WHAT THE SALON IS.

Mistress Kate Garnett Wells Ably Defines Its True Purpose.

A FIELD FOR CONVERSATION.

Distinctive From Dress and the Banquet—Sketches of Social Intercourse as a Brilliant Woman Sees It.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

BOSTON, MASS., June 19.—The salon differs from the party or the assembly at which people dance and eat. An "elegant social supper" would destroy the invisible social texture of a salon, and expensive toilets are out of place when conversation is the sole purpose. It is as economical a method of entertaining as it is costly in its expenditure of skill and effort.

The flash of wit, the logic of intellect, and the unseen guiding of political movements were the weapons by which the French Salon became a living social force. Localities and persons change, but politics, intellectual vigor, and sprightliness find as full exercise for their faculties in America as in France. Nevertheless, our salons do not subserve various distinct purposes as they did there. A political salon scarcely exists in the United States.

MRS. CLAFLIN IN WASHINGTON.

The official receptions at the capital of the country are far from being salons. Yet as an instance of the wide and quiet influence, almost power, that can still be wielded by a salon, was that held a few years ago in simple and courteous manner by Mrs. Claflin, the wife of a Massachusetts representative. No one went to Washington, worthy of introduction to society, who did not find in her a cordial hostess. Men talked of political measures over her cups of tea. No one was allowed to be always pre-eminent, each shone in turn. In this well-timed bringing forward of each one's specialty lay the secret of the success of the hostess.

IN NEW YORK.

In New York the salons are largely within the control of the literary people of the town. The editors of several of the leading magazines hold charming salons. Though the extreme wealth of New York has lessened its capacity for salons, the Bohemian circles of the city, into whose houses people "drop in" for a friendly evening, are most graceful, refined, and entertaining. Artists, actors, and writers intermingle their dreams, realizations, and epigrams.

THE FAMOUS TICKNOR SALON.

The most brilliant, learned, and easy salon Boston has known was that in which Prescott, Motley, Everett, Sumner, Holmes, and hosts of others met in the large drawing-rooms looking over the Common, at the head of Park street. George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, the scholarly man of letters, with his courtly and true-hearted wife and accomplished daughter, were host and hostesses. Perhaps it was through the intellectual training and home grace of these evenings that Miss Ticknor first recognized the necessity for such quiet, persistent study for women as she organized through the "Society for Study at Home," the wisest adaptation of intellectual resources to the limitations of home life and the craving for knowledge that has ever been devised.

A salon of a different kind was that gathered in later years at the house of Mrs. John T. Sargent. Its habitues were the men, who had led in the transcendental and anti-slavery movement, the former of which has modified thought everywhere and has made Concord more famous as the home of Emerson than for its revolutionary fame. To Mrs. Sargent's came not only Emerson, but Weiss, Johnson, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, and men of note who happened to be in town. As a forerunner to her salon were her Monday Mornings, when papers were read and discussed by the Radical Club, though she never cramped the freedom of her evenings by compelling her guests to listen to a theme or discussion.

The house of Mrs. James I. Fields is a kind of perpetual literary salon. Hawthorne, Whipple, and others were at home there in years gone by. Mrs. Ward, Miss Jewett, and the best of modern literati are now its frequenters.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has long held a gracious salon every Friday afternoon in the winter, to which many a young writer or musician owes his first introduction into society.

These different salons serve as types to indicate the variety which can be produced by intelligent hostesses.

THE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Control of a salon is absolutely necessary. It cannot be left to take care of itself. It must have regular days. Each person of distinction must be made to realize his importance, which is a subtle flattery of himself. Each must have his group of satellites, who must serve as stimulants to the chiefs. They must lead him on to further displays of mental prowess—and they must know how to listen.

"PARLOTTES."

It is far easier for average people to hold a "parlotte"—a term which I once heard a woman apply to her gathering of company. A "parlotte" does not demand brilliancy, but it abounds in introductions. Every one has done something by which appendage he is introduced. Slight fame acquires huge proportions, personal vanity is gratified, until the reaction sets in, when the recollections of a "parlotte" become melo-dramatic and its visitor ashamed that he was so pleased to be noticed.

The country abounds in "parlottes" because it likes the solid fact of an introduction. Society puts itself on a commercial basis. If we are told how much a man has contributed to the intellectual worth of his city, we expect that what we have done will also be stated in the introduction, and then it is a square thing.

Yet it is aggravating to find one has not spontaneously recognized a great man. "If I had only known Mr. Clemens was Mark Twain," said a stranger who met him as Mr. Clemens, "or that those shaggy eyebrows belonged to the writer of 'A Man Without a Country,' and that the woman who invented the peterkins and 'the Lady from Philadelphia' was Miss Lucretia Hale!" he continued, in mournful tones, after he had been to a literary dinner, where introductions are not a rage.

