Woman's Corner

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS

How to Do the Right Thing When an Emergency Comes.

Would Woman Be the Comforter of Man or the Reverse?

Gossip of the Women All the World Is Talking About.

Aggregation of Interesting Subjects for Our Women Readers.

How to do the right thing in an emergency is a question that interests most woman. If one's frjends could always let one know when it would suit their pleasure or convenience to make one a visit, company would not be the bugbear that it is to many housekeepers who are able to employ only one servant, or, perhaps, who do their own work. But that is not to be expected in this haphazzard world. Your friend may be passing through the city, and discover, at the last moment, that she will have to wait for an evening train, or she may have an opportunity, on very short notice, to make you a little visit. Would you have her refuse to visit you, because she would not have time to send you word?. Assuredly not. This is the way my little neighbor does under these trying circumstances. Early one morning her door bell rang, and the maid ushered in two women, old school friends. In a flash my neighbor saw the state of the family larder. Her home was in the suburb of a busy city, and it was not possible to get things at a moment's notice; but did she let those travel-worn friends know that they were putting her to a good deal of trouble? Quite the contrary. She met them with the old-time smile and a hearty welcome. After a little chat she excused herself and went to consult her cook. The cupboard was even barer than she had thought; for meat there were only oysters, but Betty, the maid, was equal to the occasion. She suggested a little stew, some Saratoga potatoes, oat meal and cream, some muffins, and lovely coffee. What more would you want for breakfast? Then she could have creamed salmon, some thin slices of carved beef, baked beans and delicete mashed potatoes, and a delicious bread pudding with hard sauce and good coffee again, and there was the dinner. Some delicate little cakes from the baker's and flakey biscuit and sweet butter, a few banana sliced in a pretty glass dish, to be eaten with cream and a fragrant cup of tea, and there was the supper. These things were further made palatable by being served on a table whose cloth was snowy, silver and glass as bright as good care could make them, a few flowers in a slender vase in the center of the table, pretty napkins well ironed, and I am sure no one would have asked for more appetizing meals.

These details being settled, the little woman devoted herself to her guests. There were questions to be asked and answered, pictures and books to be looked at and commented upon, a ride in the cable car after dinner, and the other members of the family to be introduced before supper; then, after that pretty meal had been disposed of, the ride with those old friends to the train. Everything had been done in such a hearty, friendly way that those two unexpected guests have never ceased to be thankful to the impulse that prompted them to risk, even in this day of fuss and feather, the chance of taking "pot luck" with their old-time friend. And the friend; she talks to this day of her pleasure in the thought that these girlhood companions had confidence enough in her good sense to come to her without warning when circumstances made it impossible to come in any other way.

A BUSY DAY.

And One That Many Women Could Duplicate.

We are not accustomed to consider how very full of task the every-day life of the housemother is. This little record of one woman's life, cut from the New York World, would be a fair copy of almost any day in a housekeeper's life.

I read with interest your account of a woman doctor's day in last Sunday's World, and also of the woman lecturer and the girl reporter.

I am none of these things. I am just a plain woman keeping house in my own home with a family consisting of my husband, a five-year-old boy, a girl of eleven and a boy away to school most of the time. But I want to write and tell you what I did last Sunday—just to see if I may not be classed with the busy women:

Got up at 7 o'clock to call the cook; did not go back to bed because the baby woke up coughing.

Mixed for breakfast a certain kind of rolls my husband always wants Sunday mornings.

Buttered the baby's bread, prepared two or three dishes of oatmeal and milk, cut up meat into mouthfuls, poured coffee and was pleasant all through breakfast, getting through in time to get my eleven-year-old ready for 9 o'clock Sunday school; gave the baby a bath, went in my room, locked the door and sewed on two buttons.

Prepared a duck for roasting, gathered up the family wash; searched for and found a missing pipe; straightened up sitting room and said "Yes, dear," every time my husband asked me to look for something mislaid; played blocks with the baby; helped unravel the puzzle in your child's page; punished the baby for teasing the family dog, and wrote a cheerful, moral letter to my boy in school.

