The Ways of Womankind

BAB AT THE THEATER.

She Makes a Critical Study of the Play, the Actors and the Audience.

The New Yorker is distinctly loyal. He makes for himself certain traditions and adheres to them. Certain streets, certain manners, certain drives and, perhaps positively, certain theaters are with the stamp of his approval and upon them he is recognized. A time that time on are the approved theaters, if you are in the audience, you are not only of a property people, but of a wonderful gathering of people. Probably one of the best of the rights of the season is that which produces the stock company at the favorite theater. In the first place, it is a theater admirably adapted, by its background and training, to deep criticism, to bringing out the gay costumes and to inspiring the bright faces of the fair sex. Women understand this and eagerly accept an invitation to be one of the audience. There is always certain to be present at a first night not only the fashionable but the artistic set as well. There will be all of the critics, from Hilary Bell, with his classic face and silvery hair, in a perfect evening get up, down to Willie Winter, with his sad face, disarranged coiffure and dowdy appearance. Each one knows that a first night at the Empire will mean intelligence to his pen. Then the writers for not—the writer alike of books, of pictures, as well as of plays. There is Clemen Howard, who wrote "Aztecs," and a little man, keen looking and with an air of brightness about him that is wonderfully suggestive of a personal life. Why should he not be interested? He has been successful, and he is with the actor of Charles Wyndham, the English actor, as she talks to

IDA CONQUEST.

her, prove by her animation that he is beside him always an interesting companion. There is David Belasco, then we owe the "Heart of Maryland" and many another good play. He looks like a Catholic priest of Spanish descent and suggests, while he is quite deep student, but when a smile lures over his face one wonders rather, after all, he is not only a happy boy of 20. Another successful playwright certain to be at the Empire's first night is Madeline Lucette Ryley. Her style of build, fair of coloring and daintily dressed, she is a living contradiction of the idea that a woman writer must necessarily to look upon and untidy in appearance.

Over the fashionable women are passed. There is scarcely a bonnet to be seen anywhere. Brilliant bandeaux of jewels flash from beautifully dressed heads, the signets of feathers stand out in the air, but the big hat is discarded. Never at any time in the history of dress, since the days of the Louis, was there such richness, such taught it seems as if every woman had put on her finest frock, her richest gem, her most elegant face and then gone all her jewels upon the eyes of the beholder so that everything might be in keeping with them. Soon it is time for the curtain to go up. Then comes a pause, for this is a polite audience. There is time to look at the people in the programme, "The Conqueror." What does this mean? Up, with Napoleon, ridiculously, rises the heavy curtain, and there before you is the picture that tells what the name means. Have you seen the picture before? It is the theater of a great French castle, the furniture, belonging to an era gone by, magnificent, in its antiquity. Every detail, all about the room of various late that tell of the luxury enjoyed by gentlemen. On the walls hang old family portraits, but, alas, though the castle is French, though the pictures on the wall are those of the French nobility, yet sitting at the table drinking and smoking are the German conqueror. Playing on the piano, the French piano is a young woman, who is singing, not some pretty French chanson, but "Wein, Weib und Gesang." The faces on the wall have been made ridiculous by the chalk hold in the hand of an enemy. A French duke has a bandage, which put upon him and holds in his arms an angry cat. A lady of the time of Mme. De Pompadour is decorated with whiskers and displays at a ridiculous angle a tiny parasol. So the mighty have fallen. After the first applause a few lines are sold, and suddenly there rushes on the stage a big, dashing, handsome German to protest because he cannot do as he wants, and he wants to make a playhouse of the French chateau. Not a second elapses before the house is filled with sincere applause. It is to welcome Faversham, the young, distinguished leading man of the company.

