

# IN THE METROPOLIS

## AMERICANS VERY SLOW TO TAKE UP BALLOONING.

### SOME PROBABLE REASONS.

How Men Trace Their Ancestry—Of Soothing to the Impetuous—Our Attitude Towards Maxim Gorky.

**N**EW YORK.—LONG have the daring French aeronauts wondered the slowness of the American millionaire to take up ballooning. Has the expected revolution come, or is the sport in the air "queered?"

The Americans are sporty enough. Did not the Fairs dash themselves to death in their automobile quite in the approved fashion? Did not a group of Americans make some of the most daring tours in Switzerland, where the big machine had to be stopped and backed with cranked wheel at every sharp turn? Did not a Nickel Plate sport run down a baby in Italy? Was not Mr. Gould and his party assailed by peasants for scorching?

Ballooning is no more dangerous. But there are other considerations. The death of Paul Noquet was not one of them. In this matter danger scarcely counts. It all depends upon whether the "right people" take it up. It happened that the first successful ascent by amateurs this spring was made by a doctor and his wife, who, though most estimable people, are not numbered among the 409. After that several aspirants who were hovering about the edge of the storm center of the new excitement rather drew aloof, and said: "Oh, if we try it we shall very likely do so in France; it is correct over there."

Another trouble is the newspapers. Young Theodore Roosevelt, in Harvard, withdrew from certain field day sports because so many newspaper cameras were waiting to "snap" him running his rather slow best. Ballooning is impossible without camera accompaniment. A balloon is a big thing to hide and secrecy is impossible. Not all people are so afraid of the newspaper man's camera, however. When John D. Rockefeller was last in New York he cheerfully posed for the camera men of the daily papers. He was holding his umbrella in the rain over his daughter, Mrs. Prentice, yet he waited before stepping into his cab until they took a shot at him. Possibly if Mr. Rockefeller were going up in a balloon he would be more fussy.

### The Fads of the Rich.

**M**ONEY would not stop the rich from ballooning, though it takes much money. There is August Belmont, who has just paid \$125,000 for the British stallion, Rock Face. His father, the elder August and the American founder of the family, paid \$100,000 for St. Blaise—and the price at that time was fully equivalent to \$200,000 now, as prices for luxuries and many necessities run. Rock Face goes to Kentucky to join old St. Blaise in the blue-grass paddocks.

The cutting up of the old Jerome park into building lots and the opening of Belmont park on Long Island signalizes the primacy of a new family in horse racing, of a new region in social primacy and of a new standard of luxury in racing. The famous courses in England, the Derby—which you must be very particular to call "Darby"—the St. Leger and the rest have few conveniences for visitors owing mainly to the British respect for precedent. The Blue Ribbon of the turf for 75 years has been continuously the derby, and sacrilegious would be the hand that should be laid upon it to alter track or buildings more than is necessary.

How many millions have the Belmont interests in races and racing represented from the first? The track is not clear outgo. It is owned by a jockey club in which Mr. Belmont is chief owner. The sport is protected by the state, and each jockey club pays a percentage of its income to the "purely agricultural horse-trots" of the county fairs. It has just emerged victoriously from an encounter with the Ministers' association at the state capital by creating a diversion with the claim that the poolrooms would profit by the hampering of track gambling. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how.

The price paid for Ormonde remains the record for a stallion. It was supposed to be \$150,000, but it cost nearer \$200,000 to bring the useless creature to his new home, where he failed to "make good."

### The Race for Genealogies.

**B**ITISH society has hardly ceased laughing over William Waldorf Astor's labored attempt to prove that John Jacob Astor, the humble pack peddler, fur merchant and patriot, was a lineal descendant of John Jacob Count de Astora. Now Mrs. George Gould who was Edith Kingdom, of a

good Brooklyn family and an actress in Augustin Daly's company, has had laborious research made to prove that her son, Kingdon Gould, the lad who fired a revolver to awe the Columbia students who set out to haze him as a freshman, is descended through her from the Kingdons of Trehaney Quethoe, Cornwall, lords of the manor, but not men of title.

It is said that attempts have been made to prove that Mr. Rockefeller is descended from a French feudal family whose name is faintly similar, but the astute old financier laughs at the heralds. His name is as undeniably German as Astor's.

As a rule, however, the ascriptions of family to American women with the genealogy bug are fairly accurate. And why not. Mrs. Gould's researches go back to 1596. In a period so long she has of necessity had 1022 ancestors, and it is hard luck if some one in so great a number was not of substantial "county family."

