A ROYAL BOAR HUNT.

A Day With the Imperial Meet in the Dark Grunewald Forest.

NOBLE DIANAS IN THE CHASE.

Following the Hounds Through Thicket And Flood.

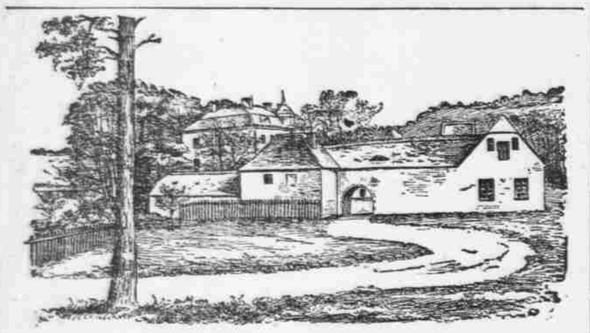
A WILD RACE TO CAPTURE THE BRUCH

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BERLIN, October 20.

THE 3d of November is the day sacred all over Christendom to St. Hubert, the patron saint of the hunt. Everywhere in the wide world those who love the sport by field and forest reverently remember it. For ages it has been the fashion in Germany to celebrate the day by hunting meets in the forests of the Empire, and every son of the Fatherland owning a dog and a gun and who can obtain, either by favor or purchase, the right to shoot over any of the spacious preserves, goes out with his hunting companions to make a day of it.

Royalty observes the day in right kingly fashion, and the great Grunewald forest is annually the scene of one of the merriest and most picturesque hunts in Europe, usually led by the Emperor himself. Until a few years before his last illness the late Emperor William was never known to miss the Grunewald boar hunt, and there are many noble families in Germany that treasure as priceless relics the tiny bits of "bruch" they secured when "in at the death" on some of those occasions in which the gallant old Kaiser himself gave the animal the "fang," or dagger-stab in the lungs, ending its career and closing the chase. The Grunewald is a magnificent game preserve, situated about ten miles west of Berlin and between this city and Potsdam, where the imperial family live in summer. Like the forest near Versailles, it is kept in the style of two centuries ago, and its dark recesses and deep, tangled thickets afford abundant shelter for large game, and at the same time are extremely dangerous to the hunters who follow the boar on horseback. Many a good steed is maimed or killed outright by the recklessness of its rider in attempting to force it through the thickets and pitfalls of the Grunewald.



JAGD SCHLOSS, GRUNEWALD.

Count Richard Dohna Schlobitten, Master of the Hounds.

A BRILLIANT MEET.

The meet will take place in the imperial forest, and will be as brilliant as any of its predecessors. Emperor William himself has invited the members of the Potsdamer Reiterverein to attend the "Hubertus-Jagd," or steeplechase; but unfortunately he will not be present in person at the hunt, as he will be absent in Greece. His brother-in-law, Prince Frederick Leopold, of Prussia, son of the "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, the greatest of living German military heroes, will be his representative as leader of the hunt. By 12 o'clock the courtyard of the old hunting castle, the "Jagdschloss," will be crowded with a very gay assemblage. Presently a group of men in the uniform of castle gamekeepers ride out of the courtyard and make for the pens in the forest where the boars are kept for several days before the hunt. These attendants all wear pink, with jockey caps, and their signal horns hung by their sides. The crowd outside the walls know now that the sport will soon begin.

Within all is preparation, mounting and saddling and tightening of girths amid the liveliest chatter. The post of honor as leader of the chase is taken by the Prince, while immediately behind him stand the entire party, ready for the signal. Herr Palm, the Master of the Hounds, with his bright pink suit, high top-boots and a pair of black eagles surmounting his jockey cap, sits on a strong brown horse, his "waldhorn," or forest bugle, slung across his arm in readiness and its silver coils twined about his neck. Around him are 25 couples of impatient hounds, held in leash by his assistants, and straining for the gate. They are mostly white-and-tan and show the marks of fine training and thorough handling. They are of the same breed as those used for fox hunting in England.

THE HUNT BEGINS.

A quarter of an hour elapses. It seems an age to the impatient cavalcade, which would fain be in motion. At last a blast is heard from the gamekeepers outside, announcing that the boar has been loosed. Fifteen minutes more pass, and then the master of the hunt, Count Richard Dohna Schlobitten, advancing to the Prince, salutes him and says: "Your Royal Highness, it is time for the hunt to begin." Prince Frederick Leopold raises his hand, Herr Palm salutes, and then, lifting the waldhorn to his lips, blows a long and powerful note that re-echoes shrilly throughout the castle. At the first sound the gate is opened, the hounds leap up, and, tugging at their leashes, pass through and the hunters follow, amid the cheers and vociferations of the crowd standing outside.

