A HUNT FOR CHORUS GIRLS.

200 YOUNG WOMEN PUT THROUGH A SORTING-OUT PROCESS.

The Task of the Assistant Stage Manager and a Small Boy—Quick Work Made of Most of the Candidates—Test of the Voice—Qualities Sought in the Chorus Girl.

"Just step over to the ballet room," said "Pop" Clark for the 341st time since 10 o'clock, it being then on the stroke of 12.

"Pop" Clark is the doorman at the stage entrance of the New York Theatre; the very mildest-mannered doorman in town. He knows all the regular chorus girls by name and by nature, too, and he is "Pop" to every one of them.

"Just step over to the ballet room," he repeated gently and pointed across the stage.

The big-eyed, pale woman hesitated. She looked frightened She also looked 40. Both tears and years are bad companions if you're answering an advertisement for chorus girls, but the years are the more hopeless. The tears evaporate, but the years don't. So "Pop" sighed as she turned away.

"We don't get many like that," he said. "We advertised for girls yesterday and we've had about 500 applicants in response, but most of them are old hands."

And most of them looked it There was just a spring touch of greenery here and there; a few young girls with pigtail effects in the arrangement of their back hair; a few older girls who looked as if they had strayed out of an intelligence office, for they had "general housework" written all over them; a few tall, slender young women who looked as if they might go to Boston—for which place the company is destined—as schoolma'ams, but never as chorus girls But the rank and file wore the ear marks of the profession.

"Want to see me sort out the bunch?" said Assistant Stage Manager Lawrence. "Sit down here by me and watch. But don't expect that it's going to be any Sunday school meeting. We don't have time for heart-to-heart talks about what a girl yearns for, nor why she yearns for it. And we haven't got time to consider her feelings. All we consider is whether she can fill out a pair of tights and can sing and dance and not be homely enough to put out the footlights."

He picked up a list of names and read them aloud.

"These ladies were examined and accepted yesterday," he announced," and will please leave the room."

About thirty girls filed out. They took enough self-satisfaction with them to corner the supply. Proud? The room fairly reeked with pride. The Lady of Lyons would have looked humble beside the least of these.

"If there are any ladies here who were not here yesterday," said Mr. Lawrence, "let them step forward."

Old hand that he is, he wasn't prepared for what happened next. The 200 women thundered down the room and down in upon the corner where Mr. Lawrence was intrenched behind a table. It was as terrifying as a cavalry charge. The group behind the table fled to a flight of steps leading to the front of the house; all but a very small errand boy who stood his ground.

"Make 'em get back, Pete," shouted Mr Lawrence to the small boy. "Tell 'em I wont look at 'em if they don't get back."

"Git back," commanded Pete with a Napoleonic wave of his small arm.

The legions gave way reluctantly and the group which had been behind the table cautiously reoccupied the position which it had evacuated. At once the besiegers showed signs of closing in again.

"Make 'em get back, Pete," cried Mr. Lawrence "Make 'em come one by one."

"Youse git back, ladies," said Pete with another Napoleonic gesture.

The girls fell back, but looked as if they would pounce down again at a second's notice. Pete held them, however, by the uncowed majesty of his mien.

"Now, then, for the bunch!" said Mr. Lawrence. "That little lady at the end of the line, come up here."

The line immediately developed as many ends at a cat o' nine tails has and an assortment of candidates, some little and some who will never see 5 feet 6 again, swooped forward.

"Get back! Get back! Get back!" wailed Mr. Lawrence. "Oh, if you could ever get a chorus girl to work as hard when she's got a job as she works to get one, we'd have to keep a rest cure on tap for them! Now, then, that little lady down there, the one with the big hat."

This came near precipitating another charge. For whatever may be the limitations of the chorus girl, and there are several, she has none in the line of headgear. She spreads herself when it comes to hats. Consequently, about 179 big hats pricked up their ears, so to speak. But the invaluable Pete finally succeeded in bringing up the girl pointed out.

"What's your name?" demanded Mr Lawrence.

"Vivian Black."

"Ever been on before?"

"Yes, sir."

"What in?"

She told, and added that her sister had been at the New York with "The Man in the Moon" company.

"I don't remember any girl by that name, Pete, do you remember?"

Pete gave a beautiful exhibition of a small boy thinking violently. Then he beamed.

"Why, yes," he said "Don't you remember? That was the English girl what was goin' to marry the coon."

This had a somewhat demoralizing effect on the girl, but she consented to join in the laugh.

"Well, Vivian," said Mr. Lawrence, "we'll give you a try. There are no coons in this company, anyway. What's your address? All right," taking it down, "you wait over there. Next lady!"

One of the pig-tailed young girls came awkwardly forward.

"Can't use you, my dear," cheerfully announced the stage manager before she was half way to the table. "Next! Now I told you yesterday," to the girl who came forward, "that I couldn't use you. This makes four times you've been here and it's just wasting your time and mine, too. Don't come again. Do you hear? Next! What's your name?"

"Adelaide Murphy."

"Have you ever been on before?"

"Yes."

"What in?"

"The—the Casino."

"What in?"

"In—in the Casino."

"But in what play?" angrily.

"Well, I don't just know the name of the play."

"Oh! Well, I don't just think we want you. Next time stretch your imagination a little further and find out the name of a piece as well as a theatre. Next! Can't use you, my dear, you're too big. Next!"

It was the pale, big-eyed woman. She looked more frightened than ever, but so wistful.

"Can't use you, Miss. You're too tall."

There was no time wasted over her, but it was a curious fact that although she was probably the oldest woman in the room the stage manager addressed her as "Miss," as if he would spare her the assumption that she was too old. He even tried to add another drop of comfort with the hint that her height, not her age, was against her. And this was pure invention, for she was short. Perhaps these little things helped, for she kept her head up and walked proudly out.

"Next!"

One of the general housework type slouched to the table, got her curt dismissal and went off stolidly, not seeming to mind the open laugh which followed her frowsy head. Next came two or three old hands. If they could give some sort of proof of their experience their names were taken and they were told to wait at one side of the room.

