IN THE MAGDALEN'S HOME.

NELLIE BLY'S VISIT TO AN INSTITUTION FOR UNFORTUNATE WOMEN.

A Wicked Girl's Chances for Reformation—How Poor Creatures Abuse a Noble Charity—Matron Burr's Experiences—The Girl Who Befriended an Unlucky Cat—The Toboggan Slide of Sin.

QUITE recently the thought was forced upon me by an incident which I witnessed in the street: Do women who have started thoroughly on the downward path ever reform?

I could recall hundreds of cases where men had been pointed out to me as having "once been wild, but had now reformed," but I could not remember an instance of a woman spoken of as reformed. As one thought brings another, I began to speculate on a woman's chances of reforming. I must confess I could not see many, but I knew that in New York there must be some institutions devoted to this good cause. I made inquires and I learned of several, among them one that had been in operation for fifty-four years. I immediately decided to learn more about it. I allude to the New York Magdalen Benevolent Home, No. 7 East Eighty-eighth street.

Dressed to suit the character I wished to represent, I went late one evening to East Eighty-eighth street. I saw an old-fashioned building surrounded by a high brick wall, and I knew without looking for the number that it was the institution I wanted. The wall looked very formidable, and I felt rather homesick as I gave a strong pull at the bell-knob. I shivered slightly, as I thought they must surely have a big, brutal doorkeeper, and I wondered if I could ever get out when once inside. It is not so droll as it may appear, this being locked up of one's own accord without a surety as to how long it may last.

ENTERING THE HOME.

I heard footsteps. A chain rattled heavily against the gates, a key was turned, and before me, candle in hand, stood a meek-looking, little, bent woman. She viewed me calmly, and I recovered from my amazement enough to say:

"Is this the Magdalen Home?"

"Yes," she answered, still holding the gate but not offering me admittance.

"Well, I came to see if I could stay a few days," I stammered.

"We don't take any one in here for a few days. They must stay six months. But you had better come in and see," she said, noticing my disappointed look.

I stepped inside and waited until she bolted and barred the gate; then I followed her up the steps into the house. She set the candle on a table in the hall, and knocking on a door, told me to enter. A woman and a man occupied the room, and the former rose and came towards me.

"Are you the matron?" I asked.

"No, the matron is out. I act in her absence," she replied.

"I want to see if I can stay here awhile," I said rather timidly.

"Every one who comes here stays for six months," she answered. "There are other homes you can go to for a shorter time."

"Six months is a good while," I said, determined not to hear anything about other homes.

"It is not very long to those who really wish to reform. Have you been doing wrong?"

"Well, I thought it might do me good to get out of the city a while," I answered, non-committal.

"You know, I suppose, that we have here only drunkards and those who have sinned? You should know if it is well for you to be among them, if you have done enough to merit it."

I began to think that for once I had failed in my attempt to dress the character I wished to represent. I had even put whiskey on my coat to create the impression that the color of my nose was not alone due to the weather.

"I think it is just as well for one to flee from temptation," I stammered by way of explanation when she asked me to sit down.

"We think six months is short enough time for a girl to break off from old associates and form new habits. Those that come here know what it is before and those sent by parents or Judges are kept whether they want it or not."

"Do they always reform?" I asked.

"No, very seldom, I am sorry to say. They come here and what they did not know before others tell them."

"Any one can come here?" I asked.

"Yes, any girl who wishes to reform can come here and after she tells her story and it is decided that she is a fit inmate for the Home she remains for six months. Clothing and food are furnished free to all. We give them every chance to do right. It is a very discouraging work though. I have spent years at it and I find we make very few, indeed the very fewest reformations. If you do not think you would like to stay six months you can stay any way to-night and have a talk with the matron, Mrs. Burr, in the morning. She went to the Florence Mission to-night to attend the wedding of one of our girls."

"They do marry, then?" I said.

"Oh, yes. That girl was in here for six months and when she went out she fell in with bad company again. While intoxicated she met another girl who tried to induce her to go to some place. She replied that she was bad enough and she would not get any worse. The other girl then, who had been persuading her to go to this place, said, 'The Florence Mission is the place for you,' and took her there. Just think of a bad girl taking any one to a mission! Well, the girl got converted, and to-night she is marrying a very good man. I will see if I can get you a room for to-night, and by morning you will know whether you want to stay or not."

She went into the hall, and I could hear her talking with the little jailer who admitted me. I think the jailer had taken a dislike to me, and was urging that I be sent elsewhere. At any rate, they talked a long while, and I began to feel weary. Again the bell rang, and I heard them say:

"What did you come back for?"

"I didn't like the place," said the new-comer. "It was in the country, so I wouldn't stay," and then they told her what bed to take, and I heard her go heavily up the uncarpeted stairs. Once more the bell resounded, and this time warm greetings were exchanged. Then the door opened and a very pleasant, kindly faced woman came in. She looked at me with a smile as she said, "Good evening," and then sat down on the sofa beside me. It was the matron. She rather urged me to tell her why I wanted to come in the home, but I replied that I would rather not speak on that subject just yet.

"What you tell me, my dear, no one else ever hears, but we must know your history before we can say you are a fit subject for the home; otherwise one might come here and learn more wickedness than they could ever forget."

"Is it unpleasant to meet all these girls?" I asked, to avoid discussing the first person singular.

"Well, they will pounce on you and want to know all your history, and tell you all theirs the first thing. But if a girl really wishes to reform we give her every opportunity. You can think it over and I will talk with you in the morning. We have seventy girls at present, and I will have to put you in with another girl. She is a very good girl. She has done wrong, but I believe she is truly converted."

I was again at the mercy of the little jailer. She walked in advance, carrying a lamp, along some narrow hallways. Fire may be my weak point. I know, anyway, the thought came that if the house caught fire I should never be able to find my way out those narrow passages. Entering a room she set the lamp down on a wash-stand as she called out: "Johana, I have brought you a bed-fellow." The girl turned her face around and, opening her large black eyes, looked at me.

"You get ready for bed," she said to me, as she started to leave the room, "and I'll come back for the lamp."

HOW THE NIGHT WAS SPENT.