Scarcely have the echoes died and he has just finished bowing his acknowledgment when in from the rooms of the conquered there comes a gentle priest, and then the applause begins again, this time for Crompton, and somebody

VIOLA ALLEN.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

in the audience says, with an affection that all the audience feels, "Give an extra hand for dear old Crompton." Soon a tiny creature, quaintly dressed, with her fair hair arranged in stiff curls, appears, who, before she has time to enter her complaint or can tell that a Frenchman, even if he were the conqueror, would not take the pet of a lady, or can beg for the return of her trained squirrel, is looking into the eyes of the audience, and everybody is laughing and clapping and smiling a welcome again and again to Ida Conquest, the clever little soubrette who has the wonderful art of never over or under acting her part. There is a deal of enthusiasm kept back, though, in this great audience—this audience which represents all that is best in New York of wealth and brains—and in time the applause that it has been holding for her welcomes a slender bit of a girl who, advancing to protest, with dignity, against the insults shown her family, and who stands confessed to the friendly people before her, not only as Mlle. De Grandpre, but also as Viola Allen, remembered as a little child who has been trained by the best actors we ever have had—Booth and Jefferson—who never makes a mistake, and whose name—and to me and many another this is most beautiful—is as pure and free from the black touch of scandal as the snow when it first falls from the heavens above. The applause surges like the waves of the ocean. The action of the play is stopped, for the New Yorkers know and appreciate a lady, the clever actress, not only the talented woman, but the charming girl, and it is to her that they are offering their tribute. A little later, when the story is older, there stands upon the stage a figure clothed in the dress of a Breton peasant girl—that wonderfully picturesque get up. The face is a tragic one, expressive, and with eyes that flash wonderfully as the few words are said that hint of the intense feeling of the woman. A newcomer in this company—yes, but an old New York favorite—handsome Blanche Walsh, a woman in appearance, a girl in years, a child of the city and one whom the theater goers watch with interest as each year's improvement is noted. Tonight she gave her greeting as do the others, and her greeting seems to say, "We are glad to see you surrounded by good actors in a theater where only good acting is allowed."

And so it goes on, this story of the conqueror and the conquered, and there are the tragedy and the comedy, the scene of death and the scene of lovemaking, and, last of all, love triumphs over death. But underlying everything else there is the consciousness that between the people in the audience and the people on the stage there is a close tie, that we on the other side of the curtain love these stage folk well enough and sincerely enough to wish that they may be successful in their work, and when it is all over and we drift out into the wide earthbound and stand shuffling and waiting for the carriages it is invariably of the good points that we speak, because we know the clever manager will tomorrow make the play strong wherever it is weak and incentify all that which is best. It is good when among hundreds of people so strong a feeling of loyalty toward those who make amusement for them can exist, for it is an evidence that among a nation so fickle in its regard as we are such loyalty as is known among the Englishs and the French is growing. It is such loyalty that makes the painter to do better pictures, the writer to do better work and the actor to play his part better. It is this feeling that is going to make the right in art triumph over the wrong.

You hear about there being any right or wrong in the playhouse. Why, look at the man and wrong actions merely among the audience! There are so many things that nothing will excuse. Nothing excuses a loud criticism of the play, especially if an amplification on it is true that you may have paid your money, but you can take your choice, and if you do not like the play you can go home.

Nothing excuses the overwhelming of a delicate woman with the strong perfume of cigarettes and pastiky of something else. You have a perfect right to smoke and drink whatever you desire, but not 15 minutes before entering the theater.

Nothing excuses the incommoding of one's neighbor with a big cloak and troublesome hat, and nothing except news of a sudden death or illness excuses the going out between the acts.

Nothing excuses the quoting in a loud voice your acquaintance with an actor. The world at large doesn't care who you know. It only wants you to behave yourself.

Nothing excuses loud yelling for the author or manager or pounding with umbrellas or sticks. Applause, properly given, is due to the artist, but that should be limited to the usual quiet bringing together of the hands.

Nothing excuses unglaved hands, velvet faces, untidy toilets or bad manners at the theater, for unless you know just how you should look and just what you should do, home is the best place for you until you have learned the various "dos" of social life. You think I am hypercritical? No, I am very forgiving, but I know how hard the actor works. I know how eager is the playwriter to have every word properly understood and how a badly behaved audience can make the actor's work good for nothing and the writer's words seem as naught. Therefore I never excuse bad manners at the theater. They are counted among the unpardonable sins on the very short list of things unforgiven by

Bab

For Dancing Class Wear.

Dresden patterned silks and lightweight wools are selected for evening wear and party purposes. Most mothers provide growing girls with as few dresses as possible, but, of course, the number depends on the girl's home and social life. Two school frocks are deemed necessary to allow of that change which every girl thinks she makes in her attire. To still further offset this, different colored stocks and sashes may be provided.