American schoolboys would be different from what they are if Master Kingdom is not "joshed" for his blue blood. He is in his last year at college, a member of an exclusive secret society and not especially unpopular, the pistol episode being fairly well forgotten. There was indeed excuse enough for him in that case. He was very young, of slight stature, and while not physically timid, had been from his earliest youth carefully trained to resent any attempt at personal aggression, the idea being of course to prevent kidnapping, the constant terror of the rich who are so fortunate as to have children.

### The Embarrassment of Riches.

**T**HE phrase must suggest but irony to a lot of us, but once in awhile even "we" are able to get understanding that too much may be as uncomfortable as too little.

A certain New York banker has found it so, been bored to extinction by the burdens imposed on a man with "establishments" and horses and autos, and things. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, isn't it, talks refreshingly about the slavery of things—always with a large capital T.

Well, one day, not so very long ago, the New York banker, Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, by name, traveled in luxury from the city to a point in the beautiful southern shore of Connecticut, to Sound Beach, near which is situate Mr. Kennedy's splendid villa. On alighting from the train our banker continued to travel in luxury, was sped with all swiftness and smoothness to his villa, Innes Arden. On arrival a tall footman sprang to assist his master, another one aided in the heavy labor of removing top coat and hat, a valet had the evening clothes at hand and tub warm. At dinner, it is presumable, there was attendance in harmony with the suggested character of Mr. Kennedy's "little place in the country."

Dinner and wine and talk, and then bed, downy couch, silken coverlets, etc. But uneasy rests the head of him who has too much. Something's wrong. A cure is tried. Farewell motor and footman and valet and butler and cook and even roof-tree. In the words of the present day advertisement—back to nature. Behold the banker laboriously peddling the reinstated bicycle, peddling with vigor and vim, and past the splendid villa to join his good wife in a rude camp down there on the sands. Now good digestion wait on appetite, sweet sleep by night. Blessed be little.

### "Careful" Americans.

**A**CERTAIN class of young gentlemen of this land who reside abroad for awhile, not infrequently return to their native country rather ashamed of their native land's prudishness. They usually get over it, lose their supposedly continental attitude and settle down into average good Americans. Such as these doubtless had their say about the attitude of New York toward Maxim Gorky and his companion, Mlle. Andreiva. We seem to see the cynical smiles, the superior airs, because Americans still keep to the prejudice of preferring a man take his lawful wife on his travels, rather than the most talented and devoted and linguist of companions. (Really, was it not a joke on the newspaper men that Mlle. Andreiva should have been honored as Mme. Gorky and the first paragraphs about the Russian visitors been devoted to fulsome praise of "Mme. Gorky's" wifely devotion and many accomplishments; an ideal mate for a revolutionary and great author, pictured with a fervor worthy the noblest cause? And really wasn't it something of a joke that Mark Twain was called upon to explain and that Mr. Howells begged to be kept out of it? It really was funny to everybody—save perhaps Mme. Gorky, over in Russia.)

New York received Maxim Gorky with open arms, the ready hospitality for which we are often criticized; the eager homage we yield when we admire. But scarcely are the first warm greetings given than something else characteristic is instanced—American disapproval. And then the next thing we hear of, the author and the lady are denied certain hotels, Maxim Gorky evicted twice in one day, put out of the Belleclair and the Lafayette-Brevort.

What if Mr. Gorky should write us up?

# OF AID TO HOSTESS

## SUGGESTIONS FOR SOME SEASONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Decorations and Menu for an April Luncheon—Old May-Day Customs Prettily Revived—Keep the Holidays.

### An April Luncheon.

"April showers bring May flowers," so for the centerpiece have a small-sized Japanese umbrella, or a doll's parasol; underneath put a low mound of spring blossoms, such as crocus, trailing arbutus or tulips. Tiny umbrellas, opened at each place, may have the name written on a card tied to the handle. If the house has electric lights, open a good-sized Japanese umbrella and tie it to the gas or light fixture that is over the table; then to each rib fasten a very small electric light; when the room is darkened and the lights turned on the effect is most pleasing.

Serve either a fruit salpicon of oranges, pineapple and bananas, in glasses, or clam bouillon; a good brand of the canned bouillon will be found satisfactory. Sweetbreads or chicken with peas and potatoes in some form come next, then a lettuce and tomato salad with cheese waters and a frozen dessert. If coffee has not been served with the repast, it is a pretty English custom to serve it in the drawing room, the tray being brought in and the hostess pouring. Small cups are used. This luncheon could precede a card party or an afternoon musicale.

