QICK LUNCHING AT THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

Jw Downtown Business Men Acquire Pie and Earn Dyspepsia.

ONFESSIONS OF A PIE BITER.

irring Scenes in Standup Restaurants Where Every Man Is His Own Waiter.

Have you ever eaten at the bargain counter? If you haven't—don't.

Look not upon the quick lunch sandwich when is ready nor upon the o-called surpassing coffee when it moveth itself aright, for in the end it biteth like a serpent, and yea! it stingeth like an adder.

HOW?

And the names of the aforesaid serpent and adder are indigestion and dyspepsia. Better is a tin dinner bucketful of grub in the subway and one hour's time therewith than a stalled ox made up into beef pies at the bargain counter. Selah.

In the good old days of Pieter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam men scorned the word luncheon. Dinner was dinner, and it came piping hot at noon. No man was too poor to give it his undivided attention for at least an hour. And now what do we find on the very ground that used to resound to the stumping of Pieter's wooden leg? "Five minute lunches" advertised everywhere. Pieter's old friends would become fervid Amsterdammers in good earnest if they were led into such fare. They might do worse.

CHEAPNESS WITH DIGNITY.

I have found three kinds of "quick lunch" lairs in my researches of the past few weeks. In number they run near four score. They are all below the Post Office. It speaks volumes for the solid good sense of the downtown merchants that they will not tolerate such things as pie lairs near their warehouses. I have not been able to discover one pie and sandwich joint in the dry goods district. But away down town where the lawyer, the stockbroker, the banker, the real estate agent and the cotton and coffee kiter have gathered themselves together for their prey—there is where the bargain counter flourisheth. And these are the three kinds thereof—the temperance pie cave, the "buffet lunch" and the "wine and lunch buffet." If you look carefully you shall find that the basic principle of all these places is pie—the pie of commerce, the pie that is made in the factory by the ton, the pie that hitteth a man below the belt and worketh certain woe to him that dallieth long enough therewith.

THE CANVASSER.

The temperance quick luncheries run to pie more than the ordinary lightning eating houses. The waiters are girls. Let it be set down here to their honor that, in the midst of the tendency to depravity, inseparable from pie-erian surroundings, they never, never flirt. Maybe they despise the men who eat pie. Maybe they are so full of pie themselves that they have no room for flirtation. Perhaps, gentle reader, you take exception to the association of pie and depravity written above. Well, who drew the Force bill? Who passed the McKinley bill? Who started the present Indian war? Pie biters one and all.

Frequently you may see an inexperienced pie consumer writhing with "pains across" in a temperance pie house. This is because he can find nothing stronger than weak coffee wherewith to allay his pie throes. It is not devotion to the Rum King, but a shrewd eye for antidotes that makes most of the quick luncheries keep a little bar or sideboard whereat you may allay your pie pangs and writhings with alcoholic draughts.

All of the bargain counters hang out fine and attractive signs setting forth the good things to be found within.

THE RAREST DELICACIES.
HELP YOURSELF.
HONESTY OUR PROTECTION.
PURE FRUIT SYRUPS.

Is the sign in gaudy red and white and black letters before a dyspepsia hostelry that I know too well. Do you catch the idea? Imagine the effect of such a sign on a man who had never entered the pie cave! He sees rich visions of good things to eat and no long waiting or leaden heeled waiters. How he does learn to curse that sign. It was after a few weeks' dalliance with the bargain counter that the poet Nye wrote:—

I would rather have a good alimentary
Than be trimmed all over with passementerie.

The crowd of men who rush in to feed at the bargain counters at noon time is like unto a Fourteenth street throng of shopping women. They know not mercy. The great thing is to help yourself and quickly. That done, you may snap your fingers at dyspepsia and your fellow man. And the end men in the rush may well stare at the sign "Help Yourself!" and hopelessly ejaculate "How?" All sorts and conditions of men are in the crush. The pompous lawyer, who combines cheapness with dignity, is cheek by jowl with the poor book canvasser, the reformed free lunch fiend and the pastry loving wayback. The broker's man about town from $100 a week appearance clerk who supports a on a $7 a week salary is touching elbows with his employer. And darting through their serried ranks is the gay and gorgeous young man from New Jersey, who has learned to bolt his breakfast while running for the 7:41 train. He is *au fait*, yes, he may be classed as "out of sight" in the pie devouring art.

THE BROKER'S CLERK.

Some old timers thrive at the game. Perhaps they visit the counters only once a month or so. Whatever the reason may be some few men fail to acquire dyspepsia from quick lunching. When I took an artist into the lair with me the other day he made, out of sheer admiration, a stirring sketch of an obese person, whom he has depicted in the act of negotiating his fifth consecutive hunk of pie. I asked one of the waiters what the anaconda's name was.

"I don't know," he answered, "but he's a dandy on pie, 'specially punkin."

FROM JERSEY.

