# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## THE CRADLE OF CHRISTIANITY.

### SKETCHES OF THE HOLY LAND.

By Thomas P. Hughes, D.D., Author of "The Dictionary of Islam."

TO the Christian the little town of Bethlehem is associated with much that is tender and sweet. It is the oldest town in Palestine, built just when Italy was being colonized by the Arcadians. It was here that Ruth and Boaz lived and died; and it was just at the gates of the old town that King David longed for the water from which he had drunk in his childhood; but above all it is endeared to the Christian as the cradle of Christianity.

It was at Bethlehem that Rachel, the beloved wife of the patriarch Jacob, was buried. Rachel's tomb is still standing. It is one of the few places upon the authenticity of whose history Moslem, Jew, and Christian are all agreed. And so it is that this old building, with its little gray dome and its cracked walls, stands like a milestone on the highway of history, and as you rest beneath the shade of the solitary tree close by, you feel that you are brought face to face with the history of 3,600 years ago.

THE TOMB OF JOSEPH.

The path leading into Bethlehem leaves the main road at Rachel's tomb. You turn to your left, and there among

TOMB OF RACHEL, NEAR BETHLEHEM.

the cottages you see the well from which David longed to drink, and where the three mighty men ventured their lives in order to please the sweet singer of Israel. Taking your seat on an elevated spot near this well, you gaze south across the valley to Bethlehem. The eye dwells especially on the lofty buildings which honor the spot where Christ was born. The church and its three great convents occupy the eastern ridge upon which the town is situated, and the group of buildings might well be taken for a formidable fortress. As you journey along the road with the devout intention of visiting the sacred place, you forget all about the story of Ruth, and of David, in the eager determination to visit the spot where Christ was born.

The Church of the Nativity is one of those "holy places" in Palestine for the possession of which the Russians fought the Allies in the Crimean War. You enter the convent by a very low door which leads you directly into the nave of the church, now partitioned off from the transept on account of its being the scene of such frequent and violent feuds between the different sects of Christianity. In the dim shadow of the dark building you stumble against a Turkish soldier, and wonder why such an anomaly is allowed to exist in a Christian church. But your attendant tells you that only two years ago four persons were killed within the sacred precincts of the church in a fight between Greeks and Latins. It takes a little time before one's eyes get accustomed to the dimness of an Eastern church, and you grope your way forward, and down a winding staircase, until you reach the pavement of the cave which marks the place of the Nativity. A silver star with a hole in the centre, so that pious pilgrims may kiss the very rock, indicates the place where Christ was born. Above are sixteen lamps which are always kept burning. From the cave of the crypt you reach an underground cell, in which Jerome, the Christian father, lived for thirty-six years, and where he translated the Scriptures into the Latin tongue. Here he was buried, and his grave is still pointed out to the traveler. The tomb of Eusebius also is close by. With a feeling of relief you mount the narrow stairs which lead you to the door of the chapel of the Latins. Between this chapel and that of the choir, which is assigned to the Greeks, is that of the Armenians. The Church of the Nativity is remarkable as the only one of the edifices erected by the Empress Helena that has survived the vicissitudes of sixteen centuries. Adjoining the grounds of the church is "The Milk Grotto," where, according to the legend, the Virgin took refuge with the Holy Infant for twenty days during

FINE OLD TREE NEAR RACHEL'S TOMB.

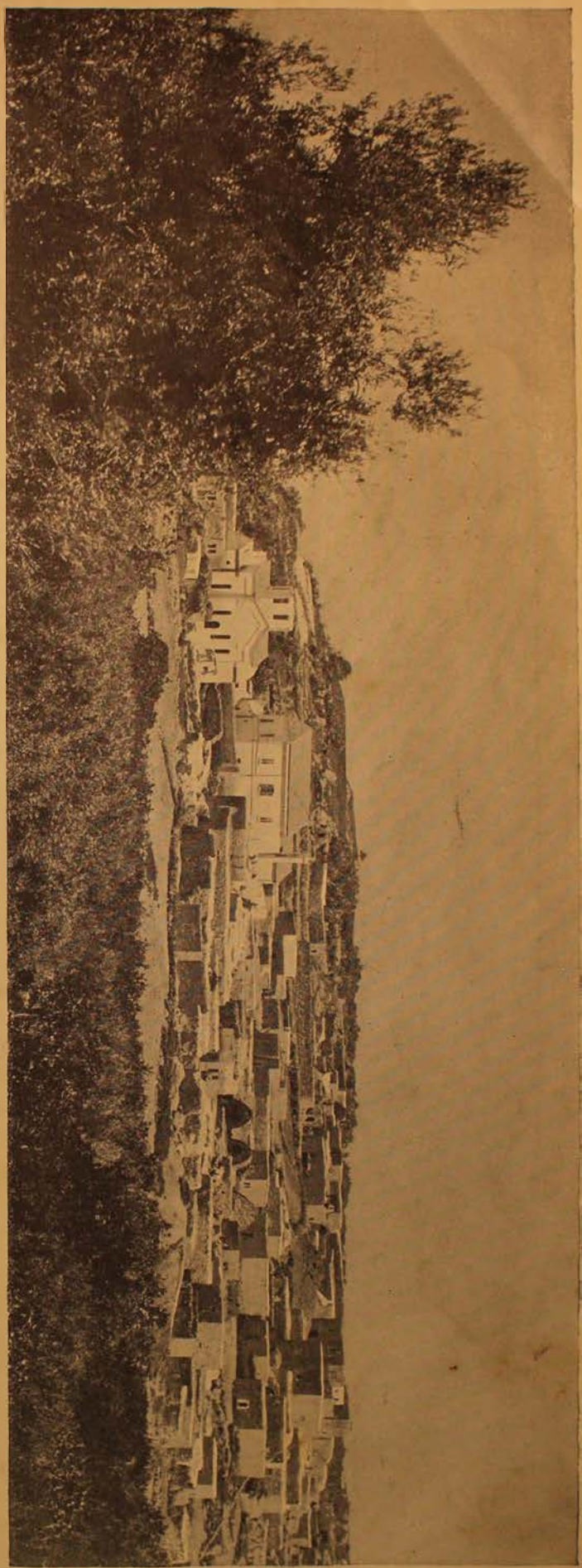
the massacre of the innocents. There is a chapel in the grotto, and devout worshipers are found before the altar at every hour in the day. It is said that a drop of the Virgin's milk fell on the rock which forms the threshold, turning the whole of it white. Women visit this rock in large numbers with great devotion, and profess to derive benefit by eating the little white cakes—sold there by an old woman—which contain some of the rock powdered. Bethlehem is almost wholly occupied by Christians, very few Moslems residing in the place.

Nazareth has a hold on the imagination and feelings of men which it shares only with Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The town, as it now exists, is situated in a narrow basin of about a mile in length, surrounded by hills. The houses are generally built of stone, one story high, and with flat roofs. The general aspect of the place presents a pleasing contrast to most of the miserable towns and villages of Palestine. The inhabitants are for the most part Christians, but it has a Mohammedan mosque with an imposing minaret from which the Moslem call to prayer is given five times daily. The "sacred places" of Nazareth are numerous. There is the Church of the Annunciation, erected on the very spot where Mary sat when the Angel Gabriel appeared unto her and said "Hail! highly favored, the Lord is with thee." The workshop of Joseph is also an important place, and so is the Chapel of the Angel; then there is the Chapel of the Table, a piece of chalk-like rock about the height of a table, where our Lord and his disciples used to sit for their mid-day meal.

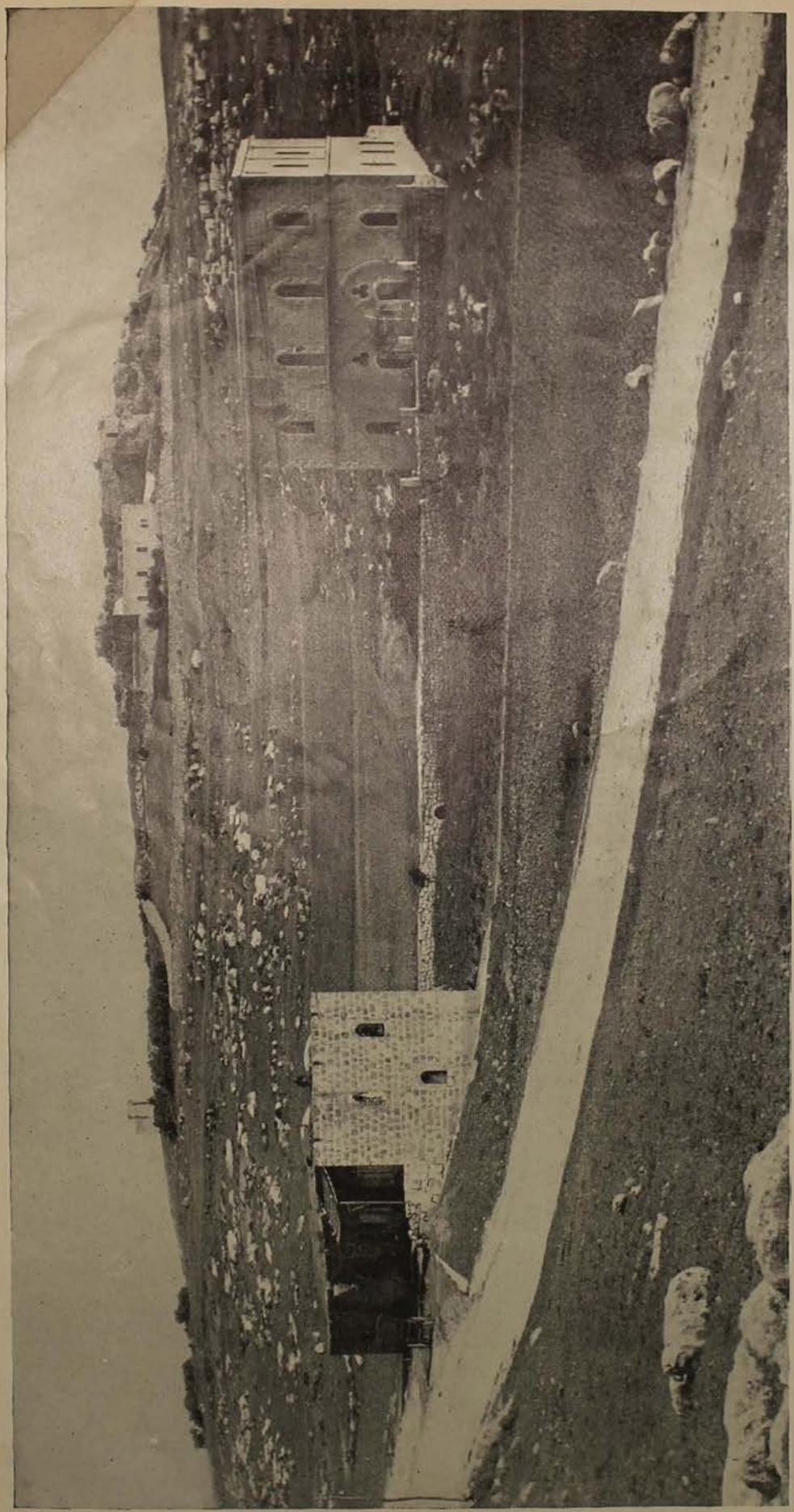
Credulity is a necessary qualification for a traveler, and, consequently, you betray no surprise when you are told that the original house in which Christ spent his childhood was miraculously translated to Fiume, in Dalmatia, in 1291; and three years afterward to Recanati, whence it was finally transferred to Loretto on the shores of the Adriatic.

Four and a half miles northeast of Nazareth is a town called Keffr Kenna, the traditional site of Cana of Galilee, and the scene of "the beginning of miracles," when Jesus turned the water into wine. The rival site is a village situated about four miles north, which still bears the name of Kana El Jelil. Scholars give the preference to the former, while local tradition, together with its name, indicates the latter. The former is the one represented in our picture. The Gospel history will not be affected whichever site may be discovered to be the real one. Cana is a poor village. You enter the little Greek chapel erected on the site of the house where the water was made wine, and in consideration of a small "bakhshish" you have the privilege of handling one of the identical water-pots of the miracle. Just outside the village is a large cactus hedge, said to be the largest in Palestine.

Cana is situated in a rural district. The cultivation of the farm in Palestine is a simple and easy affair. No artificial methods are used for enriching the land. The sower broadcasts the seed, which, as in the parable, very naturally falls on the road, seeing there is no fence, and as naturally on the rock, for huge bowlders of the latter are constantly left in all the fields, and a stony soil characterizes the land. The plow, drawn by diminutive red oxen—but sometimes by buffaloes, asses, and camels—prepares the ground for the seed. It is a light, rude implement, which a man can shoulder and carry two miles to his work; and it may be said to merely scratch the soil. This plow has only one handle, which the plowman holds with his right hand, whilst in his left he carries a goad, with an iron point at one end, to prod and drive on the animal, and an iron spud at the other, to clean the plow.



CANA OF GALILEE, SCENE OF "THE BEGINNING OF THE MIRACLES."



THE OLD CARRIAGE ROAD BETWEEN JAFFA AND JERUSALEM, NOW SUPERSEDED BY A RAILWAY.

The old carriage road between Jaffa—ancient Joppa—and Jerusalem is now superseded by a railway, constructed by a French company; and the sound of the whistle and the puffing of the steam-engine are heard along the road where in past centuries devout and warlike crusaders, fanatical and oppressive Moslems, and religious devotees and pilgrims wended their way toward the Holy City. After passing through the fruit gardens which surround Jaffa you are at once in the Plain of Sharon, and the road leads through a boundless flat, with neither tree nor house nor fence to break the monotony. By and by you pass a village; and at irregular distances others follow; their little, square watch-towers dotted along the road, intended originally for the protection of the caravans. Not far from Jerusalem the country grows distinctly more stony and rough, and cultivation is restricted to mere patches. Then you cross a beautiful glen watered by a softly flowing stream, and your attendant points out a green meadow, a little way below the old bridge by which you cross the stream, as the very place where David encountered Goliath. As you draw nigh to Jerusalem you see a modern suburb of good villas, and the extensive Russian buildings provided for the pilgrims of the Eastern Church. Thirty years ago there did not exist a single house outside the walls; now the suburbs extend over an area larger than the city itself; now solid flanks of hospitals, convents, and dwellings with all the conveniences of modern life reach out as far as the eye can see. An electric light illuminates the Damascus Gate; a telegraph line guides the eye to Mount Zion; and a railway whistle sounds over the Hill of Evil Council. In 1869 there were not a dozen carriages in the city; now there is a cab-stand outside the Jaffa Gate.

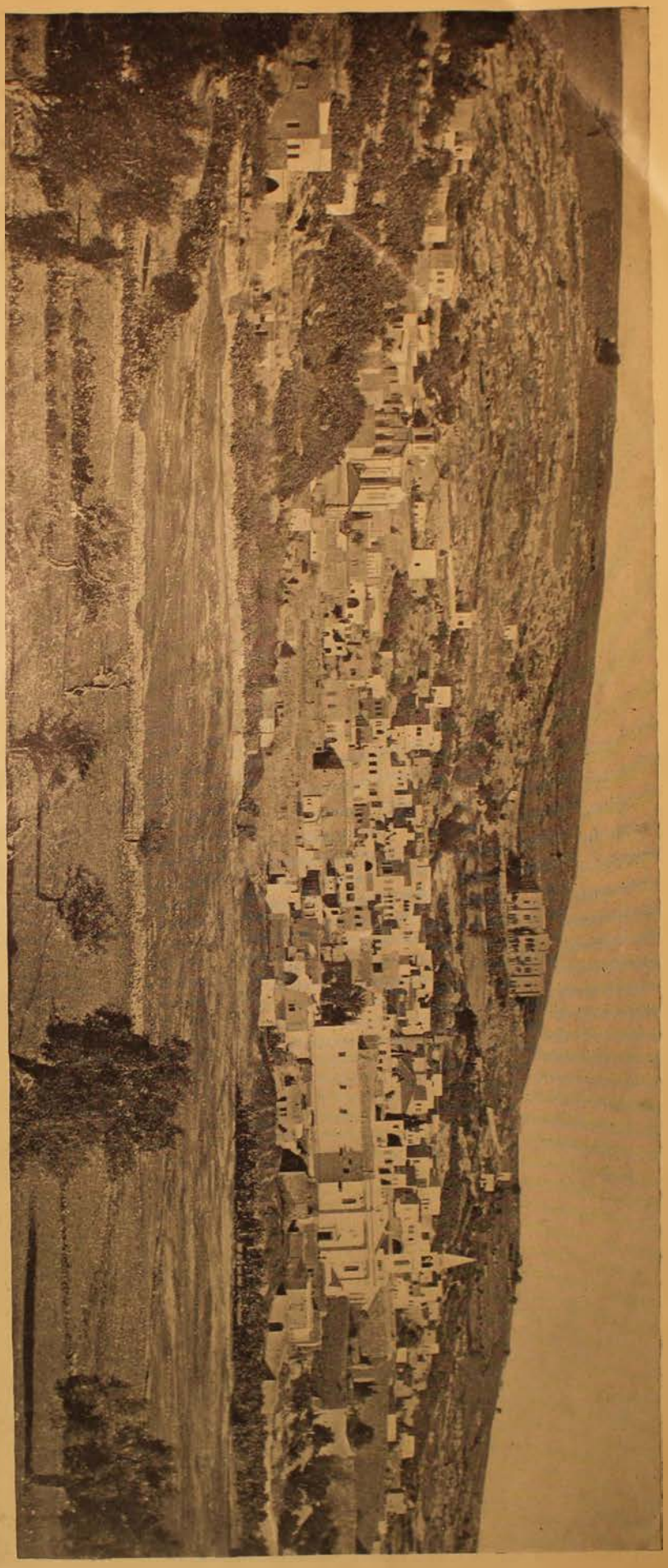
Bishop Blythe, of the English Church, tells us that the Jewish population of the city is rapidly increasing, while the Mohammedan population is on the decrease. The Jewish population in and about Jerusalem now numbers forty-five thousand, or

more than one-half of the people. Ten years ago there were not more than twelve hundred Jews in the whole city.

In approaching the city the first object which arrests the attention is the Dome of the Sacred Rock, or, as it is commonly called, the Mosque of Omar. The mosque is octagonal, each side being sixty feet long, and is covered with colored tiles. It is said to have been built a thousand years ago. The sacred rock under the dome is held in great reverence by the Mohammedans. It is said that it was from this place that Mohammed ascended to heaven, and that the rock wanted to follow him, and actually rose seven feet; hence the cave beneath it, into which no Jew or Christian is allowed to enter. The Angel Gabriel stopped it at that point, and the prints of his fingers are still seen on the stone. The traditions connected with this spot are numerous. Here Ornan had his threshing-floor; here Abraham built the altar on which to sacrifice Isaac; here stood Solomon's Temple. If instead of entering the Temple grounds you descend into the valley by a steep lane to the right, you come to the Jews' Wailing Place. Here may be seen any day, but especially on Friday afternoons, men and women, leaning against the cyclopean stones,—generally acknowledged to be a part of the actual outside wall of the Temple,—pouring out such doleful lamentations as are fit to melt even the heart of a traveler in the Orient.

The chief object of interest in the city of Jerusalem, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. For whether or not it stands on the precise site of the grave in which the body of Christ was placed, does not rob it of its historic interest. The building is associated with all the various incidents in connection with the history of Jerusalem, including the Crusades and the conquests of the Saracens. Here the traveler is shown "the station of Mary," "the stone of unction," the Sepulchre, and "the stone which the Angel rolled away." There is but one door to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and it faces the south, opening into a small, paved court. The Sepulchre itself is an oblong chapel about twenty-five feet in length, from which you enter another apartment about eight feet long and six feet wide. This is lined with marble, and on the right-hand side is the slab marking the spot where the body was laid.