The bunch dwindled as if by magic. Not a second was wasted. The stage manager sized 'em up with one keen comprehensive glance and disposed of most of them with a curt, indifferent, "Can't use you, my dear."

No one attempted to alter his decision. Everybody could see that it was a case of a fair field and no favors. When a girl had met that lightning-like inspection and seen the manager's glance pass over her head to the next candidate she knew her case was hopeless. Even if she didn't, she had heard the impatient tirade against the few who hadn't had sense enough to take their dismissal as final, but had come a second and even a third and fourth time.

When they had been sluiced through this first sieve, those who had been retained were put to a second test. Mr. Lawrence sat back, wiped the perspiration from his forehead and called up the first girl whose name he had taken.

"They have their voices tried now," he said, "and we have our nerves put through the same pleasing process. Ow-wow! Listen to that."

A muscular young man pounded an ascending scale on the piano and the candidate for the chorus followed it in a series of painful squeals.

"How's that? No. 2?" said Mr Lawrence.

The muscular young man nodded and a large figure 2 was placed opposite the girl's name.

"That's all for to-day," the manager told her, kindly enough. "I'll let you know by postal card when we need you."

The scales proceeded, each girl being marked No. 1 or No. 2, and each being dismissed pleasantly with the information that she would be sent for when needed.

"What do the numbers indicate?" the outsider asked.

"No. 1 means that the voice will do. No. 2 means that it wont. Of course we could say so outright, but its a little kinder to them not to do it."

This somewhat tardy consideration for the feelings of the applicants belied the manager's own statement that those feelings were not taken into account. There had been no No. 1 and No. 2 subterfuge about their appearance. If their looks were not satisfactory they were sent off without a qualm. But when it came to the voice trial it took no more time to say "one" or "two" than to say "good" or "bad." So feelings were saved and time wasn't lost.

"Well, that's over for to-day," sighed the stage manager as the last group of big hats wagged out of sight. "Next comes the final sorting out but that takes more time. We have to find out what a girl can really do, how she looks in tights, and how quickly she learns and also how soon she forgets. So we pick out the good dancers, the pretty figures and so on. A girl who will do for a certain dance, wont be worth a pin in a march. And so it goes. Out of 500 applicants it is hard work to get a good chorus of 100 girls.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

The School Which Miss Ume Tsuda Has Established for Her Country Women.

Miss Ume Tsuda is the name of the courageous Japanese who has begun an attempt to supply the advantages of higher education to her countrywomen. She learned these advantages in this country, whither she was sent by the Japanese Government in 1871. She was the youngest of five little girls who went to Washington together and was so small then that the Japanese Minister wondered what he was to do with this mite of Oriental civilization in a strange land.

She grew up in a Washington home and later passed through Bryn Mawr College with great credit, distinguishing herself especially in her biological studies. When she returned finally to Tokyo it was to teach in the Peeresses's School, as that was the only institution in which she could retain her rank and employ her talents as a teacher. She had gone back to Japan to devote herself to the higher education of her own countrywomen, but as the time to begin that undertaking had not yet arrived, she retained her place in the school founded by the Empress for the daughters of the nobility.

When Miss Tsuda made her third visit to this country in 1898, it was to attend the Woman's Congress at Denver and later she spent one year in England. Already the state of society in Japan had changed enough to make her school for Japanese girls seem a feasible idea. Miss Tsuda interested in her scheme Alice M. Bacon of Hampton College, who promised to join her in the task of introducing higher education into Japan whenever the time was ripe.

Miss Bacon was called to Tokyo by her friend last summer and on Sept. 17, 1900, The Girls' Home School for English was formally opened. Miss Tsuda's own account of this occasion is more interesting than any other which described the introducton of the higher education of women as it is understood here into Japan The means that made the scheme possible came from a committee formed in Philadelphia to help Miss Tsuda. Half of the $4,000 that was desired for the house was raised. The pupils' fees pay the running expenses of the school. Miss Tsuda wrote to her friends here of the institution as follows:

"I began school last Monday and am greatly encouraged at the prospects. Last week I had examinations for the girls, as I had to know what they could do in Japanese and English, although they brought certificates from other schools. I began with about fifteen. Since then there have been other applications, and now eighteen are enrolled. Of course, all are not in the regular course, which offers higher courses in English.

"I wanted to build up the school through the English department, as I am able to do this best, and my name would carry for this; so the school is known as the Girls' Home School for English, and I offer three years of higher courses in English and English literature. Four of my students are advanced ones, who are graduates, and come to me for special courses. They wish to take the Government examinations next year and want me to prepare them. I am so pleased to have these students, as it shows there is a demand for the work I am offering.

"Last Monday, the 17th, I began lessons, and on Friday before I assembled all the pupils at 9 o'clock and had a short exercise consisting of the reading of the Imperial Rescript on Education, in Japanese, followed by a hymn, then the reading of the Psalms, in English, by Miss Bacon; then a prayer in Japanese; and then I gave a short talk on the school and its objects. I have arranged two classes for the regular work, and there are some preparatory classes also.

"Every morning, from 8:15 to 8:30, we have opening exercises, sometimes in English, sometimes in Japanese. Our work begins at 8:30; three hours of work in the mornings ending at 11:30. From 11:30 to 12:30 I let the pupils come to me for any extra talks or explanations. On Sunday afternoons we have a Bible class here from 1:30 to 2:30 P. M. Miss Bacon is teaching Old Testament to a class in English. Mr Iwamoto, principal of Meiji Girls' School, promises to give us a course of lectures on morals, beginning next month. I have promises from others to give special lectures. Miss Ballard, a missionary, is going to take two hours a week in history, and other friends have been most kind in offers of help.

"The girls take their meals with me and I share their life. This is most unusual in Japan but I wish to carry out this principle and not live apart from them. Of my boarders, I have four in this house and one in my old house which I have kept because this is not large enough. This house has only seven rooms and kitchen—a parlor, dining room, Miss Bacon's room and mine, and three for the girls. We have to use dining room and parlor and our own rooms for lessons. My library, piano and pictures have come in nicely, and make the home pleasant for the time being. The furniture is most plain and has not cost much. A gift for books from Marchioness Oyama has come in most opportunely and helps us a great deal."