Do you want a cup of tea or coffee? Approach a straw mustached young man in a high, square pulpit and plead with him, showing due reverence. The colloquy will be like this, most likely:—

AN OLD TIMER.

Luncher—Will you kindly give me a cup of coffee, with some milk, not too much, you know?

The Man—Draw one, medium. Certainly.

Then he hands you your cup, flowing over with honest measure. He never fails to repeat your order. This gives him confidence in himself, vocal exercise and a gentle variety to the monotony of his position. Nobody ever sits down at the bargain counter.

The one redeeming feature of the "lunch buffets" and "buffet lunches" is their bar. The bar has crystalline glassware and polished wood. It holds antidotes to pie. A man may prolong his life by imbibing rye as a counter irritant to pie. It takes a strong man to stand this, but the remedy certainly keeps off the cramps. It is only a temporary remedy. Sooner or later dyspepsia catches the quick luncher. Malnutrition may come slowly upon the pie bider, but it comes none the less surely. The barkeepers are the politest men in the quick luncheries.

You recall the sign about "Honesty Our Protection." Whose honesty do you think it means? The customers'? No. Every man helps himself to a check after having helped himself to food, but Heaven help him if he picks out a check that is too small. Nemesis will stalk stealthily behind him to the paying place, and just before he works his dishonest and flattering smile on the pretty cashier girl indigenous to these places old Nem. will tap him on the shoulder and quietly say, "Pardon me, but you ate twenty-five cents' worth. Let me give you a 25 for that 10."

"YOUR CHECK'S WRONG."

At one of the furthest downtown bargain counters they have three men whose sole business it is to stalk incessantly through the crowd seeing that food is equally dealt out to all and that every man helps himself to the right sized check.

STORY OF ONE TICKET CHOPPER.

NOT CONTENT WITH A COMPETENCE HE WANTED MORE, AND NOW HE IS A SLAVE TO A BIG CORPORATION.

Whence come these grizzled, gray bearded men who stand at the slots of the "L" roads' great nickle-in-the-slot machines and for twelve hours each day do nothing but chop tickets and monotonously cry, "Harlem train," "South ferry train," "This train for Fifty-eighth street?"

Are they mere machines, like the slots beside them, or are they human beings like you and me, with nerves to feel and brains to think, and perhaps even hearts to love?

Did they rise to their present station or fall? Are they men promoted from humbler ranks of life or failures from higher ones? Alas! who can tell how many of the latter are masked behind those uniforms and those faces? It is one of the compensations of failure, if it be honorable, that it need not be stamped on the face for passers by to flaunt at.

I saw the other day among these faces one that I knew. It was an honest face as ever the sun shone on. It was a German face, one of the middle classes. Its owner had forgotten mine, and I did not make myself known lest it be more pain than pleasure for him to meet me. But I made a few inquiries in a place that knew him and got the simple story of my old acquaintance, which is the story of thousands of the older men who take our fares and do the humbler work of life.

Fifteen years ago, perhaps. Dear me, it is nearer twenty! When hair first began to grow upon my face, I made the acquaintance of L——. He had a neat little shop on the street where I had boarded. He was a splendid workman, having graduated from the barber shop of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but he was of independent mind and struck out for himself, and made a success of it.

He had the nicest little shop in the world, a steady run of customers, and every week he put something away in the bank besides paying his debts, belonging to a lodge or two and having enough to take his family to a German place of pleasure whenever he felt inclined.

But L—— became ambitious. He wanted to get richer. He had quite a capital, and he thought that a nice little respectable German beer shop would be just the thing. Scamps and scoundrels got rich in the liquor business, why not he? He had lots of friends, German friends, friends who liked a quiet place to sit and play cards and drink their beer and smoke and chat, with an occasional sandwich thrown in—all in the German fashion. He knew how to keep beer to perfection and how to draw it, for he had been a waiter in Bavaria.

He would make a try of it.

So poor old L——, who had got tired of shaving, and whose years were now many, sold out his business to his chief assistant, who still has it, got a very excellent brewer to help him get the place—the brewer taking a chattel mortgage on the furniture, after the usual custom—and L—— started in to keep as honest and decent a place as he knew how.

For a time things went hummingly. Old friends came out of friendliness. The tap was turned often; and L—— turned it himself many times; for there was not a stingy hair in his head. He actually began to see a fortune in the air and to talk of a trip to the Fatherland.

But it didn't last. The location was bad. The old friends dropped off. New ones did not find out what good beer old L—— had. He was not a good business man and never had been. So the Sheriff knocked at the door; and now ——

"Harlem train!" "South ferry train!"

Poor old L——!

"IN THE NEXT CAGE."

HOW A SHOUTER FOR A SIDE SHOW AMUSED HIMSELF IN THE POST OFFICE.

In a hilarious mood a tall man with a theatrical makeup entered the Post Office. It was early morning and the corridors were almost deserted. As he slowly passed through the building on the ground floor he gave evidence that he was or had been a shouter for the side show of a circus. There was mischief in his eye as he glanced toward a window behind which a clerk sat.

