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MINISTERING ANGELS AT THE FAIR.

The Red Cross Will Care For the Sick at Chicago Next Summer.

[Special Correspondence.] CHICAGO, March 2.—The sick and the ailing will be well taken care of from the beginning to the end of the World's fair. Of the great procession that will wind its way Chicagoward between May and October it may be set down as a certainty, unless the laws of nature are reversed, that a percentage—it may be large, but let us hope it may be small—will require the attention of a ministering angel.

Who is there that went through the centennial period that has forgotten the terrible heat of July and August at Philadelphia? The sun was on the rampage and his victims were counted by the hundreds. Weekly records of prostrations and deaths filled columns in the newspapers. For days at a time the attaches of the board of health and the coroner's office were compelled to work the 24 hours of the day. Many strangers were stricken down in the streets, and having nothing about them by which they could be identified were consigned to unmarked graves in the potter's field of the Quaker City. Possibly there are mothers and wives and children mourning for them today, and yet hoping against hope that some day the missing one will return to the fold. It is devoutly to be trusted that the history of 1876 will not be repeated in Chicago this summer.

And there will be sick women and sick children—little ones that, commencing with the colic, may run the whole gamut of infantile disorders, women whose tired feet and aching heads are but the precursors to a fainting spell or an attack of hysterics. There may be those unfortunate enough to fall over the side of a crowded launch into the lagoon or to get entangled in the machinery, and some of our country friends, especially if they hail from the Prohibition states, may place too great a reliance in the alleged health giving qualities of the water of Lake Michigan only to find out later to their cost that the beverage in question, undiluted or unfiltered, as the case might be, is a very good beverage to let alone. Altogether one need not necessarily be a prophet of evil in setting it down as a fact that there will be work for the willing hands of physicians and surgeons at the World's fair.

Let it be recorded, however, that ample provision for all such emergencies will be found both inside and outside the board fence that for the time being incloses one of Chicago's breathing spaces for the uses of the world. The red cross upon its background of white—that glorious emblem of humanity; that flag above all flags that sends a thrill through the coldest heart—the red cross will be there. It is a grand old ensign, grander than any flag of victory that ever was hoisted over the camp of a conquering army, and it brings back memories of sanguinary conflicts, in which it braved shot and shell, while the horses with the white flag and its insignia of Calvary plunge into the thickest of the fray and throw its protection over the maimed and wounded, bearing them away, some times only to dissolution, but oftener final recovery.

And so the red cross, under the auspices of the American section, with that chief among God's women, Clara Barton, as its guardian angel, and that prince of telegraphic journalists, Walter P. Phillips, whose name is a household word in every newspaper sanctum of his own country and of many abroad, as its general secretary and director, will again be seen displayed upon breasts, upon ambulances, upon invalids' chairs and floating aloft over the gates of Jackson park.

Special provision is to be made for the women and children. The Illinois women's board has undertaken this task, and its work will be well done. It proposes to have a portable hospital, which exteriorly will resemble an ornate cottage, and the main location of which will be between the Illinois and Horticultural buildings. It will be a practical emergency hospital. The staff of nurses will be selected from the Illinois training school, while the corps of physicians, and they will all be women, will represent nearly every section of the state. There will be no charge for treatment. Independent of the cost of the structure and its fitting up the board has appropriated \$6,000 of its funds, or \$1,000 per month, for the maintenance of the institution. This, it is thought, will be ample for all purposes.

The facilities of the United States army hospital will also be called into requisition should occasion arise. This feature of the United States exhibit, and which occupies a building of its own, will show the workings of the medical department in the field, including the makeup of emergency outfits used by scouting expeditions and the different methods of transporting the dead and wounded. In another department of the exposition there will be a life saving section from which prompt assistance can be dispatched should an accident take place on the lagoon. Koch, the German bacteriologist, is to have a laboratory dedicated to antiseptic surgery, where Dr. Le Garde will make daily demonstrations and will be ready to respond if his services are required.