Miss Tsuda's friends here are endeavoring to raise for her $8,000 which will be enough to enable her to purchase the house and grounds used for the school and insure its permanent success as a means of introducing the higher education of women into the Orient. Mrs Wistar Morris of Overbrook, Pa., is the chairmen of the committee. Miss Tsuda's school is wholly non-sectarian.

JEWELS ON THE FOREHEAD.

An Old Fashion Revived by Modern Beautiful Women in Paris.

News comes from Paris to the effect that the fervonière is undoubtedly coming back to favor. Forty years ago no one would have needed to be told what a fervonière was, and many of the ornaments are in the possession of women lucky enough to have inherited jewels.

The old-fashioned fervonière was a forehead jewel, usually a large uncut gem set in heavy gold work. It was worn in the centre of the forehead, attached to a gold fillet, or more often, a band of black velvet which passed around the head.

The ornament was marvellously becoming to a certain classical type of face, but lamentably disfiguring to the ordinary woman. The Empress Josephine was particularly fond of the fervonière, which became her although her face was far from classic.

The uncovered foreheads of recent seasons opened the way for a revival of this old fashion, and the jewelled stars and crescents which were worn low against the forehead with the parted fringe of hair hinted at the fervonière; but now a number of Parisian beauties have taken up the old mode in earnest and have appeared with splendid jewels gleaming upon their white foreheads just above their brow.

The velvet band and fillet have not appeared, the modern fervonière being, as nearly as possible, devoid of visible setting and held in its place by the finest thread of gold or a string of small pearls. The fashion is, of course, extreme, but it has appealed to the Parisians' love of novelty and the French jewellers have innumerable orders for the new ornament, while old fervonières are being taken from jewel cases and reset according to the modern taste.

Joy of First Experiences.

"Next to the joy afforded by the first patch on the seat of the first pair of trousers, when you're a kid, there is nothing that tickles more then the possession of your first share of stock," said the heavy investor, who was reminiscent. "It doesn't make any difference what the stock is—whether it's at par or within a thousand miles of it, so long as it is real stock with its name and quotations printed in the newspapers.

"I don't know but what the fun of watching the first stock go up and down beats the first pair of breeches. It's certainly ahead of the first cigar."

NO SHOPS LIKE OUR OWN.

ABOUT EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD ON SALE IN NEW YORK.

Little Use in Ransacking Europe for Things Not to Be Had Here—Even Paris Inferior to New York for Buying Clothes—Americans Want the Best of Everything and Get It.

"There is one thing that is going to keep me awake nights," said a New York woman, who is on the eve of going abroad.

"If there's only one, you will be playing in the largest kind of luck," said the kind friend, who had come in to assist in jumping on the steamer trunk. "Mark Twain and I encountered whole regiments of them. Talk about the standing armies of Europe. The hopping and creeping armies could come pretty near repelling an invasion."

"Oh," said the traveller, a look of intelligence dawning in her eyes. "I've met a few of those regiments myself, but I wasn't thinking of them now."

"Ignore them while you can, then. They'll remind you of their existence soon enough."

"So will my other insomnia promoter. Can't you guess what it is?"

"Feather beds?"

"No, no! It's buying presents."

"I trust," stiffly, "that you wont disturb yourself on my account."

"Let me explain. I love to bring things home to my friends, but I have repeatedly spent days in a vain search for something which they wouldn't find right here in New York and I don't think I have ever succeeded. You can buy anything and everything in the world in this city, I verily believe. It's the greatest shopping place in the world. There are only two cities which approach it as rivals and, take them all around and up and down, I don't believe they can equal it.

"Of course I mean London and Paris and I'll admit that in certain directions each one may be superior to New York. But that's true of any city—even of some villages. You'll find more Egyptian brass in the bazaars at Cairo, for instance, than you'll find in New York. And you can buy a hundred little wooden crucifixes in a Bavarian village to one in New York. So in Paris there is a larger assortment of French goods and in London you have more English goods than you have anywhere else.

"But the point is this: there doesn't seem to be anything made anywhere that you wont find for sale here and generally in larger quantities than you'll find it anywhere else except where it is produced. Take Oriental rugs, for instance. It is possible that hidden away in corners of Paris and of London you could find as large stocks as you will find here in New York, but I never saw them. In New York, even he who runs may see so many Oriental rugs that he half expects to have them given away with a package of tea.

"Of course I'm not giving Oriental rugs away myself as souvenirs, so I'm not mentioning them in connection with my search for uncommon presents. But it's just the same with all the little things. When you're in Florence you think the colored reproductions of Fra Angelico's angels are peculiar to the place and you lay in a supply along with a few Florentine frames, intending to bestow them upon your friends. When you get home you find that your frames are all broken, and as for the angels! they stare at you from every picture counter in town.

"You look at Dresden china and see just the same thing that you can buy now and then on the New York bargain counter. You can buy German leather work in New York and German pipes and Bohemian glass and Sheffield plate and Liberty silk and French bronzes and Russian enamels and Geneva watches and Paris dolls and German toys and Swiss carvings and—anything! Of course, you pay more over here, but unless you can dodge the duty on your own purchases the difference isn't so tremendous.

"And in addition to all these goods of foreign make there are the American manufactures themselves; things which you will find in American cities and nowhere else. You can get silver things in New York in a variety which would seem bewildering to a European and at a price which would almost equally surprise him. There is a lot of pretty glass and china made here too, and sold at prices which cannot be bettered in Europe. When it comes to cutlery, I'm not a judge of quality, but I know I'd rather try to buy a knife or a pair of scissors here than in England or in Germany, the two cutlery countries.

"When it comes to clothes—well, when it comes to clothes, I want to say this and say it loud and clear. The woman who goes abroad to buy clothes is——"

"To put it politely, she is deficient, eh?"

"Possibly that's the polite name for it, but it wasn't what I called myself the last time I bought clothes in Paris. One doesn't have to be polite to one's self, you know, so I didn't mince words. 'Mary,' I said, 'you're a fool.' When I got back here to New York, I substituted 'double-dyed idiot' and wished I had a better vocabulary.