"In this cage," he exclaimed in deep, sonorous tones, as if addressing an audience of curious and expectant people, "you will find that melancholy beast the laughing hyena. This animal roams about the prairies in the night, and there he laughs, and laughs, and laughs; but what on earth he is laughing at nobody has been able to find out.

"Pass along, pass along, but do not press against the ropes. You have ample time to view all the curiosities before the great show begins."

OUT CAME THE HEADS.

Scores of clerks, attracted by the unusual noise, hurried to the little windows and poked out their heads. This pleased the tall man immensely and he laughed immoderately.

"In the next cage," resumed the orator as he proceeded on his way, "is the far famed Rocky Mountain goat, which leaps from peak to peak and skips from crag to crag, ever and anon uttering that plaintive cry, 'Baa! baa!'"

Then another head was thrust out of an opening, and the tall man, with a sweeping wave of the hand, said, "Thank you, sir, that will do."

"In the next cage," continued the mirthful man, "you will perceive the gigantic rocodillo, who, when he eats, eats seventeen different kinds of food, always concluding his repast by devouring a bale of hay.

THANKS AGAIN RETURNED.

"Thank you, thank you, sir; you are behaving nicely, nicely.

"Pass along, pass along, ladies and gents; but bear in mind and remember, you have ample, ample time to see all the curiosities before the show in the great pavilion opens."

Gradually the tall humorist made his way around the corridors, his voice losing none of its volume or strength. Meanwhile the commotion in the Post Office department was increasing. Every window was occupied by one or more clerks, with bulging eyes and necks craned to catch a glimpse of the daring, practical joker. Everybody had a chance to see him, for he did not deny himself to anybody. This is what one group heard as he came into view:—

"In the next cage are the mighty boa constrictors whose bite is worse than death, and whose strength is crushing. In the smaller cages on the right are other rare reptiles brought from remote tropical regions, where once they lived and flourished. Twice a year these snakes shed their skins. They feed upon birds, frogs and guinea pigs."

By that time the loungers in the building were enjoying the sport highly, but how the clerks felt is not known.

As the stranger neared the last door at the upper end of the Broadway side he turned toward another "cage" and exclaimed:—

"In the next cage you will see Old Tom feeding the Polar bear his daily meal of broken ice. This ice is expressly imported by us from the Arctic regions at enormous expense and——"

At that moment a watchman made his presence known, and the joker was forced to cease joking; but as he went out of the door he fired this shot, which was evidently intended to hit the watchman:—

"Little Jocko will now ascend the ladder, turn a complete somersault at each and every round."

Then the swinging doors closed behind him and he was lost to view.

WISHES HE WAS A REPUBLICAN.

Never print a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement—no sailing under false colors.—*Charles A. Dana's Address to the Wisconsin Editorial Association, Milwaukee, July 24, 1888.*

"What do you think of the HERALD'S nominee for the Senate?" I asked Frank Raymond, the republican leader up town, who recently had the rare and unique satisfaction of reading an obituary notice of himself.

"Why," replied Mr. Raymond promptly, "I think so highly of him that I have only one fault to find with him, that is, that he is not a republican. He is by long odds the best man that the democrats could put in Senator Evarts' place. The others who have been named as actual or possible candidates are not in the same class with him. If any one of them is sent to the Senate he will meet many men there who are his superiors. If Charles A. Dana is sent there the people of this State will have the satisfaction of knowing that their representative is the peer of any man now in the Senate—in intellect, in courage, in aggressiveness. As a partisan I suppose I ought to hope that the democrats may do the worst thing instead of the best, but in this instance I sincerely hope that they will do the best thing and send Charles A. Dana to the Senate.'

AFTER DINNER TALKING IS THEIR REGULAR RULE.

How the Twilight Club Conducts Its Semi-Monthly Dinners.

UNIQUE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.

Sample Dinner and a Sample Poem—The Park in the Catskills.

The Twilight Club celebrated the eighth anniversary of its organization one evening early this month.

You may not know it, but this is a startling statement. Those who are familiar with the Twilight Club, especially those who have contributed to its success, are filled with amazement whenever they think of its eight years of continuous prosperity.

Why should this be so? Because the Twilight Club was founded upon principles so sterling in their common sense and so beautiful in their simplicity that nobody dreamed that they could be successful.

"Why, anybody can start a club like that," said a man to me once, "and what anybody can do ain't worth doing."

But that is where one man was wrong. The Twilight Club has been worth doing ever since its first dinner, and, what is better, it has been done—and done well, too—for eight long years.

The Twilight Club consists of a secretary and 650 members. I mention the secretary first because he is the most important. It meets twice a month in a restaurant at six o'clock in the evening, in working clothes, and eats a dollar dinner, smokes and listens. That is what it does, and this is how it does it:—The members furnish the dollars, the appetites and the ears and the secretary do the rest.

THE TWILIGHT CLUB HOUSE.

