

IN THE LOBBIES.

PEOPLE AND THINGS AT THE DOOR OF CONGRESS.

Aunt Clara—The Hucksters in the Corridors—Duties of the Doorkeepers—The Old Soldier With No Hands Who Carries Cards With Dexterity—Pages Who Hope to Become Great Men.
Special Washington Letter.

Years ago the lobbies of the Senate were swept and garnished. The apple women and cigar vendors were turned out, and the precincts reduced to order and dignity befitting the place.

Now the House seems likely to follow suit. Speaker Reed has issued an edict that the hucksters within the House wing shall scatter and depart. And there is much consternation among these long tolerated parasites. Yesterday every member that stepped out of the House was instantly seized upon by one of the humble servants and tearfully implored to "promise" something; probably that he would try to assuage the virtuous wrath of Reed. The photograph men and the cake and apple women were excited and solicitous about their future.

The most interesting specimens of humanity are the hack numbers that are still to be seen in these old familiar places. The card man at the door, "Aunt Clara" at her notion stand in the corridor just off the dome, old "Aunt Hannah," the apple woman, and Mrs. and Mr. Patrick Callahan, with their milk and pie, stand in the basement. Promptly at 12 o'clock old Hannah comes trudging into the House corridor with her basket of red and yellow apples, carrying her little footstool, on which she seats herself in one of the window casements.

Old "Aunt Clara" looks exactly as she did 25 years ago when she first came to Washington. She was once a prosperous millinery merchant in New Orleans, although her history runs farther back than that. She is a French woman, who in her youth, it is said, was remarkably beautiful. One of the most famous American statesmen conceived a passion for her, and for many years she enjoyed his fullest confidence and friendship. The war cost her her little fortune in New Orleans, and she came to Washington somewhat unsettled in mind. She used to go into the Senate gallery and wave a small silk flag, making wild expressions of delight whenever a strong Union speech was made. Charles Sumner became her friend and secured for her the privilege of keeping a stand in one of the Senate corridors. From there, a few years later, she was moved over into the corridor just off the dome on the House side, where she is now "on needles and pins," she declares. She has



IMPORTUNING A MEMBER.

made a handsome living from her sale of notions and has educated her son and daughter as well as they would have been had they been the children of a millionaire. The boy was sent to Yale College and is now living in Europe. Aunt Clara's name is not Clara, and probably there is no one in Washington who knows exactly what it is or what her antecedents were. She seems to be as familiar with the German as with the French language.

The pages in Congress are always an interesting lot of boys. The older ones are as bright, shrewd, and well informed as boys can be. The fresh ones are interesting because of their freshness and their burning desire to learn all the tricks and ways of their older comrades. The fact that several public men, including Senator Gorman, of Maryland, Dick Townsend, of Illinois, and the multimillionaire, Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, were at one time pages seems to fire the breast of every boy who gets an appointment with the notion that some time he, too, may become famous and come back to take a seat in one house or the other as a statesman. Their favorite caper is to draw off in a bunch and go through the forms of a mock House or Senate. They show remarkable fairness in the distribution of honors, and the best politician and smartest boy is generally elected Speaker. Every fellow in turn is given a chance to make a speech, and the previous question is not moved until after all have had a fair chance.

The young Websters and Clays gesture, gesticulate, stride up and down, rant, and make the old chamber ring with their youthful speeches. Now it is the postal telegraph, another time the surplus, and again the tariff that engages their attention. Some of their speeches are very well made, and would do credit to Congressmen of the real sort. Altogether the life of a page of the Senate or House is pleasant and instructive. They learn to be gentlemanly, quick, shrewd, and well informed. It is counted quite a prize among people well-to-do to have their boys put on the roll as pages for a winter or two, simply for the sake of experience.

The position of doorkeeper is a difficult one. When a man has held the position long enough to become familiar with the faces of Representatives and Senators his superior instincts to make changes. The task of attending any of the doors of the House for the first few weeks of a new session is a burdensome one. For instance, in this fifty-first Congress

there are 142 new faces in the House and it is a very bright man who can remember them all at the end of a week's service. Besides this, all the old members have shifted their seats and are scattered about the chamber, so that they can not be quickly placed. But the doorkeeper must know them all, and so must the official reporters recognize them the instant they rise to their feet.