### May Day Doings.

The old custom of keeping the first day of May is being revived, especially by people who live in the country, who make a practice of sending baskets filled with wild flowers to their friends who are so unfortunate as to be debarred from gathering them personally. The city people observe the day by sending baskets of fruit and flowers to the sick, or to their friends who may be in sorrow, and the children have revived the English method of hanging "May" baskets on the door knobs of their friends and then running away before the ring is answered. These baskets may be made at home or may be of an inexpensive kind purchased for a trifle. They should contain preferably wild flowers, fruit, a simple gift; and one young hostess delivered her invitations in this novel way, hanging the baskets to the door by a loop of ribbon.

For a centerpiece at a May party, have a pole some 30 inches high, supported on a firm, flat base about 12 inches across. Fasten inch-wide ribbon of the delicate pastel shades at the top of the pole. Give these a few twists and then carry them to each place, where they are tied to the handle of miniature baskets bearing the name of the guest, also holding the salted nuts.

To choose partners for any entertainment scheme the hostess may have in mind, or for cards, make a "tulip bed." Fill a shallow wooden box with sawdust or sand, covered with green crepe paper and place it on a tabouret or stand. Then realistic tulips can be made from crepe tissue paper, if real ones cannot be procured. On the end of each stem wire a half of some well-known quotation, or the title of a book; the other half of the quotation and the name of the author of the book must be wired to other tulips. Each guest pulls a flower and proceeds to hunt his partner. The end of one of the tulips will have a drawing of a crown on it; the person gathering that one must be "crowned" with a garland of flowers, either real or artificial, and have some one read Tennyson's "I Am to be Queen of the May, Mother."

Intimate friends and sweethearts often exchange gifts on May day, the little tokens being concealed in a box or basket of flowers. In this busy workaday world, it is a good thing to remember all these special days that will vary the monotony of the commonplace; sentiment is in danger of being crowded out and the revival of these old world festivals is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Madame Merri trusts that every mother and home-maker will take the trouble to look up the history and romance that is connected with all the "special" days that are mentioned from time to time in the department. Children enter heartily into the spirit of such occasions, and whatsoever serves to make them happy also serves to make them good.

### Popular Colors in Hats.

Spring green, native, violet, ash gray, red, corinth and burnt straw are the colors most in demand. Few hats are one-colored, the tendency being to harmonize several colors. Almost any colors can be combined, if artistically managed. One Paris mode combined most beautifully shades of deep red, pink, violet and blue.

### The Corset Skirt.

A great many corset skirts are seen at present. This mode lends itself best to fabrics which hang gracefully and with elegance, such as the ever popular faced cloth. A short corset skirt rarely looks well, one of its essentials being the long, graceful, sweeping lines.

### Elbow Sleeves.

The town dress is made almost universally with the elbow sleeve. This seems like a piece of reckless extravagance for we all know that the elbow sleeve will go out of date soon. On the other hand, it is fashionable now and it is exceedingly pretty.

## A SEASON OF LACE.

Such Charming Little Jackets Are Offered To-Day—The Various Styles and Laces.

As this is a season of lace, the lace department is of particular interest. Among the many charming novelties shown are the little lace jackets which promise to form an important feature of the season's toilets. These are shown in real French and Irish lace, combined with batiste and hand embroidery, with graceful little quarter-sleeves. Others are in baby Irish and heavy crochet, with half sleeves and slashed up the back. The same style of jacket is shown in their batiste and "Val" combinations. Collars and chemisettes, with cuffs and half sleeves to match, in all the fashionable laces, are another feature of this department, and there are some beautiful specimens of the new Point d'Auvergne.

One may select from a large variety of beautiful white waists here—and practically all waists are white this season. One attractive model was of accordion plaited chiffon, with handsome German "Val" insertion, three large German medallions forming the yoke. The short sleeves and a girle were of white satin. Another model was of all-over net, with imitation Irish insertion and perpendicular tucks, forming a pointed yoke. The short sleeves were finished with a ruffle of net and the high neck with a ruffling of German "Val." A charming china silk waist had tucks and German "Val" insertion simulating a bolero jacket. The sleeves were trimmed with bands of perpendicular insertion, with a cuff of insertion, and small ruffles of china silk.

The summer suits and dress fabrics show a striking predominance of gray—brides' gray, princess gray and small black and white stripes, checks and figures, giving the gray effect. In the foulards and figured India silks, which they make a specialty of here, this color seems to be particularly attractive.