Two men—Charles F. Wingate, the sanitary engineer and the only secretary the club has ever had, once a newspaper reporter, and E. V. Smalley, the correspondent—talked over the idea of a club eight years ago, and the next week the club was started, with twenty-one gentlemen present.

STERLING PRINCIPLES.

These were the principles that it was founded on:—

No
Debts, Bylaws, President, Constitution, Salaries.

No
Full Dress, Mutual Admiration, Defalcations, Defamping Treasurer, Watered Stock, Parliamentary Rules, "Previous Question."

No
Lengthy Speeches, Late Hours, Profanity, "Fish Stories," "Sailors' Yarns," Duelling, Free Dinners, Scandal, Bribery.

No
Personalities, Party Politics, Preaching, Gambling, Dynamite, "Bouncer."

No
Conventionality, Grand Reform, High Ideal, Papers, Dudes.

No
Puns, Gush, Cant, Red Tape, Formality, Humbug.

If you look over the list of negatives you will find that almost every clubable vice that is known is included in it. These vices, these two adventurous men started out to abolish, so far as the Twilight Club was concerned, and how well they have succeeded is shown by the startling statement that heads this column.

Once a fortnight, and formerly once a week, on a Thursday, the club meets for dinner. The old meeting place was in the restaurant on the top floor of the Mills Building, and the penalty for stupid speeches or stale stories was a fall from the roof aided by the giant head waiter, who used to be borrowed by a fashionable Madison square restaurateur on swell occasions until it was found that his patrons looked more undersized even than they were by contrast, when he was dismissed.

The dinner begins at six. The men wear their office clothes. They pay one dollar for their dinners, wine extra. The meal usually lasts an hour and a half, and with coffee come cigars and talk. Every evening a new chairman is selected by the secretary, who also chooses the topic of conversation and designates the set speakers. But with all this necessary preliminary arrangement there are no set speeches in the usual acceptance of that term.

Each man talks for five or eight minutes, and when he sits down some one else takes his place until it is time to go home. That is a little after ten o'clock. Edward Atkinson, who has written two or three things that have made a few persons think and a great many persons talk and who knows a good club when he sees one, says that the Twilight is the only common sense club he ever saw. That, as I observed before, is what makes its success so peculiar.

In describing the club I will take a sample dinner and tell you how it was conducted (the Twilight dinners are really conducted like Cook's tours, only much more satisfactorily). This dinner was eaten nearly six years ago, and therefore the confidence that I am about to betray is old enough not to mind it much.

A SAMPLE DINNER.

It was the seventy-fifth in the annals of the club, and was given in honor of the Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, who left this big town for the little one of Lynn in 1885. There were eighty-eight members present, and the restaurant was decked out with borrowed flags. One of the United States Fish Commissioners, with a fine sense of humor, sent a bottled octopus to adorn the table, and Dan Beard contributed some sketches that made everybody laugh except the man who was sketched. The subject for discussion, chosen as a delicate compliment to the guest, was, "Should preaching be abolished by law?" Among the letters of regret was one from an honest parson from out of town who favored the proposition, adding:—"The effect will be to fill our churches and thus induce many persons to hear the Gospel who are now ignorant of it."

With such a letter to start the discussion you can imagine the freedom and the liveliness of the debate. Most of the laymen whose particular dominies were not present favored the suppression. Some of the clergymen were non-committal and others boldly opposed the suggested enactment. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance, whose sermons are not dull, pleaded for his less gifted brethren, urging that poor sermons at least cultivated the inestimable virtue of patience in the hearers. The Rev. John W. Chadwick began his remarks by comparing his situation with that of the man who listened to his own funeral oration.

A TWILIGHT POEM.

Before the talk was worn threadbare, as most funny talk does wear, the secretary presented Dr. Pullman with an autograph album filled with specimens of the members' handwriting, a purse of money and an application for an accident insurance policy. This made nearly every one laugh and led to a reply from Dr. Pullman, which was followed by a poem from Rossiter Johnson that deserves printing. I will quote a verse or two to show you what effect a long term of Twilight dinners will have upon a man's intellectuals:—

Take him and snake him. *O equus ferroginus!*
Go, while the tears of regret are delugin' us;
Go, generosity's organ is hung in us—
Take him and snake him to Lynn!
Lynn, Lynn, take him, O Lynn!
Take him, take him,
Take him all in.

The refrain of each verse is the same and here are a few of the sentiments expressed by the poet and cheered to the echo by the club:—

The frosts of New England are famous as grippers;
Well boots it you keep him in arctics and slippers;
You'll find then, we promise, his sermons are rippers—
O fortunate Lynn!

Take him, O city of waxed ends and leather!
Tie to him now and in all sorts of weather;
Be sure that you keep sole and upper together—
Give him, O Lynn,
Give him your heart and your tin.

Take him with all of his ice cool theology!
Take him, a preacher courageous and knowledgy!
Take him as one that will need no apology—
Take him, O Lynn!

