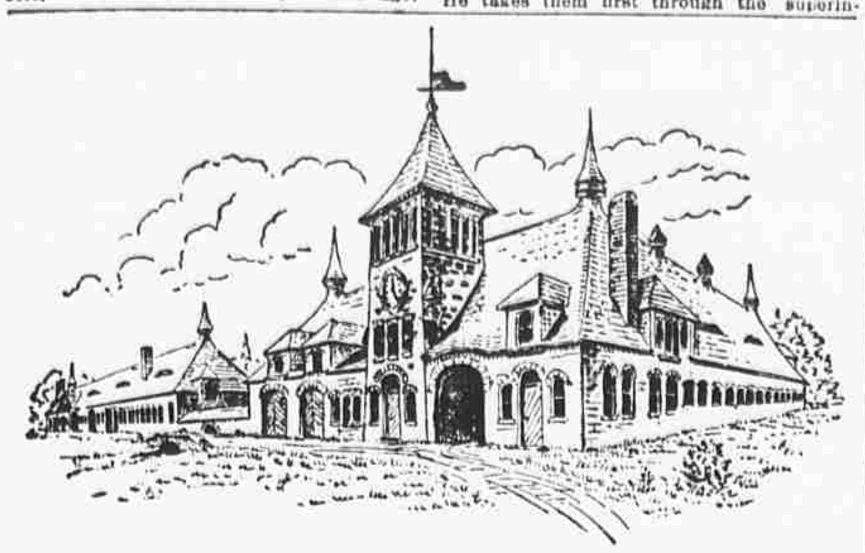
SOME VANDERBILT BARNS.

COSTLY ENGLISH WONDERS ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.

English People, English Vehicles, English Decoration, and Horses from Her Majesty's Dominion—George IV.'s Whips.

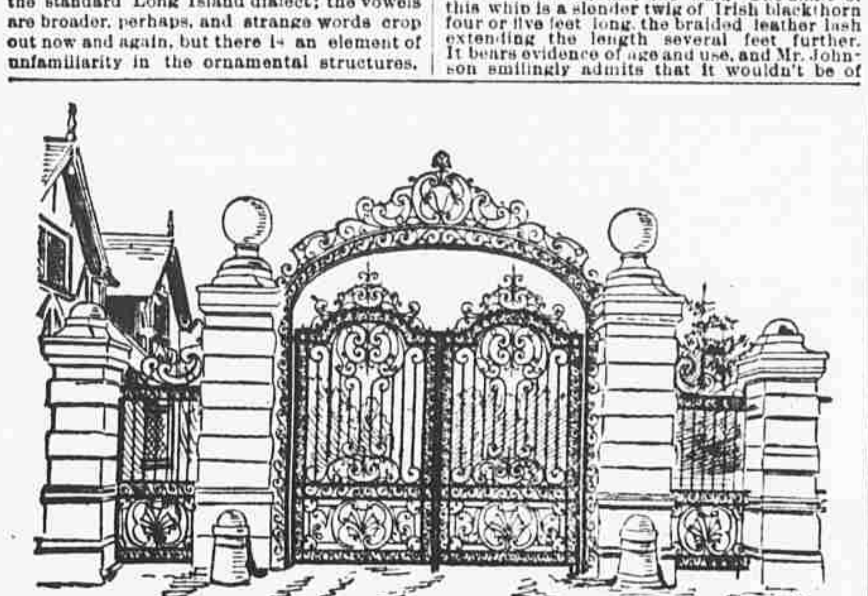
Before long the term "New England" will take on a fresh significance, and the district so designated will not be the land of the Puritans. The Eastern States to-day have far less of English characteristics than the eastern end of Dutch Long Island. All along the south shore rich men are turning the dreary, monotonous stretches of sand and pines and birches into magnificent private parks modelled after the ancient estates of British aristocracy. There are no well-trimmed hedges as yet to mark the boundaries, and no avenues lined with giant oaks; but these may come in time. It takes pretty nearly a generation to develop a perfect hedge, and the great trees in which the lords and dukes of to-day take complacent pride were sorry little saplings a century or two ago,



THE COSTLY COW SHED.

when some prosperous ancestor set them out in neat rows across the barren fields of his estate. Rich Americans, with all their energy and speed, cannot make oaks outstrip the natural order in their growth, but they can clear away underbrush mighty fast and make solid turf flourish where rank salt grass struggled with the sands before, and put up houses and barns and kennels, and import all kinds of running and flying game.

It is just this that the Vanderbilts, Cuttings, Robertses, and others are doing along the south shore of Long Island, and sometimes the descendants of the Dutch settlers are at a loss to realize exactly what country they live in. It is not that the wealthy newcomers have introduced a language widely at variance with the standard Long Island dialect; the vowels are broader, perhaps, and strange words crop out now and again, but there is an element of unfamiliarity in the ornamental structures,



THE GATEWAY AND LODGE.

the massive stone gates and porters' lodges, and, more than all, in the wonderful vehicles which from time to time startle the rough country roads. Everything has a British appearance, and almost everything is of British manufacture. More than this, the majority of the employees on the big estates were born subjects of the Queen.

Among the estates developing rapidly along the lines of English patterns is that of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt at Oakdale. This is an inconsequential station on the Long Island Railroad named apparently on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. There are but two or three small houses in sight, and it is not probable that there will ever be any more, for the men of wealth have secured as much land as they could for miles about, with the idea of restricting it to their own uses. It is a dreary, uninviting looking place, not in the least suggestive of the cultivated fields beyond the scraggy

IDLE HOUR STABLES.

trees that surround the station. A very ordinary road runs by the station, and after following it for a short half mile toward the southwest the visitor comes to a beautiful stone and iron gateway guarded by a neat lodge, all set in among the trees by the roadside. This is the formal entrance to the Vanderbilt park. The gate does not afford an opening in a high wall, hedge, or any other barrier save the uncleared rubbish of the woods. At present it has about as much significance as a bucket and windlass would have in an open field; the bucket might be taken as the promise of a future well, and so the gateway stands as an indication that by and by there will be a great barrier set up along the boundary of the estate to keep out intruders and keep deer and stock within. Further on along the same road is another entrance, and preparations are now under way for a second gateway which, it is said, will surpass the first.