But, to return to the subject of evening gowns, the silks for this purpose are most charming, as, for instance, a yellow and white stripe with a pink rosebud vine between, or a white silk with stripes of pale blue and dainty flower lines. Cashmeres also are made up exceedingly dainty with insertions of lace and velvet bands. A white cashmere with no touch of bright color is noted among late fancies, but the whole dress is very dainty, with insertions of lace and an elaborate lace collar.

A pale pink cashmere for a girl of 8 is trimmed with pink velvet bands and one the corsage decorated with a deep lace bertha. Tan and yellow cashmeres are stylish also, while any quaint arrangement of bands and lace fichu is appropriate for the waist.

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS.

Anniversary of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association.

A jubilee celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the most important event in the progress of women will be held in Washington, Feb. 11 to 18, by the National American Woman's Suffrage association. It is the semi-centennial of the first convention of women ever held in the world, and the N. A. W. S. A. will observe the anniversary with the greatest convention in its history.

Preparations are being made at the headquarters of the association for an elaborate five days' programme, which will take the form of a comprehensive review of the progress of women in the 50 years. Only one woman survivor who was present at the humiliating events which gave birth to the idea of a union of women in their own behalf and also at the now historic convention of 1848. That is Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Although Mrs. Stanton has been an invalid for some years now and has not been able to attend the national conventions, she will make a supreme effort and will be taken to Washington as a guest of honor. With her will share the honors Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, the first woman minister in the country, who is the only other survivor of the original convention.

Women from Canada and European countries will unite with American women in Washington in the celebration. Many of the foremost professional women of the country who are not members of the association will recount the victories of woman in their special lines.

In these days of freedom, when hardly an occupation is closed to women, girls cannot understand the conditions of 50 years ago. With thousands of clubs, with the foremost women of the world, even the queen's daughters themselves and our presidents' wives presiding at meetings, it is impossible to believe that 50 years ago only seven occupations were open to women and American women were refused permission to sit in a world's antislavery convention with men.

The organizations of half a century ago were located all over the world in civilized countries and were agitating the abolition of slavery. There wasn't a land in which there were no slaves. In America the Quakers always gave women the same privileges in their meetings as men had, and, when antislavery organizations were formed the women still ranked beside their husbands. So when the call was sent out for a world's convention, the American societies sent Quaker women. Mrs. Stanton was married in time to accompany her husband on a wedding trip to the convention, to which he was a delegate. The party went on a sailing vessel and were much belated. Word reached England that the Americans had sent women. English ministers at once said they could not come into the convention, but waited to take action until the convention opened. For a day the question was fought, and at last the women were refused admission. But the men decided they owed them some courtesy and told them they might sit in a gallery behind a screen and listen to their voices.

William Lloyd Garrison, arriving on a belated ship, heard the women had been put out, refused to sit in the convention and for 12 days sat with the women in protest behind the screen.

Among the famous women who sided that screen were Lady Byron, Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Wendell Phillips. The indignation among them was great.

Mrs. Stanton and Lucretia Mott decided that when they returned a movement for the emancipation of woman from slavery should be started. The argument used by these English ministers was that the moment women sat down by men in such a body that instant the morals of all Christendom would be ruined.

Soon after the return to America Antoinette Brown, who had been ordained a minister of the Congregational church, was sent as delegate from her church in New Jersey to a temperance convention of ministers and leaders. For two days and a half her admission was fought over, and when she was finally allowed in to clinch it her supporters gave her ten minutes in which to address the meeting. As she went to the platform that body of good men broke into hisses and cat calls. For ten minutes, her allotted time, she faced a storm of hisses. For three long hours, until it was time for the convention to adjourn, she stood and tried in vain to speak a word. The reverend gentlemen continued their storm of hisses without cessation.

That was the last straw to the women, and when Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Mott found themselves together in central New York they decided to start a movement to secure freedom for woman. This conference of women that has resulted in such wonderful strides was organized by seven women and not at the residence of a high seat Quaker at Waterloo, N. Y. Other women attended and the newspapers characterized it as "a crime against social order." The women formulated a declaration of independence. They demanded the right for woman to earn her own living, the right to own property, the right to education, the right to speak in meeting, the right to sit in convention on equality with men, and, finally, after a struggle, a suffrage plank was inserted.