The absurd value placed upon the passing introduction is conspicuous everywhere almost. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a guest at a friend's house. He came with his sweet, impersonal greeting, and soon rambled into a soliloquy which delighted all those who could hear him. But a benevolent busybody, who knew how the aspirants to fame would enjoy shaking hands with him, broke through the charmed circle, with a retinue of people to be introduced. Emerson bore it for a few minutes, and then by a more skilful "tour-de-force" than could be suspected in such a simple nature, left the room. But the kindhearted woman was not to be vanquished. "Oh, there is Dr. Holmes, he'll do as well!" she said, and she hurried her group to him. Dr. Holmes saw the humorous side of her kindness, and asked repeatedly, "Can I be of further service?"

The art of conversation is lost in the omnivorous sociability of receptions and afternoon teas—scattered kinds of social gatherings which give no distinction to a house, a hostess, or a guest.

In the salon the guests, the habitues, have come together, have been gathered by some invisible process of selection. Young girls are seldom of the company. Nor are women who wish to sit together through the evening, as if they owed themselves to each other instead of to the general conversation. Impossible are all guests who talk in intimate couples, and cannot or will not talk to strangers.

The guests are the hostess's aids, for each other's comfort, of which she must be the judge. They must either consent to be introduced, talk, listen, or develop others, as she wishes, following her lead. She has a reason for everything she does, and implicit faith must be put in her for the time being. All seems to depend on the moment, although she has provided one or two people who can talk, but who will be too gracious to monopolize the conversation. No one is afraid of earnestness, provided it does not become a pressure, and is relieved by flashes of wit. A bright manner and keen interest make one almost as attractive as originality.

A certain married couple once confessed that they always planned to "bring each other out" at a dinner; but though this is doubtless amusing, it is never humiliating to co-operate with one's hostess.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

A Toilet Luxury.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

One more is added to the long row of cut-glass bottles that nowadays find a place on every woman's dressing-table, and slip into sockets in her fitted travelling-bag. It is filled with a clear white liquid, without the use of which the careful woman's toilet is scarcely complete. Listerine—for that is the liquid's name—is not an expensive toilet article. Twenty-five cents will fill a very good sized bottle, and it is a precious pleasant ounce of prevention against pounds of cure.

Dainty women, heedful of the condition of their teeth, use a teaspoonful in their tooth-brush water once a day or every night, just before going to bed, rinse out throat and mouth with a teaspoonful of listerine in four of water. Women who sing and are troubled with hoarseness or sore throat use the same preparation for a gargle with most beneficial results.

For mild turns of indigestion this simple, soothing remedy is an almost magic corrective. The dose is a teaspoonful in about four times the amount of water, and where an unpleasant taste lingers in one's mouth a washing out with a little listerine and water leaves the lips sweet and odorless.

Dentists particularly recommend the use of listerine for the teeth, for it cleanses as no brush ever can be expected to, carries off or nullifies all the ill effects of the tiny deposits in the teeth, corrects acidity, and acts, in short, like a magic potion. It is very like vaseline in the comfort it gives, and now belongs in the toilet pharmacy along with cologne, camphor, ice, and the rest of it.

FASHIONABLE MOTHERS.

The Care Rich New York Women Bestow Upon Their Babies.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, June 23.—Do the rich and fashionable women of New York make good mothers? The general impression is that the demands of society are permitted to interfere with intimate relations between parents and children, and, therefore, to the tender mercies of the housemaids and doubtfully good-tempered governesses are carelessly confided the morals, manners, and good health of their small boys and girls.

There are mothers and mothers among the Four Hundred. Some of them, no doubt, are neglectful of and indifferent to their babies, but a woman who knows about the domestic regulations existing in fashionable homes vouches for it that a goodly majority of the very young people are not ill treated.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, for example, is a mother whose methods any woman might profitably study. Her first thought each day is for the inhabitants of her nursery, and nursemaids vote her something of a faddist in the care of the little Vanderbilts. So long as there was a baby in the family Mrs. Vanderbilt never failed to bathe, rub, and dress it every morning with her own hands. Not even her head nursemaid, a capable, elderly English woman, is permitted to perform this office. The mistress held that her children ran the gravest risks to health when getting their morning bath, and that it is every mother's duty to personally protect them against any dangers from chill, careless rubbing, or over-hot water.

As her children have grown out of babyhood, Mrs. Vanderbilt has never relaxed her custom of early rising to superintend the beginning of every day. Nursemaids know that nothing escapes her keen eye, and that she never fails to test the temperature of baths and exact a liberal supply of big Turkish towels for every youthful bather. To this care she attributes in a large part the excellent health her children enjoy, and to whom above all else she is devoted.

