

AS PROPER MEN AS EVER TROD.

By EDITH LANIGAN.

(Copyright, 1899, by Edith Lanigan.) The Vandals was a club for men who had nothing to do and plenty of time and money to do it. To belong to it was almost as difficult as to see the Indian woman behind the screen. First, one must have done something to earn admission, written a book, or a play, or explored, or hunted in dark lands, or been prominent in politics, or something of the kind. One must be known and held up to ridicule. One must demand purity in everything; set a high standard and never lower it a jot.

The membership of this club was limited to fifty and to become a member required a unanimous vote. Many of the club's followers were scattered over the globe, and an applicant was kept waiting until voices came from Alaska and Egypt, and from wherever a Vandal might happen to be. The members were all bachelors and upon marriage were forced to resign. Not that the club discouraged matrimony, far from it; indeed, it was a common story how one of its members, having eloped, brought his fiancée to the club and they were married there, and there, and having in his haste not provided himself with money, the groom was sent on his wedding trip with a purse filled with contributions from the club. The club turned out en masse for the wedding of any one of its members, and with the same breath that deplored its loss wished the groom joy.

If a man were so fortunate as to obtain the forty-nine votes—for there was never more than one vacancy—became initiated into this ideal club, his happiness was assured. All that was demanded was that every member should be present at the biennial dinner; it kept them in touch, and besides an institution of the club. It was a great affair, this dinner. To it gathered all the club's sons, keen-eyed politicians from Vienna, London and Washington, brown-skinned hunters from Africa and India, stolid explorers from the far north, glib-tongued novelists from New York and Paris, nervous, high-strung actors, or again, men who were busy doing nothing.

Once every two years they came together and discussed subjects dear to all. After the evening had passed and before the members dispersed all gathered in the library and silence reigned, as the chief Vandal produced a silver loving-cup, and filling it said solemnly: "The Vandals here assembled do promise, upon their honor, to assist each other in every trial, perplexity or trouble. We shall be closer than friends have ever before, most of us have been tried and tested. Our affection shall pass the love of brothers, drink." As each member drank the toast he pledged himself anew in his devotion to his brother members.

The president of the United States is a great man, so is the czar of Russia, but in the eyes of the Vandals their chief surpassed any dignitary on earth; to be a Vandal was a great thing; to be chief Vandal, a term that lasted during membership, was the highest honor one could obtain. At this time the chief Vandal was Phillisamy Derric of Maryland. He was distinguished, inasmuch as he had been sent twice to the senate and was considered the best orator in the United States. Phillisamy was adored by the Vandals; they fairly made a god out of him. He was honest, sincere, a glib, selfless, patient of stupidity and tolerant of cleverness. He had been chief Vandal for eight years and no Vandal chief had ever been so popular and now—now, it was whispered that he had become engaged.

He had spent the summer in Brittany, where he had met some people and where he had paid much attention to a certain Eugenie Hugliet, a young girl from New Orleans of good family and standing. True the engagement had not been announced as yet, but—well, it was whispered while to have one's congratulations ready. Eugenie once seen was something not soon to be forgotten. Her debut created a furore through the south, her winter in New York had been much that of a princess in a most loyal city. Her portrait was exhibited in all picture galleries. It showed a tall, thin girl, with masses of golden hair waved back plainly from a beautiful forehead; big, dark, reddish-brown eyes, a delicate mouth with thin lips. She was clad in white satin and stood against yellow curtains with a large bunch of scarlet and yellow roses in her hand. You pronounced the picture stunning before you had seen her and said "Perfect" with an indrawn breath, but after you had seen her you were angry—the picture didn't do her justice.

She was in New York now and at the home of one of the Vandals. The Vandals worshipped her as a man. On the last day of her stay in New York her host, the Vandal, begged his mother to bring her and her people that night to dinner, to which she assented, provided they might come late and leave early. "Anything you like," he said, "only please come." It was so quietly arranged that though all the available Vandals were summoned they only numbered some twenty odd, and, though the Phillisamy had been notified, at 7, when the men gathered, there was no sign of her.

When Mrs. Hugliet and Mr. Profferson, her New York hostess, entered the Vandals rose, while Joyce, the host for the night, welcomed them, but when Eugenie followed them the Vandals moved in a body towards the door. Eugenie smiled at the phalanx of men bearing down upon her. "How do you do," she said, smiling with both hands extended. "How do you do?" "The men crowded, round greeting hands, and thanking her for coming." She bore it all very well, exclaiming all impartially and stood unable to advance, until

a movement behind her enabled her to gain a seat while the outsiders of her group welcomed the newcomer. It was Phillisamy, somewhat nervous, but his own attractive self.

