THE VIOLET ISLAND.

BY

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE Violet Island was one of the most beautiful places in the entire ocean. It was situated in a part of the world favored with a delightful climate. It was a country of eternal spring in fact. The island was called the "Violet Island," because its meadows, groves and forests were always covered with that deliciously perfumed flower, the fragrance of which made it the most delightful place to live in.

The people of the "Violet Island" were governed by a prince, who was much be-

The Prince Receives the Magic Sword.

loved on account of his great kindness, his wisdom and chivalry.

This prince was passionately fond of fishing and he spent a great deal of his time on the ocean indulging in his favorite pastime.

One day, while the Prince was again sailing around on the tumultuous waves of the ocean, he was overtaken by a terrific storm. His little craft was shaken hither and thither by the wildly roaring waters. The Prince was a skillful sailor, but all his knowledge of the sea and of his boat availed him nothing against the terrific tempest, and ere he was able to steer himself into the safe harbor of the island a great wave overpowered his boat and capsized it. When the Prince disappeared under the surface of the now boiling sea he rapidly grew unconscious, and it looked as if his doom was inevitable. How long he was insensible he never knew, but fortunately he was saved by some mysterious means, and when he awoke he found himself in a beautiful castle down in the lowest depth of the ocean. Before he was able to realize the wonderful truth of his escape a very lovely maiden as beautiful as a nymph and as heavenly-looking as a fairy appeared before him, addressing him in this way:

"Welcome, Prince, in the home of the whale-princess. I am thankful I was near when that terrible storm broke loose, especially as it afforded me the pleasure of saving you from a watery grave. Please make yourself happy with me, and be assured that you are entirely welcome to my hospitality."

For a moment the Prince was dumfounded, because the overwhelming beauty of the lady and her expressions of sympathy and kindness for him were inexplicable to him. He did not know whether an angel or a human being was talking to him.

"I am indeed very grateful to you for your disinterested kindness to me, but may I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?" Thus spoke the lord of the Violet Island and the lady replied:

"I am an unfortunate woman who was enchanted by the wicked whale king and banished into this castle under the sea. I was born the daughter of a mighty king, who lives in the Southern Sea near the island of the whale-king. The latter is a terrible monster half

The Fairy Boat Conveying the Prince to the Whale King's Stronghold.

whale and half human. When I grew up the whale-king took it into his head to marry me and he frequently came to our court to importune me with his to me detestable protestations of affection. Of course all his pleadings had no effect upon me. I remained obdurate even when he swore that he would banish me away from home, friends and the world. I never thought that he would keep his word, but he did, and the result is that I am now here imprisoned for life."

"But is there no way to liberate you from the terrible spell of this fiendish monster of the deep?" hotly asked the Prince, who at once felt that he could lay down his very life to please this lovely woman.

"There is one way, of course," answered the Princess, "but it is a very hazardous one."

"Tell me," quickly replied the Prince, "and whatever it might be I will venture to surmount all difficulties, even if my life should be the penalty."

"Believe me, I admire your chivalrous nature," the Princess now said, "but I am afraid the task would be too much for you. However, I will tell you what would give me back life and liberty. It is simply this: The death of the whale-king. That monster lives on the Whale Island, which is a cyclopean rock in the Southern Seas close to the South Pole. This whale-king rules all the whales of the ocean from his castle, where he can be found nearly all the year. But in the spring of the year he is alone on the island, and if anybody would like to go and see him that would be the best time to undertake the journey."

"Princess," now interrupted the Prince from the Violet Island the lady, "tell me all you know about this whale-king and I will go and—either kill him or die in the attempt."

"I will tell you all I know, but yet I would want you to consider this matter well. It is a case of life or death. Why should you sacrifice your life for me, a stranger?"

"You have just now saved my life from a watery grave," quietly replied the Prince, "and I would be without gratitude if I were not man enough to serve you in return. You have saved my life, henceforth it shall be yours."

"All right, I accept you as my champion," the Princess said, "then listen to me. I will place you in a boat which will carry you directly to the whale island. The boat is drawn by four young whales, who are all devoted to me, and if you are successful in your task, they will take you back to your home on the Violet Island. It is fortunate, that it is now winter and by the time you arrive at your destination, the whale-king will have about sent all the whales away into the ocean, because you will not get there until spring. I will also give you a sword, which was presented me a few days ago, by the nymph of the ocean. This sword makes you invincible, and if you strike anyone with it, death is sure to follow. As regards the whale-king you must be careful of one thing. Of course you must attack him with this sword, but be careful that he does not get away and gain access to the sea. As soon as he does that, your power is vanished and he will then surely kill you. On land, however, I believe you are able to vanquish him, and with this sword you have a great advantage."

"Thank you, dear Princess," replied the master from the Violet Island, "get the boat ready, give me the sword and I will start."