Once across the boundary there are evidences of careful cultivation on all sides. Wide winding avenues run through the woods, crossing here and there open places that are already smooth as well-kept lawns. In such places trees have been planted in regular order, to continue some day the shade offered by the natural growth of the forest. All roads there lead to the house, but by making the proper turns they all lead also to the barn, the most wonderful thing of its kind ever erected in America. It stands about a quarter of a mile east of the mansion, flanked by the natural woods, but with an extensive open lot at the side for the unfettered exercise of horses not required for wagon service. This barn is called by Mr. Vanderbilt the "Idle Hour Stables." It cost nearly $70,000, and was built under the direction of Architect Richard M. Hunt of this city. It is a palace for horses, and only those of the best blood are allowed to occupy it.

The building is of brick, and save for the high tower and the broad carriage entrance the front might be taken for an expensive dwelling of unique and ornamental design. As a matter of fact, the front end of the structure is largely devoted to the purposes of human habitation. The entrance directly under the tower leads to a large, high courtyard lighted from the roof, and on either side of the entrance are stable offices, a messroom for employees, and a kitchen. In the upper stories and elsewhere in the building are sleeping rooms for the employees. The superintendent of the stables is James Johnson, a young Englishman. He has thirteen men under his direction to keep things in order, care for the twenty-five horses and various vehicles, and drive in livery whenever they may be required to do so. Besides these regular attachés of the stable there are others whose services are occasionally called for, as the blacksmiths, who have a shop on the "farm"—a portion of the estate at an easy walking distance from the stable—a veterinary surgeon, and now and again a "professional harness cleaner," who comes down from the city. At present the surgeon, Dr. Ticehurst of Bay Shore, is in regular daily attendance at the stables, acting as Mr. Johnson's right-hand man, not only looking after the health of all the horses on the estate, but taking immediate charge of breaking several spirited young bloods imported from Canada.

When visitors come to the barn in the absence of the family, Mr. Johnson takes justifiable pride in showing them over his quarters. He takes them first through the superintendent's office, at the right of the carriage entrance, to a room on the southeast corner of the building which is luxuriously furnished. This is the "owner's room." All the accessories of this room, from the carpet and panels to the oaken cabinets against the walls, are in perfect taste and exclusively English in character. The walls are covered with colored prints of coaching scenes and famous race horses and their jockeys. American horses and jockeys are not represented, and the "Coach in a Storm," "Crossing Lincoln Green," "Too Late for the Mail Coach," &c., are, of course, representations of events on British soil. All these are interesting, and Mr. Johnson expatiates on their beauties with as much enthusiasm and fine discrimination as he could show had not public coaching gone out of date a generation before he was born. But the climax of interest in the "owner's room" is found in a whip carefully hung, among several others, in one of the tall cabinets against the wall. The shaft of this whip is a slender twig of Irish blackthorn four or five feet long, the braided leather lash extending the length several feet further. It bears evidence of age and use, and Mr. Johnson smilingly admits that it wouldn't be of much practical use nowadays. The interest in this whip is sentimental. It was once the personal, private, bona fide property of King George IV. Lest anybody might consider this claim as apocryphal, Mr. Vanderbilt has caused a certificate, after the manner of an affidavit, giving the history of the whip, to be tacked up behind it against the back of the cabinet. The other whips in the case are souvenirs also, but none other has the soil of royalty's hand upon the shaft. Another of the cabinets contains a good stock of firearms, in the use of which Mr. Vanderbilt is said to be expert. On the mantels are a score or so of photographs, the subjects of which are coaching or hunting parties in which Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends appear.

The superintendent's room is nearly as large as the "owner's," and ornamented in a similar way by a profusion of colored prints of horses and coaches. The furniture is such as might be found in any well-appointed office. There is electric communication with the house, and by an ingenious feature of a big clock a strict record is kept of the night watchman's rounds. The system employed in the office is as complete as if the stable were controlled by a cab company instead of by an individual, probably more so. Mr. Johnson has two sets of printed sheets for recording the work done by himself and his subordinates. This is a copy of one of these sheets:

IDLE HOUR STABLES.

Saddle horses.	Hours.	Groom or whipper.	Carriages.	Hours.	Horses.	Coachman.	Groom.
			Coach				
			Break				
			Omnibus				
			Fly				
			Wagonette				
			Rockaway				
			Buckboard, 10 seat				
			Buckboard, 6 seat				
			Buckboard, 4 seat				
			T cart				
			Duc				
			Buggy				
			Pony cart for Mme				
			Pony cart for Mlle				
			Hansom				
			Gig				
			Dog cart, 1 seat				
			Dog cart, 2 seat				

OBSERVATION.

....

....

(Signed) ....

When the family are at home the member who may want to make use of any of the vehicles enumerated in the above sheet explains his or her desires to the superintendent. He records this on the sheet, setting down the hour, the style of vehicle, names of horses, names of those who are to serve as grooms and coachmen, and any other information which it may be desirable to impart to the men. Then he signs the paper, and a subordinate copies the entries on a large blackboard in the stable courtyard. The blackboard is an exact copy of the superintendent's sheet as printed above. The vehicles named on it are all in the stable now, and there are one or two others besides, which are not for family use and are therefore not included in the official list.

The other set of sheets used by the superintendent are designed for keeping an exact record of all the horses in the stable. There are blanks to record daily just how much exercise each horse takes, what kind of exercise it is, under whose charge it is taken, whether the veterinary surgeon found anything wrong with the horses, and if so, what medicine or treatment he administered; and what food, and in what quantity, was given to each occupant of the stalls.