It is curious to learn what sort of men seek the position of doorkeeper. For many years at one of the doors of the House gallery there stood a man who had been a major general in the United States Army. At another door was an old colonel. Men prominent in State politics, editors, lawyers, and merchants seek these places. Not infrequently they are men of more than ordinary influence at home, and some of them are the best confidants of public men. All of them, of course, are active politicians, and are necessary to the Congressman who give them their places. At the re-



A HOUSE DOORKEEPER.

serve gallery of the House there stands this session, where he has stood for 15 years, Sergeant Decker, the man with no hands. He lost his left arm and right hand at Gettysburg, but for all this he is one of the most efficient doorkeepers. He has a mechanical contrivance buckled on to the stump of his arm, by which he can take a card as well as any of his comrades.

FRANK B. CARPENTER.

THE ART OF INTERVIEWING.

General Paoli's First Interview Is Hardly a Success—Boswell as an Interviewer.

The life of James Boswell was a series of interviews, and if interviewers ever have their patron saint he ought to be beatified for the office. In his time interviewing did not openly avow itself as such. It was performed under difficulties which will make the present practitioners of the art smile. General Paoli, of Corsica, who little knew that he was the proto-martyr of the interviewing persecution, described the process to Fannie Burney in terms which we may be allowed to quote here in order to show to its present professors how rude the art was in its first beginnings, and how vast the progress it has since been made: "He (Boswell) came to my country, and he fetched me some letters of recommending him, but I was in the belief that he might be an impostor, and I supposed in my mind that he was an spy, for I look away from him and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say. Indeed I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no spy, and I only to find myself the monster he has come to discern." The interviewing reporter, or special correspondent, as we believe we ought to call him—for the class stands very much on its dignity, and correspondent is a very different sort of a person from a reporter—now presents himself quite at his ease, note book and pencil in hand, when the pencil is not between his teeth, and sets about his work openly and with elaborate arrangement.

—[Saturday Review.]

A Sad Calamity.

He held her lissome, lithe, and supple form
Pressed close against his throbbing heaving breast.
Which did his daily throbbing underneath
A brand new, snow-white ninety-eight-cent vest.

She laid her bonny, curly, golden head
In playful mood upon that vest so white,
And swore that she, forever and a day,
Would love him and stick by him, come what might.

Next morning, when he looked at his new vest,
He vowed he'd have no more to do with girls;
He had to pay Sing High Ling fifty cents
To wash out marks left by her golden curls.

No Wonder.

For thousands of years the brute has been
In the same old laughable fix,
To be made the butt of so many jokes,
It's no wonder the mule still kicks.

—[Philadelphia Times.]

Mixed the Babies Up.

An extraordinary comedy of errors has just made itself public in connection with work house administration in France. It starts from that familiar basis of a hundred plays and novels—two children who were changed in the nursery. Two girls with names almost identical were placed by their mothers about the same time in the institution called Enfants Assistés. Ten years ago one of them was taken home by her supposed mother, given a dowry, and married. Of course she was the wrong one; and the other, having just come out on the attainment of her majority, claims to have proved her substitute a changeling. She demands the dowry, it seems, and may possibly put in a claim for her husband. It may prove a nice point of law whether she is entitled to both, but it appears that every one all round has a claim for damages against everybody else, the public authorities—the fairies who effected the change—coming off the worst. The poor girl who has just emerged from the work house no doubt looks upon the comparatively comfortable and respectable circumstances to which her nameless but wrongfully succeeded much in the same way as the claimant to an eridion regards that dizzy prospect of wealth and advancement. The situation reminds one of Mr. Bonnet's plot in the "Children of Ghazni," and there are great Othelloian possibilities about it.—[Fall Mail Gazette.]

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Fashions and Fads.