All preparations were soon completed, and within five minutes the four whales skimmed through the waves with the Prince and the boat at lightning speed. The journey continued uninterruptedly, and the young whales must have been instructed as to the object of their journey, because they never stopped in their travels until they arrived at the whale-king's island.

Here the Prince at once jumped ashore, drew his sword and began to look around for the monster—the whale-king. His search was not very long. Soon the gigantic form of a monstrous beast, half whale and half man, came forward and in an imperious manner asked the Prince what he wanted on his island. The arduous young man, however, did not leave him in doubt very long, because he at once began to attack the whale-king. The latter was so much taken by surprise that he did not know what to do for a moment or two. But he must have realized that he had met a foe not to be trifled with, so he thought it wisest to escape into the water. With one immense bound he gained the shore, and in the next instant he would have disappeared under the surging waves had not the Prince been watching him. As the young man knew what he might expect he jumped after the whale-king as fast as he could. He just reached the monster in time, and at the very moment when the whale-king meant to jump into the ocean the wonderful sword from the ocean nymph pierced his heart, and in the next second the inhuman monster and whale-king was rolling in a pool of blood and breathing his last.

When the Prince saw that he had come out of the combat victoriously, he re-embarked in his boat and the four young

Death of the Whale King.

whales retraced their way through the ocean towards the Violet Island. He had just arrived within a few hours of his own country when he suddenly noticed a most wonderful ship coming directly towards him. The vessel looked milk-white in the distance and the Prince looked at it in amazement and curiosity. Now the ship came closer and he recognized it as a ship made out of ivory. He now understood why it looked so white in the distance. At last he got alongside of it and he immediately recognized the Princess from the castle beneath the ocean waves. She beckoned him and wished him welcome from his journey. Then the Prince went aboard the ivory vessel.

The ship went to the Violet Island and when the Princess arrived on that beautiful land, she grew so fond of the delicious perfume, that she resolved to stay there, especially when the Prince offered her his hand and his throne.

Here the two lived in the future in great happiness and contentment.

MISSOURI RIVER MUD.

Interesting Facts About the Stuff St. Louis People Drink.

M. L. Holman, Water Commissioner, to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter: "The subject of clarifying the water of the Mississippi for the use of the people of St. Louis is to me a most interesting study. The sediment differs in character as well as in quantity at different seasons. In March and April the water is most difficult to settle. In the spring of 1888 I took a sample of that rise in a six-inch glass-stoppered bottle, and kept it in my desk for four days, where the sun could not get at it. The sun heats bottled water and tends to keep it stirred up. Well, at the end of four days the water had settled but three inches of the six-inch depth from shoulder to bottom, and one could see very plainly the line of demarkation between the clear and the muddy water. This was the only instance I ever knew of the settlement of water by planes. At other seasons than early spring the mud is coarser, contains more sand and settles pretty satisfactorily in the 18 hours quiet which the basins get between filling and emptying.

"As the mud in the bottom of the basin gets deeper it packs down solidly, so that it has to be cut out with a spade—in fact, it becomes somewhat like the natural earth, only it is all composed of black loam. A section of this packed mud looks like the leaves of a book, and one may easily detect the different kinds of sediment by their varying colors. And even the separate settlings can be traced, each being composed at the bottom of the sand and heavier particles, and at the top of almost impalpable powder."

HIGH PRAISE FOR OTHELLO.

A Compliment to Salvini From an Uncultured Boston Maid.

Boston Courier.]

It was at one of the Salvini matinees, and the play was "Othello." Two girls to whom not only the acting but the play itself was evidently a novelty, sat in the balcony. They giggled more or less during the early portions of the play, but gradually they fell under the spell of genius, and their laughter gave place to the closest attention. As the last act proceeded it was noticed by one who had observed them curiously during the afternoon, that they were full of excitement and sympathy, and sighs took the place of the giggle of the opening scenes. When at length *Othello* has slain the hapless *Desdemona*, and quick remorse makes itself felt, one of the girls turns to the other, and with tears in her eyes remarks:

"He feels kind o' sorry he done it, now, don't he?"

And the indication of her uncouth phrase was as true applause as the actor won that day.

DO YOU LIKE CANDY?

If You do, Listen to and Heed a Physician's Words of Wisdom.

PURE CANDIES ARE HEALTHFUL

When Consumed at the Proper Time and in Moderation.

HOW SWEETMEATS ARE ADULTERATED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Owing to limited resources, savage man was content to assuage the cravings of his sweet tooth with licorice root and myrrh. But things have changed since then, and man, somewhat less savage, sucks the minted candy-stick or melts in his mouth the creamy French confections.