Not all these formalities are observed when the house is empty. Mr. Johnson gives his orders by word of mouth, and the stable hands go about their work without ornamental trappings. Let the family appear, however, and top boots appear on the men, and jackets with shiny buttons, and in every available place in the stables the Vanderbilt monogram, freshly polished, is set up.

The kitchen and mess room, which correspond to the "owner's" and superintendent's rooms on the other side of the carriage entrance, are well furnished for their respective uses, but they contain nothing of especial interest to the visitor. It is in the covered courtyard that the extent of the establishment appears, and that the elaborate system of the superintendent's office seems to be justified. The court yard is paved with stone thickly covered with tan bark. The carriage rooms are on either side, separated by folding doors, the upper half of which is of glass. All the vehicles are new and expensive, the cost varying from $500 to over $2,500. They are all of English manufacture, too. The carriage rooms are so wide that there is ample space for letting the tongue of each wagon rest upon a movable stand built for the purpose, and still give room for a passageway along the front. The most conspicuous vehicles for general use are the coaches and breaks. They are fitted for the hardest kinds of roads and cannot only accommodate several passengers comfortably, but take on a supply of provisions, blankets, and other freight for emergencies of weather and accident. All of these are sufficiently different in pattern from American made wagons and carriages to attract attention wherever they are seen; but the most curious affairs in the stable are what are known as skeleton breaks. One of these resembles a huge gig tremendously heavy and strong. The other has four wheels, but there is no accommodation for passengers beyond the driver's seat, which is perched about eight feet from the ground over the forward axle. It looks as if the builder had forgotten to finish the thing. The fore and hind axles are connected by a heavy iron truss, or "reach," and no box or wagon body rests on it. This peculiar machine is used solely for breaking horses. The single skeleton break is used when a horse is to be driven to single harness, and the larger is used for span practice. Dr. Ticehurst makes almost daily use of the large skeleton, for there are many young blooded horses in the stables at present, some of which had never been harnessed before their arrival at their commodious quarters. Farmers in the vicinity are greatly puzzled by the appearance of the strange vehicle and oftentimes stop the doctor to ask whether he left the body at home, and if so, why, and if not, what in time the thing is used for. When the stables were opened late last fall there was no skeleton break included in the outfit, and when Dr. Ticehurst suggested the advisability of procuring one, Mr. Vanderbilt cabled to London without hesitation, and the next steamer brought the desired article.

On the south side of the courtyard, and beyond the carriage room, is a large room for washing the carriages, and adjoining it is a horse's bath. This is not exactly a tub, but it answers the same purpose. A winding inclined passage leads from the floor level to a sink in one corner of the room. A horse standing in this sink could just about see over the edge of it. Once down there the stable hands turn water on him and scrub him at will, the water and refuse flowing away through drains provided for the purpose. These rooms and all the other large ones in the building are kept at a regular temperature by stoves.

Opposite the entrance to the courtyard is a wide passage leading to the stalls. The passage is flanked on either side by several rooms. One is for harnesses. It contains not only all kinds of sets hanging against the walls, but a tall glass case in which is a collection of English-made bits, chains, and spurs. Adjoining the harness room is the cleaning room, fitted with every device known to English stablemen for taking dust from leather, and for making steel and brass glisten like silver and gold. Other rooms are for bridles and saddles, and the system of the stable is so perfect that every saddle or bridle, or blanket, or anything else pertaining to the care and use of horses has its special place. This extends even to ordinary stable tools, of which each employee has a complete kit. There is also a bathroom for the stable hands, and in one of the up stairs apartments a collection of books for their entertainment and instruction in idle hours.

At the end of the passage are the stalls, nine open and sixteen of the box style. An iron ring over each stall bears the name of the horse assigned to it. Natural woods have been employed in the construction of the stalls, and a modest red is the prevailing color. Beyond the unstinted room allowed for horses and workmen there is little appearance of unusual wealth. All the best modern appliances for feeding and grooming are at hand, and the brick floor is kept scrupulously clean. One feature of the furnishings, however, shines conspicuously. It is a water trough of white marble. There were a few bits of hay in it on the occasion of the writer's visit.

"You may depend upon it," said Mr. Johnson, "that if the family was at home there wouldn't be a speck of refuse in that trough or any dirt anywhere in the whole building."

The horses are English, too. That is, they were not foaled in the democratic States. Some of them came from abroad, but the majority were obtained early this winter in Canada. Dr. Ticehurst went north with a special commission to secure a lot of high-blood nags for the stable, and every one was purchased in the Queen's dominions across the border. They are all expensive, though, as before noted, not a few of them had not been broken.

This big barn does not by any means contain all of the horses on Mr. Vanderbilt's estate. It does not even contain a great supply of hay or other feed. Directly over the stalls there is a loft in which is stored provender enough to last a few days, and the supply is renewed as occasion requires from the barns on "the farm," which is simply another portion of the estate. It has barns of its own, which are very extensive and remarkably well kept, but are not ornate. Ground has been broken, however, for an immense structure, designed for the keeping of animals used distinctly for farm purposes. It will cost about $100,000. The picture shows the northwestern corner with the front in perspective. It was drawn from the plans which have been made by Architect T. H. Green of Sayville. When complete it will occupy three sides of a quadrangle over 600 feet long and nearly 400 feet deep. There will be dormitories and living apartments for employees at the northeastern end, stalls for farm horses and rooms for farm wagons at the other end, and accommodations for a large drove of the best blooded cattle in the western wing. The low section of the front line will be devoted to poultry. It is Mr. Vanderbilt's intention to have here the finest dairy and poultry barn and stock in the country. The new palace for cows and hens will be completed within a year.

IN MARBLE CAÑON.

Quick Work Down Stream by an Adventurous Exploring Party.