Gray also appears in hosiery, but white is the predominating color in this department, as elsewhere. Lace hosiery is a leader again, but the embroidered hosiery that was in such demand last season is seen no more, except in a few special designs. In the same way, the highly colored stripes and plaids that were considered correct in men's hosiery last season have disappeared, being replaced by the plain colors and black.

## HANDSOME FERN STAND.

The Upper Part May Be Used for a Plant, the Lower for Magazines or Books.

The note of "living green" that adds so decidedly to the attractiveness of sitting-room, library or other apartment, is introduced oftentimes in the most satisfactory way by a fernery. In a room where the coloring is very



PRETTY FURNISHING FOR A SITTING ROOM.

bright or ornate, an ornamental stand for the soft green plants is a desirable addition. And it may be as handsome as taste and purse will permit. An example of such a stand is here illustrated, the lower shelf serving as an excellent resting place for books or magazines.

### Hats and Coiffures.

Paris milliners deserve to be complimented on the success of their efforts this season, for the new shapes are not only prettier but promise to be more generally becoming than those of last season. But the hat is still identified with the coiffure, and the latter must absolutely conform to the hat if the tout ensemble is to be successful.

### Harmless Freckle Remedy.

So many of the freckle removers are very poisonous they are really dangerous to use. For your little girl the solution of lemon and sugar would be very good. Use juice of a lemon in which there is as much sugar dissolved as the juice will hold in solution. It should be applied with a camel-hair brush several times daily.

### Reducing Waist Measure.

Bending exercises are excellent for reducing the waist and the size of the hips and abdomen. They should be practiced every morning and at night before retiring. Practice until you begin to feel tired. The movements should be moderately slow.

### Cider for Wages.

At a meeting in Somerset, England, it was stated that, although illegal, the custom still prevails of giving cider in lieu of wages.



## BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.

Elder Towne Sets an Inspiring Example and Draws a Moral That Moves His Flock to Action.

"It wuz the best meetin' we hev hed this winter," remarked Aunt Susan, "and I've attended all o' the union meetin's to the Corners schoolhouse since the first of September. Elder Towne come over from Gallup's Mills, in the art'noon, to talk to us, but he hed 't hardly got started to poundin' the desk when a jint o' the stovepipe jarred onto the floor. Elder Bean, he jumped up and got a stepladder, put on his nits, and was jest a-fetchin' the two ends o' the pipe together ag'in, when down come the hull thing, 'bout 20 feet ont, with an awful crash. Smoke and flames begun to pour ont o' the stove, and all hands jumped up, the women folks screamin', of course. Elder Towne come right down off'n the platform then a-flyin', and he handled hot stovepipe as lively as the best o' the men folks, I can tell you; but it took all of half an hour to get the thing j'inted and wired up ag'in and the room cleared o' smoke. Then Elder Towne, with one hand wrapped up in a wet han'kerchief, got up on the platform and says, says he: 'Brethren and sisters, the hour is closin' and it is time to dismiss this meetin', but we will not go home without thankin' God for an opportunity to work together, all denominations on us, for 30 minutes in His service, instid of prayin' the same ten'th o' time for grace to do it. May all our future service for him be as hearty and cooperatin'. Let us pray.' I reckon we all saw the pint! And sense then, I kin tell you, there's ben some mighty lively handlin' of other hot things besides hot stovepipes in this ere town, without regard to denominational barriers either."—Christian at Work.

## CHURCH UNION IN CANADA

Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian Churches Agree on Basis of Organic Union.

The movement for the organic union of the Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Canada has come to a new stage of negotiation with the most auspicious outlook, reports the Interior. The phase of the matter just passed through was undoubtedly the most critical of all, and the fact that no forbidding obstacle has so far developed, encourages the liveliest hope of the consummation of the union—the most radical and remarkable coalition of churches that has been proposed since the reformation brought in the era of denominational divisions. One year ago the joint committees of the three churches met and determined that the first necessary step was a systematic search for a basis of doctrine and policy acceptable to all three parties. Five sub-committees were named which spent a full year of study on various phases of this problem. The main committees assembled again at Toronto at the holiday season, and heard reports from these conferences. Thereupon the following motion was unanimously adopted: "This joint committee resolves to find the substantial unity existing among the negotiating churches, and feels encouraged in continuing further negotiations for union." The union was thus for the first time officially pronounced feasible.

### In the "Neglected Peninsula."

The "Neglected Peninsula" is being besieged at four points by the Scotch Presbyterian and the American Reformed missionaries. In Muscat, where Rev. James Cantine and his wife are the only American Christians, several new methods have been introduced to bring the ignorant and bigoted Moslems into the kingdom. A school has been opened for Muscat boys, a sewing school is now attracting little Moslem girls, a dispensary is in operation and a guest-house for Arab visitors is a unique feature of the work. The visiting in the homes of Mohammedan women is proving most effective in breaking down opposition, and Mrs. Cantine has been cordially received everywhere from the palace of the sultan to the smallest peasant hut.