The ladies ride splendidly. Foremost among them is the lovely Princess Charlotte, of Saxe-Meiningen, the sister of the Emperor, who sits her thoroughbred with a firm and confident saddle like a Diana of the chase—only the goddess didn't do her hunting on horseback. It was the Princess' father-in-law, you may remember, who became so famous through his model theater. He is believed by many in Europe to be the greatest stage manager in the world. Near her is Fraulein Von Prillwitz, and immediately behind the latter comes the Countess Hohenau. These two attend every meet of the hounds.

The hunting park is right in the middle of the Grunewald woods. A little distance from the castle is the wide and deep river Havel, along whose banks there is abundant cover. Should the boar, however, take it into his head to cross the river, he is practically safe from the hunters; for, long before they could cross in boats, he would have disappeared in the forest. But the hounds are off on a keen scent, and as they pick up the "fährte" of the game, they give cry that tells the hunters where to follow. Now the whole field is in full chase, Hofjagermeister Graf von Dohna leading gallantly on his powerful black horse. Presently he turns and makes room for the ladies, for the chase is yet young, even though the joyous bark of the hounds can be heard at intervals, indicating that they are still on the track. The prancing of some of the horses ridden by the ladies causes a delay.

A FIELD OF GOOD RIDERS.

It is a large field, and all the renowned riders from Berlin and Potsdam are out. Prince Schwartzburg, of Rudolfstadt, Count von Arnim; Graf Kanitz, chief chamberlain of Prince Leopold; Graf Pappenheim, a Bavarian and a lineal descendant of the great chief who fought Gustavus Adolphus at Lutzen; Herr von Willick, a well-known General of staff; Herr von Tepper-Laski, one of the best known sportsmen in the Empire; Herr von Meverinck; Herr von Krosigk, Emperor William's successor as commander of the Hussars, the crack corps of the army; Graf Ziethen, the grandson of the famous Field Marshal of Frederick the Great, and many others are present mounted on fine horses, mostly thoroughbreds. Nearly all the animals ridden are of pure Prussian breed, or half English, half Prussian. The Emperor is exceedingly partial to Prussian horses, and this fact has set the fashion where heretofore there were many English horses used in the hunting field. Our Prussian breed is slow but more enduring than the English, and in every way better adapted for the rough work of a boar chase.

But there, again, is the cry of the hounds. It shows the way, and all the riders follow in full force, with Fraulein von Prillwitz quite in front. She is a daring rider and takes many chances that make even men shudder; but she is fairly eclipsed by the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, whose skill in the saddle is the admiration of all Prussia. In any field she holds her own and has often been in at the death. She comes dashing down the field at the head of the hunt, her Prussian mare having given the Fraulein's English thoroughbred her heels. Graefin Hohenau, too, courageously pushes to the front on her bay horse, which is rather unmanageable; but she, like a pretty horse-breaker as she is, contrives by rare skill to keep him in line.

THE BOAR AT BAY.

Right on, through the firwood, sweeps the chase. Suddenly the boar turns to the left and makes for the lake near Hundekehle. The huntsmen blow the signal: "Water near," and like a flash the whole pack of hounds follow the hunted brute into the water, swimming after him. For the first time we can now see the game. He is a huge, unwieldy fellow, a boar probably weighing 1,000 pounds. His ugly snout is well out of the water, and his thick, curling, wicked-looking tusks shine white in the sunlight, which also reveals his deep-set fangs as he turns his head to glance back at the hounds. There is a lot of fight in him, for the swim will cool him and make him better able to give the dogs battle. Right across the lake he plunges, the hounds gaining perceptibly, but not enough to overtake him. The field rides around the margin and arrives in time to see the boar strike the strand, shake his stubby hide an instant and then dash off, with the whole pack once more in pursuit on dry land.

Now begins a splendid run, a vue. The field scatters somewhat and each rider tries to do his best, for the end is not far off, unless the boar should take to the river. The brute is soon tired and the hounds bring him to a halt, although they keep off at a respectful distance, knowing his boar-ship's tactics at this stage of the sport too well to cultivate a closer acquaintance. They are surrounding him on all sides, yelping and rushing in short circles, but held in check by the huntsmen, for even in the maddest moment of the hunt the splendid training of the hounds is apparent. There is a furious rush of horsemen, but Graf Dohna is first on the spot. He springs from his big, black horse, and running forward without a moment's hesitation grasps in his strong, muscular hands the right hind leg of the boar, which is now half recumbent on its haunches, resting for a fresh effort. There is a furious struggle, but the powerful grasp of the hofjagermeister is not to be shaken off. He raises the brute's prisoned leg still higher, and as he does so the whole weight of the boar is thrown forward on the fore-legs and he is rendered powerless. Snorting with rage and rooting in the turf, he is held in this position despite his struggles until Prince Leopold comes up with a dozen others. The royal leader of the hunt dismounts, and with his jeweled hunting dagger gives him the "fang"—a well-aimed thrust that penetrates the left lung and the heart, causing death instantly.