The candies of to-day are made of five main ingredients, cane sugar, glucose, gum and coloring and flavoring matters. Other substances are often added, as starch, which, though often considered as an adulteration, should be looked upon as a legitimate ingredient. If all these substances are pure and good, the confection manufactured therefrom cannot be otherwise than wholesome and nutritious. The sugar, glucose and starch are fat-forming, and heat-producing principles are present in many of our dietary staples. This fact should not be lost sight of by consumers of candy. Being foods, the various candies should never be eaten between meals, as they are equivalent to a lunch, and everyone is aware of the deleterious effect of constant lunching. The proper time for all kinds of confectionery is as a dessert to the regular meals. Used in this way they are often decidedly beneficial in inducing one to stop partaking of the more bulky elements of the meals before the stomach becomes overloaded.

BETTER THAN MINCE PIE.

They offer thus a nutritious, digestible dessert of little bulk, a dessert which, by all the laws of nature and humanity, ought to substitute for all time that indigestible American conglomeration—mince pie. Good, pure candy, eaten in moderate quantity as a dessert to a meal, even to every meal, never hurt anyone; and such certainly is the logical, rational way to eat it. But children must have something to keep them quiet, and ladies with nothing to do must have something to amuse themselves; and further, blunted tastes must have something exceedingly sweet to tickle jaded palates—for these reasons it is likely that candy consumers will go on eating their dozen and one lunches a day, in spite of all their physician may say to the contrary. Yet it is an indisputable fact that no ordinary stomach can do its work quietly and well if it is required to digest more than three meals per day, or if it receives within it anything other than water between those three meals. True, there are people who are always eating and lunching, consuming candies and cakes by the pound, who yet seem healthy and well; but it is doubtful if these people ever eat a meal with relish; and it is certain that sooner or later dyspepsia will overtake them and induce a dire repentance.

Practically, the best way to give confectionery to children is to allow them, after each meal, such a quantity of candy as they will be likely to eat within a half-hour or less. Then they should have no more until after the next meal; and they will not usually want it, if they get it thus regularly.

TAFFY IS BETTER THAN CARAMELS.

As to the kind, it should be such as will not readily dissolve or "melt down." Soft or creamy candies are apt to be consumed before the palate is satisfied; whereas the harder, less soluble kinds remain longer in the mouth, yielding their sweetness for a more protracted period, thus inducing satiety, with a far less consumption of candy.

For the same reason, teach your children to dissolve the candy slowly in their mouths—not to chew it. Partaken of in this way, and at these times, the harder candies, if pure, are not only not injurious, but are indeed often decidedly beneficial, and for these reasons: They are easily digested foods rich in nutriment; they are an inducement to leave the meal short of satiety, and they assist digestion. The latter assertion may be questioned by some, but it is a demonstrable fact that anything which promotes the flow of saliva, at the same time, through the sympathetic nervous system, promotes the flow of the gastric digestive juices. The saliva, too, that is swallowed with the dissolved candy may aid digestion somewhat after it has reached the stomach, though in the light of late investigations, this is somewhat doubtful—long held opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Persons inclined to adipose and who are opposed to it, had better let candy alone; as, for them, nothing is so fattening. Persistently slender people, however, need not gorge themselves with candy in the hope of getting stout, for, in them, something more than fat-forming food is necessary for an increase in weight.

Children under two years of age are better off without any candy whatever, because their nutrition apparatus is not yet equal to the task of properly assimilating cane-sugar and glucose. If not digested both these substances are exceedingly apt to ferment; and it is fermentation of ingesta that is the Nemesis of baby's second summer.

In order to ascertain the purity of the candy now manufactured, the writer examined 51 samples of the product, taken from the general market. In general, it may be stated that these examinations showed as clearly as anything could that it is folly to expect to get something for nothing. When the price of the candy was so low as to preclude the possibility of paying for the making and the sugar with a profit beside, there was added some cheap foreign substance, usually pipe clay, to bring the thing up to a paying basis. Especially was this the case with the very cheap imitations of fine goods. It was in this class of products, too, that the most injurious coloring matters were detected.

ADULTERATIONS IN CANDY.

Here is a list of the impurities and adulterations found in 19 of the 51 samples of candy examined:

Chalk in five samples.
Pipe clay (terra alba) in ten samples.
Bronze (copper and zinc alloy) in one sample.
Prussian blue in one sample.
Vermilion in one sample.
Fuchsin (aniline red) in three samples.
Chrome yellow (chromate of lead) in one sample.

It is proper to state here that these 51 specimens of candy were not fair average samples, but were such as seemed by their appearance and price to merit suspicion.

Some kinds of confectionery are wrapped in brilliantly colored papers. As children frequently put these in their mouths and even chew them, the writer analyzed 15 of such wrappers for poisonous coloring matters, with the result of finding arsenic in four, and chromate of lead in two.