This was not much like a prison or an asylum. There were no cold baths and tubs of disinfectant. Was a difference in the treatment of women who have erred and of the poor creatures who are afflicted through no fault of their own! The room in which I was to spend the night was of good size. A worn Brussels carpet covered the floor. The walls were nicely whitened, and along one side were hooks for clothing. Beside the bed there were two cheap bureaus, a wash-stand and two chairs.

"Were you sent in?" was Johann's first question as I began to undress.

"No; I came myself," I answered.

"Ah!" with satisfaction and relief. "Then there are hopes for you."

"Six months is rather a long time to stay here," I suggested as I unbuttoned my boot.

"What is six months here to an eternity in hell?"

I dropped my boot in astonishment and looked at her. She raised herself to a sitting position in the bed. Her black hair was tossed, and her eyes gleamed unnaturally.

"I really couldn't say, you know," I stammered. "I never spent any time in either place."

At this moment my jailer came for the lamp. As she went out the door she gave this parting salutation:

"Johann, don't throw her out the window before morning."

"Oh, no," replied Johann; "she is a very nice little girl." The door closed and we were left in the dark. She asked me all about myself, and I in turn questioned her.

"I make artificial flowers. I learned the business when I was a child. I used to make $2 a day; now I can only earn $7 a week. We are paid by the amount of work we do."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"I rent a small room on a top floor in the locality of Hester street for $1.50 a week. It has a single bed in it, and I buy an oil-stove, on which I do my cooking. No, I cannot save any money. By the time I pay rent and for fuel and buy my food I have but little left for clothing myself."

"Why do you not board in some of these charitable homes? I would imagine it pleasanter than to live as you do."

"I am tired seeing misery, and the only people who go to charitable homes are miserable. I want to get it out of my sight and hearing for a while, so I have a room. Cheap boarding-houses are generally nests of vice, so I would not patronize them."

"Have you been here long?"

"I have been here a year now. I had gone to every extent in sinfulness and, as a last remedy, I came here. I am so glad, for I have seen the folly of my former life and am just as anxious to live rightly as I was once to live wrongly. I wish I never had to go out in the world again, but then I am sick of seeing the misery in Homes."

A DAY IN THE MAGDALEN.

I was about ready to go to sleep when the rising bell rang. I had passed the night in a restless manner and was glad to find it ended. Johann got up and sat on the edge of the bed, while I put on my gown. We soon were ready to go downstairs. I followed her along the narrow hall and into the sitting-room. It was a good-sized room with white walls, benches and a desk. It looked similar to a country school-room. A large stove occupied the centre of the room, and clustered around it were some twenty girls. They wore plain calico dresses and some wore aprons. They looked at me as curiously as I looked at them. One of the number made room for us and we joined the circle.

"How many new ones came last night?" asked a girl.

"Three," responded several.

"Did she," indicating me, "come herself?" asked another of Johann, who replied in the affirmative.

"What other Homes have you been in?" some one asked me.

"None; this is my first," I replied.

"Hello, Minna!" they called out in chorus to a new-comer with a youthful face and short gray hair.

"Why didn't you sleep all day?"

"Sleep! I haven't closed my eyes all the night; I haven't slept for a week, and if they don't soon give me something they'll have to send me to the crazy-house on Blackwell's Island," said Minna, complainingly.

Gradually the circle increased around the stove until the breakfast-bell rang, when all made a rush for the hall. There were no rules or regulations to be obeyed, and every one rushed at will. I followed in the train down to the dining-room, which is in the basement. The matron, Mrs. Burr, was there, and she gave me a place at an end table. When the room was filled the girls began to chant a hymn of thanks, after which they repeated a prayer, and then began on the simple meal before them. It consisted of bread, butter, molasses and a bowl of coffee. One woman who sat at our table would not eat her bread, which she broke in bits and pushed to some one else's plate. This raised a disturbance, and Mrs. Burr sent her from the table as one would dismiss a naughty child. Otherwise the breakfast passed very quietly. Mrs. Burr always spoke in the most gentle and quiet manner to the unruly ones.

HOW THE PLACE LOOKS.

I made a survey of the place. The ceiling was low but nicely whitened. On the walls were mottoes that would not harm people to obey. The women interested me most. There were probably fifty in the room—the youngest a pretty peach-and-cream-complexioned miss of not more than sixteen years, and the eldest a feeble woman who looked not less than seventy.

As they finished eating they left the table without asking to be excused. They were all expected to go to the sitting-room, but I do not think they did. However, the majority went there. Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Hartley and Miss Henscher took their places behind the desk. Mrs. Hartley read a chapter from the Bible and then prayed, after which the girls repeated a prayer in unison. The matrons then went to their breakfast and we were left alone.

"How do you spend the day?" I asked a girl.

"Just as we please," she said. "We read or we can work on mosquito-netting or in the laundry. Some knit or crochet. We generally please ourselves."

"Girls must have it very nice here?" I remarked.

"My aunt says it is an encouragement to laziness and crime," interposed a girl who had been listening to us.

"Well, I would think some are reformed by being here," I said.

"Oh, yes," answered another; "there is one here now who has been here four times, and she says it has done her good every time."

"What makes her come back if it does her good?" I asked.

"Well, when she gets out she falls in with bad company and goes back to her old ways; then she gets into trouble and comes back here."

I could not see how the Home benefited her if it did not last after she got out. From the conversation of some of the girls I learned that they had been making the rounds of the charitable homes since childhood, and I don't doubt that their mothers did the same before them. Two of them even spoke of being in Homes in other cities. Johann was the only one I found who had the least remorse for what she had done. The others were as indifferent about it as if it were an honor to them.

They were all very nice to me, and when they saw that I was not inclined to be communicative they did not bother me with questions. They used snuff liberally and offered to share with me. I declined their kindness. During the day several letters arrived and, after being read by the matron, they were given to those for whom they were intended.