From the Denver Republican.

To give you an idea of the number of the rapids from the head of the Colorado River to this point, near the mouth of the Little Colorado River, a distance of about 230 miles, I will say that there are just 280 rapids, not counting small draws or riffle, and from Lee's Ferry to this point, a distance of eighty miles, there are just 100 rapids. We have run the greater part of this one hundred and portaged but few, and over many of them our boats have danced and jumped at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, and over some by actual measurement, at the rate of twenty miles per hour for half a mile at a time. Standing in the bow of one of the boats as she goes through one of these chutes, with first the bow and then the stern jumping into the air as she shoots from wave to wave, with the spray of the breakers dashing over one's head, is something the excitement and fascination of which can only be understood by being experienced.

That part of Marble Cañon from Point Retreat for forty miles down to the mouth of the Little Colorado River is far the most beautiful and interesting cañon we have yet passed through. At Point Retreat the marble walls stand up perpendicularly 300 feet from the water's edge, while the sandstone above benches back in slopes and cliffs to 2,500 feet high. Just beyond this the cañon is narrowest, being but a little over 300 feet wide from wall to wall, while the river in places at this stage of water is not over sixty feet wide. The marble rapidly rises till it stands in perpendicular cliffs 700 to 800 feet high, colored with all the tints of the rainbow, but mostly red. In many places toward the top it is honeycombed with caves, caverns, arches, and grottoes, with here and there a natural bridge left from one crag to another, making a most grotesque and wonderful picture as our little boats glide along that quiet portion of the river so many hundred feet below.

At the foot of these cliffs in many places are fountains of pure sparkling water, gushing out from the rock—in one place, Vassey's Paradise, several hundred feet up the wall—and dropping down among shrubbery, ferns, and flowers, some of which, even at this time of the year, were found in bloom. Below this, for some distance, are a number of these fountains with large patches of maidenhair ferns clinging to the wall, fifteen to twenty feet above the water, green and fresh as in the month of May, and with the sparkling water running down over them they make a most charming picture.

Our weather has been most wonderful through the whole winter. The thermometer has never registered at 6 o'clock in the morning lower than twenty-four degrees above zero, and in the sun in the middle of the day has registered as high as seventy-five degrees. We have had but one snow storm down in the cañon and one rain. The sun has shown brightly nearly all the time, though for eight days at one time it never shone on us, we being under the shade of the cliffs all the time.

THE BALL OF THE 400,000.

LENT HAS NOT ENDED SOCIAL FESTIVITY IN NEW YORK.

A Dozen Dances a Night and Scores of Ward McAllisters Running Them—The Grand March and the Soulful Waltz.

All the ballroom lights were not turned down in New York when the morning of Ash Wednesday dawned, although it is the fashion to consider the present a time of social gloom. The 400 may be repenting in sackcloth and ashes for its sins of omission and commission, but the great 400,000 are kicking up their heels and swinging their partners nightly in scores of ballrooms all over the city just as gleefully as though they had never heard of Lent. A ball of the 400,000, or of that particular section of it that may get together in any particular ballroom at once, is in some respects different from the Patriarchs' and the other balls of the 400: the enthusiastic vigor that is the outward seeming of a social good time is seen at both, but there is a good deal more of it with the 400,000 than with the 400. It's much easier to prance around and do as you please when you are only one little drop in an ocean of 399,999 other folks, and nobody cares what you do, than it is to do the same thing where the spectators are limited to 399 and every one of them knows you and is wondering what you will do next.

It takes about 100 persons to make a lively ball in the ranks of the 400,000, and there are about twelve lively balls in that circle every night in the week, including Sunday. That means that there must be at least twelve McAllisters and not less than ten Stuyvesant Fishes—for the average of detractors runs very nearly up to that of the successes—on duty in this city constantly, even during Lent. As a matter of fact there are many more than a dozen and ten of these two social characters, for every separate ball of the 400,000 has its own McAllister and its particular Fish.

THE GRAND MARCH.

The McAllister of a ball of the 400,000 must be the President or the leader of some social circle, coterie, or club of young men, formed probably for the express purpose of giving a picnic every summer, a ball every winter, and incidentally to strike the candidates every election time. A dozen live young fellows, clerks, mechanics, or even merely toughs are enough to form such an organization. Leadership is attained in it either by wealth, brains, or fists. Where clerks form the most of the club, the fellow with the highest salary leads it; when toughs are the organizers, the fellow with the toughest reputation and the freest fists is the President, provided always that he has the gift of gab and a certain shrewdness in the management of his fellow men and women, which is necessary to the McAllister of the 400,000 not less than to the hero of the New Year's ball.

Early in the winter the social club picks out its date for a ball, and by a small cash deposit secures a lease of some one of the scores of small public halls in the city for the night it wants. It is necessary to be early about this, for, numerous as are the halls, the applicants are more numerous yet, and late applicants must take the poorest halls and the least desirable nights. Later the club has a meeting, and every member is elected something. The McAllister becomes floor manager, with authority to wear, at the expense of the club, a very large and gorgeous badge. The next biggest man is made chairman of the reception committee, and the club provides for him a badge second in gorgeousness only to that of the floor manager. The other members are elected chairmen of minor committees and assistant floor managers, members of the reception committees, and so on, with authority to wear badges dwindling in glory and importance down to a simple knot of ribbon three or four inches square, with a gilt star and silver

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

tassels. Only the smallest, poorest, and least important members of the club will put up with so modest a badge as that. Sometimes there are not members enough in the club to go around among all the offices, and then outsiders, friends of the members, are taken in to fill the vacant places. They are expected to contribute something in consideration of the honor conferred upon them. Besides paying the deposit upon the hall, the club has generally managed to save up cash enough to pay for the badges; that is the important point. Even if the club treasury is entirely empty, however, the case is still not hopeless; the ball may still go on, for badge manufacturers may be found who will take the order if the aspirations of the club are so gorgeous that the badges must be made to order, and agree to deliver the goods on the night of the ball if the money is forthcoming. Then the floor manager, reception committee, and others who expect to wear the badges hustle around and sell as many tickets as they can before that night. Generally they easily raise in this way the money for the badges. In the highest circles of the 400,000, however, this method is not considered precisely recherché, owing to the temptation it places in the way of the getters-up of the ball to become forgetters all about it after they have raised a snug sum of money. Two or three little incidents of this sort are likely to breed coldness in the particular circles in which they occur.