With regard to the probable effects of the impurities found, it may be stated that chalk, when pure (and it usually does not contain harmful impurities), is not especially injurious, though possibly it might form concretions in the intestines if large quantities were taken. Pipe clay is analogous to plaster of paris, but does not harden or set like the latter when mixed with water. Like chalk, it also may form concretions in the food tract, though it could not be called poisonous. Nevertheless it is an adulteration and a fraud; it is not an essential ingredient of good candy, but is added for the sole purpose of gain.

Bronze coloring matter, an alloy of zinc and copper, it is needless to say, is a dangerous compound to swallow repeatedly, be the amount ever so small, for like other metals, these tend to accumulate in the system, so that small doses repeated may soon exert a combined influence. Prussian blue is ferro cyanide of iron, a salt not poisonous, but certainly objectionable.

RED MEANS DANGER.

Vermillion found in one sample is a bisulphuret of mercury—a salt of a metal that ought never to go into a human stomach. It, too, is cumulative in its action. Aniline red is not poisonous if pure, yet, like other aniline colors, it is objectionable on account of its liability to contain arsenic at times. It does not seem feasible for confectioners to have each package analyzed for the mineral, but manufacturers of these dyes might easily put them up free from it for such purposes as confectionery. No arsenic was found, however, in the samples containing the aniline red.

Chrome yellow, or canary yellow chromate of lead, found in one sample of candy and in two of the wrappers, is of course a cumulative poison; though the quantity present, in the candy at least, was small. That in the candy was mixed with Prussian blue to make a green.

Most of the foregoing poisonous coloring matters were painted on the surface of the candies, though in some instances they were intimately mixed with the entire mass.

Now the remedy for this state of things is not in letting candy alone. The writer has received many letters stating in effect that: "If the advice given in the adulteration articles recently published in THE DISPATCH were followed, one's daily dietary would be narrowed down to air, and it is questionable if even that is pure." No such advice has, however, been given in these columns; what has been urged is to pay reasonable prices for things, or do without them. This is doubly true of candy. If you want to get pure goods of this kind don't expect to get them for less than glucose is worth; if you do you will get pipe clay and worse. If your money is limited buy clear, uncolored goods such as rock candy. The good old-fashioned taffy is as wholesome as anything in the candy line; though commonly considered as very prone to ferment in the stomach, it is not so. Never buy cheap imitations of fine grades of confectionery, such as the so-called French candies; for they are pretty certain to contain pipe clay or similar substance. Highly flavored preparations should be avoided for the reason that they contain large quantities of essential oils or artificial essences, both of which are objectionable. The oils are irritating to the stomach, and the artificial essences are made in most instances from fusel oil, an acid, and oil of vitriol. Few if any of the "pure fruit essences" used for flavoring confectionery and various other things contain any fruit juice whatever; they are products of the chemical laboratory. For instance the acid of rancid cream cheese, when mixed with methyl alcohol and oil of vitriol, yields on distillation a fragrant essence of pine apple. So it is with the rest of the commercial "pure fruit juices."

MORPHINE IN COUGH DROPS.

Five samples of "cough drops" were analyzed for opium and its alkaloid, morphine. The latter was found in two of the five samples; and in one other specimen there was good ground for suspecting the presence of ipecacuanha. These are powerful drugs to be sold for indiscriminate use under the impression they are candy.

On reading the foregoing list of impurities and adulterations found, the skeptical will ask: "If these things be, why do we not hear of some one being poisoned every day?" In the first place the quantity of poison is usually small, so that immediate effects are not produced and ultimate effects are overlooked or attributed to something else. A short time ago a Philadelphia baker was convicted of poisoning a number of people by chromate of lead, which he had put into rolls to give them a semblance of eggs, which were absent. The same poison had been used before, but it was only when used in comparatively larger quantity than usual that immediate toxic effects were produced. Again, many cases of sickness in children supposed to be due to overeating of candy are doubtless due to impurities in the confection; and there are numerous authentic cases of poisoning by confectionery colored with poisons. Of course there are many colors which are quite unobjectionable, and from these confectionery of all tints may be produced; so that it may not be inferred from the foregoing that all colored candies are poisonous. It is only the very lowest priced that justify suspicion. And here it should be stated that confectioners who use poisonous colors do so in most cases ignorantly; for they are not aware of the true nature of the preparation, knowing it only by its common name. The same cannot however be said of the man who puts pipe clay in his chocolate creams.

A prominent confectioner told the writer recently that if a good adulteration law were passed in this State and enforced, quite a number of confectionery concerns would have to go out of business, as their only trade was in goods which, by reason of adulteration, were placed on the market at a lower price than genuine goods could be produced for. The writer's analyses certainly confirm the candy man's opinion.

CHEVALIER Q. JACKSON, M. D.

AN ALGERIAN WEDDING FEAST.

