIE.

Queen Victoria has the strangest fad about lying down to rest when she receives. With her it is a state etiquette to do so, quite due her own dignity, and she seldom loses an opportunity to recline in luxury when giving a favored audience. When Nellie Grant, as a bride, called by special appointment upon Victoria, that lady reposed upon a silk sofa with high back and square foot and head. Her feet were upon a floor stool, and her head rested well back upon the stiff sofa back. "I feel at home with you," quoth her Majesty, "and I want you to feel at home with me. You see I have received you like a daughter. Be sure you consider me a mother."

Her Majesty's fad is to surround herself with emblems of all countries' tribute to her. She has a couch in her morning room that is rigged out like an Indian bed—rugs, silks, foot-stools and spears. Often she lounges upon a long, couch-like thing trimmed with gold from Australia. But she especially fancies a carved Venetian bench given to her at the Villa Fabricotti and requiring dozens of pillows to make it comfortable.

The very interesting young golfers of New York choose short couches, not as long as themselves. Upon these they half lie with a friendly elbow supporting them. Here they meet each other and enjoy a chat. Miss Sloane, who carried off the De Heredia golf cup at Lenox, "hands down," rests in a deep niche intended for a statue, but devoted to this pretty use. Her refreshments are hot and cold bouillon and the round cakes filled with something that are now upon every tea table.

The air of the Turkish harem is by no means imparted to the reception-room, because the hostess reclines, nor are those queer and questionable cafes, with the odor of the opium upon them, suggested by the couches. Horror upon horror, if such were to be the picture! It is more the air of ease and friendliness than that of barbaric luxury.

Several women writers, immensely clever women, have this art of resting and entertaining down to a science. Mrs. Burnett looks so bewitching in her resting chair—a steamer chair, with rugs and vases of flowers that her publishers be-

THIS IS A GOLFING CHAMPION TAKING THE REST CURE WHEN RECEIVING GUESTS, AFTER THE FASHION OF MRS. McKINLEY'S "INVALID AFTERNOONS."

sought her to have her picture taken in it for the advertisement columns of her books. She called the picture "In a Moment of Leisure."

Amelie Rives has a double-headed couch which looks like an English courting chair. It has a double cushion at the top. The foot is artistically draped, and the writer, lying upon it, looks like a mermaid, for she drapes herself and her couch all in green, and no one can tell where she leaves off and the couch begins.

Mme. Felix Faure, the most fashionable athletic woman in Paris, makes a business of finding artistic lounging spots in her house. These she arranges until they are as beautiful as a dream; and when weary with calls and expecting the ring of the door-bell she drops upon the couch and is covered up with voluminous and fleecy folds of white wool. Seeing her there one hopes she will not move and spoil the picture.

Prettier than a window garden is she who takes the trouble to plan such a spot.

The etiquette of leave-taking is simple at the "rest cure reception." The hostess extends a hand, the caller presses it and withdraws. A servant in the hall opens the door.

Athletic young women think the problem of rest is solved by this new fashion or fad. They can golf freely, play indoor tennis, skate, romp or practice in gymnasium up to the very minute of afternoon tea, yet be fresh and lovely and interesting, immersed in the robes of white and fur, and clad in a silk gown of becoming hue. The couch is a nerve rest and they keep finding new ways of making it as beautiful as the reception couch of Eugenie, when courtiers went away saying: "She is like a dream of snow in a cloud of roses!"

CONSTANCE MERRIFIELD.

AS SAINT OF THE AMERICAS.

The Lady of Guadalupe May Be Installed—Legend of the Blessed Lady.

A City of Mexico correspondent writes to the Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union as follows:

A petition is soon to be presented to the Pope urging that the Lady of Guadalupe shall be created the patron saint of all the Americas. If the Holy Father should see fit to grant this strongly-urged request a great religious festival will be held four years from now in the City of Mexico. Laymen, priests, bishops, cardinals, and archbishops will gather from all parts of the world to take part in the magnificent services.

Such a festival would be the greatest religious event in the history of the continent. Each nation the world over has a particular saint recognized by its Roman Catholic population, and the Catholics of Mexico hope to have the Lady of Guadalupe awarded the honor. The religious writers of the past three hundred years have discussed the authenticity of the Lady of Guadalupe. Mexican historians have universally agreed upon it as being genuine, but so much of the miraculous must be first accepted as the truth that the papal authorities have treated the matter with extreme conservatism.