A smart lawn tennis suit is of blue and brown striped material, plainly made, with a coat bodice and a front of silk.

A stylish coat for a little girl is in old rose cashmere trimmed with black velvet. It is appropriate for ladies' cloth camels' hair, serge and other wool materials.

The Anglomaniacs are wearing "garter-shillings, set as brooches. The shilling is enameled with the Union Jack and bears the famous old motto, "Honi Soit," etc.

Colored trimmings are used on soft-finished cambric or French nainsook undergarments even by women whose tastes will not accept the colored garments now so popular.

A light and elegant hat has a border trimmed with pleats of maize silk muslin; the crown is of maize tulle with black spots and a pair of maize wings issuing from the tulle.

The fishing girl has a chance to come out strong this season, because so many pretty dresses are made for her use that she is sure to find something becoming if she takes the pains to look about.

Tan-colored and pale ecru corduroy dresses for the mountains are made with short full skirts and jackets that fit the figure very closely in the back, opening in front over hunters' green or bright scarlet surah blouse waists.

Very pretty traveling cloaks, are made in the short round fashion of the Henri Deux capes, to be worn above dresses of plain mohair or other lustrous goods that do not easily soil. A stylish mode is made of dregs-of-wine surah shot with black.

A lovely summer tea gowns of creamy white wool crepe is delicately embroidered in pale green, delicate pink and honeysuckle yellow. It is beautifully trimmed with cream lace and lines of fine gold braid dotted with jet beads and brilliant paste chippings.

"That was a mean trick of that dry goods concern." "What did they do?" "Advertised 'Circulars given away today,' and all the women within ten miles went down to get one. When they got there they found the circulars were printed ones, and not cloaks."

The tailor gown of homespun or of checked chevrot is the conventional traveling dress, rivaled only in popularity by the skirt and jacket of English serge, with a washing silk blouse but for short journeys in drawing-room cars almost any handsome, plainly made walking dress is entirely suitable.

Very swell are the "Louis" coats in which the ladies array themselves for an afternoon's walk. Velvet forms the material for the skirt which accompanies the coat and; also for the coat itself. That is, if the wearer of it has a fondness for looking as if she had just stepped out of an ancient picture gallery.

Some of the prettiest and most striking gowns for young ladies have the ubiquitous basque and skirt flounce made of flowers entangled in grasses and vines. Of course this kind of garniture is only permissible with slight figure, but the American girl, as a rule is slight and willowy and supple.

Fashions in Jewels.

Turquoise jewelry is in for a run. Chased gold links are a popular style in bracelets.

Aluminum salts and peppers are the latest productions in the metal. A copy of a baseball in oxidized silver is the form assumed by a new ink-well.

The moonstone is said to be the appropriate gem for the August born. Some attractive candlestick represent fluted columns with leaf work ornamentation.

Diamond sprays or buckles for catching up the fold of the dress are in demand.

A fancy indulged in is an oval brooch formed by two gold wires spanned by a row of choice diamonds.

Here is an oddity for a searf pin: A tiny gold lantern with an opal sent half way in a thin crystal.

A rosebud made exclusively of garnets in gold settings is a recent bonnet pin conception.

Some fancy combs with but two teeth have cut garnet sabochon tops, which look well in light or dark hair. Shot brilliantine is a dressy and serviceable fabric noted among many of the stylish traveling suits of the season.

Feather trimmings are announced for cloaks, coats, caps, dresses, boas, hats, etc., the ostrich and copue leading.

Handkerchiefs are very elaborate. I saw some very pretty ones having the centre and hem of different colors that contrasted well.

The newest things in hosiery are black silk stockings with white Brussels lace fronts and stockings embroidered in for-got-me-not.

Bright Miss Kit, who writes so enterprisingly for the Toronto Mail, has no use for the young man with a snarl. She would have him chloroformed.

A youthful toilet of cream colored serge, dotted with bouquets. The upper part of the corsage is of tulle and the riband and girdle are of thistle colored satin.

AMAZONS OF THE FORGE.

