Rich Girls Serve Poor

Brooklyn Factory Maidens Are Waited on by Society Young Women.

Every Day a Dainty Lunch is Served Them by the Asacog Club.

The Name Is Formed from the Initials of "All Sorts and Conditions of Girls."

AN ASSOCIATION FROM THE HILL.

They've Rented Apartments in a Tenement, Where, with Tucked Up Skirts and Sleeves, They Enact the Handmaiden Part with Grace.

The spectacle of wealthy, well born maidens, all befrilled and befurbelowed, waiting hand and foot on tawdry factory girls may be witnessed in Brooklyn every day.

The Hill girls have scored a point over their sisters of the Heights. Besides being possessed of all the graces and virtues that are usually attributed to belles of the City of Churches, these girls now stand out in bold relief, draped in the soft, becoming robes of charity.

"The only way to reach the people one is striving to benefit," says Miss Doughty, one of the leaders of upper tendom charity movements, "is to get right down and work in their midst."

So Miss Doughty, Miss McLane and the Misses Edith, Florence and Minnie Gibb called a meeting of the Hill's society buds, and the outcome was the organization of the Asacog Club, which name was derived from the first letters of the words: "All sorts and conditions of girls."

The object of the club from the first was to aid girls who were not blessed with all the comforts and luxuries which the members of the Asacog possessed. The relative poverty and requirements of girls in general were then discussed, and unanimous sympathy rested with the girl of the factory. Thereupon the unhappy condition of the factory girl was looked into, and the little delegation of Asacog girls who investigated in the big machine factories down town were horrified to find that the toilers in the factories had no place wherein to eat their meagre luncheons, as the rooms in which they worked were aired during the noon hour.

There lay the golden opportunity. The little delegation swallowed the lump in its throat, dried its eyes and went home, firmly resolved that this wicked, horrid condition of affairs should be changed at once.

Several days after this the janitress of the tenement at No. 14 Vine street was thrown into a paroxysm of curtsies by the arrival of a bevy of beautiful maidens inquiring after the apartment that was to let.

It was three rooms; $7; first floor, front, to the right.

"Good" said the girls. And the rooms were engaged.

For one week the occupants of the tenements along Vine street hung out of their windows to catch a sight of the pretty ladies, but the pretty ladies had eyes for nothing but those three rooms at No. 14. For a week the rickety old halls resounded with the sounds of their hammers, the rustle of their silken skirts, tacked up to avoid the filth of the surroundings, and the echo of their girlish laughter.

On the top of stepladders these merry girls, whose previous mission in life had been to drink up tea and store up cotillon favors, hung water colors and prints, draped windows and doors, and at the end of the week the three dingy rooms were changed into a cozy, home-like little nest, where the factory girls were cordially invited to come and take lunch and drink tea brewed by the fair hands of Asacog members.

The girls, by their own wish, pay five cents a week for this privilege, thereby attaining a rather comfortable feeling of independence.

There are sixty members in the Asacog. Four of them go down each day to brew tea. One of the most remarkable features of the enterprise is that they are never late, a distinction which is seldom achieved by their dearest society friends.

Punctually at 11:45 o'clock the Asacog girls arrive, and immediately set to work. Their dainty skirts and sleeves are tucked up, and white aprons are tied about their waists. Two of the girls set the tables, while the other two devote themselves to the mysterious art of boiling water for tea. When the factory whistles blow at 12 the steaming tea is put on the table, and presently the girls arrive.

It is worth all their labor to those society pets to see the happiness they create. The rooms are a perfect babble of merriment. The white, tired faces of the girls take on a cheerful look, the hot tea warms their blood into something like animation, and the dainty surroundings make them forget the humdrum, hateful life of the factory, and in many cases of wretched homes.

After the repast is over the tables are pushed back and the chairs piled up in the corners, and then the girls enjoy the real diversion of the noonday hour.

One of the Asacog girls sits down at the piano, which they hire for the rooms, and plays dance music or accompaniments until the 12:30 whistle announces the rapid return to earth and the duties of the factory.