The legend of the Lady of Guadalupe is peculiarly interesting, and runs in this way:

On the 9th or 12th day of December, in the year 1531, Juan Diego, a converted Indian, was going up Tepeyac, one of the mountains near the City of Mexico. Passing the spot where a chalybeate spring is now, he heard the sound of sweet music, and beheld a rainbow, from which suddenly appeared to him a beautiful lady, who told him she was the Blessed Virgin and that he must go to their bishop and inform him of what he had heard and seen.

This the Indian did, but he made no impression on the bishop. Four times the Virgin appeared to Diego and always in the same spot, and at the last meeting she cured him of a serious malady by the water of the chalybeate spring, which suddenly burst up under her feet.

She then told the Indian to go up on the mountain near the top and gather some roses, which he must take to the bishop with the message that they came from her, and that she desired the bishop to "build a church on the mountain and worship her there as the Virgin of Guadalupe."

Nothing but pines and scrub grew on the mountain, as Juan Diego knew full well, for he traversed it daily. But he did as he was told, and found roses on the very spot where now stands the upper chapel. He hastily plucked them and wrapped them in his blanket and delivered them to the bishop, with the Virgin's last message.

As the bishop took the flowers from the blanket, according to the legend, there appeared, painted on the coarse wool, a beautiful madonna, the very picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The flowers and the blanket were transferred to the church, in whose custody they now are, and Our Lady of Guadalupe became at once and has been ever since the guardian saint of Mexico.

Later the costly cathedral, a huge mass of domes and turrets, with the little chapel, in which is the chalybeate spring, and further up the mountain a second and larger chapel were erected to Maria Santissima de Guadalupe.

Considerable importance attaches to the name Guadalupe, the name by which the Virgin directed that the picture of herself should be called. But she was talking to an Indian in one of the Nahua dialects. Scholars affirm that the letters "d" and "g" do not occur in those languages, and that the nearest an Aztec could come to saying Guadalupe would be Tecautalope.

The ancient name of the hill where the appreciation is said to have taken place was Tepeyac. No certainly-traced connection can be made out, but it is a fact of great significance that Spain had her own Lady of Guadalupe before the conquest.

According to the historian Salazar, a virgin by that name was the object of worship in a small village of Andalusia. The historian goes on to say that Hernan Cortez was much given to the worship of this saint, and that he had placed in her shrine a silver lamp and an emerald-incrusted scorpion of gold. Mexican history reveals no connection between Cortez and the Mexican Virgin of Guadalupe, yet it is supposed that one existed of which all trace has been lost.

The hill of Tepeyac had long been the scene of pagan rites of great religious importance. The Indians regarded the place as sacred long before they were taught to venerate it by the Spanish priests. Sahagun relates that the temple to the Virgin but succeeds an older one of the Aztecs in the same locality. The same Catholic historian says that just as the Indians now gather from all parts of the country to share the festival of Guadalupe-Day, December 12th, so in earlier times multitudes were wont to assemble yearly in the same place to join in the greatest of heathen feasts.

The deity worshiped on the spot where the Virgin is now held in such veneration was known as Tonantzin. That word is variously translated "Mother of the Gods" or "Queen of the Virgins." Thus no violent wrench in the religious ideas of the natives was required in their transition from one faith to the other.

It was not until 1757, more than 200 years after the apparition, that the Holy See granted the requests of the Mexicans and gave permission for the religious celebration of Guadalupe-Day, assigning the proper prayers and offices. In the decision conceding this Benedict XIV. used very cautious language and did not commit the Church to actual belief in the apparition.

WOMEN IN UTAH.

The Novel Plight of Being in Politics and Not Able to vote.

A novel political situation is that with which the women of Utah are face to face. Though denied the ballot they may aspire to the highest office in the territory.

Two women have taken advantage of this state of affairs, and have become candidates for the Legislature. One is Mrs. Lillian Pardee, a college woman, a college instructor, a club woman, and former secretary of the Republican State Central Committee. She is just thirty years old.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells is the would-be law-maker. She is a Republican, too, as well as an editor, a Mormon leader, and a grandmother. Few women have had a more varied and interesting career than Mrs. Wells. She is a New England woman by birth and education. Fifty years ago she became converted to the Mormon faith and moved to Nauvoo, this State. From there she fled with the other Mormons and was one of the first settlers in Salt Lake City. From that time she has been one of the leaders among Mormon women. To-day she is the president of more societies and occupies more positions of trust among the members of the church than any other women. Mrs. Wells accepted the whole of the Mormon faith, including polygamy, and was twice married.

Mrs. Wells was the chairman of the Woman's Committee of Salt Lake City for the World's Fair, and it was due to her diplomacy and tact that both Mormons and Gentiles worked together without any friction, either on account of difference in opinion or petty jealousy. Although no longer young, Mrs. Wells does an amount of work which would dismay many a healthy young woman just out of college. In personal appearance Mrs. Wells is small and modest-looking. Only the keen look in her eyes betrays the latent force of the woman.—Philadelphia Press.