A Barbaric Festival During Which the Bridegroom is Roughly Treated.

Ladies' Home Journal.]

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule, and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom, when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches, amid much laughter.

In the evenings, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other, nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils, and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, trilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.

Things Immortal.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth.
The longing after something lost,
The restless spirits cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up life's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
We feel and act the better part—
These things can never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Can find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to awaken love,
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam on the form on high,
And angel voices whisper thee:
These things shall never die.

—*Myna Jock.*

I CAUGHT her hands: "Now listen, Nannie,
Why is it, dear, you sweeter grow?"
She said and laughed, "It's Frangipanni,
Which comes from Atkinson, you know."

WITH LANCE IN REST

Bessie Bramble Makes a Furious and Deadly Onslaught Upon

THE GRIM OGRE OF FASHION

Who Holds Captive so Many Fair Ladies of This Land.

ONE WOMAN'S OPINION OF DECOLLETE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

That the women of society favor fashionable things is a foregone conclusion that requires no testimony to support. Submissive to their gods of Fashion, Vanity and Ostentation, they can be counted upon with certainty to defend and uphold anything and everything these social forces may decree. Decollete or low-necked dresses, like dancing or card-playing, have been denounced from the pulpit with the utmost zeal, eloquence and fervor, times without record, but the good folk pay little or no heed, or deference to the opinions and prescriptions of the Church, as thus expressed, so long as Fashion prescribes them as proper. The beloved brethren might as well talk to the wind as attempt to control the cut of a gown. It was tried in apostolic times without much success, and the women of to-day are likely much less under the coercion of the clergy than were the primitive Christian sisters.

The ancient Fathers prescribed that women should not appear without veils, and should remain shut up at home, and not exhibit themselves to deceive the minds of men by their adornments. Natural grace, says Tertullian, must be obliterated by concealment. Even Clement of Alexandria insisted that the dress of women should be such as covered them completely, head and face, and all because woman was said to be "the first deserter of the divine law" and "persuaded him to sin whom even the devil was not valiant enough to attack." This is a decided slap, or perhaps compliment, to the "influence" of good Mother Eve, and and through her to her frivolous, adornment-loving descendants.

But when the Holy Fathers have preached to fashionable women through divine inspiration, and they still go on banging and braiding their hair, wearing gorgeous apparel and jewels, and persist in appearing in public with uncovered heads and shoulders, it is very plain that the words of the brethren of to-day will have no effect, so what is the use of their butting up against a stone wall, or rather in raising an issue against fashion in which they are

BOUND TO BE DEFEATED.

It will surely be discouraging to the good Presbyterians to find that Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the Deacon President, is in favor of decollete gowns, although, being a grandmother, she does not propose to have the extreme low-cut for herself, but rather of the square or V-shape in front. Mrs. Harrison, as quoted, is decidedly not opposed to low dresses through any Puritanic scruples whatever, but simply for the reason that when a woman becomes a grandmother she should put away such vanities as low gowns and short sleeves. There is nothing prettier for a woman, she remarks, when beauty and health will permit, until she has reached the elderly dignity of grandmotherhood. In this opinion she differs in some degree from Queen Victoria whose dictum is that no condition of bones, or lean scragginess, or pudginess, or excessive stoutness, or absence of lines of loveliness, or curves of beauty, or age under 90, is to interfere with the court rule of full dress, which means low neck and bare arms. Consequently the British matron has the law laid down for her without option.

As English customs and French standards are the rule in American society, it follows that the low-cut gowns will still be the fashion of the day, especially when they are so warmly commended and defended on the score of health and comfort by women who are grandmothers, and who by wearing them make them fashionable, even at the hazard of pneumonia and exposure to the ridicule and laughter of the happy souls who manage to enjoy life and have a good time regardless of the tyrant Fashion.

It is true, that to strengthen their position many of those so devoted in their worship of this god of society would be likely to support and follow its decrees, even if it went to the length of dressing in the style that was censured so forcibly by Pliny in the age of Tiberius and then defend it in the score of health and comfort.

No man, even in the most torrid heat of summer is permitted, under the edicts of good form, to sit down to dinner without a coat, and if he, under