At noon we were given fish, bread and tea, and in the evening bread, butter and tea. The food was plain, but there was plenty of it. Several times during the day the girls came into the sitting-room with slices of bread, so that I knew they never suffered from hunger. A large space of ground surrounds the Home, inclosed, of course, by the high wall, where the girls can go as much as they wish. The laundry work is done for the neighbors by such girls as are willing to work. It is done at reduced prices in order that the inmates may have something to employ their time. Each girl does her own washing. They have perfect liberty in everything except to go out the gate. The Home is non-sectarian, although Protestant services are held every Sunday. The girls are offered every chance of reforming, but they seldom accept. This life is like a toboggan slide. Once they start, it is impossible to stop until they reach the end, which is death. They keep up the rounds—from the streets to the courts, to the island, to the Home and to the streets, again—year after year.

In the afternoon of my day there the ambulance came to take a sick girl to the hospital. The girls rushed to the front of the house to get a "peep ay de dup un' his brass buttons," they said, and many were the remarks passed about him. One girl won the admiration of the crowd by asserting that she winked at him.

There are many peculiar characters at the Home. The most interesting one is probably a little homely creature whom the girls call Vanderbilt, because she imagines h r runs the house. Vanderbilt gets herself up in a comical style, but she is withal good-humored. When she first came to the Home some painters who had been there had painted a white cat green. The poor cat seemed likely to die. It became Vanderbilt's charge. She nursed it and tended it until the paint wore off—and took the hair with it. Vanderbilt would often go to Mrs. Burr and ask for some vaseline to rub on her sore face, when instead she would rub it on Tom Vanderbilt's (as the cat is known) back. Tom knows who was kind to him, and follows Vanderbilt from one end of the house to the other. When she sits down he jumps on her lap and displays more affection than I ever saw a cat manifest before. Tom looks pretty well now, and his tail gives bright promise of once again wearing fur.

I was rather amused to hear the superstitious girls tell what "sign" the most common occurrence conveyed to them. When spoken to about the absurdity of such beliefs, one said:

"Well, I know they are true. One day I spat on the door, and I said, 'That for change of residence,' and the next morning I was in the Police Court." This was convincing.

THE MOTHERLY MATRON.

Towards evening Mrs. Burr took me into the reception room. She asked if I had yet concluded that I would like to stay six months. I did not feel inclined to forfeit my liberty, especially as I had gotten all the information I could, even if I remained a month. I had but little sympathy for these women who do wrong and have no inclination to do otherwise. I determined to get out as soon as possible. I said the time was too long, and that instead of being benefited by remaining there, I should learn more wickedness. She told me of other Homes I could go to and stay a shorter time.

"I told you the women here are bad," she said. "We get the very worst. A great number of them have served their terms in the penitentiary and workhouse. We offer shelter to any woman who wants to reform and we teach her all we can, but it is not encouraging work."

"Do they ever reform?" I asked.

"Well, even if they wish to reform they find it almost impossible. We had a woman here who was once of a very wealthy family. She was well educated, but she fell in love and it ruined her. She got to be of the very worst before we got her. She repented and wanted to do right, but she could get no chance. She had no recommendations, and at every place she applied for work we were compelled to tell her history. No one would have her after that. One charitable woman said she would have taken her for a nurse, but she had two sons coming home from college and she could not have the girl in the house. Girls often leave here with a desire to do better, but they have no money, no trade, no character, and in a while they get discouraged and go back to their old haunts. The majority of them do not care to reform. They come here because it offers them refuge when they have nowhere else to go. We endeavor to do all we can for them."

Promising to go to see the receiving committee of the Home or to some other mission I left the Magdalen. I tell you the path of sin is like a toboggan slide; once we start down there is no stopping until we reach the end. NELLIE BLY.

SILENT NUNS.

A Visit to the Convent of Bernardines—A Singularly Strange Order.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

A correspondent in the south of France sends a description of a visit he has made to the convent of the Bernardines at the village of Anglet, near Bayonne. After first calling at the neighboring convent of the Sister Servants of Mary—a community whose life is spent in labor in their own fields or in attending the sick and indigent—the visitor passed through a dark grove of pines to the gate of the Bernardines.

A notice begging him not to speak above a whisper, meets him, and he passes down a long deserted, but well-kept garden, towards the long low range of buildings inhabited by the fifty nuns vowed to silence. Arrived at the entrance, after some two or three sotto voce attempts to be heard, with a result like the burlesque song of "Snout, boys, shout, but in a whisper," a Sister Servant of Mary in her familiar uniform appears, whispering that it is her lot to act as guide. From 12 o'clock each day she is on duty, and as the Bernardines are not permitted by their vows to speak, and become, of necessity, shy, timorous, and strange, without some such conductor little could be known of these sad lives. What their crimes are there is no one to say. Fifty human creatures—one at least of whom is only twenty years of age, and cannot take the full vows till June—share the allotted portion of silence and solitude. Some few of the nuns are living still who began their conventual life nearly half a century ago in straw huts on the bare sand.

A story is told of the Empress Eugénie, who, having parted many years before from a school friend in Madrid, learned that the girl had taken refuge among the Bernardines. People say that she had been extremely beautiful, and it is added that she had, when both were young, crossed the Empress's path and become her rival. The costume worn by the Bernardines is designed to hide the face and figure: a funnel-shaped hood of coarse white flannel is drawn over the head and eyes, and a short mantle and full skirt of the same material conceals the figure. The Empress obtained a dispensation from the Pope to speak to her friend face to face; but it is said that when the nun threw off her hood her royal visitor fainted at the sight that met her eyes. People hint that life-long scars and fearful mutilations lurk under these shroud-like veils, which are assumed as much in mercy to the passers-by as a mortification to the wearer. Two English children, who gazed with awe-struck faces on the figures in grave-clothes which move stealthily about the gardens on their errands of mercy to plants and flowers, were heard to raise the question whether the nuns are dead before they are buried or buried before they are dead—a point which it would truly be hard to solve. There is in the movement of walking so much character that from the dejected, listless and heavy step of these unhappy creatures it is easy to gather the state of their minds, which, if not altogether despondent, must be utterly motionless and dazed.

