

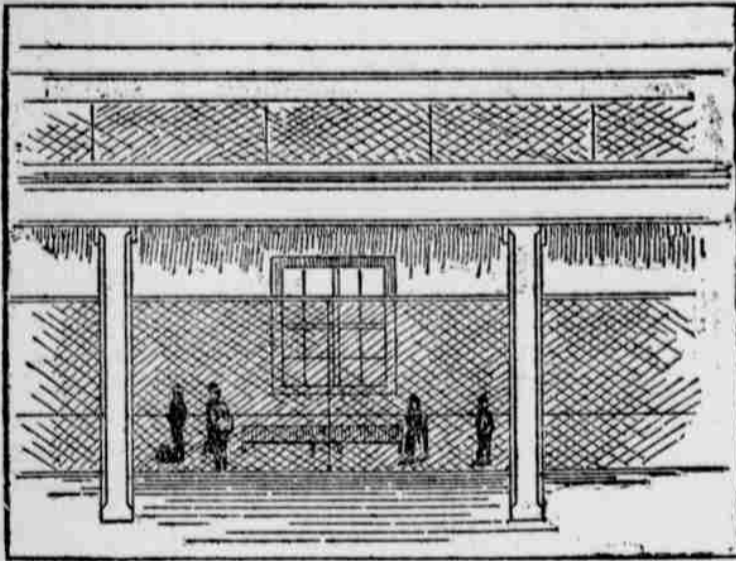
ELLIS ISLAND.

UNCLESAM'S GATEWAY FOR THE ADMISSION OF IMMIGRANTS.

Lively Scenes When the Living Freight of Several Ocean Steamers is Landed—A Lightning Money Changer.

ALTHOUGH a great improvement on the nightmare arrangements that used to exist for the reception of immigrants who landed at Castle Garden, Ellis Island, says the New York Recorder, is far from being a gateway that would prepossess arrivals from Europe in favor of their adopted country. The island is tied around from dock to dock with miles of red tape. It is a fearfully tedious matter to land in America and a most unnecessary amount of fuss and feathers seems to accompany the entrance of a new arrival into the land of freedom.

A visit to Ellis Island, when the living freight of two or three ocean steamers is being sifted through the various avenues leading to the boat that transports it to the Battery, presents so many phases that it is well worth braving the trip in an immigrant ferryboat from the Barge Office to see the sight. Around the big room in the centre of the principal building on Ellis Island where the sitting



THE DETENTION PEN.

process goes on runs a gallery, and from this a view of the whole interior can be obtained.

The first stage through which the new arrivals pass is the scrutiny of the medical officers and the Ellis Island matrons. Having proven that they are free from physical defects the immigrants are driven into fenced-in passages leading to the registration officials.

Through these fenced avenues the unfortunate steerage passengers, wearing every variety of eccentric and un-American head-gear, and carrying as much portable baggage as they can stagger under, edge their way along foot by foot in the direction of the gate of hope through which alone they can get to liberty. The procession slouches forward at the rate of about a foot in ten minutes, the delay being caused by the laborious attempts of the uniformed official to extract the necessary information regarding the incomer's birth and parentage, etc.

Fortunately the official speaks an almost infinite variety of languages or the task he has in hand would be a well nigh hopeless one. As it is, owing to the nervous condition of the immigrant, it usually takes an almost interminably long time to drag out an answer to the simplest question. Everything has to be repeated several times and explained in the minutest detail and then occasionally the questioner has to give it up and turn the obtuse foreigner over to an assistant. But somehow or other the line moves on. Each man and woman

from monarchy-ridden Europe travels slowly into the promised land.

When the immigrant has passed successfully through the ordeal of answering the sharp catechism of the official at the top of the lane, he is handed to the mercuries of the crowd on the outside and thenceforth becomes common property at the mercy of hotel and boarding house runners, railroad agents, well meaning but officious missionaries, restaurant keepers, and if he be lucky enough to have them, relatives and friends.

He is a luckless wight during this period of his transition to citizenship. First of all, he must change his money. This can be done at the island, where a firm of money brokers has purchased the sole right to money changing. The immigrants' savings are brought from all sorts of extraordinary hiding places, sometimes from the depths of stockings, from the inside of waists, where nothing short of a knife or a pair of scissors can secure its release, from shoes and belts, and even from the mouth.