After the badge question is settled the next thing that comes up for the consideration of the club is that of dress suits. It usually takes at least one special meeting to decide that. Sometimes there is one member who owns a dress suit; of course he is determined that dress suits must and shall be the order of the night for all the members of the committees and other officers. Whether he carries his point or not depends upon his influence with the club. If he is the President or leader dress suits go, and the other fellows have to beg, borrow, or hire them for that night, or catch the grip and be unable to attend. If the member with the dress suit is only an ordinary member, however, the contest is apt to be closer. There is a natural longing on the part of every one to vote for dress suits, but the expense of hiring them is a serious consideration, as is also the fear of being laughed at in their unaccustomed garments. Often the matter is compromised by an order that the floor manager and chairman must wear dress suits, and that the others may do as they please. When dress suits are not ordered anything is *de rigueur* from a sack to a frock coat.

When all these things have been settled comes at last the night of the ball, and the floor managers and committees, arrayed in all the glory of gilt and silver badges, are on hand to receive their guests and see that the man in the box office doesn't skip with the cash.

At 10 o'clock some early birds arrive, but it is nearly 11 before enough tickets have been sold to enable the committee to pay the proprietor the balance due on the hall. The lights are then turned up, and the floor managers go in and inspect the dancing floor and see that the music is on hand. No one can appreciate the limits to which human dignity can attain until he has seen the Ward McAllister of a 400,000 ball walking across the dancing floor just before the music is to strike up for the grand march. There is an epic poem in every stride and a three-volume novel in the lordly waves of the hand as he knocks the ashes off of his cigarette. When the committees have concluded that everything is all right, and have laden the air with the odor of their cigarettes, the floor manager takes from his vest pocket a street car driver's whistle and sounds a shrill blast. Never Roderick Dhu blew a more effective one. On the moment the music strikes up, and from every door and staircase come pouring into the empty hall young men with blacking brush moustaches and cigarette complexions, and young girls averaging sturdy and healthy, worth two to one on an average of their male companions. At first they all scatter aimlessly about the floor and sit awkwardly in the single line of chairs about the walls, but in a few moments at another shrill blast from the whistle one couple, always the floor manager and generally either the handsomest girl in the room or the one with the most gorgeous dress—sometimes looks and sometimes dress governs the choice—start off on a walk around

SHOCKINGLY DECOLLETE.

the edge of the room. Other couples fall in behind them nearly regardless of order, except that the biggest badge generally gets the biggest girl, and presently the whole company is marching around the hall. After a circuit or two the floor manager and his girl stop in the centre at one end, turn and wheel to face the opposite end, where a young man with a big badge, but without any girl, stands in a pose of intense dignity exactly in the centre of the side end. Toward him the leading couple march, followed by all the rest. It is a trying moment for the floor manager and his girl. Every eye is upon them as they head the line straight down the centre of the hall, and at least half the eyes are envious ones; glory is not without its disadvantages, even in the moment of its greatest triumph. As they near the intensely dignified young man at the other end he stretches out his right hand with a gesture that says as plainly as words, "Ha, villain, this time I have you in my power," and the floor manager humbly drops the arm of his partner and marches off alone to the right. By another motion the young man of dignity has sent the girl to the left, and the rest all follow suit, the "gents to the right, ladies to the left," as the movement would be officially described by the young man in charge. So they marched around the hall in single file, and afterward, under the direction of the same young man, tangle themselves up in various intricate movements similar to those of the amazons in comic opera, from all of which they are successfully marched out until, finally they swing around into very ragged lines, one of "gents" and the other of "ladies," reaching clear across the hall, and in that way they march down and back and then break up with much clapping of hands in applause of themselves. The grand march is over, and an immense load is removed from the minds of the committee. Such of them as can get loose from their partners go down stairs to the bar, take a drink, and say that the ball is a howling success.

PIVOTERS.

After the march the programme of dances opens with a quadrille. There is a vague suggestion of the lanciers about it and also some hints of the waltz, the galop, the schottische, and the battle of Bunker Hill. Every dancer has evidently learned the art in a separate school at a different time, so that all the fashionable movements and variations of the last quarter of a century are represented. This gives a certain diversity to the figures. There is, however, one underlying principle that impregnates every movement—that is the necessity of keeping moving. They all do that all the time. When a couple forget what comes next or are left out in the cold in the tangle of the figure, they simply grab each other with a sort of a wild waltzy grab, and, standing with their feet well together, whirl round and round as fast as they can go. This is called "pivoting," and is an evolution from the old movement of swinging partners. Every once in a while some couple who have got so far away from their own set that they have lost track of it entirely, or have been standing by watching until they are tired, grab each other and shoot out into the middle of the floor in an independent go-as-we-please little waltz. The quadrille dancers take this as a matter of course, and stand aside whenever they see such a meteor coming.