When the order was first founded by the good Canon of Bayonne who established the whole community, a handful of Sisters slept in rough cabins on the ground, and worshipped in a stunted chapel made of a sort of treillis of sticks stuffed with straw. As the community grew richer, the cells improved, till they took their present not ambitious form of a low range of stable buildings, each cell being but little larger than a horse's stall. Here the words "God only" meet the eye, coarsely printed on white; and in every cell tenanted by these poor anchorites in the little coffin-like chapel in which they pray, these words stamp themselves on the mind. The parlor—which bears the same legend—is a square wooden box, as large, perhaps, as two cells; and here once a year the sister vowed to silence may hold intercourse with her father and mother, but with no other relation. Speech is also occasionally permitted with the superior, but never between the nuns. Their needlework, which is exposed for sale, is painful to see, because it betrays the dwarfed and crippled souls within. Some wretched cardboard needle-books bear a dumb and piteous prayer for the solitary; others are tortured into the shape of coffins, filled with little paper flowers. Even the vigorous green plants standing in a chapel so narrow that the walls seem to close upon the intruder, are strung with a kind of coral in red wool, as if all natural taste and healthy admiration had vanished. To these solitary beings, who never set foot beyond the shadowy plantations closing in their meagre world, it may be that the walls do not press tightly and that, by dint of gazing at them and at nothing else they vanish, and only the pious inscription, "Dieu seul" remains.

A GREAT FOX HUNT.

Over Six Hundred Men and Many Ladies Run Down Two Reynards.

[Tolona (Ill.) Despatch to Chicago Herald.]

The greatest fox drive ever known in Champaign County took place to-day at Lime Grove, eight miles southeast of here, in the presence of a numerous throng of ladies and gentlemen. Between six hundred and a thousand men, including several well-known hunters from abroad, participated in the sport. The leaders previously chosen were not all present, and others were selected to take their places. When the lines were formed they were officered by the following experienced directors of the chase: J. R. Moore, of Philo, Chief Marshal; Sam Vanbrunt, Captain of the North Line; S. G. Letman, of Sidney, East Line; L. S. Raymond, of Raymond, South Line; Anthony Reinhart, of Crittenden, West Line. Each captain was ably seconded by two lieutenants. The officers were mounted on fine horses, all the others being on foot. Not a dog or a gun was on the ground. Lime Grove is a patch of native forest, standing like a fair oasis in a vast desert of prairie. It is part of a fringe timber, and it branches from the Wabash River far up into Illinois. The underbrush at this particular spot has never been cut out, and in places forms a perfect thicket, making an admirable hiding-place for foxes and other animals. When the lines were formed about the grove this morning there was no sign of life in the grove. The ground was covered with a sheet of ice, and when, at 10 o'clock, the order to move sounded along the lines the men with difficulty made the advance, the entire march being slow and tedious.

It was nearly 11 when a shout rang out from the southeast corner of the grove, and the next instant a red fox was seen making a straight shoot towards the line near Capt. Raymond's position. The lines wavered for a moment and the ladies stood in breathless suspense. Then the men braced themselves for conflict, and Sir Reynard retreated in good order. Four times he made the circuit of the lines, stopping a moment at his hiding place as he passed in each instance, and then resuming his course as before. At the end of twenty minutes he became desperate and made a frantic dash for liberty. As he rushed towards the line Joseph G. Lawrence, principal of the Philo public school, threw a club, striking Sir Reynard fairly and knocking him unconscious. Following up his advantage Lawrence secured his trophy, the brush, and will have it mounted and placed in his school-room.

The original intention had been to have the round-up in a small clearing at the southwest corner of the grove, but that was not reached before the first fox was captured, and a hasty movement was now made to attain the desired position. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when from the same place whence the first appeared another fox jumped forth. The lines were now almost like a wall of men, and the second fox made no effort to break through. The officers designed letting him run himself down, but the enthusiasm became so intense that the men could not be controlled. They broke ranks and rushed pell-mell upon the flying animal. One man made a lunge headlong after it, but missed his game. Mr. Bartlett, of Sydney, stumbled over the man who had fallen, and threw a club. The fox fell, and Bartlett pounced upon it. The men yelled and the ladies cheered as he secured the prize. There being no other game within the ring the crowd dispersed, to meet again at 9 on the following morning on another field to renew the chase.

Railway Men's Superstition.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Railway employees are not without their superstitions any more than is the old salt of the ship. An engineer once said that he dreaded the next trip. He had killed a horse the last run out and that was a sure forerunner of killing a man. It hadn't failed in seven times during [illegible] years' service, he asserted. In just a week the [illegible] dumb man, who loved to walk where the [illegible] its thickest, fulfilled the [illegible] the man at the locomotive lever.

HOW TO MAKE PLASTER CASTS.

Dainty Little Hands and Pretty Faces Taken from Life.

To say of a pretty girl that she has "given her hand to Mr. Johnny Jones," does not always mean what it used to mean. If the girl is pretty and thoroughly up in all the latest fads of sweethearting, the chances are that she is letting Mr. Johnny Jones "speculate in a future," as far as she is concerned, and that she has simply given the said Mr. Johnny security in the shape of a plaster cast of the ringless left hand.

There is something very cuddlesome about a dimpled white hand that was so distinctly made to play "bunny" with, and there is, at the same time, a something very non-committal about the cast thereof, as non-committal as those foolish back views or veiled photographs with which the girl of the period has long been in the habit of supplying her less responsible adorers. It can be hung on the wall, too, as a "something from the antique," or used as the most charming of paper weights, and yet nobody need know the difference.

More than that, the experience of having the cast made is worth something, especially as there are two equally exciting methods. The easiest is perhaps the most of an experience, as you may see. Two girls bound to have their pretty paws put in plaster stop some day on the street and ask a strolling peddler where his shop may be found. He tells them down near Grand street, gives them a dirty slip of paper with the street and number and away they go.

Their hearts beat mightily as they go up the narrow stairs and into a small, smelly shop that is full of white dust and images of all kinds. To make the black-browed man who greets them understand their errand takes considerable time and patience, but he at last gets it through his square head and agrees to take the impression. By this time the romance is mainly gone, but there is enough out of the usual run of things to make it interesting. "Bippo," or whatever his name may be, fetches out a big yellow mixing bowl to begin with. In this he puts some plaster of paris, otherwise known as calcined gypsum, and some warm water. With a thin, supple knife he carefully stirs the two until the mixture is about the consistency of molasses, carefully it must needs be, for if the knife comes up above the water there will be air-holes where there should be ivory smoothness of grain, and even with the mold "Bippo" wishes the fair "Americanas" to be satisfied.