Religious sentiment aside, Jerusalem impresses the majority of travelers as a dull, uninhabitable town. It possesses all the bad features of Turkish misrule, and were it not for the thousands of Christian tourists and pilgrims, who are the golden bringers of prosperity, the sacred city would soon show signs of decay. It is said that there are four



NAZARETH, THE CITY OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

THE MODERN TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

hundred American families in Jerusalem, of whom two hundred and seventy have been naturalized during the past ten years. The city within the walls is very much the same as it was in the days of the Crusaders, but to go from within the walls of Jerusalem to its suburbs is to leap over two thousand years.

The most tantalizing feature in travel through the Holy Land is the circumstance that every sacred site is disputed. Your dragoman or attendant takes you to Calvary, but your guide-book warns you that this historic site is disputed; you reverently bow your head on the spot to which your guide has taken you as the Holy Sepulchre, and your guide-book assures you that scholars dispute its authenticity. And so you pass on from place to place, and if you are to believe the researches of scholars you may travel through the whole length and breadth of the land from Damascus to Bethlehem and not be sure of a single fact save the localities of these two ancient towns.

There is, perhaps, one exception, and it is found in Jacob's Well, where our Lord met the woman of Samaria who said: "Our father Jacob, gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle." (John iv, 12.) Dean Stanley speaks of the site as "absolutely undisputed." It is a remarkable circumstance that Jews, Samaritans, and Mohammedans, as well as Eastern and Western Christians, all agree in this identification.

A recent traveler says: "Jacob's Well is disappointing in a way, though the well itself, if it contained any water —which it does not—would be just as one had expected; it is deep; and you would want appliances wherewith to 'draw'—as the Samaritan woman expressed it; and to-day there are hundreds of women working in the fields, a couple of hundred paces off, any one of whom might easily pass for the one who came here with her pitcher to draw. Picturesque figures they are, too; for the bright colors of their dresses are a pleasant contrast to the everlasting blue worn by the peasant women in the hill-country of Judea. Field workers they are and no mistake; but they look more like a picnic party, and their labor seems more like merry-making than toil."

JACOB'S WELL.

# A POET OF MANY FRIENDS.

By Edwin C. Martin.

GOOD poets never lack lovers. Few, however, have enjoyed as affectionate a following as that which attached—and indeed still attaches—to the late Eugene Field. The peculiar devotion of Mr. Field's public was shown with especial emphasis, and in many beautiful ways, at the time of his death, in November, last year. The obituary utterance took everywhere a tone of personal friendship and personal bereavement. He is in his writings what he was in his life, one of the freest, frankest, most open-hearted of men; and consequently his death was to his readers precisely what it was to his private acquaintance,—the loss of a charming and beloved companion.

THE SABINE FARM, BUENA PARK, CHICAGO, MR. FIELD'S HOME.

When Field was twenty-one he inherited $60,000. His father and mother were both dead. He took the $60,000 and a young friend, and went to Europe. When he came home, the money was about gone. The incident is typical. All his life, when Field had money, it was apt to go in gratification of the impulse of the moment; and the gratification was likelier than not to comprehend a bounty to some friend. In his later years he was paid a good salary for his daily writing on the Chicago *News*, and he added to it considerably by additional writing and by lecturing. Yet it was found at his death that the timeliest testimonial his friends could devise was a donation of money for the benefit of his family.

A characteristic story is told of the way in which Field once secured an increase of salary from his employer, the editor of the Chicago *News*. The need of an increase had grown particularly pressing, and morning after morning Field had gone to the office resolved to make a demand in the usual form. But each time his heart failed him. Then, suddenly, one day, there appeared before the astonished editor a man and four small children of sorriest, most beggarly aspect. Their clothes were worn and tattered, their faces gaunt and hungry. The man was Field, and the four small children were his children. It was all mask and make-up; but the players stretched forth soliciting hands and cast up appealing eyes, and Field, with all of a beggar's sadness, asked, "Please, sir, won't you raise my salary?" and the editor (ready enough, perhaps, to have done so, though it had been presented in a fashion less farcical) promptly granted the prayer.

THE POET'S DOLLS.

Though of the gravest countenance, rarely smiling, Field was of a most joyous, even rollicking disposition. Life for the most part went gayly with him. He loved men, he loved animals, and, particularly, he loved children. Retaining as a man much of his own boyish sportfulness, he easily made himself with children as one of themselves. Thus he was a great favorite with them. Into whatever house or place he went, if children were present they gathered about him instinctively, and he yielded himself undividedly to their entertainment and to participation in their games. It is this unfailing sympathy with children, added to a gift of simple and melodious verse, that makes his child poems so superior to most compositions of their kind. They are quaint, fanciful, and fantastic, just as childhood itself is so; and, in addition, the movement is, as

ADMIRERS OF THE POET.

it should be in such poems, perfectly fluent and unstudied. Unstudied only in effect, though, it should be understood; for in point of fact, Field wrought at his verses quite laboriously.

Field was born in 1850 at St. Louis; but much of his youth was spent in New England. He passed some years in several colleges,—Williams, Massachusetts; Knox College, Illinois; and the Missouri State University. Then he took a mind for journalism. He has himself described his first venture.

"About the time I was twenty-one," says he, "I went to Stilson Hutchins, and told him who I was, and he said:

"'All right. I'll give you a chance; but we don't pay much.'

"Of course I told him pay didn't matter.

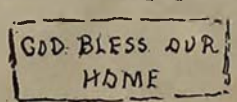
"'Well,' he said, 'go down to the Olympia, and write up the play there to-night.'

"I went down, and I brought most of my critical acumen to bear upon an actor by the name of Charley Pope, who was playing "Mercutio" for Mrs. D. P Bowers. His wig didn't fit, and all my best writing centered about that wig. I sent the critique in, blame fine, as I thought, with illuminated initial letters, and all that. Oh, it was lovely! and the next morning I was deeply pained and disgusted to find it mutilated,—all that about the wig, the choicest part, was cut out. I thought I'd quit journalism forever. I don't suppose Hutchins connects Eugene Field with the —— fool that wrote that critique; I don't myself."

After this untoward adventure followed the visit to Europe, already referred to. On his return with an empty purse, he attempted journalism again, beginning as a reporter on the St. Louis *Journal*. After a short time he became city editor, and then he married a sister of the friend who had accompanied him to Europe. In order to improve his fortunes he went to a paper at St. Joseph, Missouri, on a salary of thirty dollars a week; but in 1877 he returned to the St. Louis *Journal*, as a writer of editorial paragraphs,—the character under which his reputation and popularity first became general.

But he was still some years from the position in which his superiority therein definitely declared itself. He served a term on the Kansas City *Times* and a term on the Denver *Tribune* before he went to the Chicago *News* and began the daily column of "Sharps and Flats," which made him the best known, perhaps, and most relished newspaper writer in the country. This was in 1883. The connection continued until his death,—twelve years; and in all that time there was rarely a day that Field's full column, nonpareil, did not duly appear, and it never appeared that the "sharps" did not much outnumber the "flats." To any one the least experienced in newspaper work, this must always seem a very remarkable achievement. Many a man has turned out more than a column daily of reportorial or editorial writing through as long, or a longer, term of years; but I doubt if any other has turned out as much as a column daily of editorial paragraphs. Certainly no other has done it and maintained year in and year out, to the very end, such variety, spontaneity, and point, as Field's column always showed.

Some years before his death, Mr. Field had made for himself a very attractive and comfortable home at Buena Park, a suburb of Chicago, and there, in his later years, he did most of his work. In a study that, with its Gladstone axe and Dana shears, its shelf of rare Horaces, and its hundred and one objects beautiful or grotesque, showed the rage of the collector, he wrought methodically from nine of the morning until two or three of the afternoon, doing his daily stint for the Chicago *News*. The reference to "illuminated initial letters" in his account, quoted above, of his first experience in newspaper writing, is not figurative. It

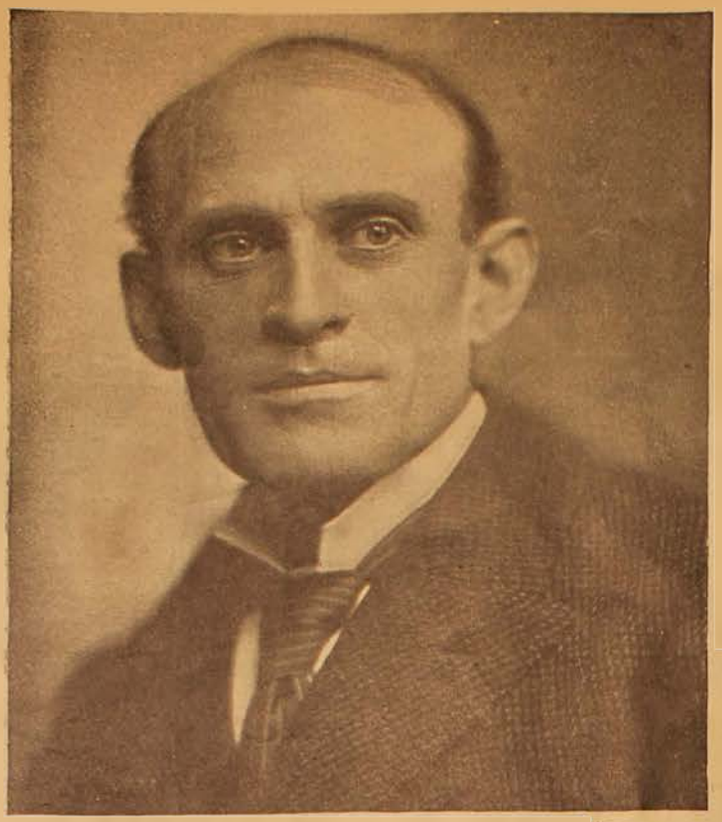



The Wanlow Nursery - Sunday evening, Oct. 6, 1895.

"Oh, by-low, baby Reuterdahl!

Go to sleep, and don't you squall." E. F. Field.

ONE OF FIELD'S SKETCHES.



*By courtesy of Etching Publishing Company, Chicago.*

EUGENE FIELD.

was really Field's habit to ornament even his ordinary printer's copy with illuminated initials, and a part of the usual equipment of his desk was the bright-colored inks in which the ornamentation was done.

His poems and sketches, Field wrote as the impulse came to him in the brief leisure left him by his daily task. Many of the poems, however, went to vary and brighten the column which it was the daily task to fill, and were first published in the department of "Sharps and Flats." In his poems he was very fastidious,—he seems to have been more or less so in all his writing,—pondering and doubting, revising and revising again.

"I'm a newspaper man," Field once said; "I don't claim to be anything else." It is the remark of a man habitually modest, and Field might justly have claimed more. Still it is true that he published comparatively little in book form, and nothing until he had passed forty. The newspaper task, done so faithfully, consumed much the larger part of his time and energy.

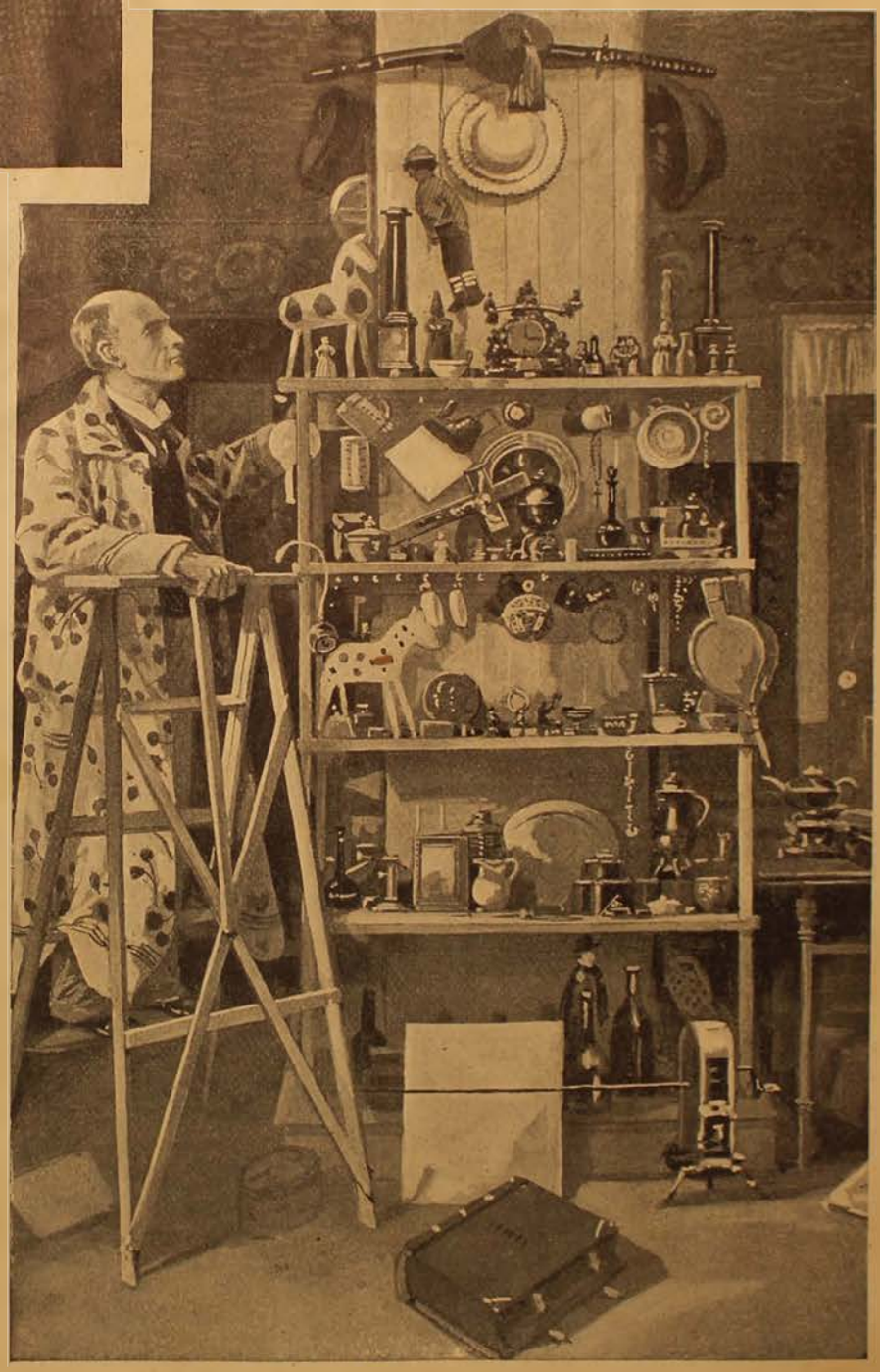
In the briefest account of Eugene Field one would hardly be excused from some mention of the famous "Saints' and Sinners' Corner." It is simply a somewhat retired nook in a well-known Chicago book store, of no special distinction in itself. But it became a gathering place for a few choice spirits, men of literary tastes and interests; and the leader and life of the group was Field. Many of the current anecdotes of him have reference to the "Saints' and Sinners' Corner." It was on the fly-leaf of one of the costly volumes stored there that he wrote:

'Swete friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To buye ye boke thou findest heare,
For that when I doe get ye pelf
I meane to buye ys boke my selfe.
—EUGENE FIELD."

Portraits and various souvenirs of him are preserved there, and on the wall hangs a portrait of Gladstone to which some playful associate has appended the legend, "The Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone Reading Eugene Field's Horatian Translations." Field was very fond of the place and of the men he met there. Once he begged of the proprietor one of the plain cane-seated chairs that furnished it, saying in explanation of his desire:

"You see all these good fellows who meet here aren't going to live forever; they'll be dropping off one by one; and when they're gone, and I'm an old man, I want to be able to look at that chair and say to myself: 'There's the chair Gunsaulus sat in, or Poole, or Stryker.'"

The request was readily granted, and the chair added to the other treasures of Field's study. But the special pleasure to which he had reserved it was denied him; he died, alas! at forty-five.



THE POET ARRANGING CURIOS IN HIS "DEN."

"AH, AH! WHAT DOES THAT PORTEND? TWO SPOONS."

# A DINNER ENGAGEMENT.

## A CLOSET PLAY IN TWO ACTS.

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

Dramatis Personæ.

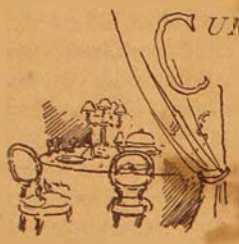
Nancy.
Mamma.
Papa.
He (*otherwise Mr. Albert*).
White Gloves (*the waiter*).
Katy (*Mrs. Dennis*). } Appear Act II.
Joanna (*Mrs. Ernst*). }

### ACT I.

MENU.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Blue Points. | | | | |
| | | Consommé. | | | | |
| Roast Beef. | Potatoes. | Pease. | Terrapin. | Lettuce. | Mayonnaise. | |
| | | | Ices. | Cake. | Coffee. | |

Scene I.: Blue Points.



*Curtain rises on a brightly-lighted dining-room—the table set with four covers; candles, flowers, etc. At the foot of the table, on a silver standard, hangs a white tablet on which the menu is written.*

Mamma—*At the head of the table, not unsuspecting.*

Papa—*At the foot, unconscious as incorrigible.*

Nancy—*Pale and nervous at one side.*

He—*Flushed and anxious at the other.*

White Gloves—*Passing the dishes.*

Papa—(*Opening his napkin.*)—"Take seats, folkses." That's what our mayor said when I dined with him *en famille*. So I suppose it's "the thing." (*He lifts the menu and consults it.*) Blue Points, Nance; your favorites.

Nancy—(*Weakly.*)—Yes, papa. (*Aside.*) How shall I get them down?

Mamma (*To her guest.*)—I am very glad my husband induced you to stay, Mr. Albert. I hope you won't have cause to be sorry. I can promise nothing to-day, for my cook is an experiment.

Papa—Oh, I warned him it was pot-luck. If a man over-stays his own dinner-hour he must content himself with what he can get.

He (*Glancing across the table.*)—What I can get is not usually what I most want. To-day I have been wonderfully fortunate.

Nancy—(*Aside.*)—Why doesn't he look at papa when he talks to him? I *won't* look up.

(*She glances involuntarily across the table, and trembles on the brink of meeting His eyes. Hers sink to her plate. She gazes with loathing at the plump delicacies stretched on their curved shells.*)

Papa—Why, Nance, you haven't begun yet.

Nancy—(*Hurriedly squeezing out a soupçon of lemon.*)—Oh, yes, I have, papa. (*She plunges her tripod into an oyster and looks at it.*) (*Aside.*) It can't pass the lump in my throat.

Papa (*Offering his individual salt.*)—Salt, Albert? I have the bad taste to like it on my bivalves.

Nancy (*Aside, her oyster poised.*)—"Albert"!—and passing his own salt. Papa suspects!

(*She darts a look across the table, meets His eyes fully, blushes crimson, and buries herself in the waiting oyster.*)

He (*Taking the salt.*)—Thank you. I also am unorthodox on the salt question. (*Aside, his eyes on* Nancy.) Poor, frightened darling, if I could only make her look at me! Engaged at seven-thirty, and dining at seven-thirty-five! It's brutal.

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Scene II.: Consommé.

Papa—There are no two ways about it; dinner is a night beauty. If it's served as on Sundays, in the middle of the day, man *eats*, but he doesn't *dine*! Sunday simply means to me a latish breakfast, and dinner immediately afterward.

Mamma (*Not severely.*)—I could suggest something you might more frequently insert between the two.