The demands of these seven women have all been won after many battles, except that for suffrage, and even that has made great headway.

This is what the suffragists will celebrate in Washington. There will be a roll call of pioneers in addition, and it may be the last time many of the old timers will get together.

The seven avenues of employment open to women in 1848 were teaching, sewing, keeping boarding houses, folding and stitching in bindery, work in the factory or the compositors' room and domestic service. The Iowa woman's medical college was opened the same year in Boston, and a year later the first woman doctor was graduated in Geneva, N. Y.

In glorifying the rise of woman so prodigious will be left untouched.

Assistant Attorney General Mrs. Bascoll of Minnesota will represent her department. Domestic arts and sciences are to be given an important place for the modern suffragist considers the advances in these lines of supreme importance. Mrs. Ewing has arranged to address the convention on the great progress made in cookery.

The seventy-eighth birthday of Susan B. Anthony will be appropriately celebrated, as it occurs during the jubilee. The railroads have taken an interest in the jubilee to the extent of extending courtesies of excursion rates, and as the National Council of Women has been postponed to next year many auxiliary organizations represented in the council will send delegations to Washington to the jubilee.

A general call has been issued by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw, Harriet Taylor Upton, Alice Stone Blackwell, Carrie Chapman Catt, Laura Clay and Catherine Hugh McCulloch to all citizens of the United States and all friends from other countries to cooperate in celebrating the semi-centennial of what Wendell Phillips declared to be "the most momentous reform that has yet been inducted on the world."

At Washington there will be shown a photograph of the house and center table around which the first convention deliberated 24 hours.

Burglars Caught by Women.

Ruth Richmond, residing near Scranton, Pa., with her widowed mother, showed wit quick enough to capture a burglar whom she found in the house about 2 o'clock in the morning. The rascal arrested was one of four who broke into the place. Two of them stood guard outside after an entrance had been effected, one stood beside Mrs. Richmond's bedside and the fourth proceeded to rummage around for plunder. Ruth was aroused by some slight noise occasioned by the midnight prowlers. She slept in the same room with her mother. Jumping out of her bed, she started for the door of the room. The burglar saw her movement and tried to catch her. The quick witted little girl picked up a box of insect powder that happened to be handy and threw the contents into the man's face. The powder filled his eyes and blinded him. Meanwhile the other fellow in the room acted, being accommodated in his flight by the two outside. The preacher who got his eyes filled with insect powder was easily captured by neighbors, who turned him over to the police.

Equally cool headed was Mrs. Annie C. Schmidt of 58 East Third street, New York, when, on returning home from a shopping tour, she found a stranger in her apartments. "Excuse me," said the man. "I made a mistake." "No doubt about it," was Mrs. Schmidt's prompt reply as she seized him by the collar. The fellow struggled fiercely, but vainly, the plucky woman meanwhile screaming for help. A neighbor rushed in just as the intruder had raised his fist to strike her. He was taken to the station, and will stand trial for burglary. He had taken $9 from a bureau drawer.

Victoria and Jenny Lind.

That Queen Victoria is not blind to the bald that other celebrities may have upon the feelings of her people was prominently illustrated in 1846, when Jenny Lind was to sing at Her Majesty's theater. The queen made her first public appearance after the memorable Chartist day. For the great artiste, for this was a first appearance, for it was the beginning of a season at a place where she had before she had won unparalleled fame.

It happened that the queen entered the royal box at the same moment that the prima donna stepped upon the stage. Instantly a tumult of acclamation burst from every corner of the theater. Jenny Lind modestly retired to the back of the stage, waiting for the royal party to do loyalty to the sovereign should subside.

The queen, refusing to appropriate to herself that which she imagined to be intended for the artiste, rose upon the acknowledgment. The cheering continued, increased, grew overwhelming, and still there was no acknowledgment from either the stage or the royal box.

At length, when the situation became embarrassing, Jenny Lind, with really fast, ran forward to the footlights and sang "God Save the Queen," which was caught up at the end of the solo by the orchestra, chorus and audience. The queen then courtesied in acknowledgment of her box and bowed, and the opera began.

A Novel Waist.