It is as strange a sight as one can fancy to see these petted beauties of aesthetic homes, with white aprons tied about them and their dimpled little hands full of teacups, waiting upon their less fortunate sisters with their untidy frocks, their sallow, sullen faces and their cheap jewelry. For one brief half hour the daughters of capital and labor touch hands and find a common footing; for one brief half hour the society queen bows to the mandates of the labor queen: the girl whose every whim is pampered, whose every wish is gratified, mingles her happy, girlish laughter with that of her to whom fate has cast a lot of deprivation and hardship.

And then the factory whistle blows, the daughter of toil retraces her footsteps to her bench, and the daughter of fortune rustles out of the slums and back to her own palatial home.

And even if the snarls of the social problem are beyond the scope of the Asacog girls to unravel, at least they take some part in relieving some of the woe. And if every one followed their example, who knows but the snarls might take care of themselves?

A 36

Balzac Deprives Himself.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

The late Baron James Rothschild was on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated to him several of his novels. One day, when about to proceed to Germany, being short of funds, Balzac applied to the Baron, who handed him the sum of three thousand francs, and at the same time a letter of introduction addressed to his nephew in Vienna. The letter was unsealed, as is usual in such cases. Balzac read it, thought its tone altogether inadequate (he was always puffed up with conceit), scorned to deliver it, and returned to Paris with the autograph in his pocket. On his arrival he waited upon the great banker. "Well," said the Baron, "did you see my nephew?" Balzac boldly confessed that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry, for your sake," said the Baron, "have you it by you?" Why, certainly; here it is." "Do you observe this little mark below the signature? It gave you an open credit on our Vienna bank to the extent of twenty-five thousand francs."

"It Is a Strange Sight to See These Petted Beauties Waiting on Their Less Fortunate Sisters."

(Sketched from life by a Journal artist.)

Holland's Queen a Milkmaid.

Her Herds of Donkeys a Benefit to Public Health.

Urges Her Subjects to Test the Virtues of Ass's Milk.

ROYAL FRIENDS ASKED TO HELP.

The Young Monarch an Example of What the Fluid Will Do for Those Who Need Strength.

The Hague, Dec. 24.—Little Queen Wilhelmina had a very busy auto-holiday season, as the letters addressed by her youthful Majesty to other monarchs throughout Europe imposed upon the writer considerable mental work. In offering her usual congratulations to her "Good Brothers" and "Good Sisters"—as the form of address between royal personages reads—she asked each to consider a little scheme of her own for the good of the poor in all lands, enclosing at the same time medical reports and statistics from the royal donkey farms, of which there are now five in number.

Queen Wilhelmina is the largest donkey ranchero on the continent, and having personally experienced the nutritiousness of ass's milk is anxious to popularize the custom among wealthy women to keep a number of donkeys for the purpose of donating their milk for the use of poor infants and invalids.

Several years ago Queen Wilhelmina was pretty generally believed to be suffering from consumption; her father, King William III., was sixty-three years old at her birth, and much the worse for sickness and dissipation. The child was weak and pale during the first ten or twelve years of her life, and Wilhelmina being the last of her race the Hollanders became almost reconciled to the thought that their beloved country would sooner or later be swallowed up by one of its big neighbors. But one day, upon the occasion of a visit to her mother's brother, the Prince of Waldeck, Wilhelmina learned that they bring up weakly children in many of the poorer regions of Germany on ass's milk with the best possible results. She resolved at once to try the outlandish remedy, and although her taste revolted her strong mind was victorious in the end. As a consequence she returned from Pyrmont with elastic step and rosy cheeks, and all Holland was delighted when the people learned of the change for the better that had taken place in the condition of their youthful sovereign.

Several wealthy Netherlanders now presented the child-queen with donkeys of more or less high degree, and soon there was more ass's milk in the royal larder than the young mistress could consume. Then Wilhelmina and her mother went on tours of inspection in the poorer quarters of The Hague and Rotterdam, and wherever they discovered a wee baby or a consumptive needing special nourishment, they sent bottles of ass's milk, with a good-natured command that the child or invalid should be fed on it. The Netherlanders are a headstrong race, very much opposed to innovation. The novel gift was therefore not always appreciated, and some people protested quite vigorously against partaking of the "nasty stuff." To these parties the two queens travelled on foot or by carriage, as the case might be, and when Wilhelmina had told her own experience with ass's milk, the "kickers" generally gave in, and those depending upon their advice were better for it afterward.