SEVERE, BUT JUST.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a severe, but just mistress, and by her friends considered a reserved and rather stern person, quite undemonstrative; an opinion her children would be surprised to hear expressed. To them she is a most tender and indulgent mother. She is ardently ambitious that they shall grow up possessing many accomplishments, and with her husband she takes every precaution against anything like snobbishness and ostentation. However, it would be hard for her sons and daughters to remember an occasion on which she ever rebuked them sharply or repulsed a caress.

Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt is not so much of a nursery mother as her sister-in-law, but is none the less solicitous of her children's welfare and particular as to the wholesome simplicity of their lives. They enjoy no finer wardrobes, no richer food, nor greater abundance of toys that the children of any ordinarily well-to-do parents. They are carefully taught how to ride, drive, swim, row, dance, and the boys know a great deal of yachts.

Though Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt entertain lavishly, both in New York and Newport, the children are neither seen nor heard of on such occasions. Once a year, however, Mrs. Vanderbilt, in her beautiful grey-stone house on Fifth avenue, gives a grand ball in the children's honor, usually a fancy-dress affair in the afternoon, with as splendid music and floral decorations as money can buy, with a banquet the youngsters remember for many a long day.

The public has seen and heard a great deal of the little Gould children. They are not kept very strictly to their nursery, and unless there is a dinner-party of formidable size arranged for, the entire family dine together after the American fashion. Mrs. George Gould is very much of a mother. She is fond of discussing her babies, and not the most experienced nurse can take her place when one of the boys or small girls are ill.

MASTER JACK.

The most devoted slave of young John Jacob Astor is his grandmother, for his mother, though mindful of all her duties toward this plump, blue-eyed little heir of many millions, is a firm believer in the English system of nursery-training and exact discipline. The servants speak of him as "Master Jack," and up to date the little fellow has not tasted a bit of candy, very seldom sees strangers, and long ago learned that tears and bad temper were not to be tolerated. He has never been seriously ill a day in his life, and once a week, for what meal he and his governess can never tell, his mother drops in to sit opposite him at the nursery-table, share his simple food, and spend an hour in a fine frolic. One of the very first things little Jack began to learn was the Dutch language, such as his great great grandfather spoke when he first came trading to America. Facts like these, it seems, might go to prove to the pessimists that babies are not wholly out of fashion in New York, and that the mothers have done a very sensible thing in establishing a stern nursery etiquette and in adopting the English code, which says, though small children should neither be seen nor head by general society, they need not for that reason be forgotten by their mothers.

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

Suggestions for Those Who Prize the Contents of Their Libraries.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

Among the regular spring bulletins issued to housekeepers giving advice regarding the packing, preservation, and storing of household goods, preparatory to closing one's city house, not a word is said about the care of the books. There are few American homes but what contain something in the way of a library, and, whether large or small, of books cheap or costly, it is sure to be highly prized and deserving of care.

Books, like all other things, last under careful treatment and wear badly if neglected. Nor in the autumn would they be found so dusty, sticky, and shabby on their shelves if the housekeeper had had them in hand before she left for the country. They should have been taken from the shelves, if there are no glass doors to the cases, carefully wiped with a soft cloth, every book incased in cheap brown paper, and set back on the shelves, just close enough together to hold every one firmly, but not tightly, in its place, standing on end. None of them should be laid one on top of the other or left leaning like wounded soldiers, for so placed they lose their compact shape and the backs weaken.

Before the books are replaced their cases ought to be drawn out from the wall, and inside and out, at back and front, well brushed to clear away the book moths, spiders, &c., that gnaw bindings and leaves. Where there are dust-tight cases, proof against mice, moths, and that deadly enemy of books, the big, brown cockroach, a thorough dusting of shelves and of every book separately is necessary. Slipping one sheet of paper between the volumes and laying strips over the tops suffices for protection.

The library should always be allowed proper ventilation through the summer, as books stored for several months in a hot, dry room, will warp, stick, and rot beyond repair. In a house where during the winter many well-bound books lie strewn about on tables and in swinging shelves, they ought for summer to be folded in paper and ranked in large, shallow boxes in the same order as they are placed on shelves.

Old papers for sale at 25c a hundred at DISPATCH office.

OFFICIALS DIFFER.

CORONER TAYLOR AND THE PHYSICIAN TO THE JAIL AT VARIANCE.

The Right of the Former to Hold Inquests on Inmates of Richmond's Prison Questioned.

Dr. William H. Taylor, the Coroner, and Dr. W. S. Gordon, Physician to the City Jail, differ as to the right of the former to hold inquests on prisoners dying in the jail, and it has been announced that Dr. Gordon will bring the matter before Judge Witt, of the Hustings Court, for judicial determination.