One of the most novel waists in delicate green and white silk was worn at a fashionable function recently. The foundation was of light green silk and there were double ruche ruffles of white and green striped silk passing diagonally from left shoulder to the right end, the blouse fullness was held in at the waist line by a dark green satin belt. Outlining the corsage was a fluffy trimming of white and green silk, made of silk fashioned after the manner of overlapping lettuce leaves. Large rosettes of green satin ribbon formed a puffing down the top of the short sleeves. The effect was unique.

A FRIEND OF HEBREW WOMEN.

MRS. ROSA SONNENSCHEIN.

Mrs. Rosa Sonnenschein has the distinction of being the only Jewish woman who owns and edits a magazine devoted to the advancement of Hebrew women. She comes of an ancient rabbinical family in Vienna, her people being strictly orthodox Jews. At an early age she came to America and, imbibing the liberal spirit of the age, became imbued with progressive ideas. For a number of years she contributed to newspapers and magazines and finally decided to inaugurate a periodical of her own. The idea travelled in Chicago, where for several years The American Jewess was published. About three years ago the headquarters were removed to New York city, whence it is now issued. The publication is a unique one, special attention being devoted to the history of such Jewish women as have made their mark as literateurs, musicians and artists.

The Widows Of Well Known Frenchmen.

Some interesting details concerning the lives of some famous distaff French widows have come to light. It appears that Mme. Macdahan, the wife of the marshal and president of that name, declined to accept any pension when offered to her. She is, however, well provided for, and during the winter is to be found in her mansion, situated in the Rue de Lechelasse, but during the summer months she retires to her chateau in the Lebrie. The royalist circles in which she moves are of a very select and exclusive character.

Mme. Carnot lives an extremely retired life, but still receives the visits of friends and other distinguished people who seem to predict a gay life. In her house she has a lurie chapel, which she had arranged herself and filled with relics of her late husband. Mme. Macdahan, also, like Mme. Macdahan, has declined a state pension.

The widow of the Grand Francois, M. de Lesseps, spends the greater part of the year at La Chesnaye, where her husband died. She receives a pension of $12,000 a year from the Suez Canal company.

M. Pasteur's widow has taken up her residence at the institute bearing her husband's name and is in receipt of a pension of $1,000 a year.

One of the most active of these ladies is the wife of the historian, Michelet, who lives alone and completely busy time in bringing out new editions of her late husband's works and editing the manuscripts he left behind, including his memoirs.

Mme. Alexandre Dumas, too, is busily engaged, but in a different way, with her husband's manuscripts, for her object is to preserve from the numerous works or fragments of works left behind from being published.

The wife of the illustrious composer of "Faust," Mme. Gounod, goes a step further than this and refuses to allow the performance of some of Gounod's earlier compositions, on the ground that the reputation of the deceased musician might suffer from the criticisms passed upon them.

The Story of a Pair of Gloves.

First Assistant Postmaster General Heath recently rendered a decision of peculiar interest, especially to ladies. Some time ago some one in Sioux City, Ia., promised a gentleman who had lost a wager, mailed an envelope containing a pair of gloves, to Mrs. Sarah D. Tucker, residing in Worcester, Mass. The packet reached its destination, but one of the gloves was so badly torn that it was useless. The lady complained to the local postmaster and demanded that he should go forth and purchase a new pair of gloves to replace those which had been damaged in transit. He naturally declined, but the recipient of the damaged glove insisted that a new pair must be forthcoming from some source.

To placate Mrs. Tucker the Worcester postmaster said, "Well, madam, I will refer the whole matter to the postoffice department at Washington and there the responsibility for the damage will be located, and you will receive redress."

This statement mollified the irate woman, and the Worcester postmaster wrote to the first assistant postmaster general explaining the case. The matter was so carefully and thoroughly looked into by the postoffice officials as though it had been the theft of a registered parcel containing a large sum of money.

It was developed that a clerk at Sioux City, who feeds the machine used for the cancellation of stamps, grabbed up the envelope containing the gloves of Mrs. Tucker and forced the bulky envelope through the machine. The stamps were canceled all right, but the clerk acquired several fingers of one of the gloves contained therein.