Presided over the luncheon table. Entertained two of my husband's friends while my husband was shaving. Sang to the baby an hour. Planned my little girl's winter suit, while listening to my husband read aloud, and kept the baby quiet by cutting out paper dolls for him.

Took a grease spot out of a coat, straightened a picture-frame, stuffed tomatoes for dinner the way my husband's mother always stuffed them, curled my hair, put on a pretty dinner gown, and just as the girl announced dinner, welcomed two unexpected guests with effusion.

Was charming at dinner table, kept sugar bowl out of baby's reach and kept his plate supplied with cut-up food.

Gave girl directions for breakfast; admonished her not to be later than 10 o'clock on her "Sunday evening out trip," lighted the grate fire, touched off the candles in the candlesticks, put a rose in my husband's buttonhole and smiled sweetly all the evening upon callers who know we are "at home" Sundays.

Encouraged an admiring girl friend to go to housekeeping as soon as married.

Told her that it was really nothing at all to "do one's own work" in a modern flat with the assistance of one servant.

Detected symptoms of grip in my little girl, and gave her some quinine. Covered up the baby. Saw that the lights were put out and the doors locked. Kissed everybody good night, and dropped into bed at 11:15.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. P. Allen, druggist, corner Seventh and Jackson.

PRETTY THINGS.

If You Would Please Your Girl Friends, Consult This.

It is difficult to choose a present for a young girl. She is usually so clever at making things that to give her embroideries and paintings done on silk and plush is merely to reproduce her own handiwork.

Of course, every one is pleased by a Christmas gift, no matter what the gift may be. But in making a selection it is very nice to choose something which has about it the stamp of novelty. Girls like silver things for the dresser or the sewing table. Give a girl a little silver thimble case shaped like a nut, a perfume bottle of silver filigree, a silver cold-cream box, a silver candlestick or a silver tray for pins.

Give her one of the new style feather fans, with just four very dashing plumes in it. Give her a China silk handkerchief, edged with real lace. Give her a China silk teagown of real Chinese pattern, or a silk petticoat, or two pairs of gloves tied together with a ribbon and your "best love."

If you want to delight her buy the finest, largest perfume atomizer in the store. And see that its decorations are in accord with the dressing-table which it is to adorn. Sets of embroidered sachet bags, seven in a set, are enthusiastically welcomed, and so are glass bon-bon cases, silken sweetmeat boxes and Dresden china fruit plates for the "cosy room" table.

If you are very fond of your girl friend leave an order at the florists for roses to be sent to her each Sunday morning during the year. Or, if this is beyond the limits of the purse strings, order the latest magazine to be left at her door for a year; or send her a season ticket to some amusement which you know she covets.

Let your gift be individual. Let it be something which seems to say, "To you from me." Think over your girl friend's tastes and make your selection. If she be fond of pretty trifles, get her a jeweled hat pin, a gold bow for her hair, with a pearl drop nestling in its depths; a set of "jeweled" hair pins, link buttons, combining your initials and hers; cuff pins for her dress sleeves, a jeweled buckle, gay with brilliants; a breastpin, with an ideal face set on it, or a cunning gold "lifter" to hold up her dress skirt.

Girls like pretty red slippers, and stockings just to match. Girls like odd foot-stools, dainty willow chairs, spindle-legged desks, spindle-legged tables, gold candy tongs, silver stamp boxes and manicure sets, of course, and hand-glasses, too, as many as you choose to give.

Get the present in time to have it "marked." The pretty calendar you have selected must have the dear girl's initials dashed on it in liquid gold in your own handwriting. The old little souvenir spoon must have her monogram engraved in the bowl. Her lap-desk should have your initials and hers on one corner of the blotter. The scissors you give her must have "Dorothy" or "Jennie" or "Maud" upon the big blade.

If you give her a purse, be sure to put a lucky penny in its inside pocket, marked with your name. And should a knife be your choice, place a talismanic word of friendship upon its blade.

Give her a girdle, as unique as possible; a peculiar bracelet, a pin, queerly different from any she has seen. Give your girl friend—the prettiest, sweetest thing you can find. But—be sure that it is in accord with her tastes.

WHICH WILL YOU BE?