At the inquest lately held by the Coroner on the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Colgen, who died in the jail while confined there as a lunatic, Dr. M. W. Peyser appeared as the representative of Dr. Gordon, and on his behalf protested against the inquest. Dr. Gordon is not in the city, but it is understood that the grounds of protest were that the Code of Virginia did not direct that inquests should be held on persons dying in jail, that it was no more reasonable to hold inquests on Dr. Gordon's patients who died in jail than on his patients who died at their homes, and that the publication of the verdict of the jury stating that no blame should be attached to the officers of the jail who had the deceased persons in charge, was a reflection on his professional character, as implying that under some circumstances such blame might attach.

THE CORONER INTERVIEWED.

When Coroner Taylor was seen about the matter yesterday he said that he did not consider that these objections were valid and proceeded to hold the inquest. He did not think that inquests at the jail could reflect upon Dr. Gordon, unless they should develop the fact that he was in some way blamable. No blame has ever been attached to him heretofore.

Still, said the Coroner, he was not prepared to assume that none can ever be attached to him hereafter, for he was far from sure that any man was altogether incapable of error, nor could he admit as a general principle that inquests must not be held because they might hurt some one's feelings or reputation.

As to the analogy between a man in jail and a man out of jail said the Coroner: "A man in jail is not closely comparable with a man out of jail. The man out of jail, or his friends for him, can select or not, as he pleases, any doctor as his physician, but the man in jail has no such choice. The State forces the prisoner to receive the ministrations of the jail physician. Under such circumstances it is incumbent upon the State to inquire whether these ministrations have been properly performed."

AS TO THE CODE.

"It is true," said Dr. Taylor, "that the Code does not specifically direct that inquests shall be held on persons dying in jail, but neither is it specific in regard to many other instances where inquests are obviously proper. It leaves much to the judgment of the Coroner. But, on the other hand, 'Mayo's Guide,' which is the interpreter of the law, and the book of directions for coroners, expressly tells them that they must hold inquests on persons who die in jail, and explicitly says that it is the duty of the jailer to notify the coroner of such deaths."

Coroner Taylor observed that he was too well aware of the fact that the meaning of the law is not to be hastily arrived at by the canons of common sense and the ordinary rules of English composition and rhetoric to feel perfectly sure that these instructions are as plain as they seem to be, yet he has ventured to construe them in the way which everybody who is not a lawyer is obliged to do, and has acted in accordance with this construction ever since he has been Coroner, as his predecessors did before him. Nor did any jail physician before Dr. Gordon ever object either to this construction of the law or to the propriety of such a law.

AGREE ON ONE POINT.

Referring to the fact that Dr. Gordon is understood to make the point that if the above construction of the law was correct inquests should be held on prisoners dying in the penitentiary as well as on those dying in the jail, Dr. Taylor said he agreed fully with Dr. Gordon on that point. Years ago he submitted the matter to the Attorney-General of the State, who decided that this view was correct. Accordingly, for a time he did inquire into deaths at the penitentiary, in fact till he was forbidden to do so by the arbitrary command of Governor Kemper.

Dr. Taylor further stated that he thought Dr. Gordon had not considered that his authority over the jail by virtue of his office as its physician is quite limited, and that the conduct of the City Sergeant, his deputies, and his other subordinates should be a subject of inquiry even if the inerrancy of the physician should be taken for granted.

NO OBJECTION FROM OTHERS.

"These officials," said Dr. Taylor, "notwithstanding that inquests are of more moment to them than they are likely to be to the physician, are not the ones who object. Indeed they take an opposite view of the case, feeling that if they have properly met the requirements of their position the verdict of a jury is a commendation, and may at times be a vindication" That an inquiry in their direction at least is most necessary and wholesome, Dr. Taylor assents, was made unmistakably evident some years ago by a memorable instance.

Dr. Taylor remarked in conclusion that, being himself a physician, he is naturally solicitous to have it believed that doctors are exempt from the mental and moral infirmities which, as is universally conceded, beset the rest of their fellow-creatures, but he feels that the reality of this state of things can be rendered certain to an incredulous generation only by making an occasional inquiry into the methods of the craft.

Dr. Taylor said he approved entirely of having the question settled in court, and would cheerfully acquiesce in the Judge's decision whatever it might be.

Will Be a Nice Moonlight.

The moonlight to be given July 3d on the Pocahontas by the Old Dominion Press Club will be one of the most attractive trips of its kind that the excursions of the season will afford.

Nearly everybody in town is going with the pencil-drivers. Everything for the comfort and pleasure of the company is being planned. There will be a special musical concert, selections by the orchestrion, dancing, refreshments, and river illuminations. Tickets can be had at the offices of any of the daily papers and of any newspaper man in the city.