Take to your heart all his teachings and sew them
Tight to your insoles, forever to know them!
We see to our sorrow he's too good for Gotham—
It's lucky for Lynn!

With every old shoe of the "Twilight" attending him—
All number thirteens—and Saint Crispin defending him,
To Lynn everlasting we're solemnly sending him—
Take him, O Lynn!
Lynn grip: take him, O Lynn!
Take him, take him,
Take him all in.

After the poem and the applause the talk came to a natural end, and every one who did not stop by the wayside was at home before eleven o'clock. Before I finish with this dinner let me quote a verse by Holmes from the *menu* card which illustrates how complimentary the Twilights can be when they entertain a really notable man:—

When famous preachers have their barrel crammed
With sermons eloquent to sinners d——d,
And when the slipper crop begins to fail,
They shrewdly bank their fires and take in sail—
Skip to fresh fields and seek for pastures new—
Tip up the barrel and begin anew.

ANOTHER DINNER.

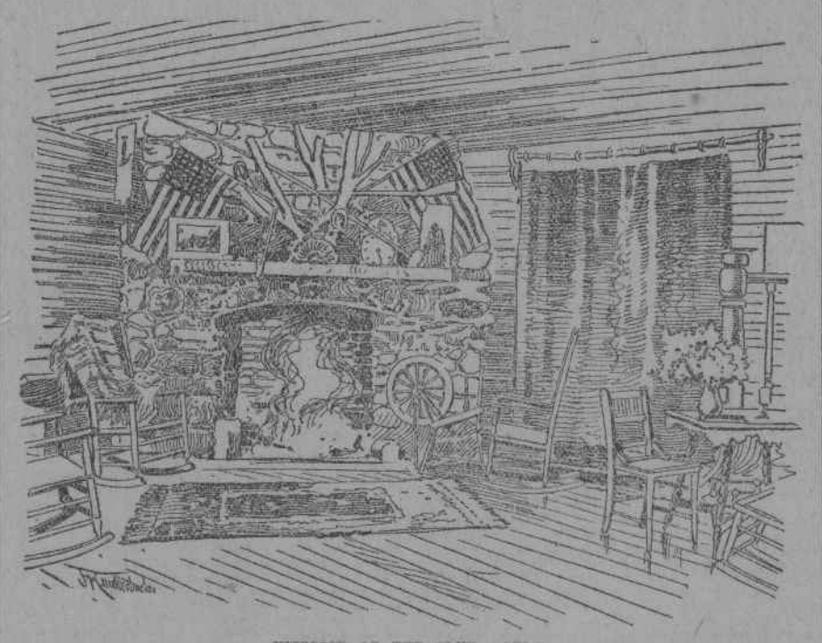
That was a sample dinner and not by any means an unusual sample. It is not the big red apple at the top of the barrel. I remember a dinner that I attended once when General Joseph Hawley, one of the two Connecticut Senators, was the guest of the evening, and the subject was war correspondents and their correspondence, or something of that sort. Henry Winser told how Ellsworth was shot. As I remember his experience it was he and not the zouave who should have been killed. Colonel Knox related the story of his arrest by General Sherman, who would rather have newspaper men report his after dinner speeches than his campaigns. Colonel Knox's crime, I believe, was a meddlesome activity in a fruitless search for news. He really wanted to have some facts to base his reports on. Junius Henri Browne gave his experience in a Confederate prison, and other men of note talked about the time when reporting was serious work and reporters sometimes were heroes.

Here are some of the topics that have been discussed. If you can think of some subject that is omitted you will confer a favor on the secretary by reminding him of it, as thinking up topics for the Twilights to talk about makes him very tired every once in a while:—

Vacation Experiences, How Shall the Saloon Be Taken Out of Politics? Robert Elsmere, How Can We Check Political Corruption? Is Count Tolstoi's Example To Be Followed? After This Life—What? The Mind Cure, Are We Retrograding Morally? Are Free Churches Feasible? What Would Be Your Presidential Policy? Should New York and Brooklyn Combine? How Do You Spend Your Leisure? What Do You Recollect About the War? How Have You Succeeded in Life—or Failed? Should Government Be a Stepfather? Are We Better than Our Grandfathers? What Do You Do for Rest and Recreation? Vacation Experiences, Bellamy's "Looking Backward," How Did You Get Rich? What Are You Thinking About? Vacation Experiences, Colossal Fortunes, How Shall We Train Our Wives and Daughters? Shall We Tax Immigrants? Shall We Build More Forts and a Big Navee? Does Prohibition Prohibit? Where Shall We Go to Church in 1987? What Shall Uncle Sam Do with the Surplus? What Can the State Do for the Masses? The Sophistries of Protection and Free Trade. Ought any Woman To Be Hanged? Is It Necessary To Be Honest in Order To Be Poor?