These are but a few of the provisions that have been made or that are contemplated for suffering humanity. But sometimes it is only a step between sickness and death, and so there is to be a gruesome deadhouse, standing all by itself and far away from the main avenue of travel. Here a deputy coroner will be continuously on duty. In case of death upon the grounds the witnesses will in all likelihood be entire strangers to the victim. Hence it will become necessary that the inquiry should be held just as soon as the remains can be moved to the morgue in order that the evidence of the witnesses may be secured and the circumstances surrounding the fatality be determined without putting them to unnecessary inconvenience. Let us pray that the charnel house may not have many occupants, or the World's fair coroner be a very busy man this summer. HENRY M. ROSE.

TO SUPPRESS HOOPS

THE CRUSADE AGAINST GRINOLINE MAY DEFEAT ITS OWN OBJECT.

Oliver Harper Retorts a Parable Which We Comment on the Consideration of the Men Who Are Raising a Hue and Cry Against Hoopskirts.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, March 2.—Once there was a woman who had several young children. She was a careful mother, not only providing for their present needs, but future good. She was going out and had laid down the law to them on every subject that came into her mind, but at the gate she thought of something else and returned and said: "Children, don't you go to that little china jar in the closet and get any of those blue beans that I put away for seed and put them in your noses."

Of course when she came home every child had his nose full of blue beans.



HOOPLESS ENGLISH GOWNS.

I have told this old story in the faint hope that the men of the family may see it and stop telling their wives and daughters not to wear hoops. There is a very strong spirit of rebellious curiosity in all women. They would like to know what the men would do, about it if they did wear hoops. In one state they have already passed laws against hoops—with what result? I think half the women in that state have written to New York to order a set. In Albany recently a bill was presented for the suppression of the hoop, but I believe it was squelched. The New York woman is a law to herself, and if she wants hoops not even a bull from the pope would stop her wearing them.

I gave up one entire day this week to hunting for a store where they sell hoops, but I found none, not a single one. Some, even a good many, of the dressmakers sew steels in dresses of certain forms, but the English, German and American dressmakers are greatly opposed to hoops, and it remains to be seen whether these three nations will be stronger than France, or she stronger than they. If the newspapers would only exercise a little self denial and refrain from talking about them, and the "men folks" from forbidding their "women folks" to wear them, there would be no spice in hoops for women, and really all that we want is to be permitted to use our common sense. Nobody likes to be driven, but women particularly are willing to be led providing it is done the way they lead a pig to Cork—viz., pretend that you want him to go to Kilkenny.

The present styles in the form of gowns, and particularly skirts, are so very near perfect that we need not ask anything better, and I somehow have a gleam of hope that hoops will at least not become universal. How pretty and sensible the English gowns are after the ridiculous pictures we get from Paris! The redingote is of drab cheviot, with a vest front of chamois, and all bound with astrakhan. The home gown is of iridescent silk showing dove colors, and the plaiting at the bottom and waist drapery are of satin duchess to match the darkest thread.

There is a larger variety of black silks in pattern and quality than I have seen for many seasons—the bengalines, with their heavy cords; the peau de soie, rich and pliable and everlasting; the failles, plain, striped and figured; the india and china in black, and in black ground with stripes and figures; the black pongees



SHOWING GREENADINE DRAPERY AND NEW BONNET.

the surahs and the great variety of black silk grenadines, which will be one of the most popular summer fabrics. This is made iron frame, brocaded, with satin stripes, with satin plaid thrown over the surface, and, in short, there are hundreds of black grenadines, each different from the other, wool or silk, or a mixture of both. There are fine, soft black grenadines, over which are strewn stars and flowers in very small patterns in natural or metallic colors. These are for draperies or loose dresses to wear empire style over taffeta princess gowns or to drape like that in the second illustration. The bonnet that goes with this is of blue velvet, with pink oleanders and metal dragon flies. OLIVER HARPER.

A MONETARY CONFERENCE.

The Significant Treasurer Would Negotiate No Loans.