Pretty soon reports came in from all sides about the wonderful cures effected by this natural remedy, and Wilhelmina resolved to increase her stock of donkeys, adding several pairs to each of the royal estates. From there the milk is shipped to those in want of it in the cities and around the country. Other rich women followed the leadership of their young and lovely sovereign and, thanks to this, ass's milk has become quite a common article of nourishment in the Netherlands.

Of course there are lots of well-to-do people requiring this new-fangled medicine, and for their benefit donkey stud farms have been established, where ass's milk is sold at the rate of 62 cents a liter. This may seem a high price, but even at this figure the farmers hardly make money. The ass will not allow herself to be milked unless in the presence of her young one, which is suckled as long as there is milk. Thus the owner is compelled to keep two in order to obtain a liter and a half of milk per day at the very utmost.

Queen Wilhelmina has incorporated all these facts and many more in the memorial she sent out with her holiday congratulations. She wants her royal brothers and sisters to understand that the breeding of donkeys is no longer a mean pursuit, but one that should engage the attention of all inclined to do good.

Ass's milk, says the report, has been tried with good results in cases of consumption; it is a veritable godsend to invalids and children suffering from weak digestion. The report also says that the ass, being a very quiet and unassuming animal, her milk is not liable to be affected by the nervous system. Whether better nourishment and better treatment proposed for the ass will increase her milk-giving capacities remains to be seen. In that case the precious fluid might be cheapened, though it will probably never sell at a very low price, as the milk readily sours and easily undergoes fermentation.

The Queen of Saxony was the first to respond to little Wilhelmina's request. She telegraphed immediately upon receiving the letter that she meant to establish donkey farms right away and would exercise her influence with the ladies of the aristocracy to do likewise. The Empress of Germany has taken the matter of donkey farms into consideration, and being a right motherly woman, she will no doubt appropriate funds for the purpose, and thus add one more charity to her long list of good deeds.

The medical tables and statistics accompanying the dairy report are very interesting. It is learned from them that ass's milk is the best substitute for mother's milk obtainable. Here are the figures. A thousand parts of the different sorts of milk hereunder classified are composed as follows:

	Water.	Solids.	Butter. Cheese.	Sugar.	Fat.	Salt
Woman.	889	110	39	44	27	1
Cow ...	864	135	55	38	36	7
Ass ...	890	109	36	51	18	5
Goat ..	845	155	35	56	56	6

This indicates that ass's milk comes nearest mother's milk in composition. Containing less fat, butter and cheese, it lays on the stomach of a very weak infant even lighter than the natural nourishment. Another point in its favor is the large amount of sugar it contains. It is nearly as sugary as mare's milk. It is also interesting to note in the above table that the popular prejudice in favor of goat's milk is not well founded. It contains too many solids, far too much fat and even less sugar than cow's milk.

How the Skirt Is Cut.

A Dainty Fancy Dance Skirt Which Society Girls Will Wear This Winter.

Designed especially for the Journal by Mrs. Edward Seidle, who invents costumes for the Met ropolitan Opera House.

Asleep Almost a Year.

A Young Dutch Girl Breaks All Records of Somnolency.

German Medical Men at a Loss to Account for Her Slumbers.

MAY BE A VICTIM OF HYPNOTISM.

The Queer Story Told of Herself and Her Lover—Psychological Experts Prove Entirely Powerless.

A young Dutch girl, Maria Coetskens, has broken all records in the annals of somnolence. She has slept for 246 days and, so far as medical observation can ascertain, is in perfect health. Her home in Stevensworth, Germany, is a Mecca for the curious, but so far no one has been able to give an accurate diagnosis of the ailment which has caused her prolonged slumber.

Some of the physicians who have seen the girl say that it is a superlative case of chronic hysteria. Others declare it to be "auto-suggestion." Whatever it may be, her countenance has the hue of health, and her temperature and pulse are regular. There is no deception regarding the time during which the girl has slept. Her parents are more than anxious that the girl should wake, but all efforts to restore her to consciousness, to rouse her from her slumbers, have met with signal failure.