While he is doing this, the two girls are amusing themselves in greasing the chosen hand with olive (?) oil. They fill up all the little cracks and dimples with the stuff, considerably disgusted yet not discouraged. By the time Bippo has some of the plaster poured upon a board, the hand is all ready to go down into it. That is lots of fun, of course, and with much giggling an artistic arrangement of the fingers is made, due attention being paid to the cherished dimples.

Then Bippo sits down and begins to smoke.

The girls stare. Surely more than the palm is wanted! What of the dimpled knuckles?

Bippo then condescends to explain. The plaster must dry. It would be impossible for signora to take her hand out if the mould were all in one piece. The "signora" admits the truth of this, and resigns herself to wait. It does not take long, however, and they soon are watching honest Bippo oiling the edges of the mould around the hand. This done, he pours the rest of the plaster on top, pats it down and smooths it off as if it were a pudding, then again sits down and takes another cigarette.

The time of waiting is not long, but to the young woman who is about dying to wiggle her fingers it seems an age. Five minutes ends it. The mould yields to general persuasion, opens and gives up its prize.

"But it's hollow!" cries the signorina. "I wanted it just like my hand. Why, you can't even tell what it is!"

Bippo looks vastly superior, but says nothing, the while fishing a stout string from his pistol pocket. Once unsnarled he ties the two halves stoutly together, having once more oiled them, carefully mixes another bowl of plaster and fills the mould to the brim.

By the time the second hand has been done up in its big dough mitten the mould is ready to open, and out of it comes the prettiest, whitest, most kissable hand that was ever seen away from a real live best girl's wrist. Bippo, of course, is well paid for his trouble, an order is left for a number of each, "to be called for," and two demure looking creatures sally forth from a Fifth avenue stage an hour later and climb their front steps as carefully as if they carried live butterflies in their clumsy newspaper packages.

When they tell of their experience to their friends the chances are that some girl has tried the other method, and proceeds to tell them a romantic tale of how she knows Mr. So and So, the artist, and how she and Mrs. Young Matron went to his studio one day, and he showed them all his fixings for taking casts and then made an impression of their two hands clasped together. Of course, this goes way ahead of the "Bippo" story, but neither girl is going to admit it, while as for Mr. Johnny Jones, he will probably go down to his dying day believing that his shrewd little sweetheart stole away and secretly had that one cast made for him and him alone.

This is the romantic and also the safe part of the casting. The trouble begins with the masks. It is all very well for Mr. Jones to remark to inquisitive Tom Robinson, "Oh, I assure you, you are quite mistaken. That is Miss Snook the artist's hand." But when it comes to masks there is no such loop-hole. It is Arabella herself, and a very brave Arabella at that. It requires no little determination to go through this ordeal of having one's face "moulded," and even when successfully accomplished the subject is usually as little fond of the pastime as was a young dentist known to the writer, who not only got caught by a desirable patient with his mouth full of plaster, "trying to take an impression," but with a mouthful of plaster that had become too hard.

In the first place, the person whose face is to be "taken" is placed flat upon his back, his hair smoothed back by pomatum to prevent its covering any part of the face, and a conical piece of paper, or a straw, or a quill, put in each nostril, to breathe through. The eyes and mouth are then closed and the entire face completely and carefully covered with salad oil. The plaster, mixed to the proper consistency, is then poured in large spoonfuls to the thickness of one-quarter or one-half inch. In a few minutes this can be taken off as if it were a film. When a cast of the entire head or of the whole human figure is required, either a cast of the face is added to a mass of clay which is to be modelled to the required figure, or the whole figure is modelled from drawings prepared for that purpose. This is the work of the sculptor. When the clay model is finished a mould is made from it as in the former cases. If the model be a bust, a thin ridge of clay is laid along the figure from the head to the base, and the front is first completed up to the ridge by filling up the depressions two or three inches deep. The ridge of clay is now removed, the edges of the plaster are oiled and the other half is done in a similar way. The two halves are likewise tied together with cords and the plaster is poured in. In complicated figures, say a "Laocoon," the statue is oiled and covered with gelatine, which is cut off in sections by means of a thin, sharp knife, each piece serving as a mould for its own part of the new statue.

It is an interesting amateur pastime, this of taking casts of people and objects, and a very clean and harmless one for young people. If they go at it cleverly they will find a good many subjects, though it is to be doubted if the amateur gets permission very often to take a mask—certainly not a second time. In one collection that the writer knows of there is a big, brawny fist known as "Walt Whitman's;" an arm and hand finely and artistically shaped, that of the late William Morris Hunt, and a dimpled little shape, the hand of a baby daughter of Jared Sparks, once President of Harvard. There is also a statuette of the great and only Fechter, the original model by Carrier, brought over by Fechter himself and given to a wealthy Boston woman, who now and then unbends in her right of possession and has some duplicates made to give away at Christmas and equally important occasions.

It may be added, moreover, that all these little Fechters, when they go out into the world, are carefully polished, like all fine casts, with this composition, which is supposed to impart a close resemblance to polished marble, but which certainly sounds exceedingly prosaic: One-fourth ounce of soap dissolved in one pint of water and one-fourth ounce of wax, left for a week on the cast to dry and then rubbed down with a piece of linen.

A New Trade at Paris.

[Paris Despatch to London Telegraph.]

The trade of "knotmaker," or "tier of cravats," is not one of the least lucrative callings in Paris just now. Some people will, no doubt, be disinclined to believe that much money can be made at so shadowy a handicraft; yet there are persons who make an average of $1 a night at it. The trade flourishes chiefly in the season, when there are dinners, balls, soirées and receptions in every corner of the capital. The good "knotmaker" jumps into his cab, or perhaps a hired brougham, about 8 o'clock in the evening, and is whirled around to his customers just like a fashionable physician or a prosperous music-hall singer who appears at a dozen cafés chantants in the course of an evening. The *faiseur de nœuds* is the deftest of manipulators, and does his business in an incredibly brief space of time. For two minutes' work he receives, according to the rank or liberality of his customer, from 1 to 5 francs; nor must it be supposed that his "takings" are smaller in the summer, when fashionable Parisians are at the seaside or seaside, and when there are no soirées dansantes, formal dinners, balls, receptions or first nights. On the contrary, the "knotmaker" keeps himself going by [illegible] weddings and even funerals, for Parisians are, it must be remembered, people who patronize [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

YOUNG MEN OF AFFAIRS.