Efforts are being made in Great Britain to secure legislation that would prohibit the employment of woman and girls in the business of making nails, spikes and chains. It has been said that female employment in this direction was of compulsion, not of choice. Philanthropists have pictured the dingy smithy, with its lurid glare of leaping sparks, its sordid claims of the falling hammer, and the British amazon with the biceps of an athletic pounder, the red hot metal, eye waiting on Vulcan has invoked the pity and care of humanity and furnished the text for many a political tirade against the government and civilization that made such conditions a necessity in industrial life.

We have nothing to say against this crusade for female emancipation, though if the truth be told the amazons of the black country, with its countless furnaces and its smoke darkened sky, are by no means the serfs they seem to be.

We do not believe in female employment in such a muscular business as making spikes and chains. The forge is no place for a woman, but if she chooses to swing a hammer, who can prevent it? It may be an abnormal predilection, and by no means coincident with the parlor and piano idea of the modern Eve, but in an age when woman are captains of ships and running the municipal government of cities, no law can annul the right of the gentle sex to make the shoe or pound the anvil.

That there are two sides of this question of female blacksmiths can no longer be doubted, since a delegation of lady ironworkers waited on the home secretary to protest against interference with their rights. There was nothing savouring of sickness, atrophy or nervousness in this amazonian deputation. If dry goods were but poorly represented, force and flesh were here in robust conditions.

One of the speakers had reached the modest age of fifty-seven years of which quite fifty had been spent hammering iron, with occasional relapses, during which she had bequeathed fourteen children to her husband's care and the census of the nation.

A lass of sixteen years, who welded a hammer weighing eighteen pounds, pleaded her improvement in health as a reason why the law should not interfere with her business. Appearance justified her logic, for she had the nerve of a lioness and the shoulders of an athletic—Age of Steel.

Restaurant Table Manners.

There is nothing quite so demoralizing as eating away from home and refining influences. I do not mean once or twice a week but all the time, as is the case of the man who has no home where he can go. There is no saying quite so true as the one, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." I have a friend who until he began to eat in restaurants was the very pink of propriety. He was very punctilious in regard to his table manners and would no more think of half rising out of his chair and reaching over to grab the mustard pot or running his fingers into the salt or pepper bowl than he would think of combing his hair over his plate. And yet feeding in a restaurant has so metamorphosed him that nearly all his charming manners have been worn away by too close contact with the hurly burly throng that make their home in a restaurant during meal time. He will grab a vinegar cruet or the pepper castor with as much alacrity as any one of the rabble. And the way he can and does harpoon a slice of bread is so artistic and convincing that one's admiration is compelled to find expression of some kind. I took dinner with him the other day and naturally commented upon the change in his manners. He confessed his faults because he knew them and at the same time lamented the necessity that compelled him to live in restaurants.

"There is nothing," said he, "quite so demoralizing to a real gentleman as to constantly mix with men who have no manners or whose polish is of the artificial kind. It is impossible for the gentleman's standard of behavior at the table to be observed and adopted by these who do not know its merit. But on the other hand it is very easy for the gentleman to forget his own standard and to do as the Romans do when they are in Rome. Further, we are creatures of habit, and these little idiosyncrasies of manner stick so closely to us that it is well nigh impossible, after a while to shake them off." All of which is as true as Gospel.—Chicago Post.

Wash Your Face at Night.
There are many girls who retire at night thoroughly tired and forgetting therefore to wash their faces just before seeking their pillows for the much needed slumber. This is a great mistake both on account of health and beauty. Not only does any particle of dust on the face have time to create havoc before morning, but if cosmetics have been used it is a disastrous neglect, the poisons or chemical case into the skin and destroy its smoothness as well as whiteness and have a clear entrance through the pores into the pores into the system. By using a plentiful supply of warm water on the face before resting, much damage to the skin is saved and much good towards its preservation is accomplished.

CURIOUS AUTOMATA.

SECRETS OF FAMOUS MAGICIANS EXPOSED.