A Nice Woman, Man's Greatest Comforter; Or the Reverse?

A woman can be so nasty and she can be so nice! She is seldom between.

She is nasty all the way through when she worries a man with her petty jealousies and mean insinuations.

She is nice all the way through when she gives him a word of encouragement for his good deeds, and in this way induces him to do better.

She is mean all the way through when, because of her own extreme vanity, she makes another woman suffer.

She is nice all the way through when, out of the goodness of her heart, she gives another woman joy.

She is mean all the way through when hospitality is a trouble and courteous words a bore.

She is nice all the way through when she speaks pleasant words every day and finds no trouble in being gracious.

She is mean all the way through when she holds up her husband or children to ridicule.

She is nice all the way through when she finds out the best that is in them and encourages it and them until they are better than good.

Sometimes she is a combination of meanness and niceness, and the one that comes to the surface will crowd out the other. That's what we women want to pray for. To lose all the meanness and be as nice as we possibly can.

WORK A WOMAN DID.

Lucy Stone, the Pioneer in the Woman Suffrage Movement.

Now and then an old newspaper reader comes on a paragraph mentioning Lucy Stone as an active woman of affairs, and is surprised accordingly, for he had somehow gotten the idea that she was old in the forties, and would, therefore, if alive, be a centenarian now. She only seemed old then because she was prominent as the pioneer woman suffragist. She was born in 1818 on a farm in West Brookfield, Mass. Those interested in the question of parental influences have often quoted her mother's expression: "Oh, dear, I am so sorry it is a girl! A woman's life is so hard." Lucy had as much spirit as her mother could have wished in a boy, yet was a very lovable child, as she has always been, and still is a very pleasant, attractive and wholly womanly woman. When she wanted to go to college her father asked, "Is she crazy?" So she picked berries and nuts for money to buy books and taught school till she was twenty-five, at the low rates then prevailing, before she had money enough to go to Oberlin, the only college that would then receive her.

There she lived with extreme economy, completed a four years' course and was graduated in 1847. She was honored with the appointment to write a commencement essay, but refused because she was not allowed to read it herself. Such was then the college law that women could not appear on the platform. The same year her first lecture on woman's rights was made from the pulpit of her brother's church in Gardner, Mass., and for many a year she was the most noted and almost the only woman advocate thereof. Mrs. Livermore and Miss Susan B. Anthony gratefully acknowledged that she gave them their first impulse in that direction. In this line she excited only curiosity, but when she went to preaching abolitionism there was danger also.

She charmed many a mob by her gentle dignity and eloquence. Many laughable stories are told of protesting committees or individuals who rushed into her presence expecting to find a tall and angular, raw-boned and fierce-looking virago, and were amazed into silence by what they did see. In 1855 she married Henry B. Blackwell after a long search for a minister who would perform the ceremony without the "obey" or other phrases of self-negation. The minister who did marry them is now known as Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The rest of her work is well known. She and her husband live in Dorchester, near Boston, and their married life has been unusually happy.

A BUSY LIFE.

The Daily Record of the Life of a Well-Known Woman.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the well-known editor of the Harper's Bazar, leads a busy and useful life. The New York World thus describes the work of a day, which may be considered a fair sample of all her days:

Mrs. Sangster rises early, often at what should be the unlawful hour of 6 a. m.

Writes and read until 8, when she takes breakfast and reads the morning papers.

At 9 is transported, by means of two horse cars and one ferryboat, to the office at Franklin square.

From 10 to 1 occupies what is known as a sanctum.

Reads and answers about thirty letters.

Peruses the various manuscripts, which surge in from all quarters of the globe.

Receives a dozen or more struggling geniuses.

Administers encouragement to the same.

Selects illustrations, makes up paper, disposes of fifty important questions and reads manuscript in all the intervals.

At 1 o'clock goes up town to lunch, not being able to edit a paper on tea and toast.

From 2:30 to 4:30 reads more MSS., sees more people, goes out for consultation about certain features of the paper, reads more MSS., corrects proof and reads more MSS.

Takes two more cars and another ferryboat to her Brooklyn home, which she reaches at 5:30.

Dresses for dinner at 6:30.