When the various sets have become so thoroughly mixed up that everybody finds himself with some other person's partner, the music stops and the dancers make a break for the seats. As soon as the musicians have passed around the beer they start up again, this time with "See-saw," "Johnny Jones and His Sister Sue," or some other thrilling waltz. It is only a moment before the floor is covered with whirling couples. If there is any place where the young people of the 400,000 are perfectly at home it is in the waltz. Every one of them, from the Ward McAllister and his girl down to the little tot who got in free because she was the fifth assistant floor manager's sister, gets out on the floor and prances, jumps, and whirls around with soulful enthusiasm that makes up for any lack of grace or rhythm. There is room for everybody in the waltz of the 400,000. No one need keep out for fear of not knowing the latest style of dancing. It is quite the thing for one couple to pursue the stately, clasped hands high in the air, swinging and balancing movement, while right near another couple will be going it in double-quick movement, snuggled up in each other's arms so closely that water couldn't run between them. Another favorite position is that of dreamy cuddling, in which the couple wrap each other in their arms, and drift slowly and aimlessly about with an expression of infinite bliss upon their faces.

SAVING HIS COLLAR.

Naturally this free-and-easy way of waltzing leads to frequent collisions, especially if the air is a lively one, and there are many of the couples doing the "hurricane act"—that is, starting in at one end of the hall and rushing to the other as fast as they can go, whirling around without an instant's cessation. To dance successfully in this way the couple must have sufficient confidence in each other to trust entirely to weight and skill to get them through safely. Then they must grab each other very hard and hold on tight, stop to count three, and then go it. So long as they stick close together and don't lose their momentum the floor is theirs. No one who has not seen it can appreciate the shock with which two bodies thus made solid plump into a disorganized and loosely hitched couple who have failed to see them coming. In case the other couple are hurricane waltzers, too, and are going fast, the collision, if they strike fairly, is terrific; but when they simply hit a glancing blow the results are not serious, as each couple being a practically solid body is able to slide off unhurt. Collisions, even severe ones, seldom bear any fruit beyond momentary discomfiture. They are a part of the enjoyment, and as such are taken quite as a matter of course. Any one who became offended and manifested a desire to smash some one's nose because the some one had smashed the embrace of his partner and himself, would quickly be made to feel distinctly out of place on such an occasion, and would probably find it convenient to try and get himself into his proper place, or, at least, into some other place than the ball as quickly as possible. The "cop" detailed by the Police Department to look after balls at that particular hall, and, spending the greater part of his time looking after the prettiest girls over the stair railing upon which he leans cherub fashion, has no mercy for a "gent" who gets mad simply because somebody has run into his girl.

After the music has played about half way through an ordinary waltz it stops suddenly, and at the same time all the dancers begin to clap their hands vigorously and keep it up until the music starts again and the waltz is finished. No well-regulated orchestra of the 400,000 will play a waltz all through without this encore business in the middle. Once the musicians used to play the waltz and respond to an encore afterward, under the delusion that that was the least that they could do for folks who applauded their efforts so. Of course every waltz was encored, and the musicians had to do double work. They "tumbled to the racket" several years ago, and began to take their encore in the middle instead of at the end.

During the little rest after the waltz the floor managers and committeemen take their ladies off down stairs to get a drink, and the ladies who are not fortunate enough to have badged partners sit around the wall and criticise each other's dresses. There isn't too much of this to do, for as a rule the costumes are not open to criticism. They are usually very plain and simple, probably the same in most cases that the girls wear to church or on the street when they want to feel dressed up. Occasionally there will be gay ribbons or bright colors, but as a rule the costumes are quiet and in excellent taste. No one more than the working girl knows how to dress up to the top of her means and still not make a guy of herself.

Anthony Comstock would perish of soul starvation if he had to put in his evenings at balls of the 400,000. Decolleté dresses are all but unknown, and even when a girl does venture to cut away a little the neck of her dress it is never to show more than a pretty throat and perhaps the V-shaped beginning of a snowy neck. Very occasionally the arms are covered only with gauze, and once in a while a little section of them may be left entirely bare; but modesty could go unveiled and prudery put by her glasses for all there is to shock or satisfy in the dresses of the girls at these balls of the 400,000.

Other waltzes and once in a long time a quadrille follow the first, the beginning of each announced by a shrill blast on the whistle of the floor manager. Each succeeding dance up to 1 o'clock is more lively and vigorous than the last. After the first two or three the "gents" find it necessary to stuff handkerchiefs into their necks to preserve their collars from wilting and the faces of the ladies become flushed and moist; but nobody minds such a little thing as perspiration, and the dance waxes faster and faster with each turn.

Not merrier and merrier, however, for it would be a mistake to speak of any of these entertainments as merry. No matter how fast and lively the movements become, there is an air of seriousness about everything, much as might be worn by a company of athletes going through their exercises for the benefit of their health. It is a rare dance that is lively enough to lift the burden of daily life and bread and butter getting from the minds of these 400,000. Their social events seem to be for distraction, and not for enjoyment. They plunge into them with the abandon of duty linked with necessity, and not with the reckless carelessness of folks who have no business but to enjoy life. With all their whirling and hugging and rushing they never seem to forget that they are doing it because it is the proper thing, and not because they really like it.

By 1 o'clock the cares of the day begin to settle down heavily again. Physical weariness brings a reminder of the necessity of sleep before beginning work. After each waltz it can be seen that there are fewer left for the next. The young men without any girls who have been hanging about all the evening casting envious glances at the more fortunate and doing the Stuyve Fish act in the corners under the stairway, venture out and become more conspicuous. They waltz with each other, smoke cigarettes openly, put on their hats occasionally, yawn, and sit around with their hands conspicuously in their pockets. Their demeanor clearly indicates that they don't think much of this ball anyhow. Frequent visits to the bar, or to the place where the bar would be if it were lawful to have a bar open after 1 o'clock, do not improve their condition of mind, and along about 3 o'clock, when the musicians are playing the last waltzes, they very likely swagger about the floor with their hats on or join hands and swing aimlessly about the floor indulging in talk the reverse of genteel.