Papa—Church? Why, I went to church last Sunday to hear your new parson. By the way, Albert, come hear him. I only yawned once during his sermon, and that was from habit. There's always an empty seat in our pew,—generally mine.

He—You may find me abusing your hospitality.

Papa—No; the only man who ever did that married my eldest daughter. That was a great impertinence. My boys I wanted married, not my girls. Women are too good for that kind of thing.

Nancy (*Aside, with relief.*)—He can't know or he wouldn't.

He (*Anxiously.*)—Doesn't the kind of man they choose make some difference?

Papa—Not a bit. *Men* are different, but all *husbands* are alike,—the best too bad for the worst woman.

Mamma (*Hastily.*)—My dear, did you know that the new clergyman is married?

Nancy (*Aside*)—Mamma suspects! She's changing the conversation.

Papa—Married? Why, he's a lad!

He—That seems a clerical weakness. They no sooner get a gown than they want a petticoat.

Papa (*Laughing.*)—Well, I'm glad he's married, There's nothing so dangerous as a clergyman,—barring a widower. Nance is safe from him.

Mamma (*Her brow drawn slightly.*)—Mr. Albert will surely gather that your own marriage venture is not satisfactory.

Papa—He knows better than that. We began right, and if the beginning is all right it goes as easy as running water. For six months, though, I sat at the head of this table, carving off the dark meat I liked and passing it up there to my wife; she eating it, wanting the white meat I hated, but she wouldn't deprive me of it for the world! It took us half a year to get a little thing like that straight. I tell you, marriage is a lottery. Now we agree on everything but marrying our daughters. I say no man's good enough for them. She let our eldest slip away from us, and said to my very face this morning that the man who would invent a wash that would turn her back hair as gray as her front hair should have Nancy.

Mamma (*Decidedly.*)—My dear, what I jest over at breakfast is not for serving up at dinner.

He (*Turning to mamma.*)—I fear your daughter's husband might turn your hair gray without a wash if he had the heart to,—which I don't believe he would.

MAMMA (*Graciously.*)—If his heart is right his fate shall not hang on a hair when I am consulted.

NANCY (*Aside, her spoon waving in her hand.*)—She *does* know.

PAPA—There she goes again. What did I tell you? And here's Nancy, her eyes demurely down, drinking it in so busily she's forgetting to eat her consommé. You always promised to stay by me, didn't you, Nance?

NANCY (*Breathlessly.*)—I—I——

PAPA.—What's that in your spoon, you little traitor?

NANCY (*Looking up.*)—Where, papa.

PAPA (*Catching her wrist and drawing the hand and the spoon toward him*)—Here's the effect of her mother's teaching. The child's gazing at three macaroni letters, "*U & I*," twisted into a true-lover's-knot on the bottom of her spoon.

NANCY (*Indignant.*)—Papa, you know I never saw it.

MAMMA.—Let the child alone, my dear.

NANCY (*Plucking up spirit.*)—It's not kind to be always teasing me. (*She turns to her plate with dignity and lifts the spoon to her lips.*)

PAPA.—Upon my word, the child has swallowed her love-knot! One on my side, mamma. I tell you Nance is mine. She was born for an old maid. There, my dear, you needn't frown down the table at me; I'll stop. I made a mistake, Nancy. You were born for an old man. You stick by him, dear. You'll find nobody half so good to you as your old father. (*Holds out his hand and takes* NANCY'S *into it.*)

HE (*Aside, trying to see the menu.*) How many more courses of this? She'll faint if I speak to her, and they'll notice it if I don't.

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SCENE III.: Roast Beef—Potatoes—Pease.

NANCY (*Aside, glancing toward the sideboard, where* WHITE GLOVES *is carving*)—I told mamma that man wore his gloves like gauntlets. He's taking hours to carve the beef.

PAPA.—Now I want all of you to pass judgment on these potatoes. I had them sent up from the farm. Nance doesn't believe in my farming. She called my last potato crop "The Early Rot."

HE (*Aside*)—I must speak to her. (*Aloud, leaning forward across the table.*) Are you a judge of potatoes? Then you must have noticed what fine ones we have been getting all this winter.

NANCY (*Aside.*)—Suppose my voice breaks? (*Aloud, in a high voice, and feverishly interested.*) Yes; and have you noticed what a fine apple year we're having? Papa is it going to be a good peach season this summer? (*Aside.*) I must look as green as those pease.

PAPA (*Glancing up inquiringly.*)—Eh! what do you know about peach seasons? If I could answer posers like that I'd just hang out my sign—"An Answerer"—and make my fortune working only two hours a week. I wish I had owned that gift. When I began life, Albert, I tell you it would have spared me some anxious hours. There was one time, when the children were all young, that I had ten mouths eating against my little earnings, and I could just keep ahead of them. Some days I thought they would surely catch me, but they never did. I came out just ahead always,—beat them badly in the end. There's nothing like making up your mind to have a thing, whether it's a woman or a fortune. They are both like nettles; grasp them firmly and you've got them,—once loosen your grasp and you haven't.

HE (*Aside.*)—Don't I know it? Hang dining!

PAPA—Nancy, child, you're eating nothing.

NANCY (*One pea on her fork.*)—Why, yes, I am, papa. I'm eating a great deal. (*Aside, with a covert glance.*) If He won't take his eyes off me I shall fall into them or scream.

MAMMA—Nancy eats enough. Women only eat as a diversion, anyway.

PAPA—Men don't. They make a business of it. Through grief or joy, we eat like clockwork, Albert, don't we?

HE—I fear we do. (*Aside.*) Brute that I am, that *filet* tempted me. I hope she didn't see my plate.

NANCY (*Aside.*)—He's been eating as if nothing had happened; how can he?

MAMMA (*Quickly.*)—I like to sit opposite a hungry man at table. It gives me an appetite.

PAPA—There's a model wife. The woman who can sit opposite a man year in and year out, watching him eat three times a day, and not come to loathe him has a good heart. Remember that before you vow to *vis-à-vis* any man's appetite, Nance.

NANCY (*Aside.*)—*Three* times a day is twenty-one times a week. (*Aloud, resolutely*) Papa, will you hand me the *menu?*

MAMMA—Yes, I do like to see a man relish his meals. I am sure, my dear, you never found me complaining because your voice had a more tender inflection as you recalled a particular broil than when speaking of me.

PAPA—Come, come; that's a libel.

NANCY (*Aside, still studying the menu.*)—Three more courses to live through! Twenty-one times a week is eighty-four times a month! Why didn't somebody tell me how bad it all was? (*Aloud.*) Oh, no more, papa, thank you.

HE (*Aside.*)—I can feel her slipping away from me. I must do something to hold her.

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SCENE IV.: Terrapin.

PAPA—Now, I don't know what your experience has been, but I think no one can cook terrapin properly who is born away from tide-water. My wife was born in sound of the waves, and always seasons this dish herself to perfection. The first live terrapin I ever saw she introduced to me. You remember, my dear.

MAMMA—I remember how credulous you were. One of the terrapin penned up in the kitchen got loose and came scratching along the hall. My husband, Mr. Albert,—he wasn't that then, you know,—asked me if terrapin ran about like chickens in that way, and I told him yes. We just picked up one and cooked it when we wanted a dish. He entirely believed me.

PAPA—What won't a man believe when he's in love? Anything a woman tells him except that she doesn't love him.

HE (*Aside.*)—My chance now or never. (*Aloud.*) Yes, a man's slow to believe that. I once knew a man who was told by a woman seventeen times that she didn't love him. After that he lost tally, but not hope.

PAPA (*Interestedly.*)—What came of it?

HE (*Slowly.*)—In the end she said yes, but circumstances separated them the very moment after she yielded, and kept them apart. I never felt so sorry for any man in my life as for him. It was bitterly hard.

PAPA—Cup dashed from his lips, eh?

HE (*Slowly.*)—I trust only withheld. Everything seems combining to drag them apart, but she will stand steady, I think. He has waited and hoped so long.

PAPA—I like stories to end in that way, except for my daughters. When I read a book I want every Jack standing up with his Jill on the last page.

NANCY (*Aside, her eyes wandering.*)—The terrapin being carried out. I wish I were a terrapin.

HE (*Aside, desperately.*)—I don't believe she heard a word I said.

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SCENE V.: Lettuce—Mayonnaise.

PAPA—Why, what's the matter, my dear? Aren't we to have the salad.

MAMMA (*Motioning the dish back from whence it came.*)—You must not too closely inquire into a housekeeper's motives. Mayonnaise is a treacherous dressing.

NANCY (*Aside.*)—It stood alone. I saw it. Oh, mamma knows all!

HE (*Aside.*)—Bless eggs and oil! One course less and the goal in sight.

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SCENE VI.: Ices—Cake.

PAPA (*Settling himself in his chair.*)—Now, I like dinner-parties, but they are such a lottery. Whenever I go out to a dinner and see the people sitting around in the drawing-room, I am reminded of the marriage ceremony. Luck, in the shape of the hostess, allots you to some one and you take her. At the time it seems almost as important as marriage. There you have to sit, pleased or sorry for a space of time, bound together, and the man who seeks surcease from sorrow in his neighbor is in as bad form as a married flirt. I tell you I regard dinner and marriages as about equally ticklish. With either it may be single blessedness when compared to a double cussedness. Are you cold, Nancy? My dear, you'd better have that door shut at the end of the room. The child's teeth are chattering.

NANCY.—It's the ice cream, papa.

HE (*Aside.*)—It's reaction. How far will it carry her?

MAMMA —Nancy has had no exercise to-day. She always shows it.

PAPA.—Now, in my time it wasn't like that. Nobody thought anything of exercise then. But to-day, unless our daughters come in from tennis or fencing or something, guttering like candles, we aren't satisfied. You *are* shivering, Nancy. Here comes the coffee; that will warm you.

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SCENE VII.: Coffee.

HE (*Aside.*)—This can't go on. (*Aloud, leaning across the table.*) You do seem cold. The drawing-room was very much warmer. You feel the change. (*He glances toward the head of the table.*)

MAMMA (*Promptly.*)—Then take your coffee to the drawing-room, Nancy. Perhaps Mr. Albert will join you. This room is never quite so warm.

PAPA.—Eh!

MAMMA (*Quickly.*)—It is not, my dear.

NANCY (*As quickly.*)—I am not cold at all, mamma; not in the least, I assure you, I assure you, mamma.

MAMMA (*Firmly.*)—I will have no risks, Nancy.

PAPA.—Don't make your mother nervous, my child.

HE (*Rising.*)—May I carry your cup?

NANCY (*Hunted to her feet.*)—I have it, thank you.

PAPA (*Gazing with exaggerated anxiety at the cup and saucer she lifts in her hand.*)—Take care, there, Nancy; take care, my dear little girl! Your saucer's too full for your poor old father's peace.

NANCY (*Looking down at her cup.*)—What is it, papa?

PAPA (*Pointing to a teaspoon lying in the saucer, a second spoon stands in the cup.*)—Two spoons! Ah, ah! What does that portend? *Two* spoons.

NANCY (*Speaking hesitatingly.*)—Papa——

HE (*Aside.*)—Is she going to confess? (*As she still stands looking down, he bends toward her, eagerly. NANCY, glancing up into his eyes, turns from him to look first at her mother, then at her father. She takes a step forward, facing the three.*)

NANCY (*Clearly and with meaning.*)—You need not be afraid, papa. You may have the second spoon, and keep it and me always. (*She holds the spoon toward him.*) I made a mistake, that was all. You see I undo it with my first chance.

PAPA (*Catching her hand and arm and drawing her down to him.*)—There's my own daughter.

MAMMA (*Sharply.*)—Your endearments are periling my cup. Be careful, Nancy.

NANCY (*With a note of defiance, setting the cup on the table to lay her arm about her father's neck.*)—Your own daughter, and always *only* your daughter, papa.

HE (*Half aloud, advancing a step toward her.*)—Nancy! (*Aside—turning away.*) She means each word of it.

MAMMA (*Rising to the rescue.*)—Papa's daughter only! Mr. Albert, as I am left out in the cold, will you take me and my coffee to the warm drawing-room? (*She accepts her guest's offered arm and they move to the door.*)

HE (*Opening the door and turning to look back once more at* NANCY *standing close by her father's side.*)—Farewell (*He goes out with mamma and the door closes.*)

NANCY (*Throwing herself on her knees by her father and hiding her face on his shoulder.*)—Oh, papa, be good to me! I think—yes, I do think I love you best.

PAPA—There, there, my dear, of course you do. Your mother's not really jealous.

NANCY (*Still on her knees looking up into his face.*)—Oh, my dearest, best, blindest papa!

CURTAIN.

(*To be concluded.*)

*Drawn by Howard Helmick.*

CHRISTMAS EVE IN "OLE VIRGINNY."

# OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS IN DIXIE.

By Mary Annable Fanton.

CHRISTMAS in Dixie, among the old-time, "down-South niggers," was not the Christmas of the Northern novelist, of frosty air and evergreen wreaths and of fur-bedecked millionaires and wistful-eyed tramps. It was a matter of roses and sunshine and out-of-door games and dances, a day of supreme delight to the poorest mammy and raggedest pickaninny on the plantation.

The negro is pre-eminently a lover of high days and holidays. It matters little the cause of the celebration; whether a wedding at the Great House, a baptism, a funeral, or a Christmas dinner, the dusky child of Nature is satisfied as long as his emotions are stirred, his sympathies roused, and his body refreshed by the material good things of this world. It is undoubtedly the materialistic phase of Christmas that has rendered it the most popular of the plantation holidays. Visions of bountifully spread tables, gifts for the "lil' chaps," visits from the generous, young "mistis," and dreams of singing and dancing in the long twilight, rather than any deep religious significance of the festival, have appealed to the negro imagination and caused "de goin's on at Christmus time" to be anticipated with unbounded joy and prepared for with unwonted diligence.

Of Christmas love and legends, similar to those current in every other civilized land, Dixie has none. There is no Africanized version of the Christ child of Germany, the Bambino of Italy, or of the "Beautiful Stranger," who brings good luck to the Norwegian homes; even the English Santa Claus is but vaguely known, and feared along with ghosts and a variety of not very respectable spirits. And nothing would induce a venerable, white-bearded Uncle to personate the merry Kris-Kringle of the Christmas festival. He would expect to be hoodooed before the lights on the Christmas tree had burned out.

He would think it a much less dangerous undertaking to attempt to represent their beloved saint, John the Baptist, whom the majority of negroes regard as the head of the church universal, and whom they honor with delightful impartiality in all their celebrations, from Christmas to Fourth of July.

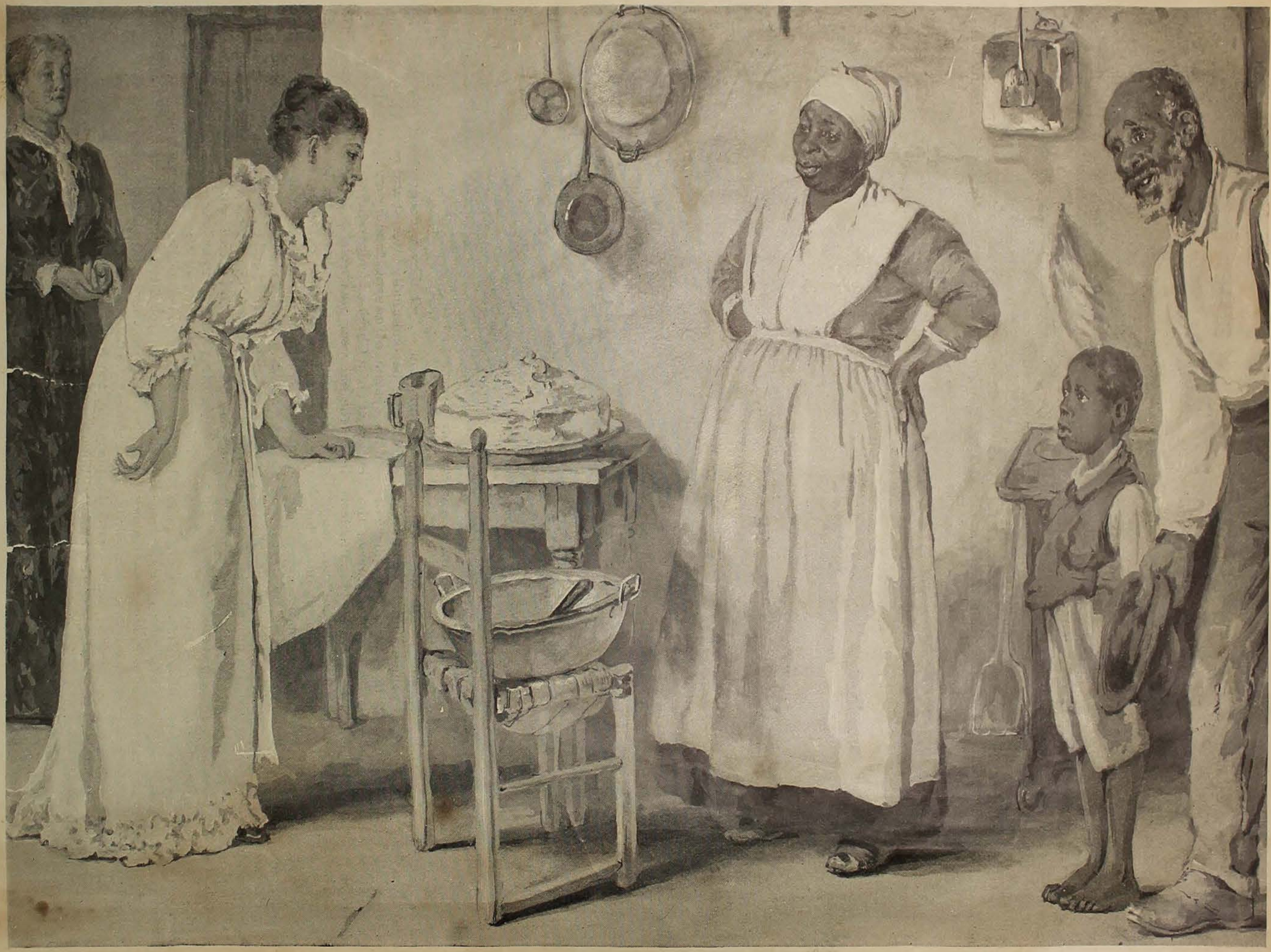
The joyous preparations for the midwinter festival were never confined to the Great House:

"Unc' Mose, am yoh cabin all spic an' span?" "Lindy, hab yoh done finish all yoah patchin'?" were familiar Christmas-Eve greetings among the darkies on any well-to-do plantation. And they were greetings possessing a significance beyond kindly interest and mere curiosity.

GOING UP TO THE "GREAT HOUSE."

This system of annual cleaning and patching was the outgrowth of a Christmas superstition that a thrifty ending of the old year was absolutely necessary in order to avoid the various assortment of "hoodoos" that otherwise were prepared to descend upon the plantation during the coming year. If before the dawn of Christmas Day the cabins were scrupulously clean and every garment washed and patched, no power of evil could reach them; even the sight of a red flannel heart or a tiny cloth human figure, stuck full of needles and placed on the very doorsill, need no longer bring terror to their hearts.

This general undoing of the hoodoos was usually followed by the decorations of the cabins. Great branches of fruit trees were brought in, which were dipped in water and sprinkled with flour and glittering powder, and then placed over the door and windows and over the chimney-place. A touch of color was given the garniture by the huge bunches of mistletoe, which, although with negroes it has lost its osculatory significance, is still a signal for much romping and shouting among the young folks.



*From a Drawing by Howard Helmick.*

OLD MAMMY'S CHRISTMAS CAKE.