### A Call to Awake.

Robert J. Burdette sounds the call for the awakening of our spiritual perceptions, when he says: "Sleep robbed Peter, James and John of the brightest glories of the transfiguration scene. Eternity alone will reveal what glorious views nineteenth century Christians are missing in slumber. Wake up and behold the glory on every hand."

### Suez Canal Too Narrow.

It is urged by the Liverpool Underwriters' association that the Suez canal be doubled in breadth or else that an entirely new canal be built.

### Happiness in Duty Done.

Every evil and wasteful habit draws upon our strength and resources without making any proper return. On the other hand, every task faithfully done, every responsibility manfully borne in the path of duty, steadies us, like well-bentwood ballast. There are loads that help as well as loads that hinder. The first we should cheerfully take up, and the latter resolutely cast off.

You can save a word but the hurt is there.—Exchange.

# LITTLE BIRD PETS

ENGLISH NATURALIST TELLS OF ANTICS OF GREAT TITS.

Enticed by Nuts and Cheese They Become Regular Visitors, and at Last Consent to Have Pictures Taken.

One of my earliest experiences of great tits was in this wise. It was a sparkling spring morning, and I was roaming about an old-fashioned house-garden, peering into holes, a d crevices in search of nests. Up this long ago, rustic steps and half embracing a tree's huge bole and leading to an arbour which the tree had invited by dividing some 12 feet from the ground into three strong, widespread upward-curving branches. Here the household had been wont to gather 40 years ago, before recently planted trees had joined hands over newly made paths to give shelter from the summer sun. Long disused, the crumbling steps gave but doubtful foothold, as I carefully mounted to explore the mouldering platform and seats above. As my head came level with the topmost step I noticed a cleft in the tree just below the fork. A likely place for a nest. I thought, and large enough for me to insert my hand. The action quickly followed the thought; but my hand was more quickly withdrawn, for my fingers were sharply struck within the hole by I knew not what, and there was a hissing as though I had roused an angry snake. Peering in, I could just discern two gleaming specks and two small patches of white below them, and then there was another hiss and a quick stroke of a wing. I found a great tit sitting upon her eggs. Respecting her bravely, I did not disturb her more.

Though there were several pairs of these birds in the garden, it was long before they learned to visit my window larder. They would watch the cole tits carrying off bits of nut and cheese, far in excess of their present needs, and hiding them up and down the close-set yew hedges. Often enough they discovered and rifled these hidden stores of their life's earnings. The great tits much appreciated the cheese, and this finally brought them to the window perch above the hedge, where they could see big lumps temptingly displayed, and where robins, candlesticks, blue tits, and cole tits were regularly regaling themselves. I remember well the first visit of an oxeye to my window. He alighted on the perch with such a thud that its insecure fasten-



THE OXEYE AND HANGING BLUE TITS.

ing gave way, and as the branch sank beneath him he flew off in alarm. I immediately secured the perch firmly, and replenish the supply of cheese and nuts. In a few minutes the same bird returned, alighted, looked round suspiciously, and after a flute-like double call to his mate in a neighboring tree, inviting her to the feast, he plumped his back into the cheese. Two months later, when the bird was tamer, and not so easily alarmed, I took a photograph, hiding behind a screen inside the room near the open larder window, and peering out of small eye-holes at the comings and goings of the birds.

The oxeye has a bad character given him by writers on birds, owing to his pugnaciousness and formidable fighting powers, but I have never seen him do much harm to another bird at the window. He will fight and peck fiercely at any bird that will not give him place at the cheese corner, and when there he resents other birds venturing to share his meal on equal terms. A cock bird even tries to prevent its hanging on and pecking from below. The hen great tit, though they show fight even against human intruder at the nest, are peaceful enough at the window. I have seen one frightened away by a hedge-sparrow, the quietest and most peace-loving of window frequenters. The great tit was standing upon a big lump of cheese, and the hedge-sparrow standing on the perch at one side, in trying for a moment of cheese, pecked one of the great tit's front toes that were spread out and bent down over the edge of the cheese cube. This was obviously an accident, but a very ugly one it might have proved for Shufflewing had the bird on the cheese been Mr. Oxeye instead of his spouse. As it was, the hen great tit, alarmed, flew off without showing any sign of wishing to retaliate.