SAILS HER OWN YACHT.

Mrs. Thompson Elected a Member of a Famous Yachting Club.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, June 23.—There is a big white schooner-yacht sailing somewhere about Long Island sound just now, flying the colors of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, as well as a white private signal, bearing the red letters O. and E. Yachtsmen identify both boat and signal in their guide-books for the season, as the Oenone, owned by Mrs. George L. Thompson, who is an associate of the Seawanhaka Club.

By an overwhelming majority vote Mrs. Thompson this year was elected to the club, and on the opening day of the Seawanhaka's country home, at Oyster Bay, visitors and yachtsmen had a fine opportunity to make the acquaintance of their new member and her handsome schooner. This new associate, who, after Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, is really the only woman in this country who owns and sails her own boat, is a very charming person, who comes from Balston Spa, in New York State, and never took to the sea until last year. She was ill, and advised by her physician to spend several months resting and recuperating. She decided to pass this convalescence afloat, and so chartered a yacht for the summer season. Not only was her health quite restored, but her interest in yachts so firmly fixed that this season she bought the big schooner that flies her private signal, and allowed her name to be put up at the Seawanhaka Club, which is open at all times to feminine guests and members.

The Oenone is a big boat, some 95 feet over all, charmingly fitted within, and manned by the smartest lot of sailors, under an able captain, with Mrs. Thompson in supreme command. She is a gentle, dignified lady, whose clear, kindly, brown eyes and warmly-pink cheeks show how much the blustering or balmy salt breezes can do for jaded nerves and a feeble frame.

Only a year ago Mrs. Thompson was carried on deck a helpless invalid, and now she can manage the wheel herself, trim the sails by order for any wind that blows, and steer her boat scientifically—that is, if she has a mind to, though for the most part all those duties are left to the captain and to her ardent, pretty, vigorous young daughter, a girl of 14, who is her mother's companion and a most enthusiastic yachtswoman.

On board mother and daughter wear the simplest of blue serge and duck gowns, and instead of yachting-caps they knot soft silk handkerchiefs over their heads, since well-dressed women vote the yachting-cap as somewhat vulgar and painfully unbecoming.

Ashore one would never dream that they had set foot on a yacht's deck, for they come forth arrayed in conventional and very becoming lands-woman's frocks. All hands went aboard the Oenone the 30th of May, and into their comfortable cabins and staterooms Mrs. Thompson settled herself and her daughter to live until October. The first cruise of the Oenone is being made with a party of Miss Thompson's young friends aboard, and what with a steady stream of guests, books, tolerably fair weather, cruises with the great fleets to New London and Newport in August and July, racing events, and leisurely jaunts up and down the coasts, from New York to Frenchman's bay, it does seem to even the very fortunate folk that Mrs. Thompson has a particularly charming summer before her.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

China Linen Imported Direct from the Orient for Undergarments.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

Women who are fastidious concerning the daintiness of their lingerie will be pleased to hear of a new material for making fine undergarments. Heretofore French batiste has excelled all other fabrics in delicacy of texture; elegantes have for some time past refused to buy any other stuff. But really, batiste is shockingly expensive, and besides, it is too frail to endure the rough handling usually meted out to one's clothes in the laundry. Fancy, then, what a boon is the discovery of China linen, imported direct from the Orient, and possessing every imaginable virtue. The goods is woven of attenuated threads of ramie, is thin and light, has a marvellous gloss, and is cool as rose-leaves next the skin. Its wearing qualities are surprising, and even from the crudest washing it comes out crisp and smooth as satin. The best grade is thirty-five inches wide, and costs about 95 cents a yard, and once used it wins and holds its own.

NOVELTIES IN VEILING.

New York shops that develop one or more novelties every week are now offering some rather fresh ideas in veils. The newest is of fine silk tulle cut to fit a medium-sized hat and sparsely sprinkled with black moire spots that shine when the sun strikes them. A narrow moire ribbon borders the veil, that as a whole is smart, and extremely trying to the eyes. Other recent styles are of chiffon in tan, blue and black, with a deep salvage and plain surface. For driving and visiting in the country fashionable women are rather fond of cream tulles and nets that are so odious when worn on the streets. Some of these light veils are really very charming, having the fine silk surface overlaid with delicately-wrought lace figures and a deep border of rich needlework. Black chiffon has now almost displaced the popular nun's veiling for mourning use.

A NEW JEWEL.

Spring and summer coats, whether cut with long basques or snipped off into garcon jackets, seldom fasten across the bust, but are finished at that point with buttonholes opposite each other. This is done to give place for a little trinket that has captivated the fancy of womankind. An unusually handsome specimen had an exquisite miniature set in a Louis Seize frame of old silver studded with diamonds, the whole pin being about the size of a fifty-cent piece. This fastened over the right hand buttonhole, and from it extended a silver chain that slipped through the opposite hole, knotted once about itself, and ended in a silver ball completely crystallized with brilliants.