In the evening receives friends, thinks out more work and occasionally reads more MSS.

Mrs. Sangster's crowded days can probably be duplicated by thousands of women at home or in public positions, who lead busy but happy lives, because useful.

WOMEN ONE HEARS ABOUT.

Mrs. Potter Palmer's fame has reached around the world by reason of her official connection with the world's fair. Even Japanese papers have printed pictures of her.

* * *

Mrs. Langtry is having a doll three feet high specially modeled to resemble her in face, and to be dressed exactly as she was in "Cleopatra." Mrs. Langtry sends the doll as a contribution to the Chicago exhibition.

* * *

Mrs. Sallie Joy White claims the distinction of being the first woman journalist to have a position upon a Boston newspaper. Mrs. White began her journalistic career in 1869, and has been steadily at work ever since.

* * *

The first woman elected to the office of justice of the peace in Wyoming is Mrs. Ann Scally, of Fort Kinnet precinct, Johnson county. Although her name was first mentioned as a candidate about 10 o'clock on election day, she made a phenomenal race, defeating her Republican opponent, Mr. Phagan, the postmaster, 4 to 1.

* * *

Mrs. "Buffalo Bill" is said to be an amiable woman, very popular in the neighborhood of North Platte, where she lives. Her home, Scout's Rest, is a long, low building, four miles from the town, large and roomy, quite like a hotel, and it is surrounded by 300 acres of prairie land, magnificent stables and fine pasture lands, where are kept many thousands of fine blooded horses and cattle.

* * *

Mrs. M. H. McAllister, the mother of Ward McAllister, was a beautiful woman, full of energy, vivacity and social talent. She was thought to bear a striking resemblance to the portraits of Charlotte Corday, to whose family she was related. The social talent which distinguishes many other members of his family also is an inheritance of the French blood of the race.

* * *

Pundita Ramabai, that accomplished Hindoo lady, who is so well remembered in New York and Boston, has formed a club of King's Daughters among her pupils in India, and says that she already sees the effect of it in a steadying and strengthening of character in these irresponsible and undeveloped maidens. She has translated into Maratti the four mottoes of the Wordsworth clubs: "Look up, and not down;" "Look forward, and not back;" "Look out, and not in," and "Lend a hand."

* * *

It is reported from one town in the United States that the women pledge themselves to go to the fair next year, if at all, in a single serviceable gown of excellent material and good finish, but made easy and comfortable and unhampered by unique length of skirt. A satchel which may be carried in the hand must hold all other necessities, and thus untrammeled the club hopes to be in a condition to endure a maximum of sightseeing at a minimum of strength and nerve force.

ITS EIGHTEENTH SEASON.

Promising Opening of the Seibert Concert Series.

Seibert's orchestra began the first of a series of winter concerts at Germania Turner hall yesterday afternoon. It is the beginning of their eighteenth season, and the popularity of the past years and the appreciative audience certainly warrant their continuance. The programme for yesterday included a variety of orchestral works. There were choice selections, tone pictures, and the popular "programme music." Little abstract music was attempted, unless the leading symphony be so classed, but there was nothing of the trashy, catchy order, and Mr. Seibert shows his good musical sense in prohibiting such numbers.

The programme also included two soloists. Miss Amalie Rippe, the soprano, has just returned from the royal conservatory at Stuttgart, and is a pupil of the famous Herr Prof. Ernest Koch. The artist was suffering from a severe cold which affected the lower register, but the high notes were clear and flute-like, and the middle register full and round. Miss Rippe sang a cavatina from Meyerbeer's "Robert der Teufel" with expression and power. An enthusiastic encore greeted her.

Quite the daintiest work was done by Miss Josie Shaller, a German maedchen of eleven years. But die kleine kuenstlerin revealed much of the artist and little of the amateur in her "Scenes de Ballet," a concerto by De Beriot. Her bowing is especially clean and clear, and warmth of expression is not lacking.

The programme opened with the familiar overture from Flotow's "Martha." Some of the best orchestral effects were achieved in this number. The crescendo passages were very fine, especially the progressive stress of the strings against the first sustained air by the French horn and the closing crescendo rush. The strings did excellent work all through the programme, and seem under much better and finer control than before.