The hanging-up of the stockings was an equal joy to every member of the family; naturally every stocking had been deftly darned, lest a hoodoo should rest upon it and prevent its being filled by an emissary from "Ole Mistis." And such a cordial greeting as the emissary received, especially if she chanced to be a daughter or granddaughter of "Ole Mistis."

"Lawd! Honey, I'se a gettin' so ole I ain't haid no Christmus in my bones since las' New Years; but de sight of yoah puty face in dis yere cabin mecks me feel like Christmus am a comin' foh sho'. Lawd! Chil', but yoh do 'sembles yoh mudder amazin'. She war a lady foh sho'. She never disremembered no nigger on Christmus Day." Which gentle hint was always expected and responded to.

"AUNT MANDY."
The Sweet Faced, Old-Time Negress.

The negro preacher on the plantation was invariably remembered by the "Marster" or "Mistis" with a basket heaped with provisions, toys, and goodies, and a huge turkey fairly dropping over the edge. With what childish delight the old man would examine every toy, forgetting for the time being the eccentricities of the plantation Judgment Day, and the fact that he expected at least two-thirds of his congregation to "bain up in de everlastin' flames."

Often he would seize the opportunity to preach a little sermon to his immediate family in the following strain: "I tell's you women folks dat religion am a great constitution. I ben a-praying and a-hintin' to de Lawd an' young marster ever since 'patchin' begun, an' likewise I ben a-readin' in de Good Book war de text says, 'ax an' yoh shall git what yoh ax foh,' an' de 'lustration ob de text am as follows: Right in dis yere baskit am de very ole gobbeler what I done ax foh, besides all de apples an' dolls foh de lil' chaps what am 'sleep in de baid yander."

It is needless to say that the pastor's Christmas morning sermon was one of enthusiastic exhortation and labored efforts to prove to his flock the truth of the adage that honesty is the best policy; that "It am better to hab yoh turkey brung to yoah do' in a baskit dan to steal him from de hen-coop; it am better foh de soul an' also, bruderen, de turkey am likely to be better."

With the memory of the roasting fowl at home, the preacher was apt to devote a good deal of time to enthusiastic expressions of approval of the day.

"Bruderen', dis am a day

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Great was their del
asked to sing for the "
ter's" guests. They w
seat themselves in a pictu
esque group on the veranda and break forth into their favorite Christmas melody:

"O! Gabriel blows his horn,
On Christmas morn' he blows.
And John de Baptist hears de sound
And on de earth he walks around.
And walks a-round, niggers,
Walks a-round."

"Foh Christmas am de time he lubs
Next to de Judgment Day,
And if yoh clo's ain't patched,
Yoh am sho' to git catched,
When he walks around Christmas Day.
Walks a-round, niggers,
Walks a-round."

The chorus, which is sung as a weird chant, was usually

SCRAMBLING FOR PENNIES.

*Drawn by Howard Heinrick.*

THE LAST PATCHIN' CHRISTMAS EVE.

*Drawn by Howard Helmick.*

A VISIT FROM "YOUNG MISTIS."

*Drawn by Howard Helmick.*

THE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

taken up by the old uncles and mammies who had appeared upon the scene in their gayest attire to wish the white folks "Christmas Gift," which is the negro substitute for Merry Christmas and contains a hint that was rarely overlooked. Negroes seldom make presents to each other except to the "lil' chaps," and as a rule even the pickaninnies stockings were filled by the white folks.

"MAMMY."

The real joy of Christmas Day was centered in the noonday feast, when the shining, smoking brown fowl graced the middle of the table, flanked on either side by such flaky pies as only mammy could evolve, and gazed upon with admiring eyes by mammy herself as well as all the children, even during the blessing which was at once brief and comprehensive.

"O Lawd! jis' come down and bres dis nice, tender, juicy turkey, and all de congregation what am circulated 'round dis humble bo'd. Amen."

Next to the turkey dinner the young folks enjoyed the evening dances. Early in the twilight they began to assemble. Every "yaller gal" in her cleanest frocks and freshest ribbons, and each dusky beau in his longest coat and gayest necktie. The favorite plantation musicians were there with fiddle and bow, laughing, singing, and shouting strange dancing orders, with compliments for the graceful girls and ridicule for the awkward boys.

"Hi, dar! yoh Samson, yoh strengf am in yoah feet, foh sho'.

"Clementina, dar, in yoah yaller gown, yoh cain't be beat."

As the twilight deepened, the scene was illuminated by flaming pine knots, which cast long, uncanny shadows on the cabin walls and reflected glittering lights in the sloe-black eyes of the plantation belles. As the dormant, barbaric soul of the negro awakened, the music grew wilder, the shouting louder, and the lithe bodies of the dancing girls would droop and sway languorously or stand fiercely erect with arms flung upward in a perfect ecstasy of sensuous enjoyment. And the men ceased to be awkward. They forgot the cotton field and the swamp and the lake, and were conscious only of the glowing lights, the weird music, and the fascination of the dance.

Near by in the cabins the old folks smoked contentedly on the doorsill or sang some grotesque melody in rotation, the lines of each verse passing on from cabin to cabin, like the "round" songs that used to be sung at singing-schools. A favorite twilight melody, and one invariably sung on Christmas night, is the first verse of that lugubrious ballad:

"I go down to New Orleans,
Toke sick and die-ie-ie.
Like flies in summer time,
My spirit shall fly-y-y."

Again and again this strangely pathetic song would circle line upon line down the cabins, with every change of inflexion and variety of effect of which the flexible negro voice is capable; until one by one the doorsill singers would nod into dreamland and the crooning melody, the music of the fiddle, and the glare of the pine knots would die away together into the mysterious hush of a tropical winter night.

*Photograph by R. T. Hazzard.*

BEEN UP TO MISCHIEF.

# DEACON SIMPSON'S TRIP.

By Kate Erskine.

I.

"HERE'S my best coat up-stairs in the chest; an' I was countin' on gettin' a new hat anyhow. I guess you could sort o' fix yourself up with your Sunday dress and things, Maria."

"Why, Amos, you don't mean that you really want to go?" and Mrs. Simpson ceased a moment from driving flies out of the kitchen, as she turned a pair of mild, wondering eyes on her husband.

It was after dinner, and he sat on the stone door-step, twisting in his hand the letter that he had just brought from the post-office, and seemingly contemplating the distant hills, as though seeking guidance from that quarter. His large straw hat lay on the grass beside him, and a few pieces of hay in his stiff, gray hair showed what his occupation for the morning had been.

"There's your cousin Abbie," he continued, "has been wantin' us to come up to the city for a long time to visit her——"

"She ain't invited us more'n once before," interposed his wife.

"An' I think we ought to go. Yes, Joe, I'm a-comin'," he called out, and handing the letter to his wife, Deacon Simpson picked up his jug of molasses-and-water and walked off to the field with long, swinging gait.

His wife watched him until he had disappeared over the knoll, and then murmuring to herself, "What's come over father now?" went back to her task.

Method was everything to Mrs. Simpson, so she had not driven flies out of this kitchen every summer afternoon for thirty years without knowing by this time exactly how to do it. In one hand she carried the county newspaper twisted into the shape of a fan, and in the other a bunch of corn husks tied to a stick. Her line of action was very simple. Starting from the extreme end of the large kitchen, she brought these two implements of war slowly together, as she moved from side to side, opening and shutting her arms and calling out, "Shoo! shoo!" to the fast gathering and retreating enemy. But the moment of triumph was reached when the screen-door closed to with a bang, and Mrs. Simpson stood surveying the hurrying swarm outside with contentment written on every line of her good-natured, heated face, while the yellow cat, who had walked sedately after her mistress as body-guard, rubbed against her in a congratulatory manner. Every one knows that driving flies is a most absorbing occupation, calling for the concentration of the entire mind, so it was only when returning to the original starting-point that Mrs. Simpson could allow her mind to wander from the business in hand.

"Father's the most surprisin' man I ever see," she said, pulling at the corn-husks, which had become somewhat flattened after her last violent onslaught; "but I've lived with him too long not to have learned just to let him have his own way—leastways to seem to—an' he's always sure to come round. Father's real kind o' sensible after all." At which last remark the yellow cat blinked her eyes, the kettle put on an extra steam, and the very flies buzzed in hearty confirmation.

"Shoo! shoo!" The paper was again waving, the corn-husks rattling, when the peaked face of Miss Jemima Hummers appeared at the door. "An' the flies not all drove out, an' I calc'latin' to do a little bakin', an' this last idea of father's a-worrying me so. If it ain't the most provokin' thing in the world," thought Mrs. Simpson. So her tone was quite cool—that is, as cool as such a kind-hearted woman could make it—as she said to her visitor, "Will you set outside or in?"

The decision being that it would be cooler on the grass, Mrs. Simpson handed out two rocking-chairs, and the women seated themselves under the apple-tree, where the hens, soon discovering them, came clucking aimlessly about, and the yellow cat, jumping into her mistress's lap, curled herself into a large, fluffy ball. A gentle breeze waved the branches of the tree, which, fanning the heated cheeks of Mrs. Simpson, caused her gradually to forget flies and other minor annoyances, and to regard Miss Jemima Hummers in a more kindly light.

"I just thought I'd bring my work round an' set with you a while, Mis' Simpson," that lady remarked, after they were comfortably seated and the subject of the weather and crops had been carefully discussed. "I got my work all done up, an' I said to myself, I——"

"Well, I hadn't finished drivin' my flies out," interposed her friend. "I expect there's a hundred, at least, of them tiresome, buzzin' creatures left in that kitchen. There was a terrible big horse-fly screechin' around, that I'd got my mind made up to drive out," she added, regretfully.

"Well, I guess it'll get out somehow," said her visitor, and then, changing the subject, added: "I s'pose you an' the deacon are goin' to the church sociable next week. But then, I don't know why I ask you that, seein' you always are there. You ain't missed one for three years, have you, Mis' Simpson?"

"We ain't missed one for five years, exceptin' once, when the deacon had the rheumatism. I remember that time in partic'lar because I had made a new kind of cake to send—kind of a nut cake, with just a few raisins sprinkled in—an' I wanted to see how it was enjoyed. I felt a little shaky about that flour, not knowing exactly how much to put in; and there was just a little dent in the top when I took it out of the oven. Not really fallen, you know, but just enough to make me feel anxious. Mis' Davis knew how I was worryin' about it, so she took pains to stop in on her way home an' tell me that it wasn't a mite heavy; an' she heard Miss Brown an' Mis' Spooner both wonderin' what the receipt was, they thought it was so good. I don't know when I've felt so relieved."

"I know just exactly what your feelin's were, Mis' Simpson. I'm goin' to send a new kind of tea-biscuit next time, an' I feel kind o' cold all over when I think, s'posin' they shouldn't be good. I hope you'll like 'em, Mis' Simpson."

Evidently Miss Jemima Hummers was fated to make unfortunate remarks, for just as a pleasurable excitement was felt by Mrs. Simpson in the tea-biscuits, and she was about to ask for a minute description of their composition, that idea of the deacon's was thrust into her mind, and the possibility of their going away.

Mrs. Simpson was faithful to her husband to the very heart's core. By no word or sign should Miss Hummers, or any other person, know that this trip to the city was not her most earnest wish. But Mrs. Simpson also was not without a certain amount of diplomacy, which she some-

times exercised when a new freak took possession of the deacon. She had found by experience that complete accord with his plan was always the best policy,—indeed, she sometimes seemed the leader of the two, so anxious was she to bring matters to a crisis. So, leaning back in her chair and twisting the yellow cat's ears in an abstracted manner, she said, carelessly:

"I don't know's we'll be here. The deacon an' me are calc'latin' to take a trip to the city about that time."

Miss Hummers dropped her work—it was a piece of ruffling for her neck—and the needle fell out into the grass, so she had to get down on her knees and search carefully for it.

"Well, if ever I see anybody like you before, Mis' Simpson," she said, shooing away a hen that had come to assist, thinking she was grubbing for worms. "You say that just as though it didn't mean more'n goin' across the street.—There, I've got it; 'twas stickin' in the hem of my dress, after all.—If I remember right, you ain't never been to the city before, Mis' Simpson?"

"No, we ain't never been; an' as the deacon an' me ain't growin' any younger, we'd better go now if we're goin' at all. Cousin Abbie seems just set on havin' us come."

Now the brilliant thoughts were not all confined to Deacon Simpson's brain. Miss Jemima Hummers could originate as well as he, so while she threaded her needle and reset the stitch, her mind was busy with a new project.

"Well, I hope you'll have a good time," she said, after sewing a few minutes in silence. "If there's anythin' in the world that I've a real desire to do it's to go to the city and see the sights. But I ain't never seen my way clear to do so, bein' all alone in the world." And Miss Jemima gave a little sniff of self-pity.

Her companion rocked comfortably back and forth in her chair without making any response.

"I see what she's comin' to," she thought, "an' if I don't encourage her then my conscience's clear; but she's made up her mind to go along with us, an' if there's anybody in this world the deacon can't abide, it's Jemima Hummers. I do believe if I can only tell him she's goin' too, he'll give the whole thing up."

She glanced anxiously at Miss Hummers's sharp features and little bird-like eyes, which were blinking thoughtfully over her work, as she mentally laid out her tactics.

"If she don't follow this thing up it'll be the first time she didn't do what she set out to; but I ain't goin' to give her one mite of encouragement."

"What day you goin'?" said Miss Jemima at last.

"Well, Cousin Abbie said Saturday in her letter,—that'll be day after to-morrow,—so I s'pose the deacon 'll calc'late to go then," was the answer. "I can look over my things an' do my packin' to-morrow, an' we can get off by the first train. I'll allow 'tain't as much time as I should like. There's my brown merino's got to be fixed on the bottom, an' the deacon's things 've got to be attended to, an'——"

"You know I should be awful glad to help you," interrupted Miss Jemima. "I'd do anythin' for you, Mis' Simpson; an' I wouldn't mind at all goin' down to the train with you, if 'twould accommodate you about the bundles an' things."

Miss Jemima arose, and taking her hat from a branch of the tree where it had been hanging, tied it securely under her chin.

"Well, I must be a-goin'," she said, "but I'll try an' drop in to-morrow, to see how you're gettin' on."

The gate clicked, and Mrs. Simpson was left alone, gazing at Miss Jemima's prim figure disappearing down the road, and regretfully thinking, "She never said she was goin' along with us; but maybe she will to-morrow."

## II.

It was Friday evening. The air was soft and cool, and laden with the sweet odor of fresh hay. The hens had gone to their roost, and all was quiet save an occasional cluck from a belated fowl, or the deep croak of some frog as it jumped with a splash into the pond back of the house. All about the barn looked clean and orderly, and peace and rest seemed to prevail everywhere.

All was to the deacon's mind, and still he was not happy, as he sat on the broad stone door-step with his wife just inside, rocking rapidly to and fro. The yellow cat jumped into his lap and tried to make herself comfortable for her usual evening nap, but without avail. So, after purring louder and louder to attract his attention, until the purr had become a gentle roar, she jumped down in quite a disgusted manner and walked sedately into the house.

"Did you say the packin' was all done, Maria?" he inquired for the third or fourth time. "I hope you ain't forgotten anythin', partic'larly the medicines. Ef we was to be taken sick at Abbie's I dunno what we'd do."

"Well, there's no denyin' that it's a sickly season in the city," was the cheerful answer; "but if you should happen to have a long attack of the rheumatism I guess Abbie an' me could pull you through."

Deacon Simpson gave a groan; then suddenly recollecting himself, turned it into a cough. There was a long pause, finally broken by the deacon.

"Ef there's a disagreeable, homely cretur in the world it's that Jemima Hummers." Still the rockers creaked, and there was no response; but a smile overspread the occupant's face, which the increasing darkness kindly hid. "I don't deny but what she's got her good p'ints," he continued, pricked by his conscience, "but they ain't my style, an' that's a fact. Besides, she ain't any right to go taggin' on with us; an' you know it, Maria," he added, fretfully.

"Well, I don't allow you have any right to talk about the face the Lord gave her. I say it ain't becomin' in you, deacon." Mrs. Simpson arose and went into the pantry, where she lighted the lamp, but after a moment put it out and resumed her seat.

"What's the matter?" inquired her husband, in surprise.

"Oh, nothin'. I was goin' to put the beans to soak, an' then I remembered we wouldn't be here to eat 'em."

"There," said the deacon; "seems 's tho' I couldn't bear it. Why didn't you calc'late to have 'em to-night? Ef there's anythin' in the world I love, it's beans."

"Deacon Simpson, did you ever eat hot baked beans any night in your life 'ceptin' Saturday night? When people go to the city they've got to give up things."

A long-drawn sigh was the only response, and once again silence reigned. The spirits of Mrs. Simpson were steadily rising, while those of her husband were sinking, until he was completely plunged into the abyss of despair. There was no doubt that the deacon was getting homesick.

"Well, I reckon you'd better write Abbie we've changed our minds an' ain't comin' till next week. I ain't feelin' very well, an' I might be took sick the first thing. I don't think I'm over-strong, anyhow," he added, plaintively. "I've got a pain in my back this minute."

"Now, Amos," was the decided answer, "if we're goin' at all we're goin' to-morrow. There ain't any doubt but what Cousin Abbie's taken extra pains, an' has done a lot of cookin' already. What 'd she think not to see us? Don't you think you ought to do as you'd be done by, deacon?"

"Well, I ain't a-goin' to do any arguin'," was the dignified answer. "I'll go look after the cattle, an' then we'll go to bed."

* * * * *

The sun rose bright and early the next morning, and danced and twinkled and fairly shook his sides with laughter and good-will as he shone with all his might right down on the Simpson homestead. But after examining things carefully, and making up his mind that all was not right, he beckoned to a little cloud, and buried his head from sight.

The old horse and double wagon stood outside the door. The back seat had been taken out to accommodate the small hair-covered trunk, which Mrs. Simpson had insisted should be bound tightly down with a stout rope, as she once heard of a trunk being left in the middle of the road, while the driver jogged contentedly on. Her husband had thought this precaution unnecessary, but after long discussion, finally yielded. He now sat on the seat, very stiff and straight, holding the reins while waiting for his wife to appear. The deacon had always had a strong desire to be dressy, but on account of his prominent position in the church he had not thought best to indulge this weakness, or been encouraged in it by his wife. But now that he was going to the city, that abomination of wickedness, he felt that no one would be injured by his example, and so he had given full play to his taste. Some few would have questioned it; but to the deacon's mind his outfit was absolutely perfect. His long, lank form was incased in his black broadcloth coat, thrown jauntily open to display the white vest, a flowing plaid neck-tie and hair watch-chain. But the crowning glory was his hat, the purchase of which had caused him much consideration, but with the most satisfactory result. It was of white straw, trimmed with a blue ribbon, and would have had quite an air if it had not been fully two sizes too large, and rested on his ears. When a boy, his mother, in making or buying clothing for him, had always kept a little ahead of his then present size, in anticipation of his growing; and this idea had become so fixed in his own mind that now, at sixty-five years of age, he never thought of buying anything to exactly fit him, although his object in so doing was somewhat indefinite.

"Ain't you never comin', Maria?" he called out; "the train won't wait for us forever."

Just then Mrs. Simpson appeared at the door with a large bag in one hand and the yellow cat in the other. She was hot and out of breath from her exertions, and a hurried look at her husband completed her discomfiture.

"I'm most mortified to death at the way Amos looks," she murmured to herself, as she turned to lock the door; "but I ain't goin' to say one word to rile him, but just keep prayin' that somethin' will turn up to keep us."