"I don't deny that the fashions come from Paris. They do. But they come so fast that they get here before they start. You know it's like cabled news. We read about things in the morning which happen in the middle of the afternoon. That's the way with Paris novelties.

"Our importers buy everything in sight and New York is flooded while it's just sprinkling in Paris. They are slower over there about bringing forward a novelty. I came home last December from Paris and what we could call the early winter trade was just beginning over there. The stocks for sale were about at the level which ours reach in October. I mean the novelties were just settling themselves.

"There are beautiful clothes to be bought in Paris and it may be all right for extravagantly rich women to buy their gowns there so as to get exclusive models. But where there is one beautiful gown or waist or neckfixing in Paris there are ten times as many in New York.

"There is another cheerful peculiarity of the Paris dressmakers and tailors. They may have what we call style but they do the poorest work I ever saw. All they seem to try for is to make a gown hang together until it gets out of their shop.

"As for fitting they are hopelessly slack about that. They depend upon covering up defects of that sort, or they try to keep your mind on the trimming so that you wont be alive to such trifles as wrinkles in your back and a collar which is high in the front and low in the back.

"I don't wonder that they don't succeed in fitting. They pin their faith to pins. They almost never alter a garment on you. They just put in a few pins. A pin set in up and down means one thing; set in horizontally means another; two pins crossing each other mean something else, and so on.

"When they've stuck in thirty or forty pins they take the waist off and beam and say that it will go perfectly the next time and bow themselves out. I suppose half the pins fall out before they get the waist back to the work room. I'm perfectly positive they disappear before anybody gets to work on it.

"And so the next time you go for a fitting you find precisely the same faults there were before. The only difference seems to be that the waist has accumulated a new assortment of wrinkles.

"Why, it took me a whole month and at least eight or nine fittings to get one gown from a well-known house in Paris last autumn. By the time I did get it there was as complete an absence of newness in its appearance as if I had worn it for a month instead of merely trying to get it finished.

"Then I came home and started to look for a waist and I was actually bewildered. There seemed to be no end to the supply. A great many of them came from Paris, it's true, but at any rate here they were to be bought in New York. Fresh as I was from a six weeks' steady shopping in Paris I was amazed by the richness and bewildering variety of all the goods shown here.

"Take ribbons, for instance. All the ribbons in the Louvre and the Bon Marché together would not have shown the variety to be found in a single one of the largest stores here.

"The Bon Marché is said to be the largest dry goods department store in the world and it certainly has an enormous stock. But our best department stores wouldn't bother with lots of the stuff with which the Bon Marché is crammed. You can find all you want of it in New York, but in lower grade stores. I doubt whether the value of the Bon Marché stock, immense as it is in size, would come anywhere near that of a smaller New York department store.

"It really seems hopeless to try to find anything that would be strange to New Yorkers. For instance, I'm interested in the new posters that came out and in Paris last year I bought a few. But I didn't have anything new when I got home. The dealers had brought over everything worth having and everybody was perfectly familiar with the things I had bought.

"I remember being in an antiquity shop in Rome, several years ago. I say a shop, though it was quartered in the ground floor of a palace. The man showed me a lot of things and, incidentally, some rather striking shields. They were not genuine, but were effective. The other day I was on a Fourth avenue car when one of those identical shields reposing in the window of one of our antiquity shops caught my eye.

"Two years ago in Tunis I bought a pierced brass incense burner. I saw one exactly like it in a Broadway shop last week. And by the way, going back to the clothes, I went West this winter after I came back from Paris and I saw a gown made by a dressmaker in a small Iowa town that was prettier than any the Paris couturières had shown me.

"It's just the same with eatables and drinkables. We have a wider variety in our tastes than any other people in the world and we have the markets to match. In England they have the most rigid bill of fare and you might as well order nectar and ambrosia as anything not strictly English.

"It's almost as bad on the Continent. I'm not complaining of the quality of the cuisine. I'm only saying it's narrow compared with ours. There are hundreds of dishes which are purely American but which are also worthy of imitation by any French chef.

"For years and years we Americans have gone sighing up and down Europe telling about the good things we have to eat when we're at home. Do the European landlords and restaurant keepers ever try to find out anything about these dishes? No! They simply have a pitying smile for us as benighted beings who are fools in everything except our power to accumulate money.

"It's different enough here. We want to know everything good and having made its acquaintance we insist on being allowed to continue it. You can buy in New York all manner of French and Italian delicatessen. If you like any especial variety of bread, be it French bread, Vienna rolls, English muffins or Scotch scones, you can get it.

"Any kind of wine, or beer, or whiskey, or ice cream, or cheese, or water, or jam, or candy, or flesh, or fish, or fowl, no matter what it is, you can get it in New York. Whereas in London or in Paris, you could sit by the hour and ask for things which couldn't be found in the whole city.

"No, you could go over Europe with a fine tooth comb and I don't believe you would find anything which can't be duplicated here in New York, in general style at least."

ON THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

Brides and Bridegrooms Who Show Considerable Presence of Mind.

"The young married couples that we get just starting out on their wedding journey," said a railroad brakeman, "appear to know a thing or two. If they get a lively send-off they take the parting greetings of their friends, including the showers of rice, and that sort of thing, in one car, and then, as soon as the train starts, move into another.

"I imagine that often they must have this all planned out in advance. If they don't, if they change their quarters after they get on the train, when they see what a mess their friends have made around them, then they have more presence of mind than you would expect of them under the circumstances.

"Coming into New York one night a while ago we got, at a city up the road, a young couple just married and starting out on their wedding journey. Their friends who had come down to see them off were all in evening dress, their start being made at night. The young couple came marching down the aisle of the car with a bunch of young fellows in swallowtail coats trooping after them, the head one of the lot carrying a big sheet of paper, which he held up back of the couple as they walked, trying to pin it on their backs, and on which was marked:

" 'We have just been married.'

"When the couple took their seat the lively youngster with the sign pinned that on the back of the seat they occupied. And then the other folks, young men and women, gaily dressed, who had come to see the young couple off, filed past them along the aisle and threw rice over them as they went by.