REAL-ESTATE BROKERS SHORT IN YEARS BUT LONG IN EXPERIENCE.

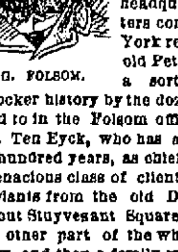
A Distant Relative of Mrs. Cleveland Who Deals in Choice City Realty and Looks After Old Knickerbocker Interests—Another Firm of Youngsters Which Makes a Profitable Specialty of Exchanges.

The realty men in New York City have found the trade large enough and the many interests of the city varies enough to permit them to indulge in specialties. In fact this subdivision of the business is to a certain extent forced upon them, and so it is that when tenement property is to be looked into one man is a much better operator than another. Business property runs in a dozen different ruts, and in dwelling houses there are distinctions of locality and price both to be taken into account. Some come in contact with buyers and sellers only, while others again come into very close communication with the people who rent houses, the consumers, so to speak, of the product of the builders' effort. Those who invest do so in the same general way in specialties, and by so doing are enabled to form most exact judgments on certain lines of property. It is only when the specialist comes to think that there is no New York City outside of his section nor beyond his particular class of houses that he comes to grief. The parts must be taken with reference to the whole or trouble is apt to follow.

JOHN G. FOLSOM.

The Folsom name for nearly a half century has been well known in realty circles. It is now worthily carried by the second generation, and at the head of the house to-day is the name in the above caption. John G. Folsom is the eldest son of Charles J. Folsom, who in 1847 established the realty dealing house. The boy went into his father's office, and in 1866 took an interest in the firm. In 1874 the senior died, but the business went on without a break or change, until in 1881 the younger brother, S. D. Folsom, was taken in and remained in active trade at the stand under the Bible House until 1884, when John G. Folsom became the head of the house without any connection of a business character with any other house in the city and without branch offices of any sort. Of an old New York family, Mr. Folsom, still one of the young men of the Exchange, is well known in the city in social, militia and other circles.

The specialty of the house is the care and management of the estate of retired gentlemen and of corporations, and a large number of old-fashioned east-side estates are to be found duly labelled away, as far as papers and memoranda are concerned, in the books and pigeon-holes of the Bible House office. It is a sort of headquarters for all matters connected with New York realty since the time old Peter Stuyvesant was a sort of soil baron.



JOHN G. FOLSOM.

Knickerbocker history by the dozen chapters may be listened to in the Folsom office, with his associate, Mr. Ten Eyck, who has a local pedigree of over two hundred years, as chief spokesman. It is a very tenacious class of clients, this same group of descendants from the old Dutchmen, and the region about Stuyvesant Square has changed less than any other part of the whole territory in the city. Now and then a family married itself away from the neighborhood, but with Senator Evarts holding on at Fourteenth street and Second avenue, with Hamilton Fish still keeping the family mansion at Seventeenth street and Second avenue and with the Stuyvesants retaining the corner at Thirteenth street and Second avenue, and others by the dozen, there are enough to make a very compact change-resisting colony. Mr. Dimond, the iron merchant, is the latest notable family to drop out. The square is a perpetual reminder of the liberality of the Stuyvesant family. It was given to the city with the single proviso that it should be locked from sunset to sunrise. This means that the great iron railings must remain, and so for now more than a century these conditions have been rigorously respected, with a whole brood of marriage heirs wishing the city custodians would neglect the trust so that there might be a reversion to the heirs. From the square Mr. Folsom might point out a score of buildings and make each one a text for an interesting chat on old New Yorkers, with some spicy supplementary chapters on young New Yorkers. The St. George flat, which in its fiery escapade a few years ago furnished so many columns of intense narrative, is now the new St. George and in charge of John G. Folsom. After the wrangling had ceased over the ashes the Germania Life Insurance Company, as the chief party in interest, had the whole rebuilt by J. C. Cady, architect, into a fire-proof house, so far as iron, brick and terra-cotta are proof against fire. Now it has fourteen sets of apartments and curiously enough it is one of the few houses of its sort where the top floor brings the best rent; $1,600 a year is gladly paid for the eastern suit on the seventh floor, and the occupant has a magnificent outlook running from Staten Island and the sea far up to Throgg's Neck, beyond Hell Gate. This, with the pure air and the bright sunlight pouring into each room, makes it a living spot very near heaven in more than position alone.

Within a short distance is the Gramercy Park apartment house, on the corner of that only quaint east side square. This is one of the class of co-operative or share apartment houses. Postmaster Pearson is one of the tenants. Some day it will open up a rich vein of litigation to determine just what ownership in fee-simple is in a suit of apartments on the fifth floor with several intervening owners before the earth is reached and perhaps as many more piled skyward.

"Speaking of this particular section," said Mr. Folsom, "it is peculiar in many ways, and I think those who live there are less and less inclined to move away in the wake of the fashionable west side rush. They are old families, and something of sentiment keeps them in the old location, but then those houses were built solidly for comfort, and their roomy warmth is very inviting, indeed. They are healthy to live in, and then there is no section of the city now which is more convenient to the heart of the business city during the day and the centre of social activity at night. When they are vacated it is very easy to take one of these houses, standing on a wide lot and with such solid walls, and turn them into a profitable apartment house. The very best class of paying tenants can be secured for any suites we have to let in this location, because the tenants appreciate the advantages of the locality. With such improvements this property pays very good returns. Further over, in the Seventeenth Ward, we have a big demand for tenements, and there is always a line of buyers ready to take up any tenements which may be thrown on the market in this German settlement. The tenants there are clean, live well together, do not quarrel, are steady in their habits and are always prompt with their payments. This makes a purchase there a good investment. There is not much crowding in factories, or anything of that sort, and it looks as though the section from Seventh street to Fourteenth street would be used for with residences from Third avenue eastward for a long time to come—flats and apartments on St. Mark's place and the western portion, and tenements further east. Out in the city generally, where we have a large trade, the demand is for a class of residences small and convenient, well-built and tasty, costing from $15,000 to $18,000. Cash customers by the hundred are on the lookout for just this class of houses. They will be occupied by owners, or as investments are very satisfactory and sure. Almost any locality free from objectionable nuisances will find buyers. See those houses on Lexington avenue, from Ninety-seventh to Ninety-eighth streets—how they went off at $14,000 each. That is only a sample, and the only limit to the filling of the upper part of the city with them is the limitation of rapid transit, which has just about been reached, or at any rate wants a very material extension."