The deacon appeared buried in thought. He felt that his wife would not approve of his hat, and so had kept it out of sight until now. After the dreaded moment had passed he looked over his collar and surveyed her.

"What you goin' to do with the yaller cat?" he inquired.

"We've got to leave her at Polly's on the way down. I wouldn't trust Joe to feed her. There; you hold her while I get in."

The wagon creaked and groaned as Mrs. Simpson laboriously climbed in, and then visibly sank on her side when she was finally seated.

"Well, you ready? Get up, there!" and Deacon Simpson and his wife had really started for the city.

They jogged along for nearly a quarter of a mile in silence. When they came to the turn in the road which would hide the house from view he stopped a moment and, turning around, surveyed it.

"You'd better look at it, Maria, ef you want to see it for the last time. It looks kind o' lonesome," and he choked a little as he fumbled nervously at the reins.

"I think we'd better be goin' along," was the cool answer, but inwardly his wife's heart was wrung with pity for him. "But I sha'n't say one word; he's got to change his own mind," she thought.

"Do you s'pose the yaller cat 'll stay at Daughter Polly's?" was his next remark.

"No; I guess she'll run right back; they generally do."

"Well,—do you s'pose she'll starve?" and his voice quavered perceptibly as he asked the question, for the "yaller cat" was his special pet.

"No; I don't think she'll starve; but I kind o' guess she'll look real peaked when we get back; an' then she'll sort o' worry for us all the time." The deacon moved uneasily, and once more they drove on in silence.

At Polly's matters were not much better. As the deacon embraced each of his grandchildren he visibly weakened, and his farewell to the baby was almost too much for him. He glanced imploringly at his wife, but no help came from that quarter; instead she said: "We must drive pretty fast now, father, if we want to get there." But as she said good-bye she whispered to her daughter: "I guess you can calc'late to come to supper same as usual, Sunday night."

Then they continued their way. The old horse had now come to a walk, a very slow one, but his master did not urge him. He sat perfectly listless, despair and misery written on his face, and even the glory of his attire failing to add one ray of comfort. As they approached the station Miss Jemima Hummers's angular form was seen pacing back and forth.

"Now or never," thought his wife, looking anxiously at him. He half rose from his seat, and, as she expressed it in telling Polly about it afterward, "a real noble expression came into his face."

"Maria," he said, switching the horse and making a sharp turn, "ef you want to go to the city you can. I'm a goin' home."

## SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

SING a song of Christmas,
Stockings full of toys!
Just the things to please us
Little girls and boys.

Now they all are emptied;
Lots for me and you.
Wasn't that a pretty thing
For Santa Claus to do?

# SMELT-FISHING IN NORTHERN WATERS.

By J. Herbert Welch.

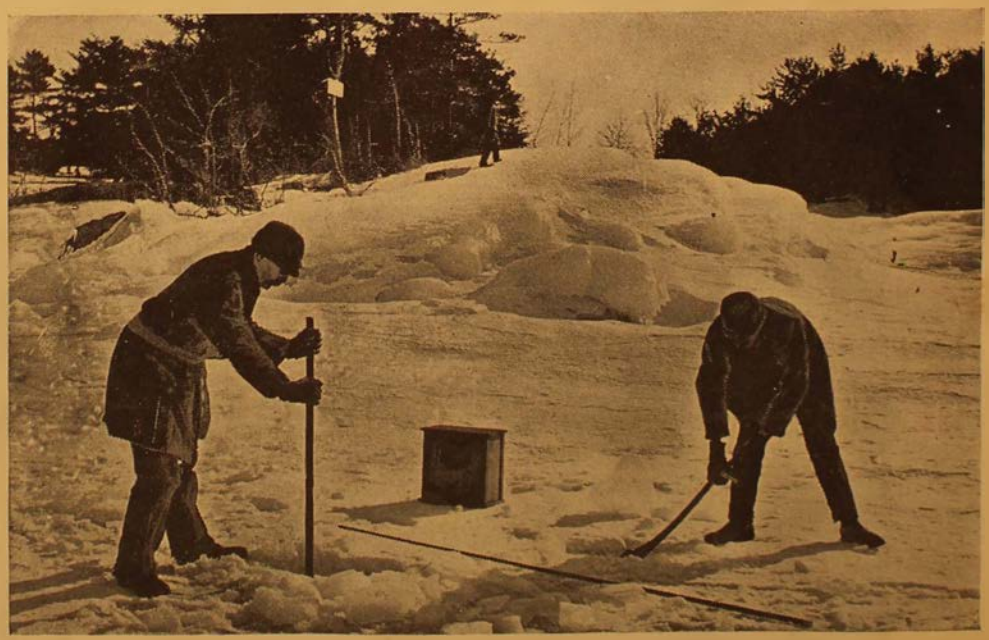
HOWEVER vain of its grace and its silvery scales the smelt may be as it frisks through its native element in the exuberance of youth, the fact remains that as an individual it is not important. It is too small to cut much of a figure in the world, or even at the end of a fish-line. No fisherman ever tells the story with that fine angler's enthusiasm aroused on the catching of a big bass, or salmon, or trout, when he has hooked merely a smelt; and even in the finny tribe the individual smelt is looked down upon, overshadowed, and swallowed nonchalantly by fish of greater bulk.

But there is a beautiful balance in the universe, and what the smelt lacks in size is amply compensated for in its quality. And that is why the smelt, while individually insignificant, is collectively of much consequence. Everybody who is familiar with the gastronomic qualities of our American fish knows the sweet, delicate flavor of the smelt, and regards it with much satisfaction in its brown and crisp state upon a platter. There is a great and constant smelt appetite, and thousands of men are employed during the fall and winter appeasing this appetite.

BOUND FOR THE OUTSIDE FISHING.

Supplying the markets with the succulent smelt has become a great industry during the last fifteen or twenty years. In the deep waters off the bleak shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia smelts live in great swarms; and many a fisherman and his family gain the necessities of life, and little luxuries, too, such as Christmas trees, and toys and candies for the children's stockings, from smelt-fishing. Every morning during the season, just as the sun is rising out of the sea and sending long, slanting rays across the tossing waters, the fishing schooners put out from shore and scud away before the cold winds to the places where the smelts are running. Then the nets are lowered, and are raised before long heavy with masses of little creatures whose silvery scales glisten in the sun as the fish leap and twist in great commotion and excitement at their sudden withdrawal from their element. The hapless smelts are thrown into the boat, and their bodies soon become stiff with the biting cold. In this frozen condition they are taken ashore and packed in boxes, and shipped by rail to New York and the other great cities of the country, whence they are sent to the smaller places; in a very few days after they have been taken from the sea off the Canadian shores some of them have found their way to the tables of thrifty housewives a thousand miles away.

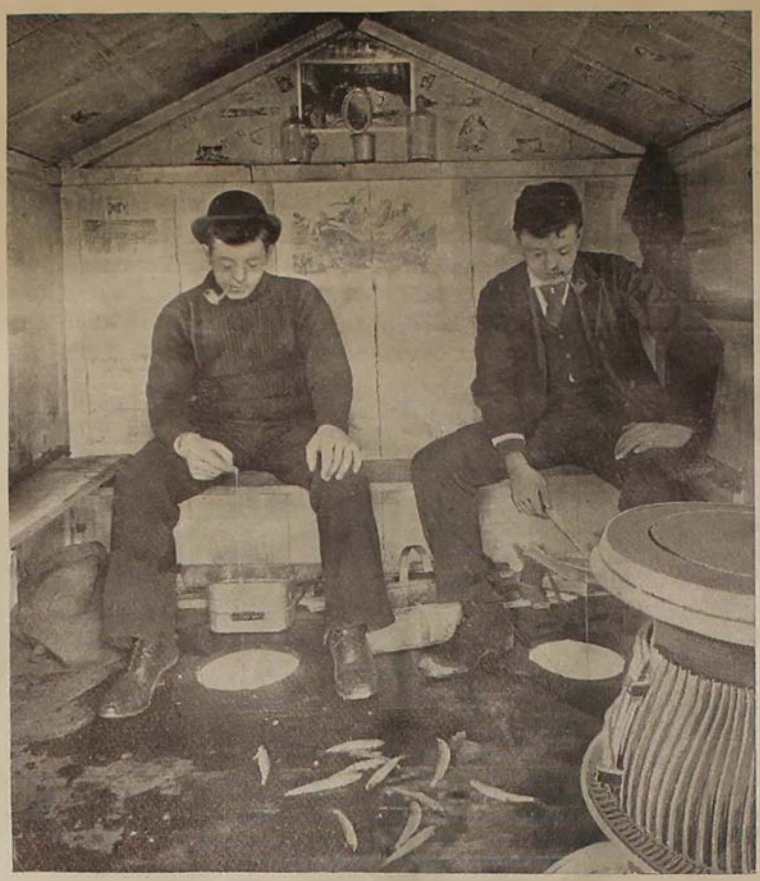
While the larger part of the supply of smelts come from Canada, they are not those of the finest quality, one of the reasons being that the cold of the Canadian coast freezes them hard almost as soon as they are taken out of the water. Their flesh being very delicate, this freezing takes from it some of the fine flavor which makes it so highly prized. Green smelts, that is, those which have not been frozen, are considered much the choicer. There is another condition which enhances the quality of the smelt. It is well known that the smelt enter the rivers and bays in the autumn and winter to spawn. Some of them swim far up the rivers, until they leave the salt



CUTTING HOLES THROUGH THE ICE.

water a long distance behind them. Then, for some reason, they find it impossible to get back. They become landlocked, so to speak, and in some mysterious manner many of them find their way into lakes that have no connection with the ocean. These fresh-water smelts are found in great abundance in the lakes of Maine, and the Maine smelts, because they are "green" and from the fresh water, are most approved by epicures. These lakes furnish a large part of the supply of the finest quality of smelts, such as the expensive restaurants in New York serve to their patrons.

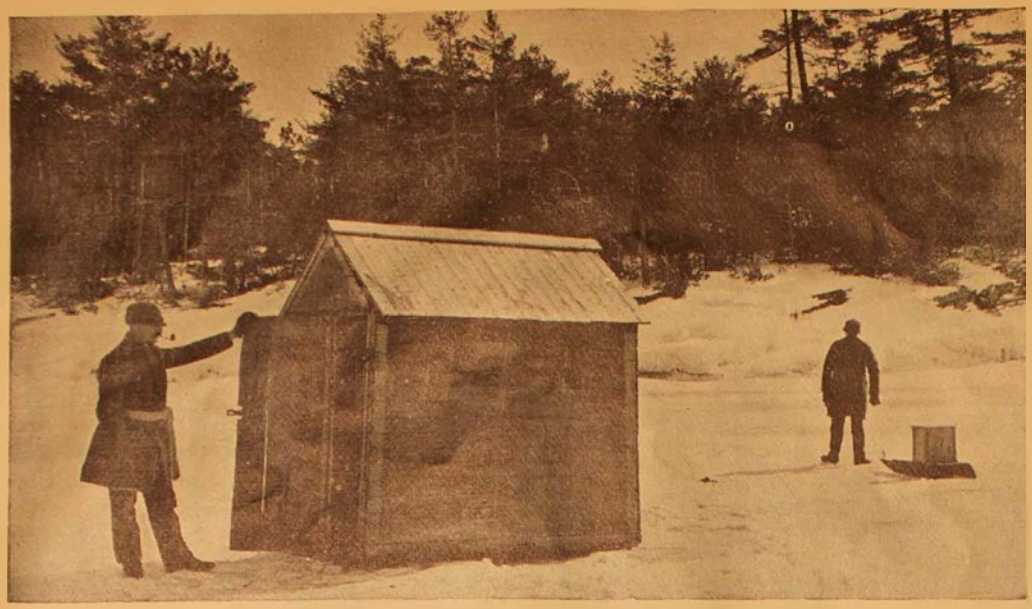
It is on the northern lakes that smelt-fishing rises above the level of a hard occupation carried on for the necessities of life, and becomes picturesque and sportsmanlike. The main reason for this is that the fish are not caught wholesale with nets, but individually, with a hook and line. When these bodies of water become great white plains of ice the smelt-fishing begins in earnest. Very small houses, that it seems an injustice to call shanties, so trim and neat



INTERIOR OF FISHING SHANTY.

are they, make a sudden appearance upon the newly frozen surface. Some of them have been moved out of protected places in the woods along the shore, where they have stood abandoned and neglected since the ice disappeared in the early spring; others are of new timber, and are recruits in the company of fishing shanties. As far as the eye can reach they are scattered over the ice, and here and there is a little group of them, evidently gathered at a favorite fishing ground. They look cheerless enough out on the bleak and wind-swept lake, and during most of the day there is no sign of life about them except thin wreaths of blue smoke curling out of their little chimneys. But every now and then a door will open, and a black figure will come out. It is a boy with a sled, perhaps, who draws a burden of fish off to the shore, or it may be one of the fishermen out for a breath of fresh air, or to take note of the weather probabilities. When the shadows of the houses begin to grow long on the ice, and the cold winter twilight is setting in, the door

A GROUP OF SHANTIES.



A SHANTY ON A LONELY SHORE.

of each of the houses opens, and is locked from the outside by an ulstered figure, and the fishermen and the boys, drawing the sleds, go trudging home, usually with a big enough catch of smelts to provide sugar and coffee for a week, and perhaps to buy sister Mary a new woolen dress, or little Johnny the boots he needs for school. The sun is just beginning its daily journey across the sky when the fishermen return. They waste no time in settling down to the day's occupation, for the smelts bite best when the weather is cold and clear, and the crisp, bright days offer opportunities which must not be lost.

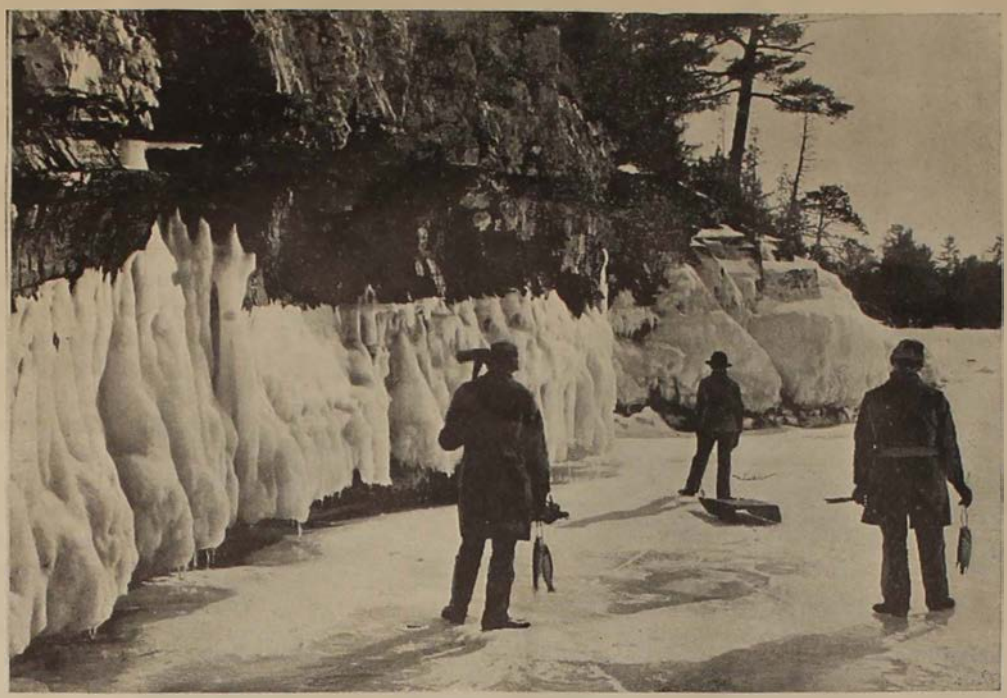
AN ENEMY OF THE SMELT.

You are curious, of course, as to the interior of the little houses on the ice, and when you enter one of them a red-faced fisherman, with hands deep in the pockets of a great overcoat, greets you with the words: "It's a little nippin' this morning; you had better come into the shanty and warm up a bit before starting back to town." You find the inside of the house quite different from the cheerless and unadorned exterior. A warm glow of heat emanates from a small stove, and the walls, except in the spaces occupied by the one or two little windows, are covered everywhere with large, striking pictures cut from illustrated newspapers. These serve the utilitarian purpose of keeping the wind from coming in through the cracks, and the æsthetic purpose of furnishing art for the fishermen to contemplate during the long vigils over the holes cut in the ice. A bench stretches at one side of the house, near these holes, of which there are usually two through the floor and through the ice; and here the fishermen sit with their lines in the water, waiting for the little tugs which are significant of the end of a foolish smelt. Every morning the thin coating of ice which has frozen during the night is cut away, and the smelts which gather at the holes for air and morning food are soon seizing the hooks voraciously, and paying for their mistake by dying upon the floor of the fishing shanty. The boys load them on their sleds and haul them away, returning with food for the men and fuel for the stove.

While the shanties are usually located in little villages or colonies not far from the shore, isolated houses may here and there be seen, some of them mere black specks against the white background of ice in the distance. Small boys' legs and sleds being inadequate means of transportation and communication between these remote shanties and the

GETTING LIVELY.

shore, fleet ice-boats are often used. Sweeping majestically and with wonderful swiftness across the frozen surface, flitting here and there, and skimming along like huge, white-winged birds, they add not a little to the picturesqueness of winter fishing in the northern lakes.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

The smelt-fishing ends with winter, but often after the stinging cold has given way to the gentle breath of spring and the ice has become too soft for the shanties, the fishermen linger in their eagerness to hold their bonanza as long as possible. Sometimes they leave a house on the ice too long; this begins to crack with loud reports, and the shanty and its occupants float away on an independent cake of ice; the house in such instances usually finds a last resting-place at the bottom of the lake, and the fishermen reach shore after a passage that has been perilous and thrilling.

The smelts cease to bite when the ice breaks up, for the reason that they thrive best in a frigid temperature, and just as soon as the water loses the winter chill they seek the cold depths, or get to the ocean if possible. This proclivity for cold keeps the smelt out of southern waters. The southernmost limit of its wanderings is the Raritan River, in New Jersey. Here its quality is of great excellence, as is the case with the smelts of Long Island Sound; but, in accordance with the general rule that the best and most desirable things are the scarcest and most difficult to obtain, the smelts of the Raritan and the Sound are not abundant enough to be of importance in the market.

While the consumption of smelts in the United States has increased greatly during the last fifteen years, a fact that is largely owing to the increase of transportation facilities between our cities and the Canadian coast, the smelt has been known to fame for centuries. John Smith, in a letter descriptive of America, written as far back as in 1622, says: "Of smelts there is such abundance that the Salvages doe take them up the rivers with baskets like sieves." Josselyn, fifty-five years afterward, said of the smelt: "The frost-fish is a little bigger than a gudgeon and is taken in fresh streams. When the waters are frozen they make a hole in the ice to which the fish repair in great numbers, where with small nets bound to a hoop about the bigness of a firkin-hoop, with a staff fastened to it, they take them out of the hole."

## TOWING GREAT RAFTS AT SEA.

SOME years ago Captain H. R. Robertson, of Montreal, initiated a method of floating great rafts through the open sea which attracted great attention and achieved notable success. Under his personal direction a vast raft was built in the St. Lawrence River, in the form of a colossal cigar, and, being lashed together with massive chains, was taken in tow by a powerful tug and brought safely into New York harbor. Later on, several other large rafts were built under the direction of Captain Robertson, and he demonstrated the fact that they could be so built as to resist the force of the sea.

Subsequently Captain Robertson visited the Pacific coast for the purpose of making a like experiment on that side of the continent. Soon after reaching there he associated himself with E. W. Baines, and set about the execution of his plans. The first large raft was built at Coos Bay, Oregon. It was towed to sea successfully, but, encountering stormy weather, the tug was forced to abandon the raft, which was soon broken to pieces.