To watch Money Changer Scully at work is one of the most interesting sights on the island. The rapidity with which he changes into current coin of the republic Russian roubles, Italian lire, German marks, French francs, English sovereigns and Austrian florins is marvelous. Only one glance seems necessary, and the hand goes down into one of the well-filled cash drawers. Two or three seconds

coming from somewhere. In all the driven and badgered crowd that passes to the boats there is none which is not light-hearted, for the red tape ordeal is over. The prisoners in the detention pen have nothing to buoy them up. After coming all this way to reach this land of promise, they get only a glimpse and are sent back to the wilderness again.

One of the queerest personages on the island is the barber. It is hardly correct to call his place a shop, for it is merely a corner of the big room where the barber has placed a chair and hung up a mirror and a towel or two. Judging from the condition of the majority of the immigrants, the barber is an institution sadly needed at Ellis Island, but few seem to utilize his services, advertised at the prices of twenty cents for a hair cut and ten cents for a shave.

The crematory at Ellis Island is another very necessary accessory. It is not intended for the cremation of human bodies, but merely to give the clothing of suspicious arrivals a thorough chance to shake off any disagreeable associations with infectious disease or obnoxious insects.

Fairly good arrangements appear to have been made for the housing of immigrants who are compelled to stay on the island over night, the old powder magazines having been converted into comfortable sleeping rooms.

One of the worst sources of annoyance to the officials are the crowd of relations that flock to Ellis Island to meet incoming passengers. They are always in the most intense state of excitement and it is all that the gate keepers can do to prevent them breaking down the barriers in the mad rush to get inside of the enclosure.

There being no police on the island it is necessary for the officials to take the law into their own hands and maintain order by force. It would be a decided improvement if some of the strongest and most reliable men on the island were sworn in to act as special policemen.

An old landmark of the island is gradually yielding to the infirmities of age. This is the historical tree on which the pirates, Hicks, Wormsley and Gibbs, were hanged when the place was known as Ellis Island. The tree was damaged during the storms of last winter, and has recently been broken off short by the wind. All that is left of the tree now is about seven



THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

feet of bare trunk, and this the Ellis Island gardener is making every effort to preserve.

A Good Turk.

It is said the Sultan of Turkey is impressed with the idea that to him have been confided by Allah the keys of Europe, and his nervous temperament leads him to feel most acutely the responsibility of the charge. No man works harder than he. He rises with the dawn, takes but a few hours' sleep, sometimes, with pen in hand, writing the whole night. He studies every question, knows all about everything, reads everything which concerns his business, and ever since the affairs of the Turkish Provinces have occupied the foreground he signs every document presented to him, from the appointment of a Governor to the nomination of the lowest office of the police.—New Orleans Picayune.

Faithful to His Trust.

"E. J. Tinkhan, of the Second National Bank," said a "burnt outer," "had an odd experience during the big fire in Chicago. When it became evident that the bank was doomed he went to the safe, packed \$600,000 in a grip-sack, and, hailing a passing colored man, told him that he would give him \$1000 if he would get the satchel to the Milwaukee station. They became separated, and Mr. Tinkhan reached the station by means of a tug-boat. He found the colored man waiting for him, paid him the \$1000 and a few hours later had the money deposited in a bank in Milwaukee."—Chicago Tribune.

A Reminder.



Mrs. Missing Link—"Now, dear, I'll just tie this knot to remind you to bring home half a dozen of those fresh coconuts."—New York World.



IMMIGRANTS AT THE LUNCH COUNTER.

hitches the family belongings along as the space between them and the man in the brass buttons decreases, and the hope that springs eternal in human breast buoys them up to believe that some time they will be able to pass the official who so jealously guards the entrance to the open space beyond. In their hands the immigrants clutch the documents handed to them on board ship, for all this questioning and registration at Ellis Island follows a preliminary cross-examination before the steerage passengers are allowed to leave the ship. The immigrants are ticketed, too—a very necessary precaution, for there are several steamship lines, all landing passengers in a promiscuous mass, and without that ticket it would be a Herculean task to separate one lot from the other. So, ticketed and registered and served with documents and cross-examined and pushed and led into place in the line, the hopeful refugees

Island the scene on a busy day is bewildering and distracting. The officials do their best to keep the mixed mass of humanity in something like order, but with so many nationalities, with excited men and women rushing around looking for their baggage and for each other, children crying and relatives and friends all chorusing a welcome together in various languages, it is no wonder that the scene looks like a pocket edition of pandemonium.