"When they got outside again they lined up on the station platform, a jolly, handsome party, opposite the window the young couple sat at and waited there till the train started. The minute the train did start the young fellow got up and led his bride into the parlor car ahead, where he had reserved seats in advance, leaving the car with the rice-covered floor and the seat with the sign up, 'We have just been married,' to be occupied by whoever might chance to take it. They really began their journey in the other car, in quiet among people who had not seen the send-off. Of course as soon as they had gone we took down the sign from the back of the seat and then there was nothing unusual left in the car but the scrunching rice under foot; but nobody ever minds that.

"We get a good many bridal couples on our road, first and last coming into New York, and it's a common thing for their friends to come in and see them off, and throw rice over them. I never could quite see the fun in this myself, but it seems to please the people that do it, and I don't think it worries the newly-married couple very much. They invariably take it good humoredly, any way, as a part of the proceedings, and they've all of them, nowadays, got into the idea of getting into another car as soon as the train starts. And the rice throwing and all doesn't disturb the passengers; in fact I think as far as they are concerned old and young enjoy it as a lively incident of travel.

"Sometimes, as a matter of fact, other people than the bridal couple get some of the rice. Scattered around as it is recklessly or by people more or less nervous this is unavoidable, but it doesn't disturb the folks it's thrown on a bit. Coming downtown on a Madison avenue car here in the city the other day after a run when we'd had a rice-showered couple I saw a woman passenger that had been on the train in the same car. When she opened her purse here for money to pay her carfare three or four grains of rice dropped out of it and down between the slats of the wooden mat on the floor of the car.

"You see, in throwing the rice around over the couple on the train some grains had caught and lodged in this woman's pocketbook, held in her hand while she sat in some seat near. But she wasn't put out by having the grains of rice fall out of her pocketbook here now in the street car like that, not a particle. She smiled a little over them, as they dropped, and it seemed to me as though she was rather pleased than otherwise at the they brought to mind."

YANKEE GIRLS IN A TRAP.

Decoyed Here to Work and Are Practically Held Prisoners.

Parties of discouraged women have been seen about the Grand Central Station during the past two weeks preparing to make their way back to Boston and other eastern towns from which they were lured by promises that were never realized in New York. Recently advertisements appeared in the newspapers of a New England town guaranteeing to girls of a certain education and refinement a sure income in New York as canvassers for a book. The applicant who wrote an answer to the advertisement received word that on a certain day an agent of the firm would come to the town in which she lived.

A woman arrived in due season, met the applicant by appointment, interviewed her, and if she was satisfied with her references and the would-be canvasser had not the means, she advanced to her the money to buy her fare to New York. Recently a party of these girls arrived in this city and went to a boarding house, where they found a woman who had been placed there in charge of them. The establishment was an ordinary boarding house, in which the firm had engaged accommodations for the women. They found themselves assigned to a certain territory in the city and were directed to make a house-to-house canvass, see everybody living within that region and get as many subscriptions as they could. The woman manager living in their house paid their board and lodging and deducted from the commissions they made the amount she had paid out for them.

This seemed well enough until some of the girls found that, work as they might, it was impossible for them to earn enough to pay out of their commission the money advanced to them to come to New York as well as their board. But the unfortunate agent is not allowed to depart until she pays all the expenses involved in her trip to New York. She is allowed to go home, but is compelled to leave her trunks or whatever jewelry she has to compensate the manager for the amount of her outlay. There is, of course, no legal ground on which this could be done; as the baggage is her baggage, there is no lien on it for the advances and there is no understanding of that kind.

One unfortunate who worked a month with so little success that she was disheartened wanted to get away and pawned her watch. She then discovered that her trunk was held for a board bill of $30. She was allowed to leave after she had taken the watch out of pawn and given it to the woman manager as security. A party of four who found themselves practically prisoners two weeks ago were lucky enough to have some acquaintance with a lawyer, who saw immediately the injustice of the claims made against them and enabled them to go home and take their baggage with them.

One peculiarity of the way in which the business is conducted is the selection of the girls. For New York only agents are engaged to come from more or less remote Northern or Southern places, while those who were sent to Boston and other Eastern points are selected only from the West. One of the rules of the business is to allow none of the agents to work in the territory in which they have lived and are known. They are all sent to strange places.

WOMEN AT MEN'S CLUBS.

GROWING LIBERALITY IN THE MATTER IN THIS CITY.

Women Permitted to Eat at Some of the Clubs—Entertainments for Them at Others—One Club Where Husband and Wife Are on an Equality—Success of the New Plan.

The average woman dotes on a man's club and never neglects an opportunity to get inside of one, if only for five minutes. And she makes no disguise of her delight at being entertained for an afternoon in a place from which she is excluded for the rest of the year. She exclaims, with clasped hands, "What a lovely time you men do have!" Perhaps she adds, "I always did wish I was a man," and after a moment, sadly, if she is married herself and is therefore immune from suspicion of any personal interest in the subject, "But how can men be expected to marry when they have such delightful clubs to resort to!"

She is even willing to belong to a club of her own. If she had a grandfather who ran away from Lundy's Lane or if one of her forbears was a drummer boy with the Continentals she loses nothing in becoming a Daughter. And when she has a club of her own she can sally forth of an afternoon and be as independent and devilish as she believes her husband is in the evening.

No man can deny, when he looks over the field, that the tendency of the times is to admit women more and more into the club world. In the country clubs and tennis clubs and hunt clubs woman enjoys equal advantages with men and the same condition prevails in such city organizations, for instance, as the New York Riding Club.

In the management of clubs of her very own, however, she is not so far advanced as her English sisters. In the few clubs on this side of the water controlled by women the members are expected to read papers or cultivate some literary pursuit as an excuse for the existence of the organization. In London women have clubs that are organized and conducted on the lines of the most conservative of men's clubs. At the two West End establishments, the Pioneer and the Empress, there are smoking rooms and drinking facilities and a reception room at the entrance, beyond which no man can go. Naturally the effect of such organizations upon husbands and fathers in the most conservative of men's clubs will be a relaxing of the old lines in favor of granting dining and certain other privileges to women.