KALLEY & BENNER.

This house, established about three years ago, is already prominent among large downtown operators and brokers. The firm consists of J. N. Kalley, C. H. Benner and Frederick D. Kalley, with offices at 169 and 171 Broadway, corner Cortlandt street, and 211 Montague street, Brooklyn. Kalley & Benner do a large business in exchanging properties, several transactions in the last two years being of a size to command wide attention, notably the exchange made for the Kensington Hotel at Saratoga, valued at $325,000, for the two blocks of elegant apartment houses in Brooklyn known as the Greening flats, valued at $950,000. Since the first of the year they have made several heavy transactions, among which were the exchange of the prominent seven-story apartment-house on Brooklyn Heights known as the Montague and valued at a quarter of a million of dollars; for the Stone Building on Liberty street, in this city, valued at half a million, and the exchange negotiated last week of the Alden flat on Hamilton street, the property of Civil-Service Commissioner Edwin Packard, for a valuable country-seat on the Sound.

Last spring they negotiated the sale for cash of several solid blocks of private dwellings on the west side. Mr. J. N. Kalley [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] possesses all the shrewd qualities which go to make up a successful business-man. He has the reputation of being second to none in arranging exchanges of properties, while his judgment as to values is unquestioned. He has been in the real estate business since 1865, and his offices in Montague street have been for years the resort for Brooklyn's heavy capitalists and dealers in real property. Mr Kalley has always been a strong believer in Brooklyn property, and has been thoroughly conversant with the marvellous changes that have taken place in that city since he has been in business. While his dealings have covered territory extending over the whole of Kings County he has been particularly successful in handling the valuable residence properties on the Heights and on the avenues adjacent to the beautiful Clinton avenue on the Hill. Mr. Kalley has been from the first inception of the idea of rapid transit for Brooklyn an advocate of the Fulton street route as the only really practicable and valuable solution of the problem, and has been of most efficient service in convincing property-owners that it was not to their advantage to lend themselves to shrewd schemers and manipulators in opposing those who honestly wished to invest in rapid transit street railroads. Away from business Mr. Kalley is an ardent sportsman. He inherits a strong love of the sea from his Yankee ancestors, and is known by his friends as the Commodore. His stanch sloop Truant, which he sails himself, is well known along the Sound and at the East, but is oftenest seen in the beautiful harbor of Shelter Island, where her owner has a charming cottage.

J. N. KALLEY.

Mr. Charles H. Benner is a native of Florida, though a resident of the North most of his lifetime, and his business experience has been identified with the course of real estate on Manhattan Island for the past fifteen or twenty years. He is about thirty-eight years of age, and is the son of the late Hiram Benner, who at the breaking out of the war owned a number of the largest steamships afloat, many of which were leased by the Government for transporting troops to various stations. Mr. Benner was associated with his father in the shipping business until 1873, taking a strong interest in the real estate market in this city and keeping himself posted upon the course of prices. At that time the allurements of a new business proved irresistible, and setting up as a broker he "entered the swim." Mr. Benner goes into his business with buoyant enthusiasm and is a terror to cranks and croakers who are always hunting and never buying, and who are always anticipating a panic. He is an enthusiastic believer in the present and prospective value of realty on Manhattan Island, every foot of whose soil and rock he declares is "cream." Mr. Benner was one of the first brokers to perceive the great prospective value of Lenox Hill, and by the strength of his enthusiasm sold a great deal in that locality. The lucky buyers have since reaped the benefit of their broker's shrewd foresight.

CHAS. H. BENNER.

In 1884 Mr. Benner became convinced that there was money to be made in property at the lower end of Broadway, which had lagged far behind the rest of that great thoroughfare in improvement, and soon after had the satisfaction of negotiating the sale of the old Washington Hotel property on which the great Field Building was soon after erected. The possessor of a happy disposition and amiable wit, his droll manner of stating facts in argument with customers serves to enliven many important negotiations. His views upon the many rapid-transit schemes are in harmony with those of many of his fellow-brokers, and he only regrets the unnecessary delay in seeing them put into active operation.

Mr. Frederick D. Kalley is a young man of about twenty-five, and until three years ago was engaged in the railway equipment business, which he left to enter the new firm of Kalley & Benner. He is active and possesses good judgment, and is an acquisition to the firm, the trio forming one of the most popular firms on or about the Exchange. They have often waked up some of the old brokers who were dawdling over a transaction by taking it in hand and rushing it through to a finish, sometimes at a single meeting of principals. They do this by being thoroughly primed themselves with facts and figures, so that the availability of any particular piece of property is set before a client in a clear, convincing fashion.

A DAKOTA HEROINE.

The Schoolmistress Who Perished with a Scholar in Her Arms.

[From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.]

Inexpressibly sad was the experience of Miss Ella Lamar, a teacher near Faulkton, Dak., who, the morning after the storm, was found lying in the snow near the roadside with her little charge, Carrie Aaman, folded to her breast, both sleeping the sleep which knows no waking. On the fatal day she had three pupils—two little boys and one little girl—all very young. When the storm set in she started for the nearest house, twenty rods distant, with the children, facing the sweeping, blinding blast. The children soon caused her to become bewildered and lose both the house and the schoolhouse. After wandering around trying to find shelter the children refused to move, so chilled and exhausted were they. She crouched in the snow by the roadside with her back to the storm and nestled the children under her wraps, pressed them close to her, and cheered and warmed them as best she could.

The fury of the storm increased constantly. She called for help, but could not be heard ten rods away. For six terrible hours she fought desperately with death. She folded the little girl to her breast in a vain effort to protect her from the pitiless storm, and when found the little one was still encircled by the frozen arms of the teacher. The little boys escaped uninjured and in the morning made their way home, saying "they would not wake teacher and Carrie." The following Saturday the remains of Miss Lamar were taken to Leighton, Ia., her former home.