The next attempt was made at Stella, Washington, on the Columbia River, but, like the first, met with disastrous failure. The tug with the raft succeeded in getting some distance down the coast, but encountered strong head winds and heavy seas. As the storm increased, they began to drift northward, and, while some distance off the mouth of the Columbia River, the raft went to pieces. Nothing whatever was saved.

Not in the least discouraged by their heavy losses, Captain Robertson and Mr. Baines soon began building another raft,—larger than either of the preceding ones. This was over six hundred feet long, and contained over 500,000 feet of piles. It was built strongly and securely. Profiting by past experience, the contractors availed themselves of two advantages: they chose a time of the year when the sea was the calmest, and also secured the services of a very powerful tug. The third effort proved successful, for the colossal tow reached San Francisco intact, and the owners of the raft realized a handsome profit on the big contract. The construction of these great rafts promises to practically revolutionize the shipment of timber, piles, etc., on the Pacific coast. It is claimed that piles can be shipped from Oregon and Washington to San Francisco from thirty-five to forty per cent. cheaper by raft than on board sailing-vessels.

# ELEONORA DUSE.

By Arthur Hornblow.

FIVE years ago the woman who is now acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic as the greatest of living actresses was absolutely unheard of outside of Italy. Yet during those years of probation in her native land she possessed the same wonderful skill, the same dramatic genius, that has made her world-famous to-day. No player before her has toiled so long and so patiently in absolute obscurity to reap so brilliant and sudden a reward.

Eleonora Duse comes of a family of Italian actors, and was born thirty-six years ago in Vigevano, a small town situated between Piedmont and Lombardy. Her grandfather was the Luigi Duse who established the Garibaldi Theatre in Padua. Her father, also an actor of some repute, was in very poor circumstances. Eleonora was put to work on the stage before she was twelve years old, and her ability at that age must have been remarkable, for she was intrusted with the most difficult parts, from "Francesca da Rimini" to "Juliet." Yet, far from posing as an infant prodigy, she used to carefully conceal her age lest her managers might think her too young. So it went on year after year. She drudged and starved, rehearsing by day and acting at night, contributing to the support of her family, and ever filled with a feverish ambition which gave her strength to keep up under the enormous physical and mental strain. When she was sixteen she made her first great triumph in Verona in the part of "Juliet," but even then no prominent manager was sufficiently interested to bid for her services. She continued to travel about the country, delighting her audiences wherever she was seen, and yet, for some mysterious reason, not a single echo of her success reached the larger cities. As the years rolled by, her powers grew more mature, more subtle, truer to the highest art. Then came the engagement to play at the old Florentine Theatre,—her first opportunity before a cultivated audience. That was the turning-point. The triumph was complete. The fiat went forth all over Italy that a new dramatic genius had arisen, and from that day Eleonora Duse's fortune was made. She went to Germany, repeated her triumphs in Berlin and Vienna, came to America, and then went to London, exciting enthusiasm everywhere. She will visit America this winter for the third time.

*Photograph by Pach Brothers.*

ELEONORA DUSE, THE GREAT EMOTIONAL ACTRESS.

The secret of Duse's success is her great intelligence and the wonderful naturalness of her acting. She possesses to a remarkable degree the rare gift of perfect impersonation; that is, the power to completely submerge one's own identity in that of the character one assumes. How thoroughly this metamorphosis takes place when Duse is acting, she herself tells:

"Can any one believe than an artist is nothing better

MADAME DUSE AS "LA LOCANDIERA."

than an automaton? Can any one believe that one can be 'Othello' as well as 'Mercadet,' 'Oswald' as well as 'Armand,' 'Hamlet' as well as 'Laris,' without becoming, for the time being, to the inmost depths of one's soul each of these men, with all his passions and mental torture?

at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on January 23, 1893. Her coming had not been heralded with any great flourish of trumpets, or with any of the preliminaries which usually attend the arrival here of a great star. She would not consent to be interviewed by the newspapers, nor would she permit the displaying of posters or lithographs in the street. She even found fault with the appearance of her name in the newspapers: "I am not a circus, and I do not wish to be regarded as one." Concerning her aversion to being interviewed, she expressed herself as follows:

MADAME DUSE AS "CAMILLE."

MADAME DUSE.

"I have always found it possible to succeed in my work without having to resort to methods which are, alas! generally adopted. I intend to adhere to my resolution even in a country like America, where, I am told, exaggerated advertising is absolutely necessary. I believe there is in the United States a public which is cultured, educated, and impartial, and that is the only public which interests me. That public is as tired as I am of all this exaggeration which attempts to deceive it, and of which one has not the slightest need in order to form an independent and serious judgment."

"May I be pardoned if I quote myself as an example? Analyze me, study me, when I'm up there on the stage. My nerves, my poor, tortured nerves vibrate horribly, my blood boils, my pulse throbs, my heart palpitates quickly, my brain seems about to give way. If yon watch me closely you'll see that I'm unconscious of my presence on the stage, that I forget the scenic fiction and live the reality, that I'm not 'myself,' but 'Magda' or 'Cæsarine,' 'Marguerite' or 'Mirandolina,' 'Cyprienne' or 'Fedora.' I laugh with them, weep with them, and rave, struggle, and betray with them. I give myself away, I refuse myself, I revenge myself, I live, love, and die. It is the poison of 'Fedora' that is mine, really in my body. It is genuine consumption, the ravaging, terrible consumption which chokes me in the arms of 'Armand.'"

It was after Duse's great triumph in Germany and Austria that she signed a contract with Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld to visit America. She had not yet been seen in London or Paris. She opened her first American tour

Like all highly-strung persons, Duse is capricious, irritable, and almost constantly in ill-health. She has often lost to herself and managers thousands of dollars, owing to sudden indispositions brought on by hysterical excitement, and she has often refused to play simply because her temper was ruffled. She is quick to take offense and never forgives an injury or a slight.

Some of the New York critics were slow to recognize her genius, and their early criticisms were anything but enthusiastic though they

MADAME DUSE AS "CLEOPATRA."

MADAME DUSE IN STREET COSTUME.

MADAME DUSE AS "MAGDA."

could hardly be unfavorable. Her real genius, however, won proper recognition for her in time, and she is generally conceded to be the greatest actress now on the stage.

A. M. Palmer, the veteran manager, after seeing her once as "Camille," expressed himself as follows: "Madame Duse is the greatest actress I have ever seen, not excepting Bernhardt. Her acting is a revelation to me. It is stupendous. I did not believe that such naturalness on the stage could be attained. Duse gives the perfect illusion, and her impersonations are absolutely thrilling in their realism. She gives a perfect exposition of the art of acting, such as this generation has not had an opportunity of seeing."

Although Duse has attained such eminence on the stage, she is not wholly in love with her profession. It is possible that the terrible hardships and struggle she went through as a child disgusted her with the calling long before the reward came. About ten years ago Duse married an Italian journalist, but the union proved very unhappy, as it is always likely to be where the wife earns the money and the husband spends it. It is said that those were the unhappiest years in the actress's life. The husband was a tyrant, and would often refuse Duse money to buy a pair of shoes, although it was money earned by herself. These domestic quarrels finally resulted in a separation, and Duse is not known to have formed any attachment since. Duse has a daughter, who is now about nine years old, and she has sworn that she will never allow her to go on the stage. She is educating her in a convent, and the child has never been permitted to even see the interior of a theatre, and so, of course, has never seen her mother play.

There are many odd things told of Duse. She has curious likes and dislikes. She is very eccentric, and will disappear for days at a time, no one knowing where she has gone. But these peculiarities are, after all, the privilege of genius. She is constantly reading Shakespeare, which she carries around in a little bag, and she is very fond of Flaubert's novel, "Madame Bovary."

MADAME DUSE IN HOUSE DRESS.

## SOCIETY FADS.

EVERY season society, or the feminine half of it, takes to its heart and silken lap a new breed of pet dog. Last spring, the majority of fashionable women were followed about by tall, elegantly slender, haughty, and high-bred Russian Borzios. They were expensive, quick-tempered, and not very intelligent, and their reign was short. Since the autumn set in, a nice, cozy, clever little lap-dog has been in demand, and the choice is the Belgian griffon. This is a rough-coated, quick-witted, affectionate little beast, and his vogue is all his best friends could wish for him. He is destined to make a great noise at the bench show next spring; he catches up tricks as a child does words, and instead of a collar he wears a girdle. This is a bracelet of soft leather, encircling the dog's body and studded with minute silver sleigh-bells; so the griffon makes music wherever he goes. Really, he goes almost everywhere, and undoubtedly it's only reverence for the sacred edifice that is keeping him out of church. The last whim of the fashionable maiden is to take her dog to the theatre. That is against the rules; but when a group of five, tall, pretty damsels, every one with a faithful Fido under her arm, presented tickets at a matinée not long ago, the manager of the play-house bowed to the inevitable. His alternative lay between admitting the little dogs or losing five valued patronesses, and he made way gracefully before the dogs. They gave very slight trouble, snored peacefully through the play, ate chocolate bonbons, and otherwise put the theatre baby to the blush. Since then Fido and his fellows have become regular attendants at the matinée, and apparently enjoy the stage vastly more than the tedious afternoon parade on the avenue.

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SOMETHING accomplished, something done in the athletic way, is the means now by which this winter's débutantes are earning their night's repose. She who merely swings clubs or dumb-bells, climbs ladders and toils at a horizontal bar for muscle, is considered the veriest "sissy." Heroic work is now the thing, and the new athletic club for

women, just finished, is no more than a vast shed, with a beaten earth floor. This is so contrived not only to permit aerial work, but the new pastime of hammer-throwing and "putting the shot" At first, brothers who heard of this new move among their pretty, ambitious sisters, cried the whole thing down as a type of athletics outside the feminine realm; but to the modern girl almost everything is possible, and the débutante in New York, who is acknowledged to be the belle of this season, can swing and throw her hammer, not so far as the male champions, but nearly as far as her brother in Yale, who is the prize athlete in his class. She can put the shot, too, ever so far across the dirt floor of her gymnasium, but there is one young married woman who can put it further. Both of these handsome amazons are five feet, eight and three quarters of an inch tall, wear six and a half gloves, and are inordinately proud of their big, round, white arms. They don't speak a word of any foreign language, don't play on any instrument, and are dreadfully awkward at fancy work; but they are ardently admired in society, where the slim, fragile, helpless maiden is no longer the highest type of womanly perfection. MADAME LA MODE.

# CHRISTMAS IN SEVERAL LANDS.

DESCRIPTIONS FOR DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE OF DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS, AND A PROTEST AGAINST THE ABUSE OF ONE.

## A CAROL WITH A CAUTION.

REV. DR. ROBERT COLLYER, THE EMINENT PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, NEW YORK, TELLS OF A SCOTCH CHRISTMAS AND DRAWS A MORAL.

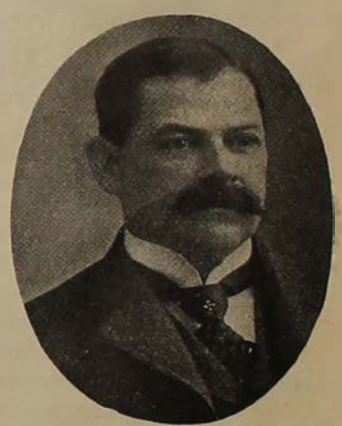
WHEN I was a boy in Scotland I used to get up at four o'clock Christmas morning, and a crowd of us would go through the village shouting at the top of our voices: "A merry Christmas! Wake up! Wake up!" This sounded the key-note to our Christmas. There was little gift-giving; it was necessarily a frugal holiday, but it was full of good-natured merriment and we felt the thrill of the true Christmas spirit. It was and is a glorious time. It is the children's carnival; the midsummer of charity; the spring-tide of good-will to men; the time of year when the heavens open and angels come down to sing to sailors on the ocean, to old-country folks in the lone reaches of new colonies, to people in hospitals, poor-houses, and mansions, and "the huts where poor men lie." I would not degrade the beautiful festival by overdoing it. The man who does most for his fellow-men, according to his means, does best.

Still, I think it is not hard to see how we may spare even at the Christmas-tide, and do more and better than if we spend. If a man spends the money he ought to save to pay his debts, when he knows very well that he can pay them only by saving, the giving what he buys right and left with an open hand, is to his own shame. Not a penny ought to be laid out in gifts we can well let alone. We should never spend when we ought to spare, especially if we have families. One of the saddest things I have seen in my life has been families left destitute through a certain easy-going generosity in the man out of whose life they sprang, who laid up nothing for a rainy day. I can easily imagine how such a man would be glad to exchange his harp and crown, if he should find himself in Heaven, for good six-per-cent. stock,—supposing a man could go there who, through his own carelessness, has left a wife and family of little children without a penny in the world.

## AN OLD-TIME SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, THE WELL-KNOWN STORY WRITER, SPEAKS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON IN THE HALCYON DAYS BEFORE THE WAR.

THERE was no other time of the year like Christmas, in the Old South. Weeks and even months before the holidays, preparations for them began. The corn was husked and stored away, the hogs were killed and the lard tried, the sausage meat was made, and the biggest turkey gobbler was fattened to a state that would make him a sumptuous spectacle at the Christmas dinner. As the holiday of holidays drew near, the weather usually grew crisp and cold, putting new life and buoyancy into everybody. The men in the woods, cutting down the hickory for the Christmas fires, swung their axes with vim and spirit, sending the white chips flying and causing the trees to crash down in rapid succession.



Toward evening on the day before Christmas, expectation, particularly among the younger members of the family, rose to fever-heat, for the team had gone to the depot to meet Jack and his chum from college, and the cousins from the city, and was expected back every minute. When the lamps were lit the curtains were not drawn, so that the house would look bright and the lights gleam out a welcome. The young ladies appeared in charming white gowns; and in the kitchen there was great hustle in the preparing of a fitting supper for the hungry travelers. At last the children, who had been running to the door every two or three minutes, began to shout excitedly: "Here they come, here they come!" and a moment later there was a sound of wheels and shouting and great commotion ontside. There was laughter that was not far removed from tears, and kisses and hugs. The Christmas party had arrived.

It would take a long time to tell of the many joys of that Christmas-tide; of how the stockings were hung up; and how the children in the morning, too eager to dress, ran from door to door, like white mice, shouting "Merry Christmas, merry Christmas;" of the good cheer of the

Christmas dinner ; of the gayety of the games and dances afterward ; of the negro supper and party, superintended by the mistress, and of the negro wedding which usually followed. It was a charming time, in which there was no ostentation, but only good-will and sincerity and happiness. It was typical of the Old South. The South of to-day is of course different in many respects from the South before the war, but the former conditions are to some extent being revived ; the old families are renovating their estates, and Christmas is becoming constantly more like the old days.

## AN ARCTIC CHRISTMAS.

MRS. JOSEPHINE PEARY, WIFE OF LIEUTENANT PEARY, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER, TELLS OF A CHRISTMAS SPENT ON THE DESOLATE COAST OF GREENLAND.

WE left Brooklyn on our stanch little vessel, the "Kite," on June 9th, 1891, and after having pitched and tossed in Northern waters for months, and broken through the ice-barriers of the Belle Isle Straits, and skirted for hundreds of miles the ice-bound coast of Greenland, we were in December in winter quarters on the shore of McCormick Bay. The little house which the ship's crew, or the "boys," as we called them, had put up for us was rather cozy, and we were quite comfortable, despite the fact that the thermometer was many degrees below zero most of the time, and the sun had completely deserted us, never appearing above the horizon. The time passed quickly, and almost before we realized it Christmas was upon us.

On the day before the holiday we had the boys thoroughly clean the two rooms of the house, and I decorated them with pink netting and ribbons, and American flags. We spent most of the evening chatting and playing games. At midnight Mr. Peary and myself retired to our room, to open letters and boxes and parcels which friends had given us at the outset of our journey, with special instructions not to open them until twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve. The little gifts brought to me a vivid realization of our position on the great plain of Northern ice, and of how far from civilization and home and friends we were ; and I pictured to myself the Christmas Eve in the far South, very different from our own. The event of the next day was the Christmas dinner. At half-past four we sat down to the feast, and it was quite a sumptuous repast, considering that we were a thousand miles from any market. We had salmon and rabbit pie with green pease, and venison with cranberry sauce, corn and tomatoes, plum-pudding, apricot-pie, pears, candy, nuts, raisins, and coffee. It was a very jolly dinner. We arose from the table at half-past seven ; and when everything had been cleared away, the table was set again and the Eskimos were called in. They were very good-natured and laughed continually over their attempts to use the dishes of civilization, but they were no more amused than we were.

Ours was the only Christmas celebration in all Greenland. We were, indeed, the only white people on that great stretch of dreary coast ; but despite the desolation we enjoyed our Arctic Christmas.

## CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

PAUL DE LONGPRÉ, THE CELEBRATED FLOWER PAINTER, DESCRIBES THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION IN HIS NATIVE CITY.

THE celebration of Christmas in Paris begins at midnight on Christmas Eve, with an impressive mass in all the churches. The people flock to them to hear the fine music, the organ and the choral singing and the solos. From that time till morning the streets are thronged with people, and the restaurants are crowded with merry parties, who sing and laugh and enjoy themselves very much. A spirit of gayety has taken possession of the city. It is the same throughout Christmas Day. Everybody wants to get out and mingle with the crowds and absorb the prevailing enthusiasm. The restaurants continue to be filled with merry-makers, and everybody is eating the white chicken sausages without which Christmas would seem unlike itself in Paris. The family reunions, the social gatherings, are held in the evening. Excepting Santa Claus's gifts to the children, there is no exchange of presents ; that is reserved for New Year's Day. Christmas is simply a time of general gayety and rejoicing.

## THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, AND THE FALSE.

ELEANOR KIRK AMES, THE BROOKLYN AUTHOR AND EDITOR, PROTESTS AGAINST THE ABUSE OF ONE CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

ONE of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the exchange of little remembrances which signify thoughtfulness and affection. They engender a warm heart-glow if given and received in the true spirit. But the trouble is that the true Christmas spirit is very often wholly lacking in the exchange of Christmas gifts. People frequently give because they received last year, or think they will receive this year ; they feel an obligation. There is often a pretty rivalry as to who will give the greatest number or the most expensive presents ; there is often an unworthy jealousy ; there is worry for days and weeks before, and money is spent which can be ill-afforded. Thus the day may become one of bitterness and bad feeling, instead of one of joy and good will. Its glorious import is lost. I believe on this account that there ought to be less giving of presents at Christmas. Let the custom be confined to members of one's own family and the one or two outside its circle who are very dear, and even to them let the gifts be simple and unostentatious and inexpensive. Then, if they are given with sincerity, they will be priceless.


## THE FATAL KNOT-HOLE.

By Ernest Jerrold.

UPON the parlor wall of the Finn shanty hung a cheap chromo of the Christ. Upon the frame of the chromo was perched the stuffed body of an English sparrow. Its head was perked on one side in a listening attitude, while the tail stuck upward as if the feathery rudder were about to steer the plump body on an aerial journey. Pendant from the bill of the sparrow by a thread hung a small piece of pasteboard bearing the legend:

OUR LITTLE MARTER.