Several physicians of considerable note who visited the girl give credence to a singular story in circulation among the neighbors, which, they hold, may explain the whole affair. This story is that the girl's lover, now and for some time absent from Stevensworth, possesses marked hypnotic power. He is also of an exceedingly jealous disposition, and Maria has more than once aroused his ire by carrying on innocent flirtations with young men of the village.

The night preceding the day upon which the girl's long slumber began, the two quarrelled violently over Maria's conduct toward a young farmer who had been present at a party the lovers had attended a night or two before. Late on the night referred to a young man was passing Maria's home and heard the lover's quarrelling. He made his way to the window of the room from whence the sound of voices came. Maria, he says, was seated in a chair, while before her stood her lover. The listener heard the lover say to his sweetheart:

"I am going away and I shall be absent for months. I have not the faith in you to believe that you will keep your pledge to me, so I shall make you sleep until I return."

The girl's face grew pallid, the listener says, and she seemed unable to look elsewhere than in her lover's face. He could not observe that she spoke a word after that. In a few moments, however, the lover started to leave the room and the listener fled.

From this statement it is argued that the girl is in an hypnotic sleep, from which only the absent lover can release her. So strong is the belief in this story that efforts have been made to find the missing man and force him to return, but without success. Several professional hypnotists have also been consulted, and one who has visited the sleeping girl declares that the story is more than probable. When asked why, if she was merely under hypnotic influence, he could not release her, he replied that the influence of the person who may have brought about her present state was so strong with the girl that he was unable to successfully combat it. If it is hypnotism, he says, the girl will continue to sleep until her lover returns.

What lends color to the hypnotic story is that the usual evidences which accompany a trance or cataleptic state which may have been superinduced by various causes are entirely absent in this instance. The girl has always been in perfect health, an utter stranger to sickness. She is not what would be termed intellectual, and, in fact, there is no physical reason known, so far as she is concerned, that would be apt to contribute to bring about the present state of affairs.

The case is rapidly becoming celebrated, and is already a source of fruitful discussion in Berlin medical circles. The physicians who are in attendance upon the girl say that, judging from the effect her long sleep has had upon her thus far, she could continue in the same state at least an equally long period without the slightest danger of dissolution.

Dainty Dancers

A Wonderful New Skirt Designed to Dazzle Men and Delight Women.

New York Drawing Rooms Will Flash with Daring Dancing Maidens This Winter.

The Desperate Extremes to Which English Girls Were Driven Do Not Exist Here.

THE NEW YORK MAN IS WORSHIPFUL.

Gotham's Maidens Need Not Kick Their Way into Male Hearts, but They Can Kick Divinely if They Choose.

The fancy dancing craze has struck society again. Not all the graceful pirouettes and (I beg your pardon!) kicks will be done on the stage this Winter. Fluffy lace will flash maddeningly about dainty ankles through whose veins blue blood dances. Drawing rooms will furnish floors for pas a pas more daring than those which charm the bald heads who watch professional boards from theatre front rows. old skirt dance which was popular years ago has been abandoned. The ciety artiste will not merely wave petticoats gracefully through the air year. She will wave something else, will require much more skill. She wave—well, feet—let it go at that. And will wave those—feet—most daringly.

The American society girl never carried the skirt dancing fad to quite such desperate extremes as her English cousins did. The English girl (driven to desperation, as English girls really are, for means by which to attract the men) did not hesitate to don her dancing skirts and exhibit her most dazzling dancing poses to mixed society assemblages. This may have been because the London noblemen were showing their admiration of fancy dancers by marrying every pretty, empty-headed, full-stockinged, loose-mornled high kicker who hopped about and exhibited intricate underwear on the stages of the music halls. But somehow the drawing room dancers, although they were quite as daring, failed to fascinate as they had hoped to. It soon reached the pass when no announcement of society girls' proposed pirouetting, no matter if the elevated ankles were to be literally royal, would tempt the blase Britisher. But still the music halls were crowded.