Meantime the floor managers and committeemen have carefully wrapped up their badges in tissue paper and put them safely in their pockets to be taken home and preserved as relics, as Ward McAllister might preserve a medal presented to him by Society, and with their girls on their arms have left the ball to its fate, not without a certain feeling of depression consequent upon the knowledge that the affair has run $11.79 behind paying expenses and that they must make up the deficiency somehow. Then the policeman tells the man in charge of the hall that he guesses it's time to quit; the lights go down, the musicians shuffle off with their instruments in battered cases and green bags, and the last envious revellers tumble out into the streets and go off in groups of two or three, railing at the Ward McAllister of the occasion and at all his assistants.

THE GALICIAN WAX MINES.

A Curious Industrial Field that American Capital will Control.

"The wax mines or ozokerit deposits of eastern Galicia, which a syndicate of American capitalists have leased or purchased," said D. M. Fox of Pennsylvania, who recently returned from the oil fields of Austro-Hungary, "form one of the most curious fields of industry imaginable. They are at and around Boryslaw, which is also the centre of the eastern oil district of that part of Austria. They have been for generations in the possession of Polish Jews of the most avaricious class, who have worked them in the most primitive manner. The wax lies in beds, like clay, at depths of from 350 to 600 feet. Shafts are sunk to the beds. The sides are curbed with timbers, but in such a careless and unscientific way that they are constantly caving in and burying workmen in the depths. From four to six men are killed in this way every week. The owners of the mines persistently refuse to go to the expense of making their shafts safe, and the laborers are at their mercy.

"The Boryslaw wax field is only fifty acres in extent, and upon that 1,000 shafts have been sunk. Twelve thousand men live and work on that tract. The owners of the deposits have made immense fortunes from the product, as it is very valuable, bringing eight cents a pound at the pits. Its use until within a few years was confined solely to making candles, but the manifold uses to which paraffine has been adapted has given this Galician deposit a much wider utility. The region is intensely Catholic, and holy days are constantly occurring, upon which occasions vast numbers of candles are used. The ozokerit lies in veins sixteen inches thick. It is dug out with shovels and raised from the shaft with buckets and windlass. The owners are the only merchants, bankers, and hotel keepers in the region. Everything is mortgaged to them. The men shave their heads, leaving only a tuft of hair at each temple. The women also shave their heads, wearing mohair wigs instead of their natural head covering.

"There is more in this primitive field of mineral wax passing into the control of American capital than appears on the surface. These deposits have interfered in no small degree with the market for American paraffine in European markets, and American paraffine is an important product. The men who will control this Galician natural paraffine are greatly interested in the American artificial paraffine, and they intend to have the market in one way if they can't in another."

A BAD CITY TO OWE MONEY IN.

Theatrical Troupes Attached in St. Louis—A $3 Bill and its History.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 22.—Several of the theatrical troupes who played here last week had occasion to unwillingly encounter various minions of the law. Wilson Barrett on Saturday night found himself attached on his note for $1,850, given to a Boston firm of lithographers and show printers. He paid the bill under protest, claiming that the work sent to him was not equal to the samples.

On the same night Hanlon's "Fantasma" company's effects were attached for a bill of only $3, claimed to be due for a bicycle rented by their manager about two years ago. The attachment and costs figured up $15. An hour after the bill had been paid a receipt for the amount, dated two years ago, was found in the theatre's safe. But it was then too late to get redress, and the constable will probably keep the $15.

Henry Lee's "Suspect" company were the third victim. They were garnisheed for $425, by Manager Litt of Chicago, the Lee Guards of this city, and a hotel keeper, the latter putting forth an unpaid board bill. Lee settled, and the troupe went on their way. St. Louis is famous among theatrical people for incidents of this rather embarrassing nature.

Raymond to the Tip Takers.

From the Chicago News.

When John T. Raymond reached Liverpool after a summer's sojourn in England he mounted the wheel-box of the tender about to convey him to the steamer, and, striking a theatrical attitude, he cried in a loud voice:

"Gather round, good people! If in all England there is a man, woman, or child to whom I have not given tuppence let him now speak or forever hereafter hold his peace!"

There was a vast concourse of natives upon the wharf, but all were silent.

TURKISH BATH EFFECTS.

THE RUDDY BLOOMING HEALTH OF THE GIRL ATTENDANTS.

They Did Not Have the Grip and They Rarely Have Any Disease—Nine Hours a Day in an Awfully Hot Place—Their Habits and Their Garb Described.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, then surely the Turkish bath is a temple of holiness, and the acolytes who administer its sacred rites and mysteries are indeed worthy to be canonized as saints. Perhaps praying in the desert for the sins of humanity or being stewed down in boiling oil is a more picturesque form of martyrdom than devoting one's life to the purifying of soiled cuticle, but we doubt much if the wielding of the scrubbing brush be not quite as potent for the practical good of the race as the counting of perfumed rosaries in expiation of sin.

The continually increasing number of women who frequent the baths has necessitated a corresponding increase in the number of women who take up this peculiar employment. Of these women bathers about two-thirds take the baths with a view to reducing their flesh or at least to prevent a further increase in avoirdupois; most of the remaining third are inspired by a determination to acquire more flesh, and a small contingent are actuated by a laudable ambition to be really as clean and sweet as "morning roses newly washed in dew." It may be rather interesting information to the stout ones, who remain in the heat and steam until fairly parboiled, that in one of the baths up town there is an attendant who has been in a dripping perspiration nine hours a day for three years, and yet she would make a fair showing in a dime museum of fat women. The ambitious scrawny devotees to the bath would hardly be encouraged to see in another bath a slight, slim, little slip of a woman attendant, also constantly in the heat, who would make a good anatomical model for artists or physicians, and would need a Queen Elizabethan ruff and seventeen strings of pearls to make a décolleté dress becoming. The fleshy attendant shuns the stout bathers as much as possible, for they invariably ask her why she doesn't get thin in the baths, and are rather inclined to be discouraged at her answer, which is always "Oh, it isn't natural for me to be thin."