THE PLEA OF COMFORT

and the immoderate heat of the drawing room should turn his shirt into a V shape so as to be delightfully cool, he would be hooted out of every house in the country as a boor—as lost to or as ignorant of the proprieties as a Hottentot. Or if society men should appear at the White House or other fashionable receptions in low-cut shirts and coats so as to show the beautiful curves of their throats, and the loveliness of their Apollo shoulders, with bare arms to display the magnitude and superiority of their striking-out muscles, there would be a howl of universal denouncement from the very women who assert they dress in such fashion for comfort and coolness, and who claim, as do some of the Senators' wives in Washington, that not one hostess in a hundred knows how to adjust the temperature of her drawing room to the comfort of her guests, and hence women must wear decollete gowns to prevent great suffering from heat. Under such circumstances in society, is it not barbarous to condemn the poor men to wear an undershirt, and then a "boiled shirt" on top of that, and then a vest, and ever all a coat with a double layer turnover, and surmount the whole with a stiff linen collar and a necktie. If the low gowns for women are essential to comfort and conducive to health—if they are so enhancing to beauty and have no suggestion of immodesty, as Mrs. Collum, of Illinois, Mrs. Cockrell, of Missouri, and other notable society women who have been interviewed assert—to say nothing of the Pittsburg ladies who believe in it so implicitly and uphold it so strenuously—if they make evening receptions more comfortable, balls more endurable, and dinners more delightful, it is certainly desirable that the beloved brethren who on these occasions are so tightly chokered up, and so muchly overlaid with starched linen, and so enwrapped in the sweltering folds of full dress, should be allowed the same latitude as the dear sisters. If all is true as asserted by the society sisters as to the sweetness of life in a low-cut gown, if we were a man and a brother, we should strike for an equal right to wear decollete duds. As a well-posted English woman with English views on this subject, Mrs. Senator Hawley says an evening reception without a full dress display "would be inconceivably dull" and that "the handsomest woman in the most elegant high-necked dress would look out of place in a room brilliantly lighted, full of flowers, glistening with diamonds and white throats."

ACKNOWLEDGING BRITISH SUPREMACY.

It will be solace to the souls of society women in Pittsburg, as in other cities, to learn that—while some of the ladies of the Cabinet from away out West propose to wear high gowns, and do what in them lies to secure what they call a modest administration—Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Wanamaker and Mrs. Morton propose to uphold the Queen Victoria style and British court edict by wearing decollete gowns. Mrs. Blaine is a grandmother, to be sure, and Mrs. Wanamaker has likely attained to the same honor, but their example will establish a high precedent and put an end to the absurd scruples of those less versed in court usages and the ways of the world. The fact, too, that the decollete style is sustained, defended and put in practice by these leaders of the Republican administration will have some effect in silencing the clamor and complaints of husbands, who constitute the main body of objectors to this healthful and comfortable mode of dress.

What queer people these fashionable husbands are! They will rave over the woman on the stage, Plimsoll's line or no Plimsoll's line, grandmother or no grandmother, and will dilate upon the charms of this or that woman in society, who comes within an ace of getting below the line of propriety as laid down, but when their wives desire to appear in the same fashionable and enchanting costumes, then these inconsistent creatures go on like mad and insist that such a display is not proper. They make their wives miserable by objecting to their dressing in the manner prescribed by Queen Victoria, and Sara Bernhardt, and Mrs. Langtry, and Mrs. Blaine, and Mrs. Wanamaker.

These should learn that fashion is a god in whose service comfort and happiness are to be sacrificed to show and ostentation. They should know that society is that part of the human family who, as the celebrated Scottish divine, Chalmers, says, "walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint." They should remember that the people who hold that to be fashionable is the highest good are constrained by their creed to spend their lives in social ceremonies that, even when well done, amount to little, save wearisome parade.

FASHIONABLE HUSBANDS

with social ambitions have no reason to groan over the shortcomings of their wives as to waists and sleeves, when they themselves follow after the same gods of custom and fashion. Only one man in the Cleveland administration dared to denounce and defy the society rule as to full dress coats, and while he abjured Cabinet circles and "swell" occasions, he had, as report goes, to come to it at last, though this falling from grace, as it were, is not generally known around Hominy Hill.

The truth of the matter is, that with all our boasted liberty and independence, and freedom of thought and action, we are all slaves of custom and fashion. Men, as they claim, are less trammeled and less given to the rigid observance of the laws of society, but it cannot be denied that when tight trousers are decreed that the very spindliest shanks give way, to the pain and amusement of those more favored, while when those that bulge and bag to the appearance of divided skirts are promulgated by the fashion plates, the whole of mankind is speedily so invested. The power of the press, the pulpit and common sense may be united and arrayed against some fad of the all powerful god of society, but by some unseen and unknown force fashion holds her own and eventually gains the victory. Men, it must be admitted, have proved themselves more courageous and defiant of the laws of custom than women. They have emancipated themselves from slopping gowns (save the Supreme Court) and trailing togas, and enjoy comparative freedom, but women, alas, unhappily, still hold on to the long skirts, that in wet weather are an abomination and a source of misery and unhappiness. No human being under prize of $1,000,000 could invent a more despicable and undesirable costume for wet weather—or any weather—than long skirts, and yet, slaves to custom as all are, women wear them with inward growl and swear—but no rebellion. With all this in view, is it any wonder that the profound philosophers proclaim that nine-tenths of mankind are fools?