As fast as possible the immigrants are hustled into the ferry boats and transported to the Battery, and gradually the island is deserted by all save the tired officials and the detained immigrants.

A sorry-looking crowd is this last. From the detention pen they watch the fortunate ones who pass the barrier with anxious eyes, looking eagerly at every stranger who approaches them to see if there is not some hope

NEW FASHIONS.

THEY ARE RAPID, FANTASTIC AND CHARMING.

Skirts Are Immensely Wide—Sleeves as Voluminous as Ever—Styles in Cuffs and Collars.

ALIEN alterations in shapes and outlines do not take place in the middle of a season, and at present changes are chiefly seen in matters of detail. People of good taste who wish to be nicely dressed and exercise a little economy would do well to occupy their time in renovating their dresses of last year to make them smart enough for everyday wear at home, or out of doors in the morning.

Evening toilets, says the Season, should also pass review, and may be freshened up in the most charming styles, now that fashions are so rapid and fantastic.

Sleeves appear as voluminous as ever, and are still set out with horse

the broad pointed epaulets and low, tight-fitting part of the sleeve. A pretty costume for young married ladies to be worn in the country is made of dark cloth, and has the skirt and loose, double-breasted jacket ornamented with appliques of light cloth of the same color. Young girls may adopt the same style by choosing a tight-fitting jacket with sailor collar instead of the sacque coat.

FASHIONS IN CUFFS AND COLLARS.

Among the many things so small and yet so significant which help to make a plain toilet a very attractive one are the white collars and cuffs which at present are in such high favor. They are worn all the year round. Sometimes there is only the narrow edge of the cuff showing from under the sleeve, but the wide ones turned back over the sleeve are worn the most. They are made of the plain white linen or the yellow, and some are edged with different colors, and others are in stripes or figured. Daintier ones are of linen and edged with embroidery and rows of insertion; and others are of the finest cambric



LADIES' SLEEVE.

hair and other stiff stuff, yet do not answer the skirt or even the bodice of the dress, but are made of another stuff and color. The sleeve is sewn to an underblouse of a perfectly different hue, or blouse shape draped in various ways, or a round or fichu collar is put on. The latter form will probably take a prominent place in the fashions for winter, either as a cape with long scarf ends, widening the shoulders considerably or fitting close to the same, so that the puff of the sleeve is slipped nearer to the elbow in the Marie Antoinette style.

A new style of bodice has appeared for the evening. This is a slashed blouse worn over another blouse of a light thin material and in a different color. Some of these elegant blouses are trimmed round the slashes with tiny buttons, beaded bordering, or passementerie, and the chiffon, lawn or lace of the underblouse puffs out through the openings.

Dark woolen dresses are made up in the same way, only that the foundation bodice must be of light colored silk, and the slashes trimmed with black or dark braid set on plain, as also in a small fancy design; indeed, the idea is excellent for remodeling corsages of all kinds to be worn with plain skirts.

Eton jackets have made way for the half-wide-open jacket with small pockets, and close-fitting backs finished off with a very short circular basque, the top of the shoulder being cut out in a long or rather epaulet point.

A dainty model of this kind has the back and epaulets made entirely of one piece stretched across.

Another plainer jacket is embroid-

and the most costly lace. With all of these they have collars to match, and all of them are turned over. We have not yet come to the plain little stand-up collar, which shows just the edge above the neck of the dress. No, they are wide and deep. The sailor collars are very popular and are made in a dozen different ways. There are square ones in the back and front, square ones in the back and pointed in the front, and those that reach clear to the belt, and some forming wide revers, and then some cut in points all around and cut square in the back and front, and with points on the shoulders and extending over the sleeves. Some of them have ruffles around the edge and some have lace and embroidery and insertion, and some are scalloped and button-hole stitched. Then there are others which are entirely of lace, varying from very pretty but quite cheap ones to those of Irish point and Duchesse lace, costing a fabulous amount and only to be looked at by the little woman with an unlimited amount of pin money.

HATS OF FELT OR VELVET.

Hats of felt or velvet are to be almost exclusively worn this winter. The shapes are large or else quite small toques. Picture hats of black velvet are profusely trimmed with ostrich feathers. Black cocks' plumes are very fashionable. They are pretty, too, with their shimmering gleams of dark green, besides being suitable in all weathers.

A charming black velvet hat for the autumn is raised at one side with a bandeau of steel studded with emer-



MISSIS' WAIST.

ered except the sleeves with cord of a dark color sewn on in close rows on one side, and the hem of the skirt ornamented to answer with a border a la Grecque.