The Colonial was one of the first clubs in New York to respond to the wishes of the wives and other feminine friends of its members and relax just a little the ancient masculine exclusiveness. In 1892 this club embarked with some diffidence upon an experiment. It opened a restaurant where women could go with members or by themselves if they had the card of a member. The restaurant had an entrance from the street and no passage through it was allowed to the interior of the club. If unattended the bills of the women were charged to the account of the member whose card they presented.

The Colonial being on the outskirts of downtown clubdom and in the heart of a prosperous residence district, its experiment proved at once successful and the receipts from this branch are of an evening—before and after the theatre—greater than those from the regular dining room. The Colonial shows one loan collection of pictures each year. This opens on a Wednesday evening with a reception to women and women are admitted on the Thursday and Friday afternoons following. At these receptions women are excluded only from the first floor and from that official region only nominally. Besides, other entertainments for women during the season there are one musicale and one vaudeville show, each of which is followed by a dance. In the supper rooms on these occasions the house receipts run as high as $1,200 for an evening.

In 1894 the Metropolitan Club followed the lead of the Colonial and opened its annex for a woman's restaurant, and more recently it has come to admit women to the general dining room of the club on Sunday evenings.

The New York Athletic Club has two ladies' days in the season, when its spacious house is thronged with the fair friends of its members within certain prescribed hours of the afternoon.

The Lotos gives several afternoons to women in the season and these always take place when there is a loan exhibition in the gallery, as in the case of Gray Hearn's collection in March.

The Players' Club is equally hospitable to women. The Salmagundi gives one or two ladies' days each season in connection with its exhibitions. There are ladies' days also at the Catholic Club, the Democratic Club, the Racquet Club, the Manhattan, the Authors', the Grolier, the University and nearly all the college society clubs.

The St. Nicholas Club, which is struggling to become modern and up-to-date, rubbed its old eyes into a state of semi-wakefulness last winter and gave a ladies' day which was followed by dancing in the pipe room.

The United Service Club, like the Army and Navy from which it recruits its members, is a very conservative body having a deep regard for custom and precedent. This year, however, it opened its doors at 16 West Thirty first street to women for an afternoon. Mr. Charles H. Brantingham, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, was a leader in the innovation and chiefly responsible for the function that drove some of the most hardened old veterans of the land and the sea into outer darkness during the festivities.

The Brooklyn clubs, like the country clubs, are on easy terms with the ladies and a Brooklyn woman has certain defined rights and privileges in her husband's clubs, not the least of which is to sign his house checks. The Union League has a spacious and handsome clubhouse whose second floor is a series of dining rooms great and small. After the theatre these rooms remind one of a Broadway restaurant at 11 o'clock and the lobbies and elevators swarm with ladies.

For the genuine old-time club still in the state in which it developed from the London coffee house one must look to the Union Club. In the estimation of its members and of the members of several other New York clubs conducted on the old conservative lines, the Union is a real club. The Metropolitan and the Colonial clubs, because of their weakness toward women, are not real clubs. The members of the Union leave their troubles at home. It has been said that one of the older members would drop dead if he was to see a scrubwoman on her knees in the sacred interior after 9 o'clock in the morning. And yet it is rumored that some of the younger men in the Union are agitating the subject of having a ladies' annex to the new clubhouse.

The National Arts Club may not be a real club, but it is the first with a house of its own to place women members on absolutely the same footing as men. None of the proverbial difficulties in managing its large proportion of women members has yet disrupted or even disturbed the atmosphere of the National Arts Club. Its strength is in its radical difference from real clubs. It offers a needed asylum in clubland for the domestic husband and and childless wife, who can go hand in hand to the club without neglecting the home or each other. Going and coming together, they avoid the peculiar misunderstandings that grow out of one-half of the family's doing all the club work. The husband knows where his wife is while he is at the club, and she no longer sits in the dining room at 8 o'clock in the morning observing her husband stealthily removing his shoes in the hall preparatory to stealing up to bed, and coming down later on with a shocking fib on his lips.

MUST HAVE A ROOM FOR BUSINESS.

Women Now Want a Home Office for Their Household Matters.

Women who take to housekeeping seriously have lately adopted a new method of showing how business like they are. The home office is the latest novelty in household arrangements, and the woman whose house happens to possess a room adapted for that purpose regards herself as fortunate. Otherwise she takes the necessary steps to see that some part of her house is made suitable for that purpose. The room need not be large and it is chiefly important that it look businesslike and not too feminine.

Into this room goes her desk, which must be exactly the kind used in a regular office and accompanied with appropriate office furniture. It is here that she keeps her books, the accounts of the household expenditures and hither come the cook and other servants to take their orders. Here letters pertaining to the business of running the household are written, and all that could by a liberal interpretation of the word be accounted household business is done.

Rooms of this kind have become more and more popular during the past few years, and their number has now increased until architects of new houses arrange in the plan for such an apartment, to be used exclusively by what the pedlers call "the lady of the house" to look after her daily affairs. Of course the transaction of social duties, such as sending and receiving invitations, cannot rightfully be carried on in this sacred apartment, as this is not businesslike enough for the room consecrated wholly to the commissary end of the household.

CORN KITCHENS IN GERMANY.

Consul Harris's Scheme for Increasing Our Exports of This Cereal.

Consul Harris at Mannheim thinks it will be greatly to the advantage of American corn raisers if kitchens are established in Germany for the purpose of showing the people of that country how excellent and delicious are the various forms of food that may be prepared from corn. He says these kitchens might be conducted at small expense in the larger German cities. A German-American said yesterday with regard to this suggestion:

"I think it will be a long time before the people of Europe learn to like corn as an article of food. Europe is buying a great deal of American corn, but feeds nearly all of it to its animals. The United Kingdom, for example, buys about $18,000,000 worth a year and Germany nearly half as much, while the purchases of the Netherlands, Denmark, France and Belgium are very large. They buy American corn because it is the best grain for fattening animals. They do not like it for their own tables and I think there is a good reason why they will not easily acquire the corn bread habit.