A Unique Wedding Ring.

At a recent wedding in South America there was a gorgeous rug spread in front of the chancel. It resembled a superb piece of tapestry, but the whole design was worked out in natural flowers. There were sacred emblems of the church wrought in the centre of this wonderful creation, the petals of a thousand flowers contributing their gorgeous colors. The yellow rose and chromatella formed a border, with great clusters of violets, and alternates of purple wisteria and the flowers of the Holy Ghost, all outlined on a fringe of Grenada grass. It gave forth a subtle perfume and was wonderfully beautiful.

Brain Trouble.—She—Cholly has brain trouble. He—Is that so What kind? She—It troubles him to think.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SPORT OF DIPLOMATS.

November Starts the Bowling Balls Rolling for the Winter in the Clubs.

BOWLING RECEPTIONS THE RAGE NOW.

Henry Clews and Daughter, Fred Grant and Daughter and Other Line Strikers—The Turkish Minister a Champion Bowler, but Prefers to Pass the Tea.

(Copyright, 1895, for The Times.)

If racing is the sport of kings, bowling is the sport of diplomats, for not a foreign official or a domestic sinecure but indulges in the play of the black balls, and scarcely a permanent legation but has a bowling-alley or is negotiating for one.

The sport of bowling, as now practiced, is such a healthful one that it atones for the pie fever of this country and renders healthful those who must live within four walls for six months of the year instead of upon the Bay of Naples or paddling the waters of the Nile. Without bowling the Diplomatic Corps would indeed be lost for pastime, and in many respects it takes the place of bicycling when roads are thick with snow or when Boreas and the rain are both let loose.

The bowling belt of this country extends completely across it. It is first noticed about this time of year, and from now on until summer it is very conspicuous. The belles all bowl, and the men, without exception, are up on the "strikes" and "spares" of the alley.

WASHINGTON ALLEYS.

In Washington, where the diplomats bowl most, there are many private bowling-alleys. Every house that has a billiard-room owns a bowling alley, and it is noticed that the tables of one are deserted for the long alleys of the other.

A private bowling-alley is not a very expensive thing to possess. Nothing like as expensive as a private billiard-room. A good billiard-table, with Amazon rubber and real ivory balls, with bone and oak cues, costs $200 for the table alone and as much more for the fittings. The slab of slate underneath the table is what makes the heaviest of the expense, but nothing about it is cheap. The bowling-alley, on the other hand, is merely a laid and polished floor. It tips slightly and has gutters at each side, with a pin pit at the foot of the alley.

But this is easily arranged by the dealer in bowling-alleys who supplies them at private houses. He does nothing else for a business but make these bowling-alleys, and, as a great argument for the popularity of the alley at home, may be mentioned the fact that three bowling-alley dealers in Washington have been made wealthy in a few years.

In New York the bowling is mostly done at the few very swell bowling clubs of the city. The Ladies' Berkeley Club is the favorite for parties of young people evenings. But the Knickerbocker Bowling Club is the best patronized, being presided over by Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Mrs. J. Hooker Hammersley, and is where the older members of society and the visiting diplomats play.

The etiquette of a bowling alley consists in more than supplying the alley and issuing invitations. Time was when people dropped in for an hour's heroic exercise at bowling, to go away and tell of it as they would boast of a twenty-five-mile walk. But that was bowling in the old days, before the invention of finger balls.

GILT-EDGED CLUBS.

The bowling clubs of to-day, and specially those where the many diplomats and society leaders play, have a regular membership. Their first meeting is held about the middle of November. At this meeting they decide upon the days of bowling throughout the winter. Each member has paid an annual membership fee of $25 and is entitled to a certain number of invitations. He receives, perhaps, twenty-five gilt-edged cards of invitation, and those he is at liberty to send to his friends. It is an understood thing, however, that no member will send out more than three of his invitations for any one afternoon.

The day of the bowling match the members arrive in carriages or on foot, usually in carriages, on account of their attire, and are assisted to alight by a footman in white gloves at the carriage door. At the club door another footman takes up the gilt invitations, which you must present, unless you are known as a member, in which case you show a large jewelled badge, and you are inside the door.

Here a perfumed sight awaits you. Upon a large round table there stands a pyramid of flowers reaching almost to the ceiling. By the side of it is a manservant. As you pass him he gently tugs at your sleeve and begins to disarrange a portion of the bouquet. This means that you are to select a flower—a boutonniere if you are a man, a corsage if you are a woman.