HERR PALM AND THE HOUNDS.

The Princess Charlotte.

SHARING THE BRUCH.

This is the supreme moment of the hunt! As the hofjagermeister releases the boar's legs, and while the latter lies bleeding and dead, the Prince's aid-de-camp, with his hunting knife, cut from the nearest pine tree a bunch of needles, which the Prince gaily distributes to those who happen to be present the moment the "fang" is given. None who are not on the spot at the instant of victory may share the "bruch." As each of the fortunate hunters places his spray of pine in his hat or coat the bugles sound the "Hallalli! Hallalli! Hallalli!" the signal of the death of the boar. This brings all the laggards to the spot, hot and breathless with riding and their horses flecked with foam. Then, with his hunting knife, Herr Palm administers the "curee" to the dead boar, cutting it open with a single dexterous stroke. One of his assistants then takes out the liver and intestines, which are flung to the pack of dogs and quickly devoured.

After the chase all return to the Castle Grunewald, where dinner awaits them. Merry and hungry, chatting gaily over the successful sport and without even an attempt at toilet, the hunters sit down this time to a regal table. Unlike the lunch in the forenoon, which was eaten in the courtyard, the dinner is a stately and imposing affair, the sole peculiarity being the utter absence of even the semblance of preparation on the part of the diners. They sit down just as they come in from the forest, their hunting suits torn and bloody, or soiled by tumbles from their horses or contact with trees and bushes. Even the ladies look slightly bedraggled, some having their long habits and their hunting gloves stained with the marks of the chase, but all are pleased, and it is a happy party, indeed, which, disregarding the conventionalities, do justice to the good cheer their Imperial host sets before them.

BARON VON M.

Distribution of the Brush by Pa Leopold.

NATIONAL GUARD NOTES.

MRS. J. C. KAY, the wife of Major J. C. Kay, of the Eighteenth Regiment, has been ill for sometime with a severe case of typhoid fever.

LIEUTENANT JAMES H. TREACY, who has been traveling for the past six weeks through the South, is expected back in the city this week.

THE unfavorable weather of the past week virtually closed the rifle ranges of both of the local regiments. The season has been extended to the 16th inst., after which scores cannot be counted for records.

A MEETING of the members of Company A, Fourteenth Regiment, is called for this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the company armory. Important business will be brought up, and every member should be present.

CAPTAIN R. W. A. SIMMONS, of Company H, Eighteenth Regiment, was re-elected to command of the company last Tuesday evening. The election was conducted by Colonel Smith. Captain Simmons had no opposition from the 38 members in line.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM M. AWL, of Company F, Southside, calls a special meeting of the members of his command for to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock. Every member of the company is expected to be present as business of importance will be transacted.

THE record of some of the Eastern regiments in sending in their money for the Hartranft monument should stimulate the organizations in the Second Brigade to get a lively "move" on themselves. As yet no command has forwarded any money for this purpose, although both the local organizations have gotten down to work.

A MEETING of the officers of the Fourth Regiment is called for to-morrow evening, November 4, at the Central Armory, at 7:30 P. M., sharp. Captains of companies are expected to turn in at once to the regimental headquarters, one copy of their inspection roll, one copy of the abstract of daily roll call, and two copies of the muster and pay roll.

THE Massachusetts National Guard has discarded steel targets for rifle practice, and adopted canvas targets worked on the window sash plan. Steel targets have many advantages, the main one being the cheapness of maintenance after they are once placed in position, but for good results in the way of rapid scoring and safety and ease to the markers, nothing has been found better than canvas frames.

THE building used for storage purposes on the rifle range of the Eighteenth Regiment at High Bridge, was broken into last Tuesday and a quantity of material, including two rifles, was stolen. This is the second time during the season that depredations have been committed on the range, and it is safe to say the miscreants will be given a benefit if caught. The range of this regiment next season will probably be located a little further out the Castle Shannon Railroad, as the present site has been sold for building purposes.

THE Potter trophy, consisting of a bronze figure entitled the "Last Cartridge," was won by a team from the First Regiment last week. The contest was confined to teams from the First Brigade exclusively. It is expected that a number of new trophies and medals will be offered for competition in the Second Brigade next season. For money can not be put up for that purpose, but they should be limited to certain classes of marksmen, for in that manner rifle practice will be encouraged among the poorer marksmen.

CAPTAIN JOHN P. PENNY, of Company G, Eighteenth Regiment, was favored last week by an invitation from the Reception Committee on the Pan-American visitors to turn out his command, and show the Southerners how the Pittsburg militia can drill. The selection of this company by the committee was certainly a wise one, as G undoubtedly stands at the head of the list of first-class companies in this end of the State. If room can be gotten on the wharf at Duquesne way Captain Penny expects to put his command through a skirmish drill, which, when well executed, is an interesting sight.