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

GIRLS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Some of Their Peculiarities as Students—The Question of Race.

New York Times.]

"The girl would make a better student in our public schools and colleges," said one of the prominent educators of the city yesterday, "if she had the same incentive, the same motive, that the young man has. The young man who goes to the public schools and colleges feels that he is to be a breadwinner. He has this for a clear purpose in getting an education. But it is not so with the girl. With her motive is everything, and not having the motive she does not study to her full capacity. She looks to getting married some day, and having some one else provide the bread for her.

"Of course this is generally speaking. We hear a good deal about woman's power of application as compared with man's, but my experience has been that if a girl knows what she is after, if she has a distinct purpose, in nine cases out of ten she will display steadfastness of aim that is quite equal to that of any boy.

"Much has been said about the capacity of the female intellect for mathematics, but I can say that the girl excels in pure mathematics. Girls are exceedingly fond of history and literature, and invariably stand high in those studies.

"The best students are Hebrews. That is, they carry off the honors. But this is not always a fair test of intellectual capacity. The scholarship of the student is determined quite as much by her home influences, by her surroundings and associations, as by her textbooks or instructors. As a rule, the wealthy Hebrews avail themselves of the advantages of the public schools and colleges for their children, while, generally speaking, children of Christian parents in similar financial circumstances go to private institutions. This makes it particularly difficult to institute race comparisons in the public schools."

FAMOUS ANDALUSIAN BEAUTIES.

Spanish Girls Who Are Admired for Fine Forms and Small Feet.

Henry T. Finck, in Scribner.]

As regards her stature and mold, the Andalusian girl is almost invariably a petite brunette, and although not all are plump, and many are too stout, the majority have exquisitely symmetrical tapering limbs, well-developed busts (flat-chested women are almost unknown in Spain), and the most dainty and refined hands and feet. Regarding these feet Gautier makes the most astounding assertion, that "without any poetic exaggeration it would be easy here in Seville to find women whose feet an infant might hold in its hands. A French girl of 7 or 8 could not wear the shoes of an Andalusian of 20." I am glad to attest that, if the feet of Sevillian women really were so monstrously small 50 years ago, they are so no longer. It is discouraging to see a man like Gautier fall into the vulgar error of fancying that, because a small foot is a thing of beauty, therefore the smaller the foot the more beautiful it must be.

Beauty of feet, hands and waists is a matter of proportion, not of absolute size, and too small feet, hands and waists are not beautiful, but ugly. We might as well argue that since a man's foot ought to be larger than a woman's, therefore the larger his foot the more he has of manly beauty. If the Andalusian women really had feet so small that a baby might hold them in its hands, they would not be able to walk at all, or, at least, not gracefully. But it is precisely their graceful gait and carriage for which they are most famed and admired.

HOW TO TELL A NEW YORKER.

A Peculiarity of Speech That Distinguishes Him From the Philadelphian.

Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"That man," said the observant Philadelphian, "is from New York; so is his companion."

"Those two who just passed us?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I overheard a few words of their conversation." "Well?" "One of them said that he was going to 'Chestnut and Ninth streets,' and the other replied that it was 'three blocks further across.' A Philadelphian would have said he was going to 'Ninth and Chestnut,' and another Philadelphian might have remarked that it was 'three squares out.' When you hear a man say 'blocks,' or, in naming a corner, put the numbered street last, it were well to assume a dignified reserve, for that man is a New Yorker."

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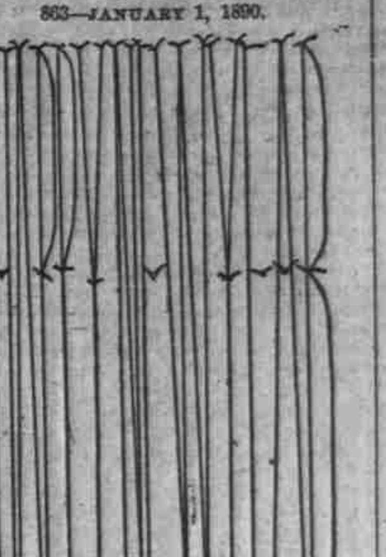
863—JANUARY 1, 1890.



My flock of birds has come to stay:
They come from far and near;
And greetings bright they bring to-day—
You'll find those greetings here.
FANNIE BLAUVELT.

864—ARITHMETICAL.

Addition.

A man discovered a source of wealth—
At least, he hoped it so—
And to get at his end he took by stealth
The canine letter, and, lo!
By adding a hundred exact,
And what in that source was packed,
He found he'd ten millions! Oho!

Subtraction.

Just find what means a thousand men
And take away a "portion of track."
You have the commander of these then;
'Tis easy if you have the knack.
From this a certain "construction" take—
'Tis something the builders make—
And naught from a country you lack.