A selection from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," arranged by Wieland, followed. It contained some of the grandest harmonies, contrasted with the sweetest melodies which this opera holds, and the apparent Wagnerian touches were brought out finely. The selection is a difficult one, and there were some breaks in the time and a few blurred passages, but it is a piece of much promise to the steady workers, and one in which we will expect progression during the season. It is especially good in giving each instrument important and prominent work, which they did excellently well. A dainty nocturne, "Twilight at Rock Acre," by Clappe, was one of the most charming numbers. It is a delicate tone picture, in which the orchestral effect of background was especially good for the mournful cello notes and the bird-like flute tones.

The first number of the second part of the programme was the Scotch symphony of Mendelssohn. This is always a revelation to the listener who has received the idea that Mendelssohn composed in a dress suit, with kid gloves on; for the melancholy grandeur of the introduction, though characteristic in its poetic expression and graceful finish, is powerful in the extreme, and reveals the religious spirit of Bach, which presided over the lighter one of Mendelssohn.

Only the first two movements were given, but the third and fourth are promised for a later concert. Yesterday's included the second movement, a fine scherzo, in which this meister was so successful; but the scherzo of the Scotch symphony, though not lacking in grace, is a compund of fire and spirit, of Highland heather and bagpipe screaming. The ensemble of the orchestra was the finest in this selection, and the tones were best sustained.

"Scenes Pittoresque," by Massenet, was a much regretted omission on account of time, but it was promised for a later programme. The afternoon closed with a walzer from "Ritter Pasman," Strauss' latest operatic success in Europe. It is very characteristic of this light-hearted composer, and contains some of his most sparkling strains. And why was it that the audience, which seemed to appreciate the rest of the programme so highly, should consider this a postlude or recessional hymn? It was one of the liveliest numbers on the programme, and the orchestra did some of its best work, but the audience received it with the turning of backs, putting on of rubbers and coats. The programme was not too long to gain the closest attention of any music-loving public, and those who go to hear the music don't want it disturbed by a rush, as though "Pasman" were an attacking brigand instead of the charmingest of knights.

The next concert will be given at the hall Dec. 11.

TIGERS WHO SING.

Princeton Boys Soon to Make Music in St. Paul.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs of Princeton university will visit St. Paul on their vacation trip on Dec. 26, and give a concert in the People's church. While the Princeton boys have not been to St. Paul for a number of years, the concert given by them on their first visit here is still remembered by many with pleasure. All society will doubtless show their appreciation of the visit of these young collegians by turning out in full force and giving them a handsome welcome. The Princeton clubs are especially noted for their rendition of purely college selections and the excellent playing of their instrumental clubs. The alumni are exerting themselves to give the under-graduates of their alma mater a hearty welcome. The concert will be given under the patronage of several of St. Paul's leading society ladies. A tea will be tendered them in the afternoon, and in the evening a large dancing reception will be given in their honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Jefferson on Summit avenue.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Fine Millinery at Your Own Price.

The bankrupt stock of Mrs. Cameron, 477 Wabasha street, consisting of fine Pattern Hats and Bonnets, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Colored and Black Tips and Plumes, Flowers, Feathers, etc., must be sold at once at retail. By order of the assignee.

No. 1 All-Silk Ribbon, especially adapted for fancy work, 5 cents for ten yards. Other Silk Ribbon worth from 35 cents to $1 per yard at 5, 10, 15 and 20 cents.

French Felt Hats from 25 to 50 cents. Fine Trimmed Hats from 75 cents upward.

Fine Fancy Feathers, Flowers and Tips at your own price. 477 Wabasha street.

STILLWATER NEWS.

Events of Sunday in the City on the St. Croix.

District court reconvenes today, and the following cases on the calendar are set for trial by a jury: T. C. Kilty vs. The St. Paul Timber and Supply Company, and Ann Lynn Comstock et al. vs. Dennis Boyle.

Dr. F. A. Lenox is in Chicago, and will return tomorrow.

The remains of Archie Mahoney, who died Friday night in Chicago, arrived here early yesterday morning, and the funeral will be held today from St. Michael's church.