The Automaton Artist—A Mechanical Horn Blower—The Suspension Trick—Secrets That Were Well Kept—The Eastern Black Art.

Special New York Letter.

Modern demonstrators of the slight of hand art rely quite as much upon mechanical tricks as did their old time predecessors. Indeed, it would be strange if, with the great improvements in mechanics characteristic of our age, the prestidigitators were not able to employ mechanical aids to their tricks with startling effect.

One of the best of modern mechanical automata is that of Zoe, the drawing girl, exhibited by Kellar. This automaton is in the form of a large doll, seated on a slight stool, and she draws with the greatest ease—figures, faces, diagrams, etc., on a small blackboard.

This picture represents Zoe, the drawing automaton. The connection is made by an iron rod running through the stage below, and is there worked by the operator. On the upper and lower end of the rod is fastened an arm with a crayon. The end crayon is placed against a blackboard, and there is the AUTOMATON ARTIST where the illusion comes in. The blackboard is concave, and so but two motions are necessary—up and down or right and left—to make a drawing. It can clearly be seen that the motions of the artist, who has hold of the crayon below, who is drawing on a convex surface, will be followed above.



THE AUTOMATON ARTIST.

Another prominent automaton is "Fanfare," the horn blower. In this case the little figure sits in a chair on the stage, holding a horn. The operator on the stage places the tube of the instrument to the figure's mouth, and then the music commences.



THE AUTOMATON ARTIST explained—A, the arm holding the rod; B, the rod that runs through the stage; C, the arm worked by concealed operator; D, curved plate upon which the drawing is made.

The Automaton Fanfare—A, wire connected with valve of instrument does not touch the horn; B, the commencement until the mouthpiece running through the stage, air has passed the valve, and it is the bell of the horn that gives the tone. The keys are operated by means of fine wires, pulled down by the player below stage. The fingers of the automaton being fastened to the valve they naturally follow the keys down.

Another prominent deception exhibited is that of Astarte, or the figure that walked, ran, and turned somersaults in the air without visible means of support. The illustration will show Astarte as she appeared when suspended in midair. This was evolved from the old aerial suspension, which was nothing more than a wire frame with sockets attached; B, stout piece of iron stationary gas pipe, fastened to the belt and arm at the back of the girl, who wore a peculiarly made corset. In aerial suspension there were only two motions possible. The girl was gently lifted by the feet until she took a position of reclining upon her elbow on a single pole.

As Astarte is now shown, the girl stands at the back of the stage, which is covered with a curtain of dark material, and then is raised gently in the air. Behind that curtain is a stout iron frame and from the center of it projects an iron arm that can be pushed forward and to the right and left, slits in the curtain being made to accommodate the movements. The pole is fastened to the girl's belt and the belt is made of stout iron grooved and ringed to admit the end of the arm, which is supplied with a ball, so when the end of the iron arm is slipped in the wider opening at the back and locked it will be seen that she can turn in any direction but forward without hindrance.

The draping of her waist is so arranged that no matter what the position the silk will fall over and conceal the belt. Kellar, who exhibited Astarte, to further heighten the deception, had the girl jump through a rapidly revolving hoop while in the air. The hoop revolved the iron at the back in this way: It was not a true

hoop, two open ends being concealed by the numerous ribbons with which it was loosely wrapped. Astarte is a recent invention and has been before the public

but 18 months. Two Boston (Mass.) mechanics named Keys and Chase are its inventors.

These illustrations are enough to show that the modern magician follows closely in the footsteps of the ancient exhibitors of automata, and that in all cases the effects are due more or less to trickery. No matter how intricate the machinery used, the secret of their working is very simple, and the human brain and hand really produce the effects. Yet, while during many years mechanical figures have amused millions, the secrets of their construction have been so jealously guarded that no public explanations of them have been heretofore made.

Nearly every modern prestidigitator now adds an exhibition of the Hindostani black art to his programme. They also use mechanical devices, as well as appearing and disappearing figures. These latter illusions are caused simply by deftly removing black coverings from the objects that appear so mysteriously in the uncertain light or replacing them to cause the disappearance.