"How fond you all are of him," said Eugenie to the man at her left, a certain George Alton. "He's a fine fellow," Alton answered enthusiastically. "We all love him, how could we help it? He's true blue, Miss Hugliet, a man's man to the core." Dinner was announced and they all moved into the dining room. After a few minutes the Vandals saw that Eugenie treated all alike and that Phillisamy seemed awkward and constrained; that there was not even companionship between them, so after uttering deep thanksgiving they began to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The dinner was a great success, the evening after it was a greater, and when the women went to put on their wraps the Vandals felt that they had surpassed themselves.

While they were waiting the women's return they all turned to Phillisamy. "How goes it, old man?" "Back in New York for good?" "Missed you awfully." "Where're you been at?" and then Alton, Phillisamy's other self, burst out: "We heard, Phil, that you and Miss Hugliet were engaged and were all in mourning at the thought of losing you. We're so glad we're to keep you, Phil, though if you had been in love with her we couldn't have blamed you." Phillisamy laughed, after a moment he stopped and turned sharply to the group. "Before you all, I say I love her, I worship her," then more softly, "but it's no use, boys, I can't tell her; she frightens me, awes me, my tongue refuses to speak. Nor can I write, words are cold, dull things. Besides—"

The women were in the hall now, and Phillisamy continued in a lower tone, but with equal feeling: "Tomorrow she leaves here, this was my last chance, and I—I have thrown it away. I—" "Sir, Derric," Mrs. Hugliet said from the doorway, "pray come and tell what the Latin in this script over the fireplace means. We're having such a dispute." Phillisamy turned to the door. "It's all up," he said over his shoulder, to the men. "I—" and he went nearer to the door. "Look here," said Alton quickly. "If we detain the other two, can't you ask her?" "No, no," Phillisamy whispered back. "I don't dare risk it. I—I tell you I got speechless before her when I try to talk of it." "Coming, Mrs. Hugliet," and he went into the hall.

The Vandals looked at each other. "He's hard hit," Alton said, "hard hit. She goes tomorrow and it's his last chance. He's been a good chief and he's a good fellow. Well, fellows, there's only one way. If we cannot do this for himself, we must propose for him." There was absolute silence in the room, the men looked doubtful and the silence was not one of approval. Finally Joyce spoke up. "It's deuced awkward, it's the most important thing I ever heard of," he said, pulling his moustache as he spoke. "She's here as our guest, and we shouldn't subject her to anything so embarrassing. I'll be fairly bad if she doesn't love him, but I'll be infinitely worse if she does. Has she got to confound us twenty-seven times like us that she loves a man who can't do his own proposing?" "Besides," spoke up another, "suppose we mess the whole affair. Suppose she gets mad and we ruin Phill's chance?" "This answers our own question," Joyce went on. "We owe her protection. I'm afraid it won't go, Alton."

"Oh, of course," Alton said bitterly. "Put yourselves on the safe side. Why need it be so awful? It isn't as if Phil knew anything about it. We can just say she awes him and he can't talk to her of it, and we want to help." The curtains were parting, Eugenie was coming. "Quick," Alton whispered. "Are you with me?" A murmur of assent. Eugenie had parted the curtains. "A secret confab," she laughed. "Do I interfere? Shall I go back? You look just like conspirators on the stage." She stood by the doorway and turned a laughing face toward them. She had her cloak on, and her fan and scarf in her hand. "No, no," Joyce answered quickly. "Come in, sit down here. Let us enjoy you. Phil's talking Latin script; that means he won't finish for an hour."

He pulled a big chair up to the fire and patted the cushions invitingly. Eugenie sat down, loosening her wraps. "Yes," she said, "he's a marvelous speaker, isn't he? He's—" she broke off with a laugh and leaned back in the chair. She looked pale and tired and kept moving her fan before her face. "He's great," Alton said enthusiastically. "He's—he broke off as vaguely as Eugenie had, and laughed lamely. Outside the regular rise and fall of Phillisamy's voice could be heard, and the ejaculations of the women. "He'll hold 'em," Alton thought. The men had gathered around the fire in a semicircle. Eugenie smiled at them. Secretly the compact group made her nervous.