The secretary, by the way, runs the club. Some time ago the members gave him $500 as a testimonial of their appreciation of intelligent bossism. "Yes," modestly observed the secretary to me the other day, "I suppose the club will last as long as I do; then it will die." And I have no doubts regarding the truth of his statement. Outside of the secretary it would be difficult to say who are the most prominent members. Perhaps S. S. Packard, Captain John Codman, John Swinton, Dr. Snydam, Dr. Zachos, Rossiter Johnson, Dr. Rylance and Henry S. Goodale are the leaders in club work. Besides the male members there are a few women who have been elected honorary members. They are Jenny June, Katessanborn, Dr. Grace Peckham, Mrs. William Lee, of Boston; Dr. Lucy M. Hull, Alice Wellington Rollins, Dr. Anna S. Daniels and Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

In addition to the original club work a novel departure has been made in club enterprises by the Twilights. Four years ago a few of the members bought a tract of land picturesquely situated in the Catskill Mountains, near Haines' Falls. Here a handsome club house has been built, surrounded by cottages belonging to the members. Not only are these houses sold to members, but they are rented furnished, and several members can occupy them during a season, in turn, at almost a nominal expense. It is called Twilight Park, and like the club it is one of the successes of the town.


INTERIOR OF THE CLUB HOUSE.

NEAT CREATIONS OF PARIS DRESS ARTISTS.

Fur and Cloth Jackets for Winter Use and Adornment.

BIG MUFFS THE RAGE.

Laces, Hats and Bonnets, and an Idea of What Looks Best in the Ballroom.

[From the Paris Edition of the Herald.]

Muffs have been the feature of the past week.

Muffs are once more seen everywhere. And good, large, sensible, useful looking muffs, too.

The birds have had to contribute heavily to the fashion in muffs.

One of the prettiest of muffs seen during the week was made of the head and breast of a secretary bird. It was shown in a Rue de la Paix establishment. But the price was almost impossible, except for a millionnairess.

Another muff made of marten skin, with the animal's head peeping daintily over the top, looked what the American girl called "very cute," and a lynx similarly adapted was handsome to look upon.

The poor owls—how often they come in for ornamental purposes—have figured largely on muffs. They certainly look very quaint, with their heads peeping over the top and surveying the rest of the chest and back of which the muff has been made up.

Some of our elegantes have also come out with extreme muffs with nests of birds and several small birds together, the white sand swallow being apparently particularly fancied.

Let me give you a few ideas which have been evolved from the fertile mind of the dressmakers, or, as they prefer to be called, the dress creators. Silk and velvet apparently have come more to the fore, and this is easily accounted for, as they are materials more fitted than cloth for the grandes toilettes which are necessary for the usual winter receptions.

EVENING DRESSES.

For evening dresses feather trimmings would appear to be in general use for the balls of this winter, and white and very light furs will also be much seen.

Here is an example of an evening dress of the richest description:—It is made of light blue brocade with a tablier of pompadour satin with a gold trimmed border of pearls and a seam of blue feathers. A pretty ball dress is the corsage of satin trimmed with a tulle drapery with dots and a garland of flowers. A Swiss belt trimmed with beads. The sleeves of tulle trimmed with little bunches of flowers. The skirt of gauze caught at the foot with little sprays of flowers and trimmed with big satin pleats, one of which forms the belt at the side.

A very pretty evening dress is made of veloutine. The train, which is half long, is trimmed with an embroidery which rises up to the waist. The front of embroidered tulle, held by a centrepiece of beads with a fringe of beads. The corsage is round, with a high belt of beads terminated at the back with two tails, which are beaded and fringed at the ends. A volant of lace falling over the corsage and forming shoulders.

A VISITING DRESS.

A remarkably graceful visiting dress is of olive green cloth, closed at the side with a band of beaver. The front is draped and held in at the waist by large olive leaves of jet with hangings formed of olives of jet. The sleeves of draped cloth held with olive leaves of jet. A small toque of cloth, with—at the back—a tuft of Empire feathers and aigrette.

A DINNER TOILETTE.

A dinner toilet of very graceful form, of the Louis XII. style, is made of green plush, with emeralds, and ornamented at the foot with an application of pink cloth, which is circled with gold braiding. The skirt is open at the side, revealing a pink lining, and is raised by two little squares of stones or an underskirt of straw moire embroidered with gold. The sleeves close, similar to the underskirt, and separated by puffings of pink mousseline de soie.

A SMART DRESS.

A very smart dress for a flower show or reception is of cloth, the bottom cut into large tabs, which are trimmed with embroidery and open over the foot of the skirt, which forms pipings. The belt of embroidery with long basques, tab shaped, the same trimming to the corsage. A small capote of jet, with feathers making an aigrette.

In the way of novelties in corsages there is nothing prettier than one made of pink satin, covered over on one side by a drapery brocade trimmed with otter. The drapery forms sleeves, while on the other side the corsage has but two bands of satin as epaulettes, and below a ribbon of sain tied round the arm and formed into a bow.

WALKING COSTUME.