QUARTERMASTER ROBERT PATTERSON, of the Fourteenth Regiment, tendered his resignation to Colonel Perchment during the past week. Lieutenant Patterson gives as his reason for this step the pressure of private business, but it is intimated by those who know that the real cause of the resignation will be known to the public very shortly, and that the details will make interesting reading to guardsmen. Lieutenant Patterson is an enthusiast on military matters, particularly in the shooting line, and was spoken of as a candidate for the captaincy of one of the companies of the regiment a short time ago.

THE ordinance granting Battery B and the Eighteenth Regiment the Fifth avenue market house and grounds for the purpose of erecting an armory, was unanimously passed through Select Council last Monday, and at the next meeting of Councils it will undoubtedly be sanctioned by the Common branch. The raising of funds to erect the building will be started at once, and from the feelings expressed by a number of the more prominent merchants, manufacturers and bankers, but little fear is felt that the necessary amount will not be quickly raised. It is expected that the building will be ready for use in one year's time.

THE State Fencibles Battalion, of Philadelphia, under command of Major Chew, visited New York City last Tuesday, as the guests of the Seventh Regiment. They were given a royal reception, and in the evening before a large audience of the notables of the city, showed the New Yorkers how the Pennsylvania boys can handle themselves by giving an exhibition drill. The movements were executed in the Armory of the Seventh, and as a whole were voted by Colonel Appleton and the officers present to be the finest thing of the kind ever attempted in New York City. The Fencibles were attired in their scarlet and gold uniforms, with bear skin caps, and turned out 200 strong.

AN UNAMERICAN IDEA

Bessie Bramble Asserts That Our Girls Do Not Need Chaperons.

BOYS NEED THE MOST WATCHING.

Good Mothers Will Always Rear Good Daughters.

THE BOORS OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

An earnest and eloquent plea for chaperons is made in a recent article by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, but there is hardly a word in it that will not equally apply in favor of the boys of the same class of which she writes having guardians. "The first, best and most-to-be-desired chaperon for any young girl is her mother;" so also it may be said that the first, best and most-to-be-desired guardian of a young boy is his father. In fact, as may be readily pointed out, a boy really needs a guardian more at the age when he begins to sow wild oats than does a girl on entering society. Mrs. Dahlgren asks, "Why should a mother not chaperon her daughter?" On the same ground of protecting him from the wiles and pitfalls of this wicked world, why should it not be the proper thing for a father or mother to chaperon their sons who are even more prone to go astray than are the daughters? Numerous happy homes are oftentimes thrown into a state of dismay and distraction by sons of 18 or 19 going off on sprees, spending their days and nights in riotous living, being enticed and beguiled by artful and designing women, and making entirely unsuitable marriages, which mar their lives and bring unhappiness to their friends, and yet nothing is said about their being kept straight by the constant presence of a chaperon or guardian. It is not impressed upon a mother by society that she must keep her eye upon her son and accompany him everywhere, so as to prevent his taking up with improper acquaintances, to interpose formidable barriers to his falling in love with ineligible girls, and to place insurmountable impediments in the way of his ruining his happiness by a mad marriage. The impression is more than likely to the contrary—that her oversight, influence and watchful care are no longer needed or desired after the first faint symptoms of a mustache appears. Not long ago a prominent man affirmed in lordly fashion that "at the age of 13 a boy should be cut loose from his mother's apron strings, and be taught self-reliance and independence—that at that age he should be taken from a woman's management and thus grow up to be a man rather than a milksop." Other men probably have the same opinion, as so many of them show a contempt for the mother's opinions and thus incite in the boys a disregard for her wishes.

WHY GIRLS NEED CHAPERONS.

But why should boys be let loose upon the world at an early age, while it is held that girls must be watched and guarded and chaperoned until they are married, even if that does not happen until they have reached the season of the sere and yellow leaf? The special duty of a chaperon, says Mrs. Dahlgren, "is to guard her marriageable wards as far as is possible in receiving the attentions of men." This construed by the unwritten law means that the chaperon is to discourage the advances and assign the cold shoulder to prospective lovers whose fortunes and family—particularly the former—do not come up to the demands of a good match, and to encourage and promote the advances of the "eligibles" who have the requisite cash to keep up style, whether they have any claims to character and brains or not. It is duly set forth that chaperons are necessary for unmarried girls because they are held to be "guileless, artless and confiding," qualities very lovely and attractive, but yet very dangerous, as Mrs. Dahlgren observes, in society owing to the inexperience of the carefully guarded girls when "launched from their home moorings into the swift and dangerous currents of the voyage of life." In view of the society girls—as they are very well-known—"being guileless, artless and confiding," most people will laugh at the transparent pretense, while the idea that a chaperon can make their fond illusions sale realities, is something to upset the gravity of a marble statue or an adamantine rock.