"Very few Europeans like hot bread. They regard it as indigestible, are taught from infancy to avoid it, and thus never acquire a taste for it. But American corn bread to be very appetizing must be eaten hot. Have you ever met a man who likes cold corn bread? If the proposed corn kitchens serve corn bread to their customers cold, as bread is eaten in Europe, they will not like it any better than Americans like it cold. If they serve it hot the Europeans will reject it for they do not think hot bread of any sort is fit to eat. Here is the dilemma, and it is not easy to see how it will be overcome.

"Why should Americans be so very anxious anyhow to sell corn to Europeans for their table use? The Europeans prefer American corn for their own consumption in the shape of pork and beef. They will buy American corn to feed to their hogs and cattle, but when they eat it themselves they prefer it in the condensed form of meat. That is really the best way in which corn can be sent out of this country. The price of corn is low in proportion to its weight, which makes its transportation across the ocean relatively more expensive per bushel than that of wheat. But when America exports corn in the form of meat it gets full value for its corn. The livestock, moreover, which are fattened on the grain, return to the land as manure much of the valuable salts extracted from it; and the animal waste products also are converted into fertilizers and other valuable products.

"For my part I think it would be better for America to export less corn than more, so long as it can use the grain to fatten animals, and sell the meat abroad at a good profit."

A CHARITY FOR THE WELL-TO-DO.

Mrs. Willard's Bureau for Supplying Foods for the Wealthy Sick.

"I do believe my patrons feel as if the Home Bureau were a kind of charitable institution for the benefit of the well-to-do sick," said Mrs. Willard, the founder of the institution. "We do that deliberately," she interjected with a laugh as she saw her visitor examining with wonder the artistic appearance of a quart of mutton broth which was being made ready for a customer. "Sick people are whimsical and notional, you know. One woman, who had refused to eat anything that was brought her until she was a mere skeleton, found the glass jar of mutton broth in its pretty wrappings so good to look at that she consented to try just a spoonful of the broth. She found it better even than it looked, took sixty quarts in four weeks and got well. Cases like that pay us for the trouble we take to tempt the eye as well as the palate.

"Of course, all our foods are prepared on strictly scientific principles. They are as perfect for invalid digestion as the best material, skill and care can make them."

"You said something," suggested the visitor, "about this being a charitable institution for well-to-do people."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Willard. "The very rich are almost as badly off as the very poor, when it comes to getting proper food for their sick. Don't look incredulous. It's so. The people who rejoice in a hundred-dollar-a-month chef seem very fortunate. They can have a dinner party, perhaps that will be a nine days' wonder. But when they send down for a cup of simple chicken broth for a patient with indigestion, they can't get it, simply can't, you know. A hundred-dollar chef doesn't know to do anything simply, and the chicken broth comes up so enriched by his elaborate treatment that while it might be a prize for an epicure it is slow poison to the patient.

"I knew all about it. It was an experience of that kind that gave me the idea of the Home Bureau, though I had everything in the world I needed then and didn't have the ghost of a notion of using it practically. I had taken lessons from Mrs. Parloa just for fun, and I had always loved to dabble in the art anyway. But I discovered my talent for invalid cooking quite by accident once when my sister was desperately ill.

"My brother-in-law came to me in utter despair and told me that with trained nurses upstairs and a chef downstairs he couldn't get the nourishment she ought to have, and that she would certainly die unless something was done. I volunteered to cook what she needed and sent it over, and I can tell you I used every bit of knowledge I possessed in making those broths. When I finished there wasn't a circle of fat the size of a pin head on the surface. Well, she began to improve before she had taken my broth a day, and I kept on playing cook till she was well again.

"After that I asked my brother-in-law if he knew of any place in the city where food for invalids could be bought, and he didn't know of one. Then when I suddenly had to take care of myself, the thought of a Home Bureau, which would provide everything needed for sick people, came to me like a flash of inspiration. The doctors I consulted said it was a capital idea. That was eight years ago.

"I rented this back room with fear and trembling. It isn't a very big place, but in this and the little pantry off it we did cooking, packing and everything. I had half a boy. I shared him with the tailor downstairs. Oh, I did think I was made when I had a whole boy to myself. We outgrew this room before long and gradually took in all of this floor. Now we are arranging to take the one above as soon as the repairs are finished."

"Mrs. Willard," asked the assistant from the other room, "has that order for Kansas started yet?"

"Yes, this morning," was the answer.

"Can you send things out of the city?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Willard; "we send all over the United States and even to Europe. We often supply sterilized milk for babies for the trip across, but I made the experiment a little while ago of sending some over to customers there to use for the return trip. It kept perfectly and lasted until they reached New York. The joke of it was they had to come to the rescue of a baby whose mother had laid in a supply of sterilized milk in Europe and had had it spoil on her hands before she was two days out, while mine crossed the Atlantic twice and kept sweet all the time. We often furnish broths and jellies and all sorts of delicate foods for the voyage, too.

"We have enough things on our list to supply the needs of a whole army of invalids, each with a different complaint, but we are always ready to prepare scientifically any other article of food that a doctor may order."

"He can write a prescription for diet and know that you will fill it as a druggist one for medicines?" asked the visitor.

"Just so," said Mrs. Willard, "and the exact preparation of food means everything sometimes, you know. A mother came into the office one day so tired and worried that she couldn't keep back the tears. She managed to tell us that she wanted some mutton broth. 'It's the last hope,' she said. 'We've tried everything in the world for baby and failed, and if this doesn't succeed I don't know what we'll do.' The next morning she came back for more and I wish you could have seen the change in her face. The baby had taken the broth and was better for the first time in days and it would pull through, the doctor thought."

Shad Running Well in Gravesend Bay.

The fishermen of Gravesend Bay are rejoicing over the prospect of a good shad season. The first fish were taken a few days ago by a man who lives in Gravesend. He rowed out to his nets, which were about a mile off shore, and after pulling one up discovered that it contained sixty-three fish, all of good size. This early catch promises well for those that follow.

WOMEN TO RIDE ASTRIDE.

ALREADY DOING SO IN BOSTON AND MAY DO SO HERE.

Boston Women Said to Favor the New Style on Horseback—The Side Saddle Still Supreme at the Riding Academies Here Except for Little Girls—The Outlook.