Ancient magicians were credited with supernatural power. Modern exhibitions of the black art have made no such claims, and in view of the simplicity of many of their tricks it is wonderful that the public has been so long mystified and the secrets so well kept. JENNER.

SOCIETY IN SUMMER.

How Washington Looks Under the Warm Wave.

Special Washington Letter.

Midsummer is on us. We have had three or four days as hot as summer ever brings us.

Steads sweat while standing in the shade. Collars wilt. General Spinola has a dreadfully bedraggled look which defies description. Foliage is so dense that the people of Washington haven't seen the stars for a month, and over and under all, and in and through all, per-

colates, exudes, wafts, and softly simmers the honey sweetness of the magnolia bloom that hangs and hides everywhere as big as a full moon.

Excursions hither are in full blast—if I may use that explosive word to designate such an obnoxious institution as an excursion. Washington is the great Convention city of the United States. About four big excursions a day visit us from all points of the compass, and at least one National Convention of Something or Other is in session here every afternoon. Everything comes here and holds session. There was a Congress of Hucksters—with a big H—here last week, and this week is more or less devoted to a Convention of Dancing Masters. We are expecting a Convention of Boxing Professors next week. Nobody comes to Washington, but everybody "convenes" here. There is an editorial excursion here about all the time—the one that arrives lapping over upon that which has not yet departed.

And aren't they "received"? Well, they are! In no other town in the world, I think, does the reception ripen to perfection. The President and all of his cabinet

HOW WASHINGTON LOOKS UNDER THE WARM WAVE.

Special Washington Letter.

Midsummer is on us. We have had three or four days as hot as summer ever brings us.

Steads sweat while standing in the shade. Collars wilt. General Spinola has a dreadfully bedraggled look which defies description. Foliage is so dense that the people of Washington haven't seen the stars for a month, and over and under all, and in and through all, per-

colates, exudes, wafts, and softly simmers the honey sweetness of the magnolia bloom that hangs and hides everywhere as big as a full moon.

Excursions hither are in full blast—if I may use that explosive word to designate such an obnoxious institution as an excursion. Washington is the great Convention city of the United States. About four big excursions a day visit us from all points of the compass, and at least one National Convention of Something or Other is in session here every afternoon. Everything comes here and holds session. There was a Congress of Hucksters—with a big H—here last week, and this week is more or less devoted to a Convention of Dancing Masters. We are expecting a Convention of Boxing Professors next week. Nobody comes to Washington, but everybody "convenes" here. There is an editorial excursion here about all the time—the one that arrives lapping over upon that which has not yet departed.

And aren't they "received"? Well, they are! In no other town in the world, I think, does the reception ripen to perfection. The President and all of his cabinet

net are amiable and accessible, and when they are not shaking hands they are being curiously looked at by the hundreds that file through the official apartments and content themselves with an optical inspection. And in the evening Senators and Secretaries open their parlors and refresh a wild-eyed procession of visitors, passing the salads and ice cream, and lolling out the punch to the omnivorous crowd.

The "season" is technically an end; but still entertainments drag along unwearingly. Still choice hops and select suppers are given, and the round of social excitement is such as would have brought delight to the ambitious soul of the wife and mother of the Dodd Family. It is fair to add that the tolerant society of Washington does not insist on the swallow tail coat for evening during the unseasonable festivities. A good many, even of the young men, appear to their lady friends, in response to formal cards, in unceremonious frock coats of flimsy material, and quote poetry about hot weather in extenuation of the substitute. And the ladies flock to the dance and the dinner in their lawn suits—just changing their shoes and plucking a bit of extra lace or so. The cast iron of etiquette melts when the thermometer is at the top.

W. A. CHERRY.



A SELECT SUPPER.

net are amiable and accessible, and when they are not shaking hands they are being curiously looked at by the hundreds that file through the official apartments and content themselves with an optical inspection. And in the evening Senators and Secretaries open their parlors and refresh a wild-eyed procession of visitors, passing the salads and ice cream, and lolling out the punch to the omnivorous crowd.