The chief reason as we gather from Sister Dahlgren's plea for chaperons is "the prevention of their unmarried wards from making ineligible marriages," but the newspapers and common experience show that when girls are not strictly secluded and guarded, they are far more liable to elope with the coachman, or the gardener, or the swindler, than when allowed to exercise freedom and to enjoy the pleasure of congenial company. It is not wonderful that so many independent American girls scoff at this imported European fashion, and scorn it as implying suspicion and distrust of their ability to conduct themselves with decorum and proper dignity. They have been trained to self reliance, moral sense, and perception of right and wrong in the American style, and do not take kindly to such

SYSTEM OF ESPIONAGE

as prevails in the aristocratic circles of Europe, where so-called gentlemen only put on their good manners in their own set or caste. Two American ladies of culture and refinement thought they might go out on the streets of Berlin, trusting to their gray hair not to be insulted, but they were summarily jostled off the sidewalk into the gutter by some of the Emperor's grand officers, who laughed and jeered at their dismay at such rudeness. When the nobility of Continental Europe is composed of such unmannerly boors of course protection is needed for women; but where are the officers of the army in this country who would so treat women of any age? It must take great love and reverence for a title, much pride and fondness for petty distinction, much bowing down and groveling after high position to enable American women to live with and endure such men. What wonder is it that so many of their marriages with impecunious Princes, and Counts, and Barons, and petty lordlings turn out to be most miserable and unhappy?

But this European system of chaperonage for unmarried women is not, as is claimed, for the protection of the virtue of girls—it is simply a foreign fashion which those in love with European styles are endeavoring to bring into vogue in this country in their attempt to establish the same restrictions of caste. Sister Dahlgren's remarks as to the necessity of chaperons for the young ladies of society do not apply, it would appear, to the thousands of young women working in stores, factories, counting houses and schools. These go to their daily employment alone without a chaperon, whereas by the code of those who are attempting to establish the European system for the protection of young women this would be a terrible infraction of good form, and subject them to the suspicion of impropriety. These go to their merry makings and recreations with their friends without the remotest idea that they need to be protected by a chaperon from committing errors and indiscretions, and for the insuring of their proper behavior as regards men. They no more dream of wrong or impropriety than did their mothers before them, who went to singing schools and sleighing parties and Fourth of July celebrations with their "beaux," and to whom the name of chaperon was unknown. "Virtuous mothers train up virtuous daughters," said a good old lady from the depths of long experience, "and if the girls of society must have a chaperon always on hand to keep them straight it is quite evident to my mind that there is something wrong about their bringing up—or else men are an amazing sight worse than they were in my day."

AN UNAMERICAN IDEA.

The majority of the young women of America have grown up without the idea that it was improper for them to appear upon the street without a maid tagging after them, or a chaperon to insure that they behave properly. They know they can receive calls from gentlemen in their own homes and entertain them without the slightest loss of dignity or self respect. They know they can be trusted to conduct themselves with the utmost propriety under all conditions and in all places. They know they can cross the American continent alone without receiving a rude word, or the faintest shadow of an insult, and this idea of importing the European plan of making it not respectable for any young woman to appear in public anywhere without a chaperon is obnoxious to them, since it implies suspicion, distrust and espionage, and to suggest such weakness of character, ignorance, and innate depravity as can only be controlled by constant watching. It does not seem to occur to those who seem so anxious to enforce this restriction of caste upon the social code of this country that they thereby imply that the morals and manners of people of wealth are so bad that to protect and preserve their daughters from misconstruction, scandal, and perhaps insult, it is a matter of necessity that they should never appear in public without a chaperon, a maid or a man-servant, as is the style in Spain and France, and Europe generally. But these should remember that no more moral, refined or enlightened nation exists upon the globe than the United States, where millions of women never even dream of the necessity of a chaperon to preserve them until a husband claims them in marriage as "blushing roses" rather than "high-headed sunflowers." In no country in the world are women less liable to insult than in our own. In Spain, in France, in Germany, where the "chaperon idea" prevails most largely, no woman can walk the streets without danger of being molested or insulted, unless she has money enough to hire a servant to accompany her. In this country, where "chaperons" are an innovation, and an attempt to establish caste, a girl who conducts herself properly is as safe alone, as if she had a dozen duennas dancing attendance upon her. In Continental Europe, where the education of girls is conducted on the plan of seclusion and surveillance, where chaperons are looked upon as certificates of character, where women of the higher classes have none of

THE PRIVILEGES OF FREEDOM

until married, and not to any large extent then, unless the husband so chooses, or is indifferent, the state of society, as shown in books — the pictures of the times—is not distinguished by the highest virtue. French novels show a condition of morals and manners among the higher classes as can hardly be found in this country among the lowest of the low. Men there, by the force of example and education, become imbued with the idea that chivalry, deference, decency need only be shown to women of their own class, while all others may be insulted at pleasure. American women who have traveled in Europe give full testimony as to the boorish rudeness of men in Continental countries—who claim to be gentlemen—as it is manifested to strangers, and ladies without escorts, and never cease thanking Heaven that American men are not "as other men air," either as to morals or manners.