Residents of this city are awaiting with much interest the outcome of the murder case in which George Peters is the defendant. His relatives and attorney are carefully selecting evidence to prove his insanity, and every act of his life which would indicate that he is mentally unbalanced will be submitted to the jury soon to be impaneled. Many are of the opinion that he is insane, and others think that he was perfectly responsible for his actions when he killed V. C. Seward. The state has a very strong case, but the defense claims to be able to prove beyond a doubt that he is and has been insane for some time. Peters is locked up in a cell in the county jail, and is apparently as unconcerned as he was the day after the murder was committed, when he gloated over his crime. If Peters is not insane he is certainly the most cold-blooded and heartless murderer ever put upon the stand for his life in this state.

The police arrested Charles Wicks Saturday evening for drunkenness and resisting arrest. Wicks is an ex-convict who did time in the penitentiary in this city a few years ago. He is a dangerous criminal, and will be fired out of the city.

DR. PRICE'S DELICIOUS Flavoring Extracts

NATURAL FRUIT FLAVORS.

Vanilla Lemon Orange Rose, etc.

Of perfect purity— Of great strength— Economy in their use. Flavor as delicately and deliciously as the fresh fruit.

DIED.

WIESINGER—In St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 26, Louis B. A. Wiesinger, aged fourteen years. Funeral from family residence, 411 Selby avenue, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 29, 2 p. m., from St. Matthew's church, corner Sherburne avenue and Dale street, 2:30 p. m. Friends invited.

DOYLE—At Wayzata, Nov. 25, Martin Doyle, aged fifty-five years. Remains will arrive at Minneapolis & St. Louis depot at 9:15 a. m., Monday, Nov. 28. Funeral service at St. Joseph's church at 10 o'clock.

TUCHELT—In St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 27, 1892, at family residence, No. 93 West Robie street, Christiana, wife of F. W. Tuchelt, aged sixty years. Funeral Tuesday, the 29th inst., at 2:30 p. m. Friends are invited.

Funeral carriages $3; Hearse, $4. E. W. Shirk's, 284 East Ninth st. Telephone 455-2.

STAGE INCIDENTS.

Peculiarities of Heroes, Heroines and Villains of the Drama.

The Stage Heroine Taps the Floor With Her Toes.

The Villain Has a Penchant for the Deadly Cigarette.

Some Instances Where Stage Realism Is Far From Real.

By the by, did you ever notice the unreality of stage realism?" asks a writer in the New York Herald. That may sound rather paradoxical, but it is "straight goods" nevertheless.

Actors and actresses—and it's a cruel shame to make fun of such delightful creatures as actresses are generally supposed to be—do some very queer things now and again in their violent and oft strained efforts to be natural.

You may not have noticed it. You probably wouldn't notice it unless you are a hardened sycophant with callous spots on the place where your tender perceptions and soft sympathy ought to be.

I have noticed these "effective bits," however, and, looking at them from the soured side of life, I will tell you how they are.

I know that these things at which I would scoff are all in the stage managers' manual—way up in it, too—and of course stage managers know a great deal more about their business than I do, but nevertheless I cannot but think that common, every-day human nature is not set forth quite so realistically on the stage as are the fire engines and the sawmills.

Now, for instance, how does the young woman in the play always indicate that she is displeased?

She taps the toe of one shoe rapidly on the carpet and frowns. Then we in the audience know that she is mad.

Did you ever have a real live young woman actually angry with you who did that?

I'll "wot not" and I'll "wot" quite a heavy roll on it.

Nine chances out of ten she will forget all about her feet when she is mad, but she won't forget about her tongue. Young women know how to express their anger in words, even if they don't know how to swear, and they will express it, too.

Still we appland Miss Ingenue's "delicate and appreciative portrayal of the part" when her little love scheme is frustrated and she taps her toes, or when the villain insults her father's memory.

She always taps her toes. The stage slippers of a whole lot of New York ingenues must be worn thin at the end.

Then, too, stage folks always have a very queer way of thinking out loud. The deeper the thought the further you can hear it. I have heard a $40-a-week stage villain think so hard about murdering somebody that his voice would have been audible across Madison square.