Miss Lamar was born in Manaska County, Ia., in 1858. Her father is a well-to-do farmer near Leighton. She received a common-school education, and at the age of twenty began teaching with good success and continued in that vocation until the spring of 1884, when she came to Dakota. She took land—as all Dakotians do—upon which she resided until the fall of 1885, when she returned to Iowa, and then entered the State Normal School of Indiana at Valparaiso, from which she graduated last June. Miss Lamar was a lady of exemplary life and conduct, and was loved and respected by all who knew her. Possessed of more than common intelligence, and endowed by nature with a full, clear and sweet voice, she had already gained distinction as an elocutionist. As a teacher she was capable, earnest and industrious; as a friend kind and true.

Gov. Hill as an Athlete.

[From the Pittsburg Post.]

Gov. Hill is a physically stalwart man. His form is stocky and his shoulders broad. His health is good. He comes of good stock and has always been a lover of outdoor sports. His frame is strong and well knit. The Executive Mansion barn at Albany is fitted up with a rowing machine, pulleys, vaulting bars, trapeze, a suspended bag to be thumped to develop his muscle, while dumb-bells, Indian clubs and boxing gloves are strewn around the floor ready for use, and the Governor has plenty of friends only too anxious to avail themselves of an opportunity to be privileged to use the muscle developers owned by the Governor. He is a good boxer, and as boxing is one of the scientific arts nowadays, he is not going to neglect this very harmless exercise, even if he do a hit his opponent one of his hard Elmira left-handers once in a while to show what he could do if ever called upon to defend himself.

BOB INGERSOLL

doubted the possibility of instilling *judgment* into Congress. We may be excused for feeling the same doubt concerning the New York *Sun*, after reading its editorial of Sunday, Jan. 29, denouncing all manner of hair dyes as nasty and injurious to health.

WE PROTEST

that the *Sun*, without having made any investigation, and surely without knowing that science has made important strides in this direction, does us a grave injustice, for we have a hair coloring which not only restores gray or bleached hair to its former natural color and appearance, but does so beyond the possibility of detection even by the most careful examination, and, what is more, this coloring is as harmless as pure water.

We have numerous certificates from physicians and chemists vouching for the absolute harmlessness of our preparation. We select the following:

"I hereby certify that I have subjected to a careful analysis samples of the different numbers of the Imperial Hair Regenerator, and that I have found them to be free from all substances liable to injuriously affect the hair, scalp or general health. They are capable of imparting, in a rare degree of beauty, the various shades of color of the natural hair, and may be used by all without fear of injurious consequences."

(Signed) GIDEON E. MOORE, Ph. D.,
[illegible] Liberty st., N. Y.

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR,
54 WEST 23D ST.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

HOW WEAK AND NERVOUS WOMEN CAN REGAIN STRENGTH.

Letter from Our Correspondent, Ada Wallace, Ex-Champion Female Pedestrian.

Sound Advice to Sufferers from Nervous Weakness and Debility.

Weak, nervous and delicate women will be deeply interested in the following letter from Miss Ada Wallace, the world-famous athlete and ex-champion female pedestrian, who made a record of 346 miles in Madison Square Garden. She is eminently fitted to tell women how to regain lost health and strength:

"American women," she writes, "are prone to remain indoors all they possibly can, and if they are compelled to go out they ride instead of walk. Women should understand that if they desire good health they must help nature by taking bodily exercise, at first moderately, gradually increasing according to increase of strength. A walk in the clear, bracing air is the very best of exercises; let it not be too long at first, and never of sufficient length to produce great fatigue. A bath should then be taken, followed by a brisk rubbing with coarse towels. A rest must then be had, to be again followed by some moderate exercise. Fresh air with exercise, together with plain, wholesome food and avoidance of late hours, will make women

Robust and Healthy

and worthy the admiration of all men.

"There are a great many women who would follow these rules, but they have become so weak, feeble and exhausted that they must first have their nervous and physical strength restored. Such women have a tired, languid feeling, with a sense of exhaustion and prostration upon waking mornings. They tire easily, having little power of endurance; there is often a bad taste in the mouth, with a faintness, sinking or 'all gone' feeling at the stomach; there will be loss of appetite, or it will become variable and digestion will be impaired. They gradually become nervous, restless and irritable, and there is often more or less loss of sleep. These symptoms will, in many cases, be attended by pains in the back, side or abdomen, and the nervousness and sense of weakness will become more and more marked, until the sufferer declares that she is

Tired All the Time,

every movement or exertion being an effort.

"These conditions arise from exhaustion of the nerve force and power. Now, from my own experience, I can say that a perfect cure for these symptoms and a complete restoration to health can be had by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which may be purchased at any drug-store at $1 per bottle. This is the most wonderful remedy I have ever seen or used, and by its use the blessing of health has been conferred upon thousands of women. During my professional career I have found Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic a most wonderful aid in my arduous undertakings. It is the greatest tonic and

Strength Restorer

in existence, and I most strongly advise all women who suffer from weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness and nervous and physical exhaustion to use this most valuable remedy. If those who are weak, tired and exhausted will use this medicine to restore their physical and nervous strength and vitality, and afterwards follow the directions I have given above, they will become strong, vigorous and healthy."

With respect to the hygienic directions, it is a fact that women walk and exercise too little, and in regard to the latter part of Miss Wallace's communication we can ourselves bear testimony to the great restorative and invigorating qualities of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. It certainly is a most wonderful remedy and probably the greatest and most important medical discovery made during the century, inasmuch as it will cure more cases of disease than any other known medicine. It is a purely vegetable remedy and therefore harmless. It will pay any one who is suffering from weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, nervous and physical exhaustion, depression of mind, neuralgia, pains and aches, paralysis, nervous or sick headache, dyspepsia, indigestion or loss of appetite to get this remedy and give it a thorough trial. We promise that no one will be disappointed in its effects. It can be procured at any druggist's at $1 per bottle. Its discoverer is Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York, the great nerve specialist, who gives consultation to sufferers from nervous and chronic diseases free of charge.

Arnold, Constable & Co

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