When Sister Dahlgren or other persons insist that a chaperon is essential to the protection of young girls from misconstruction, hazard of good name, and risk of scandal they cast a slur upon the millions of the grandmothers and mothers of the land who have lived, and loved, and married and never thought of a chaperon as essential to keep them straight. They reflect upon the purity and virtue of the many young women who go bravely out into the world and work their own way in the professions, and trades, and other pursuits in order to maintain themselves and those dependent upon them.

Moreover this European plan in its distrust and suspicion would imply that American men had become so demoralized, that only the presence of a chaperon or duenna could prevent their taking advantage of the "artless, guileless innocence" of their wards in a manner that might subject them to the hazard of misconstruction, or possibly scandal.

The American girl who has been brought up to freedom, independence and self-reliance does right to resist this European innovation. It is a system founded on suspicion, and begets lying and intrigue, elopements and hasty, ill-considered marriages.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND.

A good mother is a daughter's best friend and confidant. She is wise and thoughtful and careful over her daughter's best interests, even though she may not be sitting up in the solemn grandeur of her best black silk as a chaperon. She knows what company her daughter keeps. She is aware of all that is going on, and has confidence that her child will not disgrace her training, or swerve, under any circumstances, from the principles of right she has so deeply impressed upon her mind.

It is the merely fashionable and frivolous beings who are engaged in the sale of young girls to the highest bidders, who take to this European system of keeping them under guard until an "eligible" with sufficient cash can be secured to purchase the artless, guileless beings, and thus take them off their hands. It is simply a slavish following of a foreign fashion to prepare American girls for the Hatzfeldts, and Mandevilles, and Marlboroughs of the foreign markets, whose sins are condoned by silly women for the sake of their titles.

The ridiculousness of the chaperon business is shown by the fact that any woman is eligible for the office who is married, be she ever so wild and disposed herself to run against the proprieties. Most people have seen cases where the chaperon by her example encouraged the infraction of good form, and was the leader in all that was harum scarum and against the rules of decorum.

The fact is that this European idea is simply not a plan for the protection of young girls, but is only an endeavor to set up a restriction of caste such as exists in Europe, where the favorite idea as to women is seclusion, surveillance and subordination. Such a system cannot flourish in this land of freedom. The American girl prides herself upon her self-reliance and her ability to take care of herself. It is stated that in Mexico no Mexican young girl can walk the streets unattended without being insulted, but American girls can do just as they do at home, and the Mexican does not dare to molest her in any way. He knows better.

The world would lose a great deal of fun if there were no "snobs." But among the many of these who are found in society none excite more hilarity than Mrs. Blank, who dilates on the danger to reputation of a girl going anywhere without a "chappyrone," when she herself before marriage used to work early and late in a factory, and had never felt the need of a guide or protector, and who went to the circus, and to church, and to Halloween parties alone with John, while her mother stayed contentedly at home with seven children and darned the stockings for the family, never dreaming there was anything in their being together either wrong or dangerous.

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A GLASS of F. & V.'s Iron City beer at night insures quiet sleep.

DON'T be misled. Stick to the old reliable Wainwright's beer. All dealers keep it. 5525 is their telephone number. TuSu

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Marvin's Little Lord Fauntleroy and Cinderella Cakes are just out, and are the finest on the market. The children cry for them and the old folks refuse to be comforted without them. Grocers keep them. TTSSu

CASH paid for old gold and silver at Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth ave. WFSu

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW

Of the Result of Holding the World's Fair in the United States.

IT WILL MAKE THE POOR POORER.

The Optimist Says it Will Increase Rents and Wages.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUILD A HOUSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

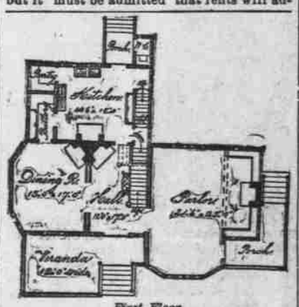
The pessimistic view of the project for a World's Fair in 1892 is about this: Very soon after Congress selects the city where the fair is to be held, the cost of living in that city—especially the rent rates—will advance, but there will be no commensurate increase of pay to the wage earners, who constitute the majority of residents; therefore, the fair will benefit landlords, merchants and great corporations, but it will leave poor men poorer than they were before. It is positively sinful, continues the pessimist, to arrange a half-year of junketing for millions of people, inducing them to waste their time and to spend money that many of them have not earned. It is labor not play that creates wealth and makes a great people. Better keep the World's Fair for a time when political disorders may disturb or threaten the existence of the Government. Then its inauguration would be statesmanship. This very year a World's Fair saved France from anarchy and Boulangerism. Everybody knows that Christopher Columbus discovered America. No need of a World's Fair to advertise that fact. His memory is kept green in song, story and geography.