"So many of you," she said, "and all so grave. Has anything happened?" She had risen from her chair and looked around as if afraid. "No, no," said Alton, penitently, "nothing on my honor. We were— with a burst of admiration—we were thinking how I beg your pardon, Miss Hugliet, I'm sure, but you make men—" Miss Hugliet leaned back. "Of course," she said hurriedly, then

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more collectedly. "We have had such a lovely evening." "Yes," he said, and gave a look from the corner of his eye at the men; satisfied by the set of faces, he went on: "Miss Hugliet, we want to begin backwards, ask your pardon first, and offend afterwards. We know you are under our roof, but you go away tomorrow and we want to ask a favor. It's our only chance, you see. Don't think that we forget that we are your hosts. As soon as I say anything you don't like, just raise your hand and I'll stop, and it shall be dead from that second on." Now may I speak? he said, pulling his moustache as he spoke. "She's here as our guest, and we shouldn't subject her to anything so embarrassing. I'll be fairly bad if she doesn't love him, but I'll be infinitely worse if she does. Has she got to confound us twenty-seven times like us that she loves a man who can't do his own proposing?" "Besides," spoke up another, "suppose we mess the whole affair. Suppose she gets mad and we ruin Phill's chance?" "This answers our own question," Joyce went on. "We owe her protection. I'm afraid it won't go, Alton."

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struggle. He tried to kick the shins of his captors. He called "Police!" They rushed him through Cherry alley and into a cell. He saw where he was after the excitement passed, and he called Sergeant William R. McShane to him. "O'Grady," he said, gravely, "was't one or two men that brung me here?" "Yes," replied the sergeant. "Was he white or nigger?" "White." "Have brass buttons?" "Yes, by jove, a uniform." He was plainly alarmed at this information. He tried his best to think. "O'Grady," he said, finally, with the air of a man who had worked the worst, "sin fra doctor."

Why She Disliked It. Chicago Post: "I understand she says that little summer resort she went to was a lovely place." "Yes, indeed. It was an ideal spot, according to her account. Beautiful country, splendid accommodations and pure country air." "And yet she didn't stay there. What was the matter?" "But she never did like association with strangers; but she likes to have them admire her gowns."

LABOR AND INDUSTRY. English collieries employ 35,000 people. Chicago is to have a \$1,000,000 paper mill. Electricity has supplanted steam on the railroad from Milan to Monza, the oldest railroad in Italy. In the south within the last five months \$1,000,000 of new capital has been invested in cotton mills. During the month of May the American Federation of Labor received sixty-three applications for charters, fifty-eight of which were granted. Next to the seamen of the United States, British seamen get higher wages and better food and more comfortable conditions of employment than do seamen of any other country. The output of sardines on the Maine coast is likely to be increased from 900,000 cases in 1898 to 2,000,000 this year, in consequence of the introduction of the new canning machine. Eight hundred Japanese workmen are now employed in the trunk car railways in Washington and Oregon, and they are said to give better and more constant service than white labor.

The sawmills of Portland last year cut 130,000,000 feet of lumber, at a value of \$104,000,000. The cut of the state brings the total value of Oregon's lumber production to \$128,555,432. At present there are only twenty-three cities in the United States and Canada in which carpenters work ten hours per day, one hundred and five have the eight-hour rule and 44 work nine hours a day. One of Uncle Sam's Alaskan islands can boast the largest stamp mill in the world. It has 540 stamps and crushes quartz enough daily to give \$3,640 in gold, which the other mills in the plant increase to \$14,600.

An order issued by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad forbids its employees to engage in outside business. A number of the foremen are interested in retail stores along the line and have been compelling men under them to patronize these stores. These actions prompted the issuing of the order.

The workman's insurance laws have had a very good effect in German cities in diminishing tuberculosis by compelling the wage-earning classes to join sick clubs, and thereby putting them in the way of taking better care of their health and providing them with medical attendance and nursing at an early stage when tuberculosis is not yet incurable.

The National Tube Works company has just completed the shipment to New York of a large consignment of pipe to be used in the Rand mines, South Africa. It is of the lapweld make and twenty-eight inches in diameter. The National Tube Works company received the contract in competition with plants in Germany, England and the United States.

A comparison of the earnings of men and women in the state of New York shows that 62.2 per cent of them earned between \$50 and \$115 in the quarter, while 37.8 per cent earned between \$75 and \$100; the number that earned more than \$150 in the quarter (equivalent to \$2 a day) was insignificant. On the other hand, more than one-half the men earned more than \$150 each.

HOW FACES ARE ENAMELED.

An Interesting Process that Fashionable Women Submit To. I had a long conversation the other day with a Frenchwoman who calls herself a "complexion specialist," and who may be said to be an artist in her own line of work, writes a Paris correspondent. Her particular fame has resulted from her marvelous success with the women who have come to her to be enameled. The woman I mention pursues her calling in Paris, where she has an immense clientele, not so much as one would think among the actresses and demimondaines, but chiefly among the fashionable and wealthy women of London, New York and Paris.

The art of enameling, it appears, is one of such exquisite delicacy and such close and absolute detail that there are but few people in the world who have acquired the perfection necessary to give the desired effect to the patient who wishes to be rendered beautiful. This fact makes the process a remarkably expensive one, and the specialist of whom I am speaking told me that she absolutely refuses to enamel anyone at a less cost than fifty guineas, or about \$250.