A walking costume is as follows:—The corsage with perforated basques, trimmed with a thin band of astrakhan which rises the length of the corsage, opens over a pleated waistcoat of the same material, the fulness of which is restrained by a belt formed of jet cabochons. The skirt in piece, ornamented at the foot with Greek pattern and astrakhan.

For a visiting dress of Silesienne:—The corsage with Medicis collar of velvet, which is continued as an inset and showing a gimp of lace; small belt of velvet. A piece skirt, trimmed at the foot with a baldaquin of lace, looped up with little bows of ribbon.

A RECEPTION DRESS.

A reception dress of the most becoming order is made of embroidered velvet. The front and back of the corsage are entirely embroidered. The skirt in piece and trimmed with jet nails placed in bias on the side of the skirt and coming to the back, an inset of embroidery forming the pocket. The foot of the skirt equally embroidered. The sleeves of velvet with slashings of satin, with wristbands equally embroidered. The back with fur pleats. This makes a very handsome costume.

CHINCHILLA CASHMERES.

The dress of gray chinchilla cashmere, trimmed with an embroidery of silver over emerald velvet. The skirt, full and draped, of cashmere. The front and back falling with very full pleats and the sides draped into rounded paniers. The corsage pointed, open and rounded over an inset of velvet embroidered with silver, which is brought back over the lining of the corsage. The back, of cashmere in one piece, with fulness drawn in to the waist with a gerbe of pleats. The front is loosely draped, with the draperies cut by a kind of embroidered brace, which crosses over the front of the corsage. The belt pointed and high collar of embroidered velvet. The lining of the fronts is caught up with darts, and the draped fronts have an invisible closing. The sleeves full and drawn in with a high wristband, which makes two big pofuts at the front of the sleeve. The top of the sleeve is gathered in with a big bow.

ASTRAKHAN.

I have several times mentioned the enormous rage there has been this year for astrakhan—more especially for jackets. It is seen everywhere and worn by the smartest people. I have seen hundreds of jackets this week made solely of astrakhan, but I may give the opinion that, charming as they are, none the less do I prefer the fur worked on cloth or relieved in some way. Astrakhan by itself is liable to look heavy, but when cloth is used with it it immediately takes away any such appearance. At the Cercle des Patineurs a few afternoons ago there was not half a dozen out of the large number of ladies present who were not wearing the favorite fur. The remainder, I think, were wearing otter.

The following is an astrakhan jacket which is pretty well one of the most popular of shapes and makes:—The body is made of dark green cloth, trimmed deeply with astrakhan, and trimmings of brandebourgs. The back and sides of back with long basques made flat, the fronts closed at the middle with hooks and sides of front. A large band of astrakhan borders the basques. The sleeves are made entirely of astrakhan, rather full at the top and high shouldered, tapering downward so as to become quite narrow at the wrists. A high collar of cloth and a turned down collar of astrakhan. Double brandebourgs formed in bias over the front. A hat of dark green felt, trimmed with black velvet trimmed with black feathers and with an astrakhan butterfly.

A BALL DRESS.

A handsome ball dress of embroidered duchesse satin is made as follows:—The front of the dress is of crepe de chine, mauve colored and pleated, bordered with a volant, which is garnished with feather heads of the same color. The train is made separately and is attached to the sides, which are draped over the hips and fall in cascades over the front. The corsage and overskirt of duchesse satin embroidered with bouquets of chenille of blue-black and dark blue, over which are placed little strips of pearl which give a wonderful effect. The sides and front of the skirt are lined with crepe de chine.

Green appears to be the coming color and already a great deal of it is seen made up into very stylish dresses.

TOILETTE DE VISITE.

A pretty visiting dress is made of chamois cloth and dark green plush. It is trimmed with long puffs of passementerie of the color of the plush, placed the length and over the pleats of the tails of the dress. The corsage closely shouldered. The skirt is cloth over a lining of light silk, with the exception of the left side of the front, which is bordered with only a few centimetres of cloth at the shoulder. The corselet of festooned plush.

A TEA DRESS.

Ladies are ever on the lookout for that divine garment, a becoming tea dress. Here is one made of Scotch cloth, wood color, and beige mixed with dark blue:—The jacket of dark blue and trimmed with blue velvet. The skirt, Scotch cut, in bias, is bordered with a band of velvet. The front of the corsage of the same material, forming a flat front and terminated by a front of the belt, which is of velvet and pointed. It is brought back to the jacket by the stitching under the arms and the shoulders. The jacket with long basques, composed of the back, sides of back, forming twilled basques. The front open, with catch at the bosom. The front basque is cut to the figure in the form of a basque of a riding habit. The lining

of velvet, ornamenting the top of the fronts; the sleeves shouldered, of velvet, and a high collar of the same material.

LACE.

Just at this moment there seems to be a disposition on the part of those who ordain the fashions to make use of lace on a very extensive scale. Irish and Brussels are largely used, and now are more popular than the beautiful Venetian laces, of which many of the best examples come to Paris. Valenciennes is also very much seen.