Perspective View.

THE OPTIMISTIC VIEW

is that the fair will benefit everybody; that the cost of living will increase slightly as it always does during prosperous times, and that earnings will increase largely; that new industries will spring up, suggested to inventive Yankees by the foreign exhibits; that vast sums of foreign money will be left in the country; that the already great tide of immigration will flow faster than ever; that a much-needed export trade will be stimulated; that the usual depression of trade in a Presidental election year will not recur in 1892; that the fair will be a great educator, and that it will be a grand and patriotic demonstration, due to the memory of Columbus and worthy of a great people.

The architect shares the optimistic view, but it must be admitted that rents will advance, perhaps greatly advance, in and around the city where the Fair will be held. Forewarned is forearmed for the prudent man. Let him build a house and stop paying rent.



First Floor.

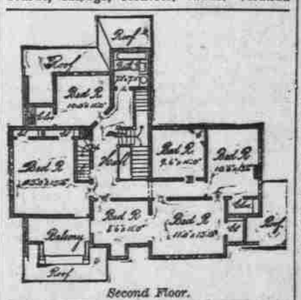
A PRETTY HOUSE.

Following will be found a brief description of an attractive design:

Size of structure—Width, including porch at end, 56 feet; depth, including veranda and rear porch, 51 feet. Height of stories—Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet 6 inches; attic story, 8 feet. Materials for exterior walls—Foundations, brick; first story, clapboards; second story, gables, dormers and roof, shingles.

Interior finish—Hard, white plaster throughout. Soft wood trim throughout, stained and finished like hardwood. Double floor in the first story, the finishing floor being hard pine. The main staircase in both stories is finished with quartered oak. Inside sliding blinds for all front windows; outside blinds for all other windows.

Exterior colors—All clapboards, light drab; trim, including water table, corner boards, casings, cornices, bands, veranda posts and rails, dark drab; outside doors, stained to imitate hardwood; outside blinds, bronze green; sashes and brickwork, Pompeian red; veranda and porch floors and ceilings, oiled; shingles on side walls treated with linseed oil and burnt umber; shingles on roofs left unfinished.



Second Floor.

Accommodations—The main rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the plans given herewith. Beside these there are three finished in the attic and there is a cellar under the whole house. The cellar has a concrete floor and outside and inside entrances. The first floor rooms are large. The parlor alcove has a fireplace and is furnished with bookcases. Over the bookcases are pretty windows which may be glazed with stained glass. There is a fireplace and an upholstered seat in the hall. The bedrooms are of fair size and there are many of them—an essential requirement for a large family. Colonial features predominate in the exterior.

Cost—In the vicinity of New York City, $3,700. To reduce cost, omit finishing the attic rooms to save $200; substitute ash for oak stair finish to save about $100; build a smaller cellar, say under the kitchen and hall only to save about $100.

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Too Late to Mend.

There is a point beyond which medication cannot go. Before it is too late to mend, persons of a rheumatic tendency, inherited or acquired, should use that benignant defense against the further progress of the supertenacious malady—rheumatism. The same of this proven rescuer is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, it should also be recollected, cures dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, debility and nervousness.

CABINET photos, $1 per doz. Lies' Popular Gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth st. TTSu

ART ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A LIFE-SIZE portrait in oil, by Mr. Emil Foerster, is shown at Young's.

A VERY fine bisque figure, fresh from the Paris Exposition, may be seen at Gillespie's. The work is entitled "Night," and the manner in which the figure is posed is extremely graceful and at the same time devoid of any appearance of being studied or formal.

"THE ANGELUS" has arrived safely in New York and now reposes in one of the vaults of the Garfield Safe Deposit Company. It has been permitted to enter the country free of duty as the property of the American Art Association, and will shortly be exhibited in New York and subsequently in other cities.

AN exhibition of works by the sculptor Bayre will be opened at the American Art Galleries in New York during the early part of the month, to continue until the middle of January. The proposition of at the same time holding an exhibition of 100 works by contemporary artists is also being seriously considered.

IT looks now as if the Verestchagin collection of paintings would remain in the United States, as the bond that was given for their entrance into the country free of duty, has been allowed to lapse, and the full amount of the tariff has now been paid for them. The collection will probably be held entire for some time to come, and exhibited in different cities, after which the works comprising it will most likely be sold.

A LARGE oil painting shown at Mayer's is the work of Mr. John Johnson, the scene painter. The subject is a landscape with mountains in the distance and a small stream winding its way through sunny meadows toward the foreground. This work is a very pleasant one as regards composition, and it has some share of technical excellence in spite of the fact that it shows many touches characteristic of the scene painter rather than the professional artist.