Some little account of this expensive beautifying process may be interesting, for certainly it opened my eyes to a good deal regarding the endurance of the feminine sex. First of all the skin has to be specially prepared for the reception of the enamel, and here let me say that it is not every skin that can be enameled. Complexions that are very coarse, for instance, will not assimilate the enamel, either readily or successfully, and these the face painter refuses to treat unless her patient will screw up her courage to go through first of all, a very trying, though not painful operation, by which she is absolutely skinned, and then to wait until such a time as a new skin grows, which may be of a better texture than that which she has shed.

But, allowing that the patient has a sufficiently finely grained skin to allow of the enameling process to be begun at once, it must be first prepared by a series of washes and manipulations for a period of three days.

On the fourth day the enamel itself is applied, and this really amounts when dry to a complete false skin. The application of it is a most exquisitely delicate matter, for

it must be "wiped" in with such perfect regularity and attention to the grain of the skin that this in itself is a business of no small moment. One person only can apply the enamel, for the difference of application is at once noticeable to the eye as, for instance, the difference of an artist's hand can be always detected in a picture that he allows a same model to touch "up." After this extra skin of most delicate and beautiful whiteness and smoothness has been successfully introduced upon its unsatisfactory surface the enameling operation is practically concluded and the patient may be regarded as ready to complete with the work generally in point of beauty.

But, if madame is still dissatisfied with her charms, the face doctor can do still more for her. She can during four days occupied in the enameling process have her eyelashes and eyebrows decorated to such an extent that they seem to increase visibly and miraculously in length and beauty. She can also, by a certain subtle operation, have a fascinating dimple introduced upon her left cheek and she can be taught how to make up her mouth so that it may appear the perfection of bowed beauty. Then she is given finally a preparation which she is to apply several times daily to her neck, arms and face. For, mark you, she may not touch any of those decorated portions of her body with the ordinary cleansing fluid of warm or cold water.

The enamel lasts for exactly six months and during all that time madame has not washed herself. She polishes the surface of her neck, arms, hands and face with the lotion supplied to her by the beauty doctor, but otherwise she absolutely has not allowed a drop of water to touch her. At the end of six months little inequalities and a blotched appearance begin to show upon the skin and this warns her of the beginning of the end. The time has come when she must either come more appear in her true colors or else go through another operation.

The strange part of the treatment is that a woman who has once placed herself in the hands of an enameler cannot go to another artist in the line to renew the process, for no two enamellers are able to complete or retouch the work of another. The enamelled woman is, in fact, all her life long at the mercy of the one person to whom she originally submitted the remaining of her skin. Therefore, granted that her neck

and face are assuming the preparatory symptoms of the "break-up" of her enamel, she at once proceeds to call in the aid of the person who is responsible for the success of her appearance. The false skin is then submitted to some sort of chemical process, by which it is, as it were, chipped off, and then the original skin being laid bare, this, too, has to be absolutely taken off and the surface prepared for a fresh natural skin as well as a new artificial covering. This is an operation that, of course, lasts for even a longer period than the initial one, and adds likewise to the expense that was primarily incurred. But after about a week or ten days' retirement madame once more appears, radiant, exquisitely perfumed and with a complexion that rivals the lilies and the roses.

By Taxation. Detroit Journal: Once upon a time a biliousness conceived the idea that it would be disagreeable to die rich. Accordingly he fell to giving his wealth away. But it soon became apparent that he had more wealth than he could possibly give away in 400 years, working ten hours a day. "What shall I do?" he asked himself, in much alarm.

But he was a resourceful man and it was not long till he hit upon the happy expedient of revealing all his belongings to the assessors. That being done, he was speedily reduced to penury.

Survival of the Fittest. Chicago Tribune: "The name of your paper is the Rocky Mountain Prospect, I believe?" "No; that used to be the name of it, but we call it simply the Prospect now." "Why is that?" "Well, the fact is, we had to do it. It was a pretty long name, you know, and in writing to us people got in the habit of dropping out the 'Mountain.' We had to drop the 'Rocky' then in order to save the 'Prospect.'"

Linon, Etc. Detroit Journal: In his earnestness the great populist orator forgot himself. "Let us not wash our party linen in public!" he cried, passionately. Instantly his audience was upon its feet, crying out angrily. "I should say," faltered the orator, now, clearly much chagrined, "let us not sponge our party celluloid in public!" Hereupon there was much applause, followed by singing by the glee club.

FINANCIAL NEWS.



"What's new down in town?" "Waal, they're sellin' gold bricks lots cheaper."



"HOW FOND YOU ALL ARE OF HIM," SAID EUGENIE.