The "season" is technically an end; but still entertainments drag along unwearingly. Still choice hops and select suppers are given, and the round of social excitement is such as would have brought delight to the ambitious soul of the wife and mother of the Dodd Family. It is fair to add that the tolerant society of Washington does not insist on the swallow tail coat for evening during the unseasonable festivities. A good many, even of the young men, appear to their lady friends, in response to formal cards, in unceremonious frock coats of flimsy material, and quote poetry about hot weather in extenuation of the substitute. And the ladies flock to the dance and the dinner in their lawn suits—just changing their shoes and plucking a bit of extra lace or so. The cast iron of etiquette melts when the thermometer is at the top.

W. A. CHERRY.

net are amiable and accessible, and when they are not shaking hands they are being curiously looked at by the hundreds that file through the official apartments and content themselves with an optical inspection. And in the evening Senators and Secretaries open their parlors and refresh a wild-eyed procession of visitors, passing the salads and ice cream, and lolling out the punch to the omnivorous crowd.

The "season" is technically an end; but still entertainments drag along unwearingly. Still choice hops and select suppers are given, and the round of social excitement is such as would have brought delight to the ambitious soul of the wife and mother of the Dodd Family. It is fair to add that the tolerant society of Washington does not insist on the swallow tail coat for evening during the unseasonable festivities. A good many, even of the young men, appear to their lady friends, in response to formal cards, in unceremonious frock coats of flimsy material, and quote poetry about hot weather in extenuation of the substitute. And the ladies flock to the dance and the dinner in their lawn suits—just changing their shoes and plucking a bit of extra lace or so. The cast iron of etiquette melts when the thermometer is at the top.

W. A. CHERRY.

net are amiable and accessible, and when they are not shaking hands they are being curiously looked at by the hundreds that file through the official apartments and content themselves with an optical inspection. And in the evening Senators and Secretaries open their parlors and refresh a wild-eyed procession of visitors, passing the salads and ice cream, and lolling out the punch to the omnivorous crowd.

The "season" is technically an end; but still entertainments drag along unwearingly. Still choice hops and select suppers are given, and the round of social excitement is such as would have brought delight to the ambitious soul of the wife and mother of the Dodd Family. It is fair to add that the tolerant society of Washington does not insist on the swallow tail coat for evening during the unseasonable festivities. A good many, even of the young men, appear to their lady friends, in response to formal cards, in unceremonious frock coats of flimsy material, and quote poetry about hot weather in extenuation of the substitute. And the ladies flock to the dance and the dinner in their lawn suits—just changing their shoes and plucking a bit of extra lace or so. The cast iron of etiquette melts when the thermometer is at the top.

W. A. CHERRY.

net are amiable and accessible, and when they are not shaking hands they are being curiously looked at by the hundreds that file through the official apartments and content themselves with an optical inspection. And in the evening Senators and Secretaries open their parlors and refresh a wild-eyed procession of visitors, passing the salads and ice cream, and lolling out the punch to the omnivorous crowd.

The "season" is technically an end; but still entertainments drag along unwearingly. Still choice hops and select suppers are given, and the round of social excitement is such as would have brought delight to the ambitious soul of the wife and mother of the Dodd Family. It is fair to add that the tolerant society of Washington does not insist on the swallow tail coat for evening during the unseasonable festivities. A good many, even of the young men, appear to their lady friends, in response to formal cards, in unceremonious frock coats of flimsy material, and quote poetry about hot weather in extenuation of the substitute. And the ladies flock to the dance and the dinner in their lawn suits—just changing their shoes and plucking a bit of extra lace or so. The cast iron of etiquette melts when the thermometer is at the top.

W. A. CHERRY.

net are amiable and accessible, and when they are not shaking hands they are being curiously looked at by the hundreds that file through the official apartments and content themselves with an optical inspection. And in the evening Senators and Secretaries open their parlors and refresh a wild-eyed procession of visitors, passing the salads and ice cream, and lolling out the punch to the omnivorous crowd.