The expression of his countannee counted for nothing. He might have been thinking whether he would have oysters or corned beef hash for lunch for all his face indicated.

As long as he thinks loud enough a stage villian does not much care what kind of a game the lines of his features play with each other.

Sometimes they play tag, and sometimes I can't help thinking that they would like to play paper.

These outbursts of thought are always preceded by a stride to the wings, and then comes a deep chest "Ah!"

These "Ahs!" usually precede a "Now, if all goes well he is mine. Tonight he shall pay the forfeit with his life. Ah! Revenge is sweet," or perchance, with the usual greed for somebody else's money, the villian shouts this think into the painted canvas of the wings and possibly the ear of a beery stage hand:

"Wait. Let me think. Everything goes well. I have the key to the safe. His millions are in my grasp."

Of course in real life we usually find out what people are thinking about by looking carefully at their faces.

All that trouble is saved at the theater. You can just shut your eyes and the actor will tell you vehemently and concisely just what his thoughts are.

I suppose the plot is more sure to be worked out understandingly that way than though the thought were left to your own understanding.

It is also a curious thing that in plays villains only smoke cigarettes, while the good men, the heroes, confine themselves exclusively to cigars.

You know the villain always pulls out a silver-plated cigarette box at critical moments—just when some fellow is exposing him—and lights one with a cool but reckless air.

The good fellow, however, never smokes at critical moments. When the curtain goes up and he is in his library at his leisure, waiting for things to happen, he invariably puffs at a big, black and hard-looking cigar.

He always has just lit it, by the way, and smokes it much as though it was the last cigar in the world.

Now, I don't question but what it is a very just arrangement to relegate the cigarettes to the villains and let the good fellows have the cigars, and yet I have found lots of good men who smoke cigarettes, if they smoked at all, and the villains of my personal acquaintance are much more likely to smoke cigars than anything else.

Imagine a thorough-paced bunco steerer wasting his time on a cigarette, if you can. "Hungry Joe" would feel insulted at such an insinuation.

Again, did you ever notice how these stage scribes can rattle off a letter? If I could only turn out manuscript at the rate I've seen people do it on the stage, Mr. Gould would have to rustle around pretty lively to keep pace with me financially.

When a man has a note to write he sits down and scribbles off a long epistle explaining the whole situation and dictating to himself.

He can write just as fast as he can talk, and one dip of the pen will on an average last for about four sheets of manuscript.

It is rather curious, too, the number of words an average actor can crowd on to a page. They find no trouble in getting in about a quarter of a column on an ordinary sheet of note paper.

That beats me, and I write "very close."

Then, if you will notice, stage ink never blots, and the writer never misspells a word or hesitates in his construction.

If some of these people really lived they would be invaluable in a newspaper office.

It is also interesting to note the utter abandon with which Thespians throw around "property" money. They care naught for dollars, and never seem to expect any change back whenever a purchase is made. There is always "an even price" on everything.

The people whose profession it is to imitate real life are always either very lavish and careless of others' wealth, or else just the reverse, and in dire straits for a penny or two to buy a crust with. Nobody on the stage is ever in simply comfortable or moderate circumstances. The prosaic in life never gets much show in the plays.

And yet the delineators of these characters, the man who plays the Count of Monte Cristo, as likely as not is just as liable as the rest of us to be worrying over the rent bill, or, perhaps, while he recklessly gives away handfuls of jewels, whether he can afford Bass' ale after the performance or will have to stick to beer.

Another remarkable thing is the way actors drink. They either "quaff deep" and gulp down a big glass of whisky or wine in the twinkling of an eye, or else they sip as daintily as a butterfly. The ordinary way of drinking is not to be thought of for a moment.

It is astonishing, too, how easily one can get intoxicated on the stage. When it is necessary for the plot that the villain should get the dupe drunk he can always do it by giving the aforesaid dupe about two drinks. Three will simply make him unconscious of his existence.

It will take at least twenty beers after the performance for the dupe to get in a condition so that he don't care whether the "ghost will walk" on salary day or not.