The dressing-room has all things for comfort, but you do not tarry there only long enough for the attendants to disengage your wraps. Out into the large reception-room you hasten, where the distant thud of the striking balls tells you that some neophyte is getting a first lesson in the balls.

Here the scene around is very gay. It is daytime, but the electric arcs are lighted and the room is ablaze with color and light, for in bowling the faintest shadow is opposed to success.

The game consists of ten innings, three balls to an inning. A multiplication of this makes thirty balls for each player during a game, and if he knocks down ten pins each time he sets a ball rolling he will have taken down 300 pins. This is the highest possible score, but it has been reached only a few times in the history of bowling.

COL. GRANT BOWLING.

An experienced bowler is Col. Fred Grant, who bowls with his daughter, Miss Julia. The two are welcome at all the private bowling clubs of New York and Washington. And during the winter there is scarcely a "bowling day" that does not find them shaking hands with the bowling contingency and measuring skill with them.

Miss Grant is a very accomplished bowler. She uses the new balls with holes for the fingers and her choice is a small ball, which she sends down the alley with great speed. She is a big, heavy-looking girl, but a most graceful bowler. Few have equalled her score, which runs from 170 to 200, which is very high for a lady. A score of 200 means that the bowler has knocked down 200 pins out of a possible 300.

Two other accomplished bowlers are Miss Elsie Clews and her father, J. Pierpont Morgan and his daughters bowl, and a very familiar sight used to be Elliott F. Shepard and his tall girls at the bowling afternoon. Bowling seems to be not only the sport of diplomats, but of families as well.

There is a bowling club of New York of which Mrs. Columbus Oliver Iselin is a member that has one afternoon for unmarried women. The only married ones allowed are those who joined when they were single, and even these are expected to resign. It is as much a match-making afternoon as ever was planned by mammas with daughters. The pater goes to these afternoons and, strange to say, he is not debarred from playing, but the pretty matron who steps up the alley, ball in hand, puts down a great mark for herself on the side of unpopularity.

The verbal etiquette of the alley is singular. It is both refined and coarse. But common use in stately mouths give it the sanction of good English. "A strike" is where all the pins go down at once before the first ball. "A spare" takes two balls. After that the pins are counted as they go down.

BOWLING LANGUAGE.

"Deadwood" are balls and pins that lie down in the pin pit. "A gut" is a hole through the middle of the pins, where all the central ones are taken down and the side ones left standing. This is dreaded, even by experienced bowlers. "A south-paw swinger" is a left-handed player, and there is one well-known lady so deft with the "south paw" that a spectator would not notice that she was left-handed.

These are a few of the well-known terms of bowling. But there are others applicable to the old-fashioned players that start a twenty-pound ball down the alley by its own momentum, and do little more than "head its nose" for the middle pin.

A favorite stroke of the champion bowlers is the strike managed in this way: A very small ball is selected, and is started with great force. Its aim is the king pin, which it hits hard upon the left side. The pin topples over towards the right, taking down all the pins upon the right side of it. Meanwhile the ball has bounded towards the left and is finishing up the pins on the left side. Properly managed this is "a strike."

A gay little diplomat much seen at the bowling alleys is Meyervoni Bey, the Turkish representative, who has been for many years a great favorite in society. He is an expert little bowler, but prefers the ornamental part of the afternoon.

And this brings one to the ornamental. This consists in the passing and serving of light refreshments. All the afternoon the servants have been busy dressing small tables in the side room, or kitchen. At the close of the first game these are quickly brought in and the hostess for the afternoon stands behind the tea-kettle and pours tea. The other ladies gather around her, while the gentlemen pick up the plates of tea cakes, boxes of bonbons and little dishes of salad and pass them. The servants replenish the dishes.

The part which the Turk loves is the distribution of the prizes. These all the afternoon have reposed upon a small carved table. There are bonbon dishes, chatelaine ornaments and hatpins and all sorts of trifles, to the jewelled bowling-pin, which is given to the lady who wins first prize or makes the best score.

The bowling afternoon fills three hours full of enjoyment, and has so much in itself that is pleasurable that the diplomats especially like it, as they need depend less upon their limited English for entertainment. As a popular New York sport it is the leader of the months of November and December.

HARRY GERMAINE.

Unsuited to The Church.

He—I don't like the idea of using so much secular music in our church. Did you notice the selection the organist played last Sunday?

She—No. What was it?

He—I don't know the name of it, but it is something I have frequently heard at sacred concerts.—Harlem Life.

"Now, let me show you," observed the great politician, "wherein the truth lies."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COL. FREDERICK GRANT AND DAUGHTER BOWLING.
(A sketch from life.)