AN ICE DELAY.

HOW THE STATE OF THE NORTH RIVER INFLUENCES EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

New dangers are often added to the undertaking of a European tour by the presence of ice in the North River. If you think that a fanciful proposition you should have been with me when I last went over to Hoboken.

It was a cold day and the river was pretty full of ice—a good deal fuller than it had been the day before—a fact that some of my fellow passengers learned to their surprise and agony when it was too late. Why agony, unless the boat was smashed? Because they were crossing to take an outgoing steamer on the North German Lloyd line. They were three well dressed, gentlemanly fellows—that is, they were very gentlemanly when they came aboard with their sticks and their rugs and their umbrellas neatly strapped up, and their handbags shining like Xmas presents with silver initials.

They sat down together, and one pulling out his watch remarked easily that they had plenty of time, and another one said that it was "beastly to be so early, don't you know, with all the fellows that are bores, you know, hanging around talking to you for hours," and the third said, "Yes, and the plank was always so choked up with the visitors you couldn't find your stateroom without a lot of fuss, and that a steamer the hour before she sailed was the best place for pickpockets in the world, and that he never wanted to be on hand fifteen minutes before the gangplank was drawn in."

THE ICE COMES IN.

Meanwhile the boat had drawn out and was putting on steam to crush her way through the ice. The three gentlemanly fellows had done everything just as they meant to, and were beautifully satisfied with themselves, but they did not seem to know a great deal about ice in the North River. Pretty soon the boat stopped—that is she ceased to go forward, and as one of the passengers said, "began to chaw on the ice." The ice did not seem to mind it, neither at first did the three ocean bound travellers. But time went on and the boat didn't, and after awhile it began to strike them that this was a bad combination, and that if it kept up long enough it might be inconvenient. One went out of the cabin saying he was going to find somebody to ask about things. This Napoleonic measure did not perceptibly increase our all but imperceptible progress. When he came back the three looked at each other very blankly, then they looked at their watches and looked blanker. They did not seem to find much consolation in conversation. They began tramping about uneasily. One discovered that from a window they could see their steamer lying at her dock. They all stared at her in turn long and earnestly. Still the boat "chawed" on the ice. Then mutterings of profanity could be heard from their once gentlemanly lips.

At last the boat forged ahead for a few feet, and the trio in woe at last looked each other in the face and smiled once more. When progress again stopped and the "chawing" was renewed their last estate was worse than their first. When finally by backings and startings and many maneuvres that all consumed time we got into the clear water they looked ten years older than they did when we left New York. Never had a trip to Europe used up more vitality in the same length of time. They tried to exchange a few words about the improbability of the steamer leaving exactly on time, but their voices seemed to stick in their throats, and it was plain to any man with a watch in his pocket and an advertisement of the line in his paper that they were still left even if the steamer should be a good many minutes late.

THE RACE.

When at last we got in they had their measures arranged for the best fight they could make. They had taken all their traps and bags to some employee on the ferryboat to keep till called for, only putting in their pockets some small things from their contents, for carriages and hacks are not common around that part of Hoboken, and they were wise enough to prepare for the run that they soon took. They started from the boat at very nearly full speed, in spite of cheerful warnings from fellow passengers, newsboys and others to save their wind. A number of them followed at a lesser speed to see how they came out. A cry of "Stop thief" was raised by an unenlightened Hobokener, but he was choked off. The three gentlemanly fellows were for the time hardened to all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Not so when one of them had to come back alone. He was shorter and fatter than his companions; they flew over the wavering gangplank just as it was trembling on the very point of retirement from public service. He didn't. He returned amid expressions of sympathy from the interested populace to hunt up the man that had all their "things," and with plenty of time to consider what he'd do next.

CRITICISING A MASTERPIECE.

REMBRANDT'S "GILDER" SUGGESTS AN ODD SITUATION TO A COUNTRYMAN.

A strange criticism of Rembrandt's famous portrait of "The Gilder" was overheard by two young artists at the Metropolitan Museum recently.

The young men were examining the portrait for perhaps the hundredth time. As on the previous ninety-nine occasions they had grown enthusiastic over the wonderful art displayed in its execution.

As is well known, the picture is that of Jan Domer, a Dutch artist, who is habited in the costume of his country and age. One of the most marvellous pieces of work of the entire portrait is the reproduction of a huge starched linen ruff, that the man wears about his neck. The ruff almost stands out from the canvas, so skilfully was it reproduced by the marvellous hand of the master.

The two young men were almost ready to fall down before the portrait to worship it, when they heard the sharp nasal tones of a countryman speaking behind them. The words they heard were:—"Oh, Maria, come here, and see this man with his head sticking through a cheese."

The two men instinctively moved away. "What a profanation," said one to the other.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "I wonder if it is possible for these people ever to appreciate art. I believe there are at least five hundred artists who would be willing to lay down their lives if they could but reproduce that ruff, to say nothing of the portrait itself."