It was after this plan had thus failed that the fad came to America, and New York society girls began to toss their slipper tips chandelierward. The exhibitions almost always occurred at times when none but women were present, however. Some very modest skirt evolutions were vouchsafed to male spectators, but, happily, the New York girl has never been driven to such straits in her efforts to attract male attention as those which keep the English maiden figuring. As everybody knows, it's the women—bless 'em!—who rule us over here. We love them, every one. If they will merely let us bask in the sunshine of their smiles we are satisfied. Heaven fend the coming of the day when New York pretties will have to kick and caper to gain the attention of New York's men.

But at the same time it [illegible] know that dainty New York darlings can dance if they want to. The scene of their revealing gambols were far too sacred for the profane eyes of mere men, but it is delicious to reverently dream that the dancing skirt whose bewildering outlines grace this page will actually enfold one of the brightest and sweetest of the city's belles this Winter, and that in it she will win the subdued applause of tiny kid-gloved femininity at pink teas and yellow afternoons and other social functions especially reserved for blessed femininity.

Many classes are being formed for this Winter. Sometimes only four girls who know each other very well take lessons together. They wear dark knickerbockers and medium long full skirts. When they entertain with dancing they are especially fond of white silk or gauze frocks. One that was used by a girl who lives on Lexington avenue was seventy-five yards around the foot of the skirt, and was worn for a butterfly dance.

The demand for something new in dancing skirts that shall be unique and not beyond the limits prescribed for society girl dancers puts the modistes to their wits' end. Everything seems to be built on one plan until the girls feel as if they wore a uniform.

The Journal commissioned Mrs. Edward Seidle to design a dancing skirt which should be absolutely novel. The garment was to be capable of being worn long or short. It was to be superlatively attractive. Mrs. Seidle has invented a skirt which fulfils all those requirements. It is so chic that one society girl who saw it by accident is already having the design copied for her own use.

Mrs. Seidle designs most of the light opera costumes seen on the New York stage now, and has designed some things that have had long runs and been popular favorites. One of them was the famous Nicotine hat that she designed for Lillian Russell, which was afterward worn by nine out of ten New York women.

The skirt which the society girls will adopt is shown in the large illustration. It is intended to be made in black and white, as those are the colors most affected by society girls. It can, however, be done in white and gold or white and red, or any combination that the owner desires. Black and white, however, is always the most effective.

The skirt (as shown in the diagram) has points of white satin laid down over the broad black and white striped satin godets which form the pipes of the skirt. The black and white effect of these godets may be obtained in many ways. The black and white godets are lined with a fairly stiff lining. They may be stiffened with fibre chamois if it is preferred. As the entire lining is perfectly round, the ends of the godets do not make an even line about the foot of the skirt, but the pipes hang like the gores of an umbrella at the foot. Up and down the edges of the white satin points should be sewed heavy bands of crystal trimming or bands of rhinestones, and at the bottom of each point a small weight may be caught. This holds down the point and adds to the effect of the pipe-like rolls about the hem. The trick in the skirt, however, is a simple little tacking carried clear around the skirt on the inside about ten inches below the belt. Here the edges of the godet pipe are caught loosely together and the thread or tape passed the width of the white point and the edges of the next godet pipe caught together and so on around the skirt. If this is not done properly the skirt will not be a success. It is really a trick in hanging to which the chic air of the skirt is largely due. The inside of the skirt should be frilled with white lace nearly to this line of tacking, and the white lawn underskirts should be one mass of lace frills.

While this skirt can be worn with any style of waist, the Spanish idea is introduced in the elbow sleeves made of many frills of finely plaited laces with a pointed edge. This carries out the idea of the points in the skirt. With the hair dressed low in the neck, a flower placed coquetishly in the side just under the ear, and the little head ornament of the frilled and pointed lace, the costume is absolutely unique and modest enough for any girl who enjoys dancing for her friends.

Among the girls who have taken up fancy dancing are Miss Fitzgerald, whose engagement has recently been announced. Miss Lula Wotherspoon, of Forty-seventh street, is another very good dancer. Fannie Taller has taken a number of lessons. So has Miss Sloane and Miss Burden. Miss Clews became rather interested in two clever little girl dancers who were at Newport, and while she taught them to swim they taught her a whole lot of their dances.