Multiplication.

You see the common exclamation?
Then multiply it by a word,
Which has a synonym in every nation,
And if my research has not erred,
It's used in ours for "judgment."
There's left, as is evident,
A gay chrysanthemum or a bird.
PERSONNE.

865—SAMPLES OF TEA.

1. What kind of tea will give justice?
2. What kind of tea will cause rudeness?
3. What kind of tea denotes uprightness?
4. What kind of tea brings loss?
5. What kind of tea denotes dampness?
6. What kind of tea is elevation of mind?
7. What kind of tea denotes coldness?

F. C.

866—ALIKE IN SOUND.

There are four words that I have seen,
And they four different things do mean.
If I should speak them o'er to you,
You'd say one word for all would do;
But when you read them, then you see
That each quite different must be.

1. The rapids of a river here,
Of which all boats should have a fear.
2. A savage; roams o'er the wild West,
His restless spirit ne'er at rest.
3. To prosecute in law is this,
In which justice oft comes amiss.
4. A foreign coin will do for last;
'Mongst France's money it is classed.

FRANK.

867—NUMERICAL.

The 1 2 3 will prove a friend
If you to it are kind;
The 3 4 5 a sticky mess
We in the South will find;
The 4 5 6 name for a man,
Though not a common one;
The 6 7 8 we all must do
If our work we'd have done,
The whole with tumble, rush and roar,
Comes headlong down the hill,
In haste to reach the water-wheel
That turns the busy mill.

ETHYL.

868—A PROBLEM.

Take five hundred as the basis of the problem, add to this one-fourth of four, five hundred, and one-third of ten, and you have a fraction of a man, although in his opinion the numerator of the fraction is larger than the denominator.

ANON.

869—CHARADE.

I knew a *first* of Major Jones—
A goodish sort of lad,
Who was like Mother Goose's boy,
Not very good nor bad.

He always said he ne'er would wed;
He thirty was, and past,
When suddenly this boasting boy
In Cupid's *two* was fast.

He, knowing well sly Cupid's power,
Surrendered then and there;
Full many a *total* then he wrote
And sent his lady fair.

—ETHYL.

870—SONG TO THE WANING YEAR.

EDITH ESTES.

871—ANAGRAMS.

When you see a jockey riding,
Usually he's on a gig;
But one day I saw one passing
In what seemed like "*a race rig.*"

Black his steed as Ace of Spades is,
And it gives no one offense
If this kingly stepping trotter
Treads upon the "*map events.*"

ETHYL.

ANSWERS.

854—Twenty-four fingers, besides thumbs.
855—Choice-drawn.
856—Acres, cares, races, scare.
857—1. Wed-lock. 2. Hem-lock. 3. Pad-lock. 4. Shy-lock. 5. Bul-lock.
858. Niagara Falls.
859—Patent, paten, pate, pat, pa, p(ea).
860—The lazy tramp worked 2 hours a day for 2 days; the second tramp, 4 hours a day for 4 days; the third, 6 hours a day for 6 days, and the fourth, 12 hours a day for 12 days; total, 200 hours.
861—Bill-ow(e).
862—D(ee)-otter-el(l).

If 'Tis a Dream.

If 'tis a dream that after while
We'll meet the loved ones gone before us,
And greet again the cherished smile
And join our hearts in one glad chorus
With friends in an eternal home,
Where death our ties no more can sever,
And sin nor sorrow shall not come—
Oh let me fondly dream forever.

If 'tis a dream that by and by
Hope's sun of glory shall be shining—
A restful haven in the sky
For which our weary hearts are pining;
And those we gave in grief and tears,
To meet again on earth, no never,
Shall join us in the endless years—
Oh let me fondly dream forever.

—*Chicago Herald.*

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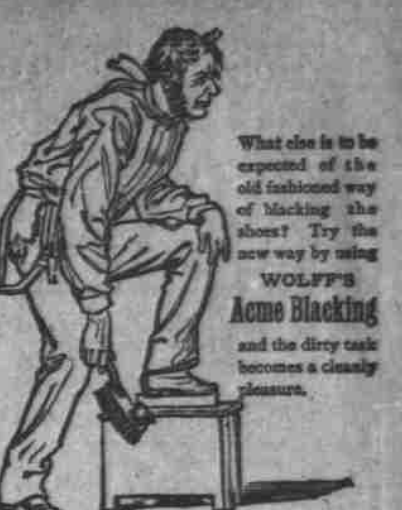

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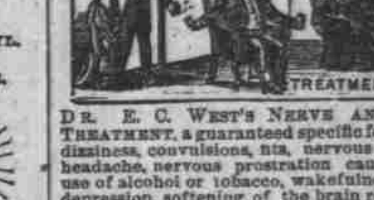

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