When alive the sparrow had been the pet of Mickey Finn, the ten-year-old son of the sturdy quarryman. The boy snared the bird one day with a slip-noose made of thread. The pugnacious disposition of the sparrow and the skillful manner in which it had used its beak upon his finger had awakened the boy's admiration, and he released it after a captivity of only one day. In order that he might recognize the bird if he chanced to see it again, he tied a blue ribbon around its neck. Mickey was delighted to see that the sparrow remained in the vicinity of the shanty. In the morning when he fed the chickens, the bird flew down from the maple tree to get its share of the meal. One morning Mickey missed the sparrow, but in the evening it returned and brought twenty other pugnacious and vituperative little bunches of feathers. This addition to his aviary filled the boy's heart with joy, and day by day the relations between him and the birds became more intimate. They grew so tame that they sat on his shoulder and ate from his hand.

As the weeks flew by the bird colony increased in numbers, until at the end of a month nearly two hundred sparrows used the yard in the rear of the shanty as a rendezvous and took advantage of Mickey's kindly hospitality. Every morning when the boy went out to milk the nanny-goat he saw sparrows everywhere, jawing away like garrulous women. They perched upon the fence-top, the roof of the shanty, and covered the chicken coop with a cloud of feathers. And when he appeared with a dish of Indian meal in his hand, there was a sudden uprising, a lifting of wings, which seemed to cloud the sun. When he had placed the pan of corn-meal near the door a savage rush was made for it, each sparrow fighting fiercely for more than its share. But it was Mickey's especial pleasure to watch the sparrow with the blue ribbon. She exercised a censorship over the noisy, quarrelsome flock, and while they were feeding she drove back the gluttons with her wings and sharp beak, and helped the weaker ones to secure a portion.

All day the sparrows twittered around the shanty, but at twilight they flew away over the hills, returning at sunrise with unfailing regularity. Mickey was sorely troubled over the disappearance of the birds. Several times as they flew away into the twilight he tried to follow them, but always without success, as the birds flew so fast that they were soon lost to sight in the gathering darkness and the distance. One evening, as the flock dipped over the brow of the hill, a quarter of a mile away, Mickey turned toward the shanty, saddened by the departure of his pets. Just as he opened the kitchen door a faint, far report smote his ear. He turned, and saw the sparrows flying back to the shanty. As they came nearer he saw a trail of feathers behind them, while the birds uttered little cries of alarm. When the flock reached the shanty in headlong flight, two of the sparrows turned somersaults in the air, and dropped with outspread wings dead into the yard. Three others were unable to stand when the flock alighted, and tumbled helplessly from the fence. Their legs were broken. When Mickey picked up one of the wounded birds a shot fell from its coat of feathers into his hand. He took them into the kitchen and tried with bungling, boyish surgery, to bandage up their broken legs with the help of matches and cotton. But the delicate birds had been too severely shocked. One by one they flew over the river into the calm land, and Mickey buried their bodies in the back yard, using a tomato can for a coffin.

Then came the blizzard, sweeping down the valley from the Catskills. With vicious, snarling malignity it swept along, tearing shingles from the roofs, strewing its path with the limbs of trees, howling its rage in alternate hissings and bellowings. As the twilight deepened, and the grim darkness of the night shut in the valley, the tempest grew more furious. It smote the Finn shanty like a solid, wrenching the window blinds from their fastenings. Whirlwinds as keen as a razor s edge came howling down the chimney, scattering glowing embers over the floor.

"Mickey, dear," said Mrs. Finn," 'tis a bitter night for the nanny and the chickens. Did ye take care o' thim?"

"Faith I did, mother," replied the boy. "Didn't I plug up the holes in the chicken coop lasht week wid paper. There's only wan weeny hole in the door that'll do no harrum. And the nanny has enough dried leaves and straw over her as'll do for a dozen like her."

The chicken coop consisted of two parts. The larger portion was an open frame work of lath, where the chickens scratched and exercised, while the smaller part was boarded up tightly to protect them in cold weather. Perched on a stick running across the coop were six Dominick hens, a Shanghai rooster, and a bantam rooster. The eager and biting air had caused the chickens to huddle close together for mutual warmth, but still they shivered as the blizzard sifted snow down upon them from cracks in the roof, until they were covered with a white blanket. Meanwhile, Mickey had forgotten the sparrows. He supposed they had flown back to their usual sleeping places. But, frightened by the cruel shot,

the little birds had remained around the shanty until the blizzard came. Then the force of the wind was so great that they were unable to fly against it, and they hovered around the shanty and the chicken coop, hiding under the eaves and in sheltered spots. But as the night wore on the cold increased in intensity, until it was ten degrees below zero. The sharp breath of the blizzard searched its biting way through the downy feathers covering the breasts of the sparrows, and in an hour ten of them were frozen to death. All of the sparrows would have died ere morning were it not for the discovery of a knot-hole in the chicken-coop by the sparrow with the blue ribbon. The glad news was imparted in bird language to the entire flock, and in a short time each sparrow had squeezed its body through the knot-hole into the comparative warmth of the coop. The intense cold had driven all fear of the chickens from the breasts of the sparrows, and with reckless hardihood they flew upon the stick where the chickens were perched. The bantam rooster muttered sleepily as three sparrows crawled between his legs and spread them apart, while the weight of eight shivering birds caused him to squat nearer to the perch. With much fluttering of wings by the sparrows, and gentle complainings on the part of the chickens, the birds all settled themselves for a comfortable night's sleep. But this did not suit the vicious blizzard.

The wind shifted its direction, and now it beat fiercely against the door of the coop. With malicious cruelty it sought out the knot-hole and sang through it a solo of devilish glee. And the air of the solo was filled with fine snow and sleet frozen hard as ground glass. This bitter, biting, insistent death-chill was driven through the knot-hole with a hideous shriek, like steam from a whistle. It smote the pyramid of feathers and sprayed it with icy crystals. It froze the comb of the Shanghai rooster and caused the bantam to shiver as with ague. It happened that the bantam rooster was perched right in line with the knot-hole and received the full force of the blast. One by one the sparrows between his legs and upon his back were overcome. Chilled to the heart they fell to the ground with a soft thud. Suddenly the hole in the door was plugged up, the remaining birds settled themselves comfortably, and the mass of animate feathers dropped off into the land of dreams.

When the sun arose over the Berkshire Hills next morning, the blizzard had spent its fury. The snow reflected back in dazzling radiance the rays of the rising sun. When Mickey opened the door of the shanty at six o'clock to feed the chickens and milk the nanny before going to school, he was almost buried under an avalanche of snow, which had piled against the door during the night. He forced his way through the drift and, panting with exertion, reached the chicken-coop. As he placed his hand on the hasp to open the door his eye was caught by the flutter of a piece of blue ribbon from the knot-hole. The ribbon was around the neck of a sparrow into whose sightless eyes beat the glory of the sun.

The slender legs were bent under the body. The head was turned aside as if to escape the fury of the blizzard. Very tenderly, almost reverently, the boy took the frozen body from the hole, opened the door of the coop, and went into the shanty, while a cloud of hungry sparrows flew about his head and perched on his shoulders. He placed the dead sparrow upon the table, while the living birds flew to the mantel and the chairs, and walked around saucily.

"What happened the weeny little bird, Mickey?" asked the boy's mother with gentle solicitude.

The voice of the boy trembled as he replied:

"Well, I dunno, mother; I'm afther findin' her frozen stiff in the hole in the chicken-coop door."

* * * * *

On Christmas evening, when the bell in St. Mary's steeple was chiming the call to vespers, Mrs. Finn went into her humble parlor.

The benignant, sorrowful face of the Christ looked down at her with pitying compassion from its cheap environment. A mist came into the woman's eyes as she looked at the stuffed sparrow perched just above the Saviour's head, and her breast heaved as she murmured:

"Shure the baby angels must be throwin' crumbs to ye now through the golden bars o' Heaven's gate, an' ye afther dyin' to save yer friends."

# FUN WITH SOAP BUBBLES.

## HOW TO MAKE A SOAP BUBBLE THAT WILL LAST FOR THREE DAYS.

By J. Carter Beard.

WHAT a delicate aerial creation is a soap bubble! Born of a breath it floats a brief moment in the air, peopled by generations of rich and beautiful colors, and then vanishes forever. At first hueless and transparent as glass, it takes on a beautiful carmine red, mingled with green, that is followed by azure blue and golden yellow, then dark spots appear and the bubble breaks. How often have I wished it could be made permanent. Serious-minded scientists, who would naturally be supposed to be above busying themselves about blowing bubbles, have not only wished but have exerted themselves to find out how to accomplish this. There are various questions with regard to the interference of rays of light and the separation of the white ray into its color-constituents that interested them, and which, unless the bubbles they studied would consent to become a little more permanent, it would be difficult to investigate. The result was they invented the permanent bubble, with a lease of life extended from a moment to quite a long period, in some cases to as much as three days' time.

The fact was brought to my notice a few days since on being invited to look at a new Japanese crystal globe of clouded quartz. A friend of mine told me he had lately procured it, and asked me to call and see his treasure. Although I know the Japanese are famous for the beautiful spheres they make from rock crystal, I never heard of one made of clouded quartz, and was proportionately interested and anxious to see it. When it was shown me it was under a glass shade. It was a perfect sphere about four inches in diameter, the surface of an opaque white color, over which was a beautiful iridescence of varied colors.

"Why do you keep it under glass?" I asked.

"Lift the glass, touch it, and you will see," answered my friend, smiling.

I did so, and the Japanese crystal sphere burst and

vanished, setting free a cloud of smoke. It was neither more nor less than a soap bubble filled with cigar smoke,—a smoke bubble! My friend burst into laughter and I could but join him. The children, several of whom were present, enjoyed it immensely. I begged him to tell me how such a bubble could be made and he very readily complied, and if any reader of this is so minded he can make as many of these Japanese globes of clouded crystal as he cares to.

The mixture for making permanent bubbles must be prepared in a room where the temperature is at least sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit. Dissolve at a gentle heat one part of castile or Marseilles soap, previously cut into thin shavings, in forty parts of water (distilled if possible), and when the solution is cold filter it. This done carefully, mix in a flask or bottle by violent and continued agitation, a little at a time, two parts of glycerine with three parts of the above-mentioned solution, and then allow it to stand where it will collect no dust. The liquid, which is at first clear, soon begins to grow turbid. After a few days a white precipitate will be seen to have risen to the top of the liquid and the remainder to have grown clear again. Draw the clear portion off with a syphon (a bent tube) and preserve it for use. To use a syphon it is necessary first to fill it, and then plunge the shorter arm into the liquid to be drawn off.

The liquid resulting from the process you have gone through with is called *glyceric liquid;* and it would be a first-rate article to put up for sale at fairs, and could be easily recommended to purchasers by having several bubbles under bell-glasses on exhibition. The films it forms are of such strength and permanence that a bubble four inches in diameter may be kept in the open air of a room for three hours, if supported upon a ring of iron or bone one and a half inches in diameter. A copper wire bent into the form of a hoop of the given dimensions will answer the same purpose, or the bubble may be allowed to rest on some soft woolen fabric. If kept under a glass shade, as before stated, a bubble has been known to remain unbroken for three days. If it is filled with tobacco smoke it looks very much as if it were solid. If, when the bubble is started, it is transferred from the mouth of the pipe to the point of a gas-jet, which, with a little care it is not difficult to do, the gas turned on can be made to blow the bubble, which, detached, floats like a little balloon upward until it is lost to sight. It is easier to detach it if, while it is made to catch on to the gas-jet, it is yet not separated from the pipe, by the aid of which it may then be pulled away and set off on its travels. Be careful, however, in this case to put your thumb over the end of the stem so that the gas will all go into the bubble and not escape through the pipe. If a woolen carpet covers the floor the bubbles can be made to cover it, and roll in every direction in obedience to the slightest breath of air.

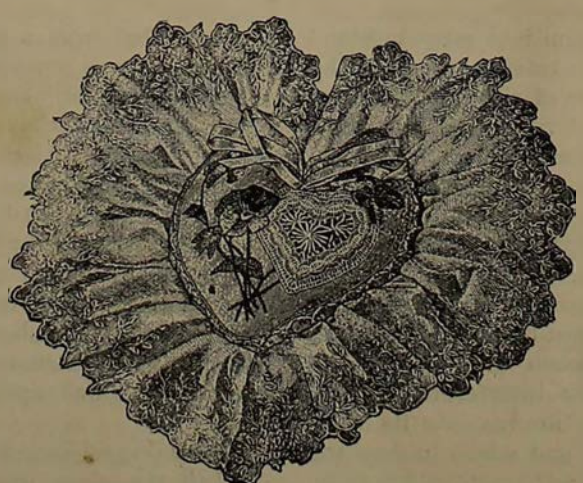
# HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

## WHAT SHALL I MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS?

THE above question is one which an almost incredible number of women and girls are asking themselves and one another every year during the months of November and December. Not always, by any means, is it satisfactorily answered; for often it is difficult to decide what will be most acceptable to the intended recipients of the purposed gifts, and also what is most suitable for them. Moreover, this side of the question is just as difficult to answer when there is a full purse with which to buy presents as when they must all be made by industrious fingers. So, if you have leisure to make things, don't waste any time mourning over your inability to purchase gifts; for the individual element which enters into the former greatly enhances their value, especially when we have the tact and discretion to make them suitable in themselves.

Articles for personal use, not necessarily for wear, are welcome gifts to most people, unless you are so unlucky as to make something which has been many times duplicated before. There are few women who cannot find use for a handsome bag or perfume sachet; and various sachets for gloves, neckties, and handkerchiefs, provided only that they be dainty and of attractive color, can be safely multiplied without fear of embarrassment.

Of course the most successful giver is she who has the happy judgment to suit her gifts to both the taste and needs of the fortunate recipients. She never sends a scarlet pincushion to a girl whose room is furnished in pink; nor a brilliant orange bag to one who is devoted to red; she does not make book-covers for those who never read; nor needle-books for the woman who never touches a needle; and she never, never makes drapery scarfs, nor paints shovels, wooden spoons and paddles, and other kitchen utensils for so-called "parlor ornaments."



A TOILET CUSHION.

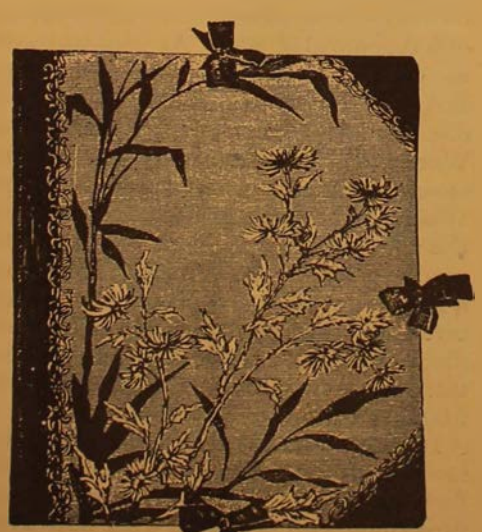
The newest pin-cushions are dainty affairs of modest proportions, made of cobwebby linen over pale-tinted silk or satin and finished with a ruffle of fine lace. They are varied in shape, some

being long and narrow,—about two and a half inches by six or seven,—others round or diamond-shaped, and our illustration shows one in heart shape. The linen cambric cover is embroidered with a spray of flowers, and a heart-shaped design wrought with Honiton lace braid. The flowers should be selected to harmonize with the color of the cushion, — blue forget-me-nots or corn-flowers with blue silk and ribbons, poppies with red, and rose-buds or sweet pease with pink. The lace ruffle is headed by a ribbon-run beading, and there is a rosette-like, fluffy bow of the same narrow ribbon. These daintily small cushions have quite displaced the aggressive monstrosities of a few years ago, in the building of which yards upon yards of lace and wide ribbons were used, and which really required a special table by themselves.

A CONVENIENT BAG.

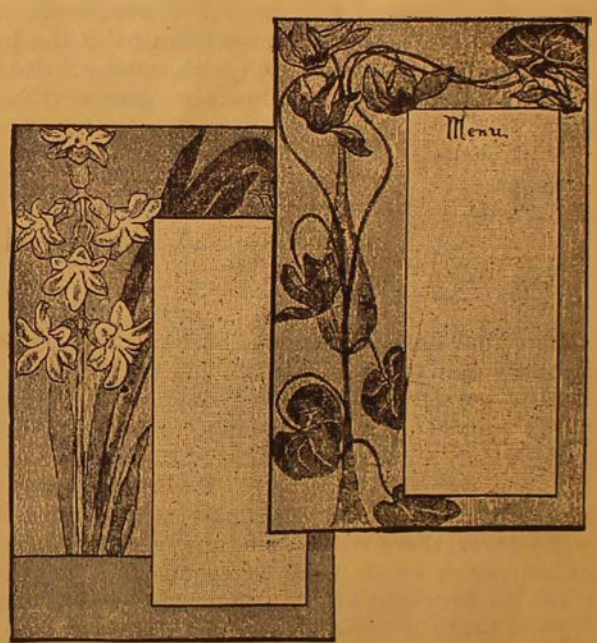
Of handsome and convenient bags it is difficult to have too many, for any woman can find a fresh use for a new one. The beautiful bag illustrated is made of two shades of heliotrope satin, the outside being quite dark and the lining a delicate pale tint. It is nine inches broad and of proportionate length, and embroidered on the outside in a conventionalized design done with gray and black silks and silver thread. The bag is drawn up with a heavy silk cord run through small silver rings. Lovely bags of this same style are made of the beautiful broad sash ribbons which come in the most exquisite colors and patterns, and being usually double-faced and very heavy require no linings. Every width of these rich ribbons, from three inches for a fan-bag to twelve inches for a party bag, is used.

A most acceptable gift to hospitable women who are fond of entertaining is a set of menu cards ; and an industrious young woman, who fills those hours of her summer days not devoted to out-of-door sports with the making of dainty and useful trifles, designed a unique set of these for a friend whose wooden wedding anniversary occurs shortly after Christmas. They are of birch bark with paintings of holly and mistletoe thrown irregularly across one corner, and a quotation beneath done with India ink touched up with gold, just enough to lighten it. We illustrate some pretty floral designs just as suggestions for these cards. A dozen are usually made for a set, and no two are alike ; if, where a set of one color is desired, only one or two flowers are chosen, the sprays are varied on the different cards. There is a fancy also for heads upon these cards and a dramatic set has six well-known actors and as many favorite actresses. They are painted or drawn in one corner, or a small photograph is vignetted, and surrounded by a light scroll done in gilt or pen and ink. Short quotations from plays associated with the people are lettered across the top of the cards. A miniature set of fancy heads done in water-colors is very handsome, but of course requires more skill in execution.



THISTLE BOOK-COVER.

Book-covers are coveted not only for the current magazines and paper-covered novels, but also for our pet volumes, which so often now are put forth in the daintiest possible bindings of white and silver, or other combinations equally perishable. For these a book-cover is almost a necessity, enabling us to handle the book to our heart's content without danger of defacing it. When a cover is destined for some particular book or magazine it is a happy idea to adapt the design to the book. This is not done by putting the name on boldly, but merely by a suggestion, as when a fascinating cup and saucer or just




MENU CARDS.

the corner of a tea-table showing bits of the attractive service is etched or painted on a cover for Holmes's " Over the Tea-Cups." Natural and colored chamois-skins lend themselves beautifully to this work, as they can be decorated with equal effect by the brush, pen, or needle. The Japanese embossed leathers are very handsome for the purpose, and, like the rich brocaded silks and ribbons, require no decoration. The cover illustrated is made of changeable tricotine in tan and green with brown velvet corners and back. The embroidery is done in shades of green with a little purple for the tips of the thistle blossoms, and the velvet is fastened down by irregular, leaf-like stitches of coarse green embroidery silk. It is a most appropriate

design for the new "Thistle" editions of Stevenson's and Barrie's works.