"Julia," said Mr. Pilver the other morning while sitting at the breakfast table waiting for his coffee to cool, "Julia, let's have a monetary conference." Mrs. Pilver is treasurer of the establishment, and the suggestion immediately attracted her attention. "A monetary conference, James?" she queried cautiously. "Yes," said Mr. Pilver, with an insane giggle, "something like they have just had in Brussels, you know." "Well?" "Well, we'll pretend to be countries, you know. You can be France and I'll be—let's see, I'll be—"

"Russia," suggested Mrs. Pilver, with great significance. "Yes, Russia, Russia of course," said Mr. Pilver nervously. "Well?" "Well, then, Russia would like to negotiate a loan with France. Not a large loan, you know, although it's the custom for nations to deal in large sums of money, but say—"

"I didn't know that they negotiated loans at the Brussels conference," interrupted France. "They didn't," admitted Russia, "but of course they could have done so. What good would a monetary conference be, I'd like to know, if money couldn't be borrowed at it? But, as I said, Russia asks only a small loan, say \$1.75 or \$2." "Did I understand, you to say, James," said France, "that you wanted this conference to be as much like the Brussels conference as possible?" "Yes," said Russia hopefully. "Then I declare it adjourned until next summer," said France decisively, and when Mr. Pilver sadly turned his attention to his temporarily neglected coffee he saw that a thin crust of ice had formed upon it.—Rochester Democrat.

His Attention Compelled. The rosy cheeked girl by his side laughed nervously when the horse kicked a couple of pounds of snow into her face. She was tremendously exhilarated by the crisp, frosty air. She fell to talking about the education of woman. "My parents"— Her eyes sparkled. "Sought to train their girls for the battle of life, to make them"— She rubbed the end of her nose with her muff. "able to command the admiration"— She was gazing across the white landscape. "of mankind, to cultivate those qualities"— The horses' ears were engaging her glance now. "that will compel the attention, not to say homage, of woman's natural protector. It was thus I learned"— More leaned far forward to tuck the robe more closely about her feet. "to drive."

And when she got the reins in her hands she was too deeply engrossed in managing the horse to notice that a strong arm had stolen about her waist.—Detroit Tribune.



Not a Failure. Johnny Gibbs is a youthful philosopher. He believes that life would be simplified if people would be content to do one thing at a time. The other day Johnny was hard at work with paper and pencil. His mother looked over his shoulder. "Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "your spelling is perfectly dreadful! Look at that—'siting in a chair.' I'm ashamed of you!" "But, mamma," said the little boy reassuringly, "this isn't a spelling lesson. It's a composition."—Youth's Companion.

Just the Thing. Visitors have here a poem on "The Beautiful"— Editor—My dear sir, we have 10,000 poems on "The Beautiful Snow" on hand, and we don't want any more. "Then perhaps, sir, you will allow me to continue. My poem is on 'The Beautiful Mud.'" "We'll take that, young man."—Texas Siftings.

Giving Her Advice. A duchess upon often dresses no better than her lady's maid. A lady of this rank, who apparently did not dress up to her title, went into a London shop and ordered a dozen pocket handkerchiefs and asked to have them embroidered with a T and a duchess' coronet. "Oh, ma'am," said the friendly shopwoman, "if I was you I wouldn't have a duchess!"—Argonaut.

Room For Doubt. Experienced Servant—Gentleman wants to see you, sir. Mr. Richmann—Who is he? Experienced Servant—I couldn't find out, sir, but judge by his clothes he's either a beggar or a millionaire, sir.—New York Weekly.

The Music of the Future. The polliest musician that ever was seen was Montague Myerker Mendelssohn Green. So extremely polite he would take off his hat whenever he happened to meet with a cat. "It's not that I'm partial to cat's," he'd exclaim. "Their music to me is unpeakable pain. There's nothing that causes my feet so to crawl. As when they perform a ti flat caterwaul. Yet I cannot help feeling, in spite of their din, when I hear at a concert the first violin interpret some exquisite thing of my own. If it were not for cat gut I'd never be known. And so when I bow, as you see, to a cat, it isn't to her that I take off my hat. But to fugges and musates that possibly hide. Uncomposed in her well—in her tuneful side. —Oliver Herford in Lite.

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