As a rule, however, the attendants are vigorous, sturdy specimens of well-developed womanhood, with exquisite, firm, velvety flesh, fair complexions, clear bright eyes, and great physical strength and endurance. Some of them have not been ill a day in ten or fifteen years, though they work constantly in the great heat with their bare feet continually in contact with wet floors and their dresses damp from the splashing of the water. Perhaps this is something of an illustration of the survival of the fittest, as a woman not well developed and naturally robust cannot endure the work at all and makes way before her superior in vigor at the outset. In the baths devoted exclusively to women the attendants go on duty at 8 o'clock and remain until 6. They lay aside all clothing, shoes, and stockings, and don a little cotton gown reaching only to the knees and low about the shoulders, with no sleeves. Some of the little dresses are very picturesque affairs of scarlet, which contrasts happily with the clear white flesh of throat and limbs; others are of blue, with baby waists and gathered skirts, while more artistic still are the white draperies modelled after the Grecian chiton, clasped on one shoulder, falling thence below the other arm to fasten on the hip and fall apart down the side again at every step. It requires a handsome woman to appear really well dressed in that costume and to bring out its artistic beauty, as well as a great deal of loveliness to be clothed round about with in addition to make it seem strictly conventional and complete.

Really, the belle of the baths is a curly-haired Irish girl with short, wavy hair which twists and kinks in closer rings as the steam and heat grow more and more intolerable, who wears an original and unconfining little suit of Turkish towels. Two knotted on the shoulder by two corners and tied again below the other arm by the opposite corners form the bodice. Two more tied by the corners on each hip make the petticoat. When she can't endure the heat another instant she takes a header off into the tank, stays until she cools off, comes out glowing and laughing, and goes at the scrubbing again without the preliminary of changing her dress at all—simply wringing out its fringes a little.

In baths where certain hours only are set apart for ladies the attendants' time of service is shorter, lasting until 1 o'clock or a little later. The heat of the room through which they are constantly passing and repassing is usually from 160° to 175°, and the temperature of the small bathrooms in which all their vigorous work is accomplished is, or should be, 90°. In one of the busiest baths of all the massage and scrubbing is all done in the Russian bath, where the steam arises in such white clouds that the bather is mercifully veiled and invisible to the other occupants of the room. The perspiration pours off the attendant much more freely than from the bather, and the only relief she has during the humid hours is an occasional quick dip in the plunge.

When the small bathrooms are used the attendant stands upon the wet stone floor and administers her vigorous massage from which many a woman winces, but through which she is invigorated at the expense of the rubber. The scrubbing and massage completed the attendant turns a spray upon her patient, the water continually growing colder and colder. Meanwhile she is herself in a dripping perspiration, and receiving the ice-cold water only on her bare feet as it flows across the floor to an opening in the side. Sometimes the patient is held under a shower of cold water, and as most women scream and shrink and gasp at first, the attendant must hold them and get some of the cold drippings herself. Then she tucks her patient away in warm blankets, wipes the perspiration off her streaming face, and hurries back into the heat, to go through the same performance again ad libitum. She encounters all types of femininity in her work, the fussy woman, the exacting, the frightened, the nervous, and she must have just the right thing to say, just the encouraging word, the subtle little bit of flattery concerning the figure, so carefully worded lest it give offence; the unlimited patience, and invention of a mother with a lot of cross babies to give their weekly bath.

The tipsy women are usually the most difficult patients to manage, for though they go to the baths for the laudable purpose of sobering off, they almost invariably insist on having more wine after the bath is over, and in making such a time about it that there is nothing else to do but to give it to them and then bundle them into a cab and send them home. There is, however, less drinking done than formerly, for the amount of wine served has been restricted to a comparatively harmless minimum, and the superintendents are continually on the watch for women who show evidences of previous libations, and always inform such a woman that they have no empty rooms and cannot accommodate her. More arbitrary rules cannot be made concerning the serving of wine, for physicians frequently insist that their patients shall have it, though the managers of the baths deny the necessity of it, and claim that a bath rightly taken should be so invigorating and stimulating in its effect as to preclude the need of other stimulants.

There is a training school where women may learn the fundamental principles of this peculiar profession, gain a little idea of anatomy and the position of vital organs, acquire the motions of massage and the use of medicine in case of sudden emergencies, but the best attendants are the ones trained in the baths by serving a short apprenticeship as waitresses and learning the modus operandi by observation and practice on the other attendants. The wages are but $7 or $8 a week, but the popular attendant collects more than double that amount in fees from the bathers. Now, the popular attendant is not the handsome one or the most refined and intelligent, but the most powerful in appearance, the most vigorous in rubbing; and that, too, is one of the reasons why delicate-looking women are never seen among the attendants. Superintendents will not hire them as bathers refuse to be served by them. When the last patient has been rubbed and pounded and laid away in the hot sheets, then the girls have a hilarious kind of bath all to themselves. One scrubs another until they cry mercy; they all stand under the cold showers and swim in the cool pool until they are entirely sure every infinitesimal pore is closed; then they dress slowly and walk home, where they usually lie down for an hour, eat a hearty, wholesome meal and every vestige of weariness vanishes. They rarely know a sick day, never take cold, seldom contract disease, no matter how prevalent, and seem to grow stronger with each additional year's work. During the recent epidemic none of the attendants in one bath were afflicted with it, and in another they had it so slightly that they were on duty every day. The superintendent was much more seriously ill than any of the women who stood on the wet floors, in the steam-heated apartments, in their little damp thin dresses.

Death of a Valuable Office Dog.

From the Columbus Post.

PLAIN CITY, Feb. 13.—Joe, the dog that furnished the power by which the *Dealer-Press* was run by treading in an eight-foot wheel, was shot yesterday by a farmer, who took him for a sheep dog. Joe was known all over this part of the country, and thousands have called at the *Dealer* office to see the dog at work. His value to his master was about $300.