As far as my experience goes, the present practice, so dear to stage managers, of having skirt dancers burst into a parlor and exhibit their agility is not quite in conformity with the customs of polite society.

Of course, in farce-comedies one can expect anything, and generally without being disappointed. But this skirt dancing business is getting to be a good deal of a bore.

It invades everything theatrical, and is often fairly forced into refined comedies and legitimate dramas.

The eccentricities of skirt dancers are becoming so marked that it is hard to imagine what the end will be. From graceful courtesies finales have been evolved by these young women which include the turning of somersaults and doing "splits."

From an athletic point of view a split may be a very interesting performance, but it is not quite the sort of thing that young ladies indulge in when they dance for joy in their newly discovered rich uncle's parlor, except on the stage.

And yet the popular cry is that the stage is given up too much to realism!

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On Nov. 20 and to 26 inclusive, the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell tickets to Mexico City, Mexico, and return, good until Dec. 31, for one fare for the round trip. City ticket office, 195 East Third street.

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[Cut this out and get your friends to sign it.]

Petition to Congress to Open the Gates of the World's Columbian Exposition on Sundays.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress Assembled:

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, do hereby respectfully pray and memorialize your honorable body to repeal that portion of the act entitled "An act to aid in carrying out the act of congress, approved April 25, 1890, entitled 'An act to provide for celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the holding of an international exposition in the city of Chicago'"—approved Aug. 5, 1892, which reads as follows: "That it is hereby declared that all appropriations herein made for or pertaining to the World's Columbian exposition are made upon the condition that the said exposition shall not be opened to the public on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday; and if the said appropriations be accepted by the corporation of the state of Illinois known as the World's Columbian exposition, upon that condition it shall be, and it is hereby made the duty of the World's Columbian commission, created by the act of congress of April 25, 1890, to make such rules or modifications of the rules of said corporation as shall require the closing of the exposition on the said first day of the week, commonly called Sunday."

Also, to repeal that portion of the act entitled, "An act making appropriations for the sundry civil expenses of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, and for other purposes"—approved Aug. 5, 1892, which reads as follows:

"And it is hereby declared that all appropriations herein made for, or pertaining to the World's Columbian exposition, are made upon the condition that the said exposition shall not be opened to the public on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, and if the said appropriations be accepted by the corporation of the state of Illinois known as the World's Columbian Exposition, upon that condition, it shall be, and it is hereby, made the duty of the World's Columbian commission, created by act of congress of April 25, 1890, to make such rules or modifications of the rules of said corporation as shall require the closing of the exposition on the said first day of the week, commonly called Sunday."

In presenting this memorial to your consideration we believe that—

The World's Columbian exposition is calculated to promote education, awaken high ideals, stimulate healthy imagination, and store the mind with memories which will be a source of happy and inspiring reflection during the life of those who may have the privilege of studying the manifold treasures which there will be presented. Thus looked at, it becomes the handmaid of all that operates to advance man in his higher nature, and is a real promoter of pure religion.

That those who most need the beneficent influences which will flow from the exposition are the men, women and children whose lives are oppressed by poverty, and whose opportunities for travel and study are most meager. Confronted each day with the question of physical sustenance, the closing of the fair on Sunday means a substantial denial to them of its larger benefits.

That to close the gates of the exposition on Sunday is against the interest of the social order, as it would throw upon the city of Chicago several hundred thousands of visitors each Sunday, who, being without occupation, would crowd all places of evil resort in that city, multiplying crime to such an extent that the police department, even though managed in the most efficient manner, could with great difficulty cope with the situation.

That the largest opportunity should be given for admission to the grounds and buildings of the fair on this day, and that some marked distinction should be made so as to have Sunday stand apart as a special day; such as stopping all machinery and labor connected with exhibits; a course of sermons by eminent divines, and the privilege given to exhibitors, who so desire, to cover their displays.

That the entire matter of a Sunday as well as a week-day fair should be left by congress in the hands of the regular world's fair authorities.

When this petition is filled, paste additional white paper at the end, and, when complete, address it to "Open Sunday," Care of ST. PAUL GLOBE, St. Paul, Minn. For blanks for further use, send request to same address.

NAME.	ADDRESS.

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