First Assistant Postmaster General Heath, after sitting in judgment on the case, wrote a letter to the postmaster at Sioux City calling upon him to assess his cancellation clerk the price of one pair of No. 7 "La Perle" tan gloves and forward the same to Mrs. Tucker.

Warning to Irish Girls.

Young people will leave home under the impression that wealth and position await them almost without the effort of winning. There should be a vigorous crusade against this belief, a belief fostered by the false pride of many of those in this country who write home pleasing tales of a prosperity that does not exist for them, and thus induce others to join the exodus. On every altar in Ireland should be drawn a true picture of what awaits them. Those really qualified for the change will not be turned from their purpose, and it is better, far better, to discourage the undesirable element; like weakly children, they are best cared for at home.

Again, many of the young girls coming out seek refuge with friends living in undesirable localities, and if any lengthy period of idleness ensues the dangers of contamination are obvious. In a dense cosmopolitan population much of evil lurks and the best efforts of experienced men are directed toward diverting the tide of immigration from such centers. Fully one-third of the immigrant girls have no better surety of the protection of friends than a letter from a meeting male cousins, whose intentions, good though they are, are often frustrated by the character of the surroundings to which they are forced by circumstances to associate.—Donahoe's Magazine.

The New Art Corset.

The flat fronted, blue cut corset is the most popular in always, and, needless to say, it emanates from Paris. It is shaped with a number of gores forming curved line sides. This corset conforms to the lines of the wearer, clasping the curve of the waist and allowing the hips to swell out suddenly, hence its name, "the rudder hip corset." It also gives a very pleasing effect, avoiding the pushed up effect so unnatural and ugly where a woman possesses a surplus of flesh.

The corset gives the waist wonderful slenderness and suppleness, the widening of the hips accentuating it to a remarkable degree. The dressmakers have accepted this innovation and are recommending it to their customers.

NEWS ITEMS FOR WOMEN.

Elizabeth Elder Wheaton, the well known prima donna, has visited every state in every important city in the world. She has become known to most railroad men and receives annual passes over all the large lines in this country.

The Pavilion gallery is now a feature of all the large banquet halls in New York. There sweethearts and wives gather to look down upon husband and lover, to size up the solids and liquids and listen to the burning words of the after dinner orators. The view from the gallery in any of the new banquet halls on the occasion of a big dinner is well worth seeing.

One of the women prison servers of New York city will accept no fee less than $25. She makes a specialty of difficult cases. She assumes many disguises and creates astonishment by the rapidity and excellence of her changes. She appears as an old apple woman, a decrepit beggar or a lady of fashion. Sometimes she hobbles along on a cane or a crutch, and at other times she is seen driving in a brougham. Her income is considerable. Her victims are mostly women, who are the hardest to catch.

Kilistiro Kata Hashi, or, as she is known to magazine readers, Otaho Watanna, is a young Japanese woman living in Chicago. She was at one time in her newspaper career the only woman allowed at the sessions of the British council at Jamaica.

The Finland women have the right of suffrage, but they also work as carpenters, paper hangers, bricklayers and slaughterers.

Queen Adelaide, widow of Dom Miguel, king of Portugal, has taken the vows of the convent of the Benedictines, at Solemes, France, after having passed through a novitiate of one year's duration. Queen Adelaide was born in Francony on April 1, 1831, and was married in 1851 to King Miguel. She is the mother of seven children.

There are said to be more women in British India (216,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together. Somehow there seems to be some reason why it is the custom in the far east for men to have numerous wives.

A female town crier fulfills her duties in the Scottish town of Dunning, Perthshire. She is a hale, hearty old dame of 70, hardly known as the "Dunning wife," and is very proud of having proclaimed the queen's birthday for 52 years running.

"Ladies are requested to remove their hats as far as possible," was inscribed on the cards of admission to a recent entertainment in the suburbs of Boston.

A university for women is to be established at Tokio. The plan has the support of the principal officials and nobles of the empire, and the emperor and empress have contributed money toward it. It will cost, according to the estimates, about $175,000 to start it.

Women in France have just secured a slight addition to their legal rights. They may hence forth be valid witnesses to registration of births, marriages and deaths and to the signatures in legal documents.

The Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe spelled phonetically. The personal pronoun was always written by her in lower case form—that is, as "i."