The fashionable skirts which are cut so immensely wide are beginning to lose their plain appearance, the hem is stitched out two or three times with silk in a contrasting color, or a border answering the trimming on the bodice is worked in chain and fancy stitches halfway up to the knee. The skirts of handsome walking costumes are also trimmed to match

aid cabochons, while knots of black satin ribbon rest upon the hair.

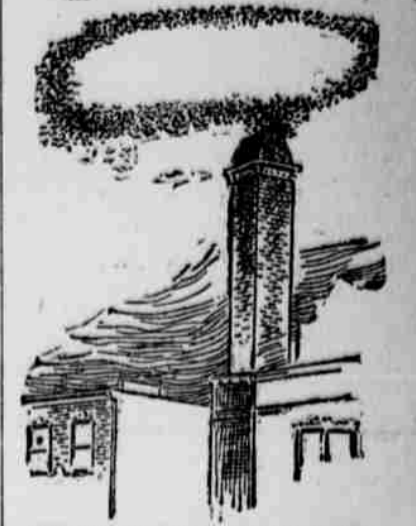
NEW CAPES.

A new cape is made in three sections, has an extremely high collar, extending, in fact, almost to the top of the ears. This turns back from a plain inner collar that fits around the throat. This cape is made of cloth, and the three sections are out in scallops and bound with wide braid stitched on and pressed flat; the lining is of tartan silk and is bound in with the outside material.

NESTING IN A BIG CHIMNEY.

Thousands of Swallows Choose a Queer Lodging House.

Myriads of chimney swallows attract considerable attention every night in Kansas City when they are getting ready to retire for the night. They make their home in a tall, un-



THE MAD WHIRL OF THE SWALLOWS.

used chimney, and the process of getting into the place is both interesting and impressive. At a quarter to 7 the swallows begin to gather. As the minutes pass birds come from all directions, until the sky is black with them. They skim about in an aimless way until about 7 o'clock; then, with no apparent leadership, they form and begin to circle about in the air in a large oval directly above the chimney at the northeast corner of the Vineyard Building. Other birds, coming up, join the circle, until thousands of them are in the mad whirl. At 7.15, with no apparent signal, they begin to pour into the chimney like water from a pitcher. Down they tumble, thousands of them, until one wonders if there is an underground outlet to the chimney, which hardly seems large enough to hold them all. In a few minutes they are out of sight.

After all are in, come a few stragglers who attempt to enter the chimney also. These are driven away by the birds inside. Then the stragglers fly up until they reach the spot where the general whirl commenced, and they, too, fly around the circle several times and then dive into the chimney.

There are always a number of curious people in front of the building watching the birds. One old colored man is there every evening. He says he has watched the birds for several years in this great act of chimney filling. They always choose a dead chimney somewhere about the city for their lodging house. Last year they occupied a large brick chimney on Main street.

The Youthful King of Spain.

Alfonso XIII., King of Spain, was born in Madrid, and proclaimed King on May 17, 1886, about six months after the death of his father, Alfonso XII., who died at El Pardo, a royal domain in the vicinity of Madrid, on November 25, 1885. The young King,



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

whose portrait is here given, is well grown for his age, and in good health. He is fond of outdoor sports, rides and rows well, is an expert bicyclist, and a good gymnast.

While at Madrid, during the winter months, he takes long walks and drives around the hills of El Pardo and its picturesque avenues. The summer is passed with his mother at Miramar, which is finely situated in the beautiful bay of San Sebastian, where he enjoys bathing in the sea and the invigorating breezes. During a recent trip taken by the Royal family of Spain, in the cruiser *Isla de Luzon*, on the coast, near Biarritz, the boy King fired off his first cannon with a sang froid and decision which will no doubt make him the idol of the army and navy, for both of which professions he manifests great enthusiasm.

High Mountain Observatory.

A considerable sum of money is annually expended in maintaining high mountain observatories. A meteorograph has recently been constructed for the summit of Mount Blanc, at a cost of \$4000, the clockwork of which will remain in action without any attention for eight months. The highest of the observatories is at the top of the Misti, near Arequipa, Peru, which is 19,300 feet above sea level. The observatory on Mount Washington is 6286 feet above sea level, the one on Pike's Peak 14,134 and the one on Mount Blanc 15,760 feet.—New York Sun.