There is a rumor that the bean-eating, blue-blooded Boston dames have mounted a new hobby. They ride astride. Not the hobby, but the horse. They think this is a good time to begin. Since the Boston subway was completed, a large part of the population spends its time underground, riding back and forth through the tunnel and exclaiming:

"We did it!"

This has reduced the above ground inhabitants to so small a number that it's a good time to overcome public opinion because there's so little of it to be overcome. Consequently the Boston women referred to have seized the chance to establish the new fad in riding. They know that by the time the people get tired of looking at their hole in the ground, bloomers will have become part of the Boston creed of B's. It's growing. Already it includes Boston beans, Boston bags, Boston blue blood and Boston *bas bleus*.

Within a few weeks the same rumor has broken out nearer home. Newspaper paragraphs have declared that New York women too are going to abandon the side saddle and take to divided skirts. Doctors who have been consulted sigh and say they only wish the rumor would come true. They do what they can to push it along. They prescribe riding astride and say it is the only healthful and safe way for anybody to ride. But they say that it's one of the prescriptions which New York women have so far declined to take.

And yet there has been a persistent rumor in the air that women have been seen riding astride even in the Park. The regular policemen have a certain reputation for blindness but there is no particular reason why, Park policemen should have trouble with his eyes. He ought to know if there are any visions of amazons in divided skirts flitting along the bridle paths these spring days. Several policemen were therefore approached on the subject.

"Hev I seen anny wimmen ridin' asthride lately?" said one. "No I ain't. They was two—three actresses done it a few years ago, but I ain't never seen no lady a-doin' it."

At the riding academies the rumor fared quite as badly.

"No," said one of the German riding masters, "ve aind god no ladies ridin' asdride in our agademy."

"Say, you ride better than you talk," put in another one. "Sits his English sort of sideways, doesn't he?" as the German went off. "No, there's not a single lady, nor a married one either, riding astride in our academy. And I don't think you'll find one in any of the other academies. They don't want to here in New York."

"Do they ride that way in the country?"

"I don't know. We had one woman who wanted to learn to ride astride. She took a few lessons but never went any farther than that."

"They ride astride in England. Do you think that if it becomes the universal style over there New York women will follow it?"

"I don't know. I'm not in the prophesying business. Women are sticklers for style. They'd ride on their heads if it was the fashion. All I know is that we haven't seen any signs of this new fad so far. We have a few little girls riding astride because the doctors have ordered it, but no grown-up women."

At the new academy, the head master took the inquiry very calmly.

"Well," he said, "we haven't any ladies riding astride, but we have a good many little girls. The women are not likely to ride astride in the city, at any rate not for the present. There are too many roughs. But they may ride that way in the country."

"Do they now?"

"I don't know of any that do. Still they may have picked it up this winter in the South."

"Will these little girls who are learning to ride astride be willing to change to a side-saddle later? Won't they prefer the easier and safer way of riding astride?"

"Oh, it's just as comfortable for them to ride with a side-saddle. Indeed, I'm told it gives them a better grip of the horse."

"If that is true, that riding sideways is just as easy, safe and comfortable, and gives one a better grip of the horse, I suppose you would like to ride that way yourself?"

"Well—well—no, I wouldn't. You see—I think there's somebody waiting for me," and the master made his escape.

"Of course," laughed a bystander, "you're not going to catch the academy people encouraging women to ride astride. It's so much easier to ride that way that it would cut into the number of lessons terribly. At least they think it would. I don't believe it myself. I think ten times as many women would learn to ride and that it would be a good thing all around."

Buffalo Bill offered to wager the reporter that in ten years from now there wont be one side-saddle in a thousand. He says the English women want to make it the fashion and that when it comes to things equestrian, the English set the fashion for the world.

In spite, however, of Col. Cody's wager and of the rumors which seem to be getting rather thick, the people who ride say that so far there are no signs of the side-saddle going to the shelf.

It is worth remembering, however, that just before the bicycle really jumped into fashionable favor there were plenty of wiseacres who said that fashionable women would never touch it. It was the same thing with the short skirt for street wear.

"It is a queer thing," said a woman, "that in certain fashions society follows the masses. It's quite all right. Society women don't want to make themselves conspicuous and expose themselves to unpleasant comment. So they sit quietly back and wait until the thing has lost its novelty and everybody has got off all the sarcastic, epigrammatic gags he can think of and wants a chance to say smart things on the other side. Then the society women adopts the fad and everything is lovely.

"Perhaps the riding astride will turn out that way. As for there being any danger of unpleasant experiences, that's nonsense. I've seen women riding astride in the Chicago parks and people scarcely looked twice at them. And I must say that the women rode so well that they could better afford to be looked at than the women who rode in the old-fashioned way."

BEWARE OF THE STRAP.

A Possible Source of Infection to Those Who Ride in Street Cars.

The connection between the microbe and the street car strap has frequently been discussed and at least one recent instance has proved somewhat distressingly that danger is likely to lurk in the piece of leather which helps to support so many women during the rush hours of the day. It was to protect a fresh pair of white gloves that a New York woman, compelled to stand, held her handkerchief inside the strap while going to the theatre about a week ago. On her way home she was again compelled to stand and once more the handkerchief came between her glove and the leather.

Whether it was after that or during the evening at the theatre that she once thoughtlessly put the handkerchief to her face, is a detail that she does not recall, but two days afterward a pain on her lip became so intolerable that she was compelled to see a doctor, who found her suffering from incipient blood poisoning which it was already too late for him to prevent. The most that he could do was to watch her carefully through a long attack of illness which at one time threatened to end fatally.

He attributed this to some poisonous substance which had passed to her handkerchief from the strap and that was his diagnosis the moment he heard the story of the ride on the cable car. She fortunately recovered and her physicians think that the present disfigurement to her face which resulted from the necessity of an operation will not be permanent. The case has convinced this physician, who is a man of considerable experience in surgery, of the dangers that lurk in the street car strap.

Mother of Fourteen and Grandmother of One at 26.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

GAFFNEY, S. C., April 12.—It is reported by reliable authority that there is a woman living in the mountains of Oconee county, this state, who is 26 years old and has fourteen children, all living, and one grandchild. The woman married when only 11 years old and has enjoyed good health ever since.