OFF FOR THE FAR NORTH.

The Peary Auxiliary Expedition Sails to Join the Explorer.

(New York Sun.)

A stalwart, handsome young man stood on the deck of the Red Cross steamer Portia at Brooklyn Wednesday afternoon, and sent two flags through the sultry breezes to the steamer's masthead. The Stars and Stripes were at the top; beneath was a blue banner, with this inscription in white letters:

. PEARY AUXILIARY EXPEDITION, .
. 1894. .

The young man was Henry G. Bryant, secretary of the Philadelphia Geographical Club, and well known as the explorer of the Grand river, Labrador. By his side were a half dozen scientists from different universities, and on the decks and pier were many friends and relatives, gathered to give godspeed to the expedition, which will return with Lieutenant Peary in the fall, if all goes well.

At 1 o'clock the last farewells were said. There was a round of cheers and a waving of handkerchiefs and the Portia swung from the dock and lazily churned her way through the bay for St. John's. This expedition was arranged by Lieutenant Peary. He collected nearly all of the funds some time before his departure for the North, and suggested that the work should be under the direction of the Philadelphia Geographical Club. Mr. Bryant was placed in charge, as Professor Angelo Heilprin could not take command. Mr. Bryant was second in command of the first Peary relief expedition.

Besides Mr. Bryant, the party is composed of William Libbey, Jr., Professor of Physical Geography of Princeton; T. C. Chamberlin, Professor of Geology in the University of Chicago; Dr. Axel Ohlin, of Sweden, zoologist; Dr. H. E. Wetherill, of Philadelphia, surgeon; Mr. H. Bridgman, of Brooklyn; Emil Diebitsch, of Port Royal, S. C., civil engineer, and brother of Mrs. Peary. Dr. Ohlin goes as a representative from the Government of Sweden, and is specially interested in a search which will be made for Bjorling and Kallsetnius, two Swedish naturalists. Their schooner, the Ripple, was wrecked in South Sound in 1892. Professor Libbey has secured many fine results from explorations in the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, and Northwestern Mexico. Professor Chamberlin was for many years in the United States Geological Survey.

The Portia will carry the party to St. John's. There they will be transferred to the Falcon, and, on July 4th, will start for the far north. After a run of twelve days they should reach Godhaven, on Disk's Island, in Greenland. Then the real work of the expedition will begin. After securing recognition from the Danish Government, Melville bay will be crossed and a visit will be made to the primitive Kiurds, near Cape York.

Thence the Falcon will go to the headquarters of Lieutenant Peary, at Bowdoin bay, Inglefield Gulf, in latitude 77 degrees, 43 minutes. The schedule time calls for the arrival there on July 25th. Lieutenant Peary will be absent on his long sledge journey to the north, but it is possible that Mrs. Peary and one or more members of the Peary expedition will be there. Messages will be exchanged, and a time fixed to meet Peary after his return.

The auxiliary party will start out very soon after arriving at "Anniversary Lodge," as Peary's headquarters is known, and examine the Baffin's bay shore of Ellesmere Land for any traces of the missing Swedish naturalists. Jones's sound will be penetrated as far as the ice and weather will permit, and a chart will be made of 200 miles of unknown coast-line forming the northwest shore of Jones's sound, and the western border of Ellesmere Land. The Falcon will then return to Anniversary Lodge. Barring accidents, the two expeditions should reach Philadelphia about September 25th.

My Heart's Song.

(Edward N. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution.)

'Tis a song of you, my sweetheart,
And its tender, thrilling note
Breathes soft, and weaves its music
'Mongst the dreams of you that float
About and scatter sweetness
Over the spot where sadness dwelt,
Where love now clings with gladness,
While the shadows swiftly melt.

'Tis a song of you, my sweetheart,
And it breaks forth, day by day,
'Till its rapturous strains of happiness
Finds an echo far away;
Then it pauses, breathless—panting,
From its burst of ecstacy;
And the sweetness of its singing,
Brings my sweetheart close to me.

'Tis a song of you, my sweetheart,
And I long to sing it, dear,
With all its thrilling joyfulness,
Where you alone could hear
And catch the tone of pleading
From its rhythmic, low refrain,
And I know you'd let me, sweetheart,
sing it softly to you again

NEWS OF THE STAGE.

READABLE GOSSIP ABOUT THE STARS AND THEIR PLANS.

One Respect in Which Civilization Has the Wrong Tendency—Living Pictures All the Go—Notes.