QUITE a pleasing little picture of a country road, the work of Mr. H. S. Stevenson, is shown at Mayer's. This work is in oil, but it is almost the same subject as a study in water colors which he exhibited a short time ago; the same objects are comprised in the picture, though seen from a position somewhat removed from the point from which he made the previous sketch. This picture has some very good qualities, but it would be improved by being carried to a higher degree of finish as regards detail. The effect aimed at is that of a bright, sunny day in midsummer, and this quality has been fairly well rendered. It is a work painted direct from nature, which gives it a freshness and character that can scarcely be attained in any other way, and which constitutes the greatest charm of such works.

A NUMBER of important works are exhibited at the Gillespie gallery this week. That they are by celebrated artists will appear upon the mention of the names of Tracy, McElhaney, C. R. Grant, Percy Morgan and J. A. Walker. The picture by Tracy represents a hunting scene with a group of men, horses and dogs halting in a corn field. The effect rendered is that of the season when autumn is far advanced and pressing closely upon the bleak days of winter, and the landscape is toned to a sober brown. There is some fine drawing shown in the figures of the men and the dogs, particularly the latter, and the manner in which each separate stalk of corn stands out in relief is well worthy of remark. The painting by McElhaney is a pleasant composition, showing a young girl with a pensive look in her eyes, leaning against the railing of an old bridge. "Watching and Waiting," is the title of the picture by Grant, and it is one that is well known here through reproductions. A female figure seated by the window of a room in an old colonial mansion. Etchings of Moran's picture have also been frequently seen in this city, and in this work, too, a young girl forms the subject of interest. The picture by Walker is called "The Courier," and in character it presents a strong contrast to those mentioned above. A horseman riding at full speed through a village street on a cold, bleak day in winter is a subject that not only permits but requires the exhibition of great skill in drawing, and Mr. Walker is fully equal to the task. The picture is strong in action and good in coloring, and reminds one somewhat of the work of Beauquesne.

TO MANY persons the question as to what constitutes the subtile, but at the same time important, difference between the coloring of an oil painting and a close imitation of it by the method of chromo-lithography, remains a most profound mystery. In the eyes of the average observer the chromo may even appear to be the most refined and delicate work of the two, and some persons there are who feel disposed to believe that paintings are not really superior to lithographs, but are only valued more highly on account of their relative scarcity. Many, even among those who feel the weakness and insufficiency of the machine-made pictures, are yet at a loss to account for these unsatisfactory qualities. There are also a few persons who, if questioned concerning their ideas on this subject, would be found to be entertaining the belief that it is only a question of time when pictures will be turned out by this method that will equal painting, if not surpass it. To describe such expectations as visionary is putting it very mildly indeed. Aside from the fact that no mechanical process can ever equal in delicacy the work of the human hand, there are in painting a hundred ways of producing an effect to one that is available in lithography, or any other method of reproduction. In printing colors, from blocks of stone or other material, it is possible to use very delicate and agreeably tinted inks, but there must ever be an almost infinite distance between their shades as regards tone, and gradation can only be secured by printing the colors delicately one above the other; this is the method actually employed, and of late years it has been brought to a degree of perfection that leaves but little room for further improvement. In painting also the superimposition of colors is a method frequently resorted to, but as a means to an end it is only one in a hundred. The foundation of all fine coloring in painting rests upon the possibility of blending the colors upon the work itself, something which cannot be done to an appreciable extent in any other graphic process. There are so many other auxiliary means of attaining desired results which render the painter's art one of almost limitless possibilities. The variation in the qualities of the pigments used—some of which are of great body, dense and opaque, while others are thin, transparent and rich—is an important factor in the production of rich and truthful coloring, and the composition of the medium with which they are used is scarcely less so. "Oil painting" is merely a generic term, signifying painting that is done with pigments ground in oil, but in the execution of which many different kinds of varnish-like mediums are used, each of which exerts a material influence upon the appearance of the finished production. The necessity for an almost infinite variety of methods will be readily understood when it is remembered that any object upon which the eye may rest, although we are accustomed to think of it as of some particular shade of color, is in reality composed of innumerable and almost imperceptible gradations which lend variety to every inch of its surface. It is the faithful rendering of at least a part of these subtle gradations that constitutes the peculiar rich and pleasing quality of painting, and it is the utter impossibility of ever doing anything like justice to them in chromo-lithography which marks the wide difference between the two arts. In lithography or any other mechanical art, every portion of the picture is sure to be of about the same character or quality, with the inevitable result of the whole work being tame and insipid.

Sui Generis.

Viele (greatly excited)—Don't you know, B-B-Biffie has got his c-c-cane-head fast in his mouth, and c-c-can't get it out!

Vanderbuff (coolly)—Can't it be duplicated?

Viele—Y-Y-Yes; but B-B-Biffie can't.—*Puck.*

VELVET CARPETS AT 80 CENTS

**That Have Been Selling at $1