We hear perpetually now of the depression of trade, but no one ever refers to the depression of pleasure, which is an equally important matter. Where our system of civilization is so erroneous is that it tends to increase labor, whereas a correct civilization should diminish it to the irreducible limit. The more we get to know the more do we appear to become the slaves of our own contrivances. Science, machinery, and education have only intensified competition, and have made the struggle for existence fiercer than it was before.

Of recent years we have become so absorbed with work that we are apparently losing even the instinct for amusement. Instead of the former cheerful, chatty, cultivated conversations in society and at the clubs, men now gather together in gloomy clusters, and, with care-worn faces they discuss the fluctuations of stocks or the developments of the tariff question. A good joke is as scarce as a dodo bone or as a great auk's egg. There was a time when every season added some standard work—and often two or three— to our library. Now solid groups of years elapse without one really material work in serious, frivolous, or even comic literature being added to our store. So is it also with music.

* * *

And a significant symptom that has apparently escaped notice is the increasing inclination to obtain amusement through the eye, without taxing the intelligence. Illustrated newspapers, and the extraordinary importance attached to scenic effects in theatricals are instances in point. The minutely analytical article, the brilliant dialogue, and the ingenious plot are no longer popular. Modern men and women are too greatly exhausted by their private labors to afford the co-operative exertion which the appreciation of these require. They do not wish to think; they wish to see.

This is altogether wrong.

* * *

Tragedian Thomas W. Keene sailed for Europe yesterday.

Julia Marlowe's correct name is Sarah Frances Frost. No wonder she changed it.

When Wilson Barrett is seen in New York at the American Theatre next season it will be in a play written by himself called "The Sign of the Cross."

Alexander Salvini and Mrs. Salvini (Maud Dixon) are in Paris, en route to Florence, Italy, where they are to visit Tomasso Salvini, the greatest living tragedian.

Manager A. M. Palmer's projects are still in embryo for next season. So far he has only engaged two people for his stock company—J. H. Stoddard and Ed. Holland. He has resolved to remodel his organization very largely.

Nat C. Goodwin will produce Henry Guy Carleton's new play, "Ambition," next season; and in addition will present "Mizzoura," "The Gilded Fool," and "David Garrick."

Maurice Barrymore has abandoned all thoughts of starring. E. J. Henley, his erstwhile partner in the contemplated double stellar tour, sticks to his guns, however, and will next season star in a revival of "Deacon Brodie."

James O'Neil is going to give up "Monte Christo" at last. He has decided to appear next season in tragedy almost exclusively, and "Othello" and "Hamlet" are to be the leading features of his repertory.

Next season Roland Reed will produce a new comedy by the late David D. Lloyd and Sidney Rosenfeld, the authors of "The Senator." The play has not yet been named, but it is a political satire.

* * *

Arrayed in raiment more striking than was affected by the Prince of Wales, and disguised in a beard fashioned after that of the Prince, Comedian William F. Hoey drove through the fashionable streets of London a few days ago, and was followed by thousands of enthusiastic Britishers, who were easily deceived by his marked resemblance to the heir-apparent. The joke was the result of a wager made in a London club that Hoey could successfully personate the Prince, and his remarkable make-up won the wager.

One of the girls in the living pictures at the Gordon Theatre in New York has been very much disturbed over a criticism in one of the newspapers regarding her superabundance of adipose tissue. While the picture was on the other night a spring holding one of the curtains snapped with a loud bang. "Heavens! is that a brick!" muttered the young woman. The thought spread like madness in her brain with the result that the picture did not long remain.

* * *

Manager H. C. Minor has engaged the Imperial Mikado troup, consisting of seven Japanese women, to appear in connection with "The Mikado" at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre in New York. The Twenty-eighth street lobby of the house will be transformed into a Japanese pagoda, and here the women will hold a reception between the first and second acts of the opera. Later they will appear on the stage in a series of living pictures, representing works of the best artists of Japan.

The success of the Kilanyi pictures at the Garden Theatre in "1492," has resulted in imitations all over the land, and no variety theatre is now considered complete without a set. Lillian Lewis has altered her determination not to pose in the groupings which will form an adjunct to her production of Cleopatra. This will prepare an astonished public for Miss Lewis's further announcement that she will have a "ballet and a chorus" in the production. There are some stage effects that Shakespeare never dreamed of. The serpentine dance may be expected in the near future as an addition to "Cleopatra." It could be introduced with marvellous effect just before the asp scene.

His Queer Check Was Cashed.

(San Francisco Post.)

They were talking about queer checks, drafts, &c., in one of the local banks, and a gentleman not long from Kansas City, Mo., finally told the following:

"I was once employed," he said "to collect a balance of $470, which was due a well-known building firm of Kansas City from an eccentric old millionaire. How he made his money I don't know, for it is said that he could neither read nor write, but he had it all the same.

"Well, I found the old boy down in his cellar, and was gratified to hear him say that he could pay the bill at once. 'I haven't that much cash with me,' he said, 'but just wait a minute.'

"He felt around as if looking for a piece of paper, and I was just about to offer him some when his eyes lit upon a piece of board about eighteen inches square.

"'Just the thing,' he said, and with that he picked it up and made a lot of queer-looking marks on it.

"'There,' he said, 'take that to my bankers, and it will be all right.'

"I protested, but he insisted, and finally I did as he said. I handed the piece of plank dubiously enough, I can tell you, to the paying teller, but what was my relief when he merely smiled, studied the hieroglyphics a moment, and handed me $470. Then he laid the board upon a shelf, and that was all there was in it. It transpired that the old man had a system of signs, all his own, which his bankers had agreed to respect. All the same, that bank check seemed curious even to them and it is hanging up in the bank now."

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BRADSTREET AND DUN.

A Week Rich in Promise But Poor in Results.

NEW YORK, June 22.—Bradstreet's tomorrow will say:

There are indications of a moderate improvement in the various lines, and enough instances render the fact of some significance. A notably favorable feature is the practical ending of the coke and coal strikes, together with those in related industries, which will put to work at once, or soon, more than 250,000 men. There are sales by jobbers in staple lines for future delivery where nothing save a hand-to-mouth business has been reported for weeks. At points tributary to Kansas City and St. Louis grain harvesting is under full headway, the condition of the wheat is excellent, and the demand for money to move the crop is marked and the supply of the latter is abundant. Western steel works recently started report a disposition in capitalists and others to push new enterprises.

The reverse of the picture contains nothing worse than has been previously reported, the more familiar features being delayed and indifferent tariff legislation, resulting in stagnating business, continued hand-to-mouth dealings by jobbers in all portions of the country, the approach of the semi-annual stock-taking period, and uneasiness in Florida and in portions of Louisiana owing to drought.

Nothing indicating an increased demand for staple goods or a tendency to anticipate wants is reported from any New England city. Comparatively large shipments of shoes from Boston are due to heavy consignments South, based on cut freight-rates. The shoe factories at Philadelphia, on the other hand, are largely idle. Cotton and woollen mills are running as previously reported, the former accumulating stocks, the latter on orders. Baltimore merchants report the South withholding orders more than previously.

At the South there is rather more encouragement in trade circles at Nashville as to the prospects for fall trade, rains having helped the crops in that vicinity, and although business is quiet at Savannah, the demand for naval stores remains active. Some improvement in the distribution of merchandise is announced from New Orleans, particularly as to hardware, and Galveston reports business fairly active and prospects encouraging. At Charleston, Memphis, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Augusta, Birmingham, and Mobile trade is only fair or dull, and without change. Jacksonville merchants have not as yet felt any unfavorable effects from the drouth in Florida.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say to-morrow:

The week has been rich in promise, but poor in performance. It was confidently announced that exports of gold would cease, but they have not. It was promised that the end of the coal-strike would bring immediate recovery of the industries affected, but the partial resumption of work discloses comparative scantiness of demand for products, while the miners of Ohio, in convention, have repudiated the settlement and continue the strike, and in many other localities it lingers, and above all, the coke-workers' strike blocks most of the iron manufactures in the central region, less than a quarter of the coke ovens being yet at work. It was believed that late changes in the tariff bill would be more satisfactory to industries, but the new schedules have not yet diminished hesitation.

The Treasury gold-reserve is reduced lower than it was at any time in January, and the government proposes to ship legal tenders to interior points against deposits of gold in the Treasury at rates which virtually constitute a premium on gold. The conference of New York bankers proposing to provide gold for export has resulted in little practical gain, but has called public attention more distinctly to the difficulties of the situation. Most lenders now require a stipulation for gold payments in all time loans. The customs receipts for the week have been $1,892,113, against $3,568,119 last year, and the internal revenue also decreased $452,000. The market for commercial paper is singularly narrow, with extreme caution in the scrutiny of names.

It was confidently expected that the settlement of tariff rates on textiles by the Senate would improve the condition of textile manufactures, but there is scarcely any evidence of such a result as yet, the large sales of cottons being distinctly traceable to more seasonable weather and larger retail sales, and to further concessions by sellers. The stock of unsold print cloths at Providence, Fall River, and Boston is over a million pieces, but the accumulation continues. The orders for fall are limited, and staples are irregular in price.

There is much disappointment that the partial termination of the coal strike does not promptly enlarge the demand for iron and steel products, which is evidently too narrow as yet to support much increase of production. Prices are weakening, Bessemer pig selling at $10.90 at Pittsburg, beams at $1.30, and angles at $1.20. Western orders are comparatively liber