The splint-basket shows how decorative a common and ordinarily homely thing can be made with a little ingenuity and work. The basket illustrated is ornamented

BASKET FOR BONBONS OR FRUIT.

with pyrography, which is very effective for a great many purposes, as all who have done the work soon learn. Those who cannot do the burnt work can paint the basket or lace the splints in cross stitch with "baby" ribbon or bright wools. A brown, yellow, or green ribbon is twisted about the handle, and when presented the basket should be filled with fruit. Afterwards it will be found a convenient receptacle for newspaper clippings or photographs.

The needle-book is an example of one of the pretty uses to which fine linen or pongee, embroidered with Dresden flowerets is now put. For this purpose the

DRESDEN NEEDLE-BOOK.

colored linens or pongee are better than white, which soils too quickly for comfort. The inside of the needle-book is the same as the outside, and the needle-leaves are of cashmere or chamois; the former should be button-holed with floss around the edge, and the latter pinked. A fold in the lining like a deep tuck towards the outer edge makes convenient pockets, into which packets of needles or skeins of silk can be tucked.

E. A. FLETCHER.

## A WELSH RAREBIT PARTY.

(*See Full-Page Picture.*)

IN most of our entertainments nowadays there is less of formality than there used to be, and for this we should be duly grateful. In the old days, when we called every man "sir" and every woman "madame," interpolating bows with all of our remarks, there was, to be sure, a grand air to our intercourse; but it was stiff in its stateliness, and not infrequently dull and heavy. In this formality, however, there was a safeguard against those dangerous intimacies which bring us so close together that we get of one another that kind of knowledge which prevents a man from being a hero to his valet. But where young people are well schooled in the arts of social intercourse, they can meet together with much freedom, and snatch from the passing days many happy hours of harmless enjoyment. For such as these there can be no pleasanter party than one where the chafing-dish is the center of attraction.

To a cunning cook the chafing-dish is an instrument upon which may be played many gastronomic tunes. Oysters may be cooked in many styles; lobsters also may be stewed and served in that favorite fashion known as "à la Newburgh," but probably the Welsh rarebit is the thing that amateurs most enjoy attempting on the chafing-dish.

Suppose the chafing-dish party consists of six persons,—and that by the way is a very good size for such an entertainment,—you will want two and a half pounds of fresh American cheese, one-third of a pound of fresh butter, some Bass's ale, Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard. These are the ingredients. Cut the cheese into small pieces, the butter also. Put one-third of the butter on the bottom of the chafing-dish and then throw in the cheese; place the remainder of the butter on top of the cheese, and then light the wicks of the lamps. When the butter and cheese begin to melt, pour into the dish one-third of a teacupful of ale. As soon as the cheese is sufficiently melted, begin to stir it and never stop stirring it till it is served. When the cheese is nearly melted, add another one-third teacupful of ale; add also one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and half a teaspoonful of Tabasco sauce; add also a little mustard and keep on stirring. When the cheese has become so smooth that it falls out of the spoon like cream and is not in the least stringy, it is ready to serve. In the meantime another of the party or a servant must have prepared six slices of toast and buttered them. Put the cheese, prepared as directed, over a piece of toast on a warm plate and eat at once as the rarebit, or rabbit, will spoil more quickly than any other manufactured thing in all the world.

It may be said that a Welsh rarebit, or rabbit—we wish some authority would settle the question as to which the dish should be called—prepared according to the above directions, can be eaten with entire freedom by anybody in the world not cursed by confirmed dyspepsia. But one of these is enough in one evening.

SANITARIAN

# THE NUTRITIVE VALUES OF FOOD.

IN studying the subject of food and its uses it is important to know the chemical constituents of different foods, together with their values and nutrition, and their digestibility; and to this knowledge must be added that of selection, in order that we may choose those foods and their combination, which will give the most for nourishment and economy,—not alone a monetary economy but a physical one. Certain foods, especially vegetables (whose woody fiber is always far in excess of their nitrogenous, or tissue forming, elements), will refuse to be digested by the gastric juice of certain persons, and in consequence they are not only carried through the system with little or no benefit, but, in their course, frequently carry other nutritious elements along with them and thus prevent either being completely assimilated.

The function of nutrients is twofold. To form tissue and to give energy. In forming the tissues, or building material, they repair the waste caused by the activity of our nervous and muscular power; in yielding energy, food serves as fuel, supplying both heat and power. Different nutrients form different substances. The albuminoids—known also as proteids and nitrogenous elements—are the principal building materials. They are derived from both the animal and the vegetable kingdom, but originally start from the latter. In fact plant life is the original source of all food. The animals we use as food must first obtain nutrition from the vegetable kingdom. The same constituents are identical in one as in the other, and "they undergo little or no change when taken into the animal system." So long as we are able to digest and assimilate them, it makes little difference where we get them, but there is this difference in the matter of digestion: In animal food we find them in a more concentrated form and with less waste material; hence, the smaller tax upon the organs of digestion. In order to obtain a proper amount of nitrogenous matter from vegetable foods, we must use a larger bulk of what is called "extraneous matter" or woody fiber, familiar in the husk, or hull of grain, and the fibrous parts of turnips, beets, and so on. It is on this point that the anti-vegetarians base their incredulity, believing that one cannot be properly sustained on a vegetable diet without overtaxing the digestion by too great bulk of fibrous matter. Vegetarians necessarily use a larger proportion of milk, eggs, and cheese, with nut-meals because these are concentrated foods.

Albuminoids are the nutritive elements found in eggs, lean meat, and wheat, and so forth. Nitrogenous elements, as yet, perhaps not fully understood in their intimate relations to nutrition, are indispensable to the nervous system, and without them the glands of the body cannot furnish their secretions. After these come the fats and carbohydrates, which furnish fuel, heat, and energy. These are burned in the body, and are either consumed immediately or stored in the form of fat, or adipose tissue, to be used in the future. The body is continually drawing upon the reserves of fat, and it is a patent fact that if one accumulates fat, and does not use it up as fast as it forms, an overplus becomes burdensome. In such a case the food eaten should be chosen to avoid the fat-yielding elements. It is distinctly stated by our experimentors that as a class, Americans use too much starch and sugar in their food and not enough of the muscle-making properties. The greater part of our food is made up of starch and meat; with a large proportion of rich viands, which are, in combination, excessive in supplying the elements of fat. Elaborate dishes, composite meals, and variety, seem to be the acme of ambition at table to a great many people. In this lack of simplicity is found cause for much unnecessary fat and an overtaxed digestion, demonstrated in dyspepsia, indigestion, fatigue, and a retinue of little ailments whose source is generally ascribed to other causes.

Included in fats, are all oils found in nuts, grains, and seeds, etc., while sugar and starches are to be found in almost all known foods in varying quantities. The starch in food must be converted into sugar before it can enter into the blood; it differs in its physical and chemical properties—and consequently in its digestibility—according to the plant from which it is obtained; wherever starch is formed there will sugar be found also. They both contain carbon as a principal ingredient; but starch is not always found in connection with sugar. Hence, since starch is converted into sugar, and by the process a fermentation takes place, sugar is found in very nearly all the food we are accustomed to eat. If it is not there in its original form, it is there by a process of change. The ultimate condition of starch makes the excessive use of sugar a serious element in our systems, as it is proved beyond cavil that sugar in excess leads to various disturbances.

As our staple foods, bread, potatoes, corn, beans, oatmeal, rice, macaroni, and a few other vegetables have an excess of starch, it is important that in the selection of a dietary we should endeavor to group these starchy foods in moderate quantities so they will not counterbalance the proteides, or albuminoids, and thus tend to the accumulation of sugar in the system, besides greatly overtaxing the organs of digestion. Thus persons of sedentary occupations should eat potatoes and white bread sparingly, if at all, and never with macaroni.

Our alternative in this matter is to observe the effects of food upon our capacity to work, both mental and physical, and learn to recognize the overtaxed digestive organ, as well as the physical *ennui* which so surely follows in the wake of immoderate or unwise eating. The body refuses to take more than it can assimilate and store up, and where a superabundance of any one element is forced upon that king-pin of the body, the stomach, there is sure to be rebellion in the form of some disease. It is the proper balance of protein, fat, and the starchy foods, which is our present concern. Our diet can be immeasurably improved by a very little study of food constituents and their uses, and the adoption of a less complicated menu. Simplicity in diet has been the cry of hygienists since the days of Hippocrates and Galen. Both Plato and Plutarch have left in their contributions to literature repeated appeals to humanity for a more simple and normal diet. Plato censured Herodotus for keeping people with "crazy constitutions"

alive by a system of temperance and exercise; for he believed "an infirm constitution was an obstacle to virtue," because "such persons think of nothing but their own wretched carcasses." Medical men all along the ages have always endeavored to inculcate principles of temperance in eating, and if they have not succeeded, it has not been because their doctrines were not wise. The ablest, longest lived men have been temperate eaters.

Plutarch says in one of his essays, "Should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord," and the Englishman, Dr. Abernethy, declares "there is no hurt of the head that does not affect the digestion;" a truism which mental workers need to consider. Food and mentality are intimately concerned, one with the other, and the selection of those foods which are best suited to a sedentary pursuit, are the ones for brain workers to choose.

Theorists claim a meat diet as one productive of aggressiveness, cruelty, and passion; and they substantiate their claim by a comparison of the foods of nations, adding that those who use cereals, nuts, and fruits without meat, are the type of which the dove may be placed as an exponent. But this question is not one that can be exhausted in a few statements; it is sufficiently important to demand a thorough and comprehensive research. Learning the various elements of food, we have afterward to place them in proper conjunction to insure perfect health.

M. V. Shaler.

## A SUGGESTION FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

IF you are looking for a Christmas present for some friend, what can you find more suitable than one of our Portrait Albums and a year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine? Or if the gift is to some one who is already a subscriber, the Portrait Album alone would be sure to be highly prized.

The value of a collection of portraits such as we are issuing, eight portraits in each number, is incalculable. Every portrait is authentic; those of contemporaries being reproduced from the latest procurable photographs, while those of older date are taken from the best recognized sources. Such a collection, obtainable in no other way, should be jealously preserved. We have therefore published them uniform in size, upon pages without reading matter on the backs, so that they can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe-keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish these handsome albums, designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. A space is provided at the back in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are published in each Magazine to accompany the portraits; and these sketches undoubtedly impart an additional value to the portraits.

Any of the portraits that have been published since June, 1895, may be obtained by purchasing the numbers of the Magazine containing them.

## DEMOREST'S FOR JANUARY.

ONE of the great social events in New York City each autumn is the Annual Horse Show which has been held now for twelve years. In Demorest's Magazine for January we propose to give a description of the various features of this famous show with a large number of splendid illustrations done by Max F. Klepper, B. West Clinedinst, L. L. Rousch and other well-known artists. We have spared no expense to make it one of the best and most spirited of articles—attractive to the eye by reason of its unusual illustrations, and interesting in the text as well.

To the same number Mr. J. Herbert Welch will contribute a very comprehensive article on the Chinese in New York, who, whatever one's opinion of them is, are certainly a picturesque and curious sort of people. This will be abundantly illustrated with charming full-page pictures as well as many smaller ones made from photographs and drawings done by the best talent we can command.

In fiction, Gilbert Parker will contribute one of his most charming stories, "The Gift of the Simple King," and Margaret Sutton Briscoe will finish the delightful little closet play which begins in this Christmas number.

Still other illustrated articles on interesting topics will be in the January number, and the various departments will have an unusual number of thoroughly practical papers which cannot but please our readers and be helpful to them.

We have also arranged to have for use within the next few numbers: a very interesting article on "How to Pose Children for Pictures," which is accompanied by a most charming lot of photographs of children, that cannot fail to be suggestive to parents in placing the little ones in effective attitudes for interesting pictures; an article on the Yellowstone National Park in winter, with beautiful illustrations; a finely pictured paper on the delights of Florida as a winter resort; a full description of the children of the Five Points Mission in New York, which will be illustrated by photographs taken especially for us; and a number of other good things which will be announced in due time.

# HOUSEHOLD

## THE DINING-ROOM.

OF more importance than the elegance of your dining-room, the room in which no one in a bad temper should be allowed, is the daintiness thereof. Never allow one smell from your kitchen to penetrate to the dining room ; it will tend to make the loveliest imaginable dining-room commonplace and gross. Our Southern cousins found this out long ago, and detached their kitchens from their houses.

### WALLS AND FURNITURE.

For the walls of your dining-room, old blue, old rose, gray-green, and clear yellow are suitable colors, the color selected being, of course, determined upon by the exposure of the room. The window draperies should, in winter, show warmth of color ; in summer, they should be airy and light, simple muslin, frilled, being as attractive as anything.

Some people inherit, or pick up in interesting ways, old mahogany or cherry furniture for their dining-rooms. In effect, these woods are far and away richer than oak and the lighter colored woods, about which there is a too-shiny newness. Black walnut is to be restored to full favor, and very soon, justly enough. In this room should be the largest fire-place the house boasts, with a broad, natural-wood mantel. A high-backed wooden settle should be by this fire-place; the settle carved, presumably, by the hostess or her artistic daughter.

Then there should be a quaint corner-cupboard (home-made and hand-carved, preferably) for the bits of old, old china, and a cabinet for your cut glass and choicest modern china. On a very narrow shelf or molding, just above the wainscoting, edged with a narrow grill-work of wood, the salad-set, dessert service, or the collection of Delft may be arranged with the same satisfaction as the cotter's wife arranges her bits of pottery on her plate-rack,—and with the same security, likewise, the grill-work preventing the china from tobogganing to the floor.

This same idea, by the way, I have seen carried out with good effect in the library of a woman indisputably artistic. There was a length of the molding or shelving between two windows, a longer one from one side of the fire-place angle to the corner of the room and another in another corner. On these narrow moldings were arranged, with excellent taste, a collection of Indian pottery, a few rare books and prints, and one or two small paintings,—pictures in which there was infinite detail, the beauty of which would have been lost had the paintings been hung.

Do not hang the walls of your dining-room with realistic representations of a fruiterer's stall and a pastry cook's window. There was a time, but that was very long ago, when this was the very thing decreed correct, but it is no longer done by people of good taste.

### HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE DINING-TABLE.

Do not let your dining-table stand "set" from morning till night and from night till morning. In spite of many brushes and trays, it is certain to lose its daintiness, and upon the daintiness of the table appointments we must insist ; and quite as strongly, too, as upon table manners.

Do not grow careless about the centerpiece, which may be a crystal vase, flower-filled, or a dish of growing ferns. When the cloth is removed, set the centerpiece on the polished top of your dining-table, using one of your very prettiest doileys. Do not make the mistake of having too large a central bouquet upon your table. A few perfect roses in a clear glass vase, some pansies in a flat dish, a bowl of mignonette, flowers that mean something to you individually, should be chosen. But the flowers and the water in the vase must be perfectly fresh always. The very prettiest centerpiece for the table I have seen, in the way of growing plants, was a "log cabin" arrangement of mossy twigs in which maidenhair and small lady ferns were growing, just as they were when lifted from their native nook in the cool, green wood. A contrast to this was another fern arrangement on an elegantly laid dinner-table. It was a big, beautiful fern from an expensive florist's, and the *jardinière* in which it was growing did not come from a dollar store. This was in the center of the dinner-table, and it effected a total eclipse of the host from me throughout the meal and of the hostess from the other guest present, who was her *vis-à-vis*. We desired to converse with our kind entertainers face to face, to be sure, and the checkmating of that fine fern proved to be such violent exercise that it became a hateful thing before the bringing on of the second course.

### SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR CONVENIENCE.

In addition to the china cabinets, the table, the chairs, and the footstools under the table, have two small side-tables that the serving may be made easy to those who humbly stand and wait, and that your china may be preserved.

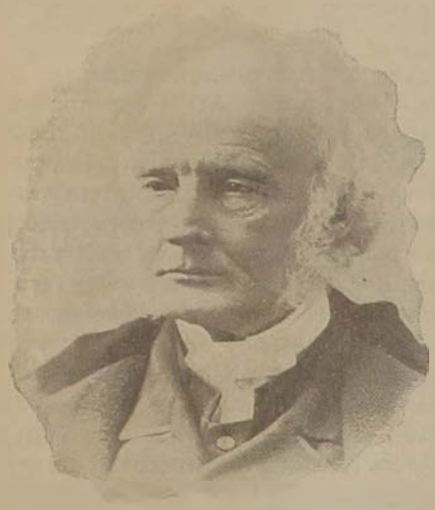
When there is no servant, many steps may be saved if a small table with the tea or coffee service upon it be drawn up near the right hand of the hostess, the tea or coffee being served therefrom without rising. This keeps the hostess' place at table from being cluttered up with the numerous tea things. On a shelf underneath this table, may be placed the dessert and the dessert plates, together with extra spoons and anything else for which there is a probable need during the meal. Let the children be taught to remove the courses, each one serving for a specified period that there may be no confusion. A child should be taught table-manners and the proper manner of serving a dinner at home, not at the dinner-table of a stranger nor from the "Answers to Correspondents" columns.

OLIVE MAY PERCIVAL.

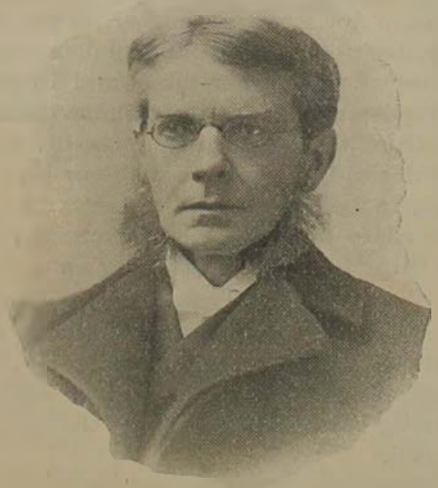
# THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

## Princeton's Anniversary.

Undoubtedly the most important educational event of the present year was the celebration during the latter part of October, of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Princeton College. On October 22d, 1746, the College of New Jersey, as the institution was known officially, received its first charter. The immediate occasion of the founding of the college was the great schism in the Presbyterian Church, which occurred in 1741; and a deep religious feeling, with a pronounced leaning toward the Presbyterian Church, has always pervaded the institution. But the anniversary was not Princeton's only cause for holding a celebration. The trustees and the State Legislature took advantage of the occasion to widen the scope of the institution. It is now Princeton University, instead of the College of New Jersey. The history of its development would be a history of higher education in America; for Princeton University is representative. Its buildings are commodious and imposing, and its campus is one of the finest in the world. The most interesting of the older structures is Nassau Hall, and it is historically the most famous of college buildings, on account of its associations with the Revolutionary War. Under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. James McCosh, which began in 1868, the college grew in many directions and rose to its present plane. Dr. McCosh died in 1894, and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, whose scholarship is adding to Princeton's fame and greatness.



DR. JAMES McCOSH.



DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON.

## The Reign of Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria now has the distinction of having occupied the throne of Great Britain longer than any other sovereign in English history. On Wednesday, September 23d, her reign became longer by one day than that of her grandfather, George III. It began on June 20th, 1837, and consequently had, on September 23d, extended over a period of fifty-nine years, three months, and three days. The reign of Victoria is, and doubtless will be for many ages, one of the most notable in the history of the British Empire. Other reigns have been distinguished by the contests of war; hers will be distinguished by the triumphs and conquests of peace. Under no other monarch has Great Britain so grown in territory and power. When Victoria succeeded to the throne the inhabitants of the British Isles numbered only twenty six millions; now they number forty millions, and the population of the British Empire is estimated at three

QUEEN VICTORIA ON THE DAY OF HER ACCESSION.

hundred and sixty millions of people. It is said that one person in every four of the entire population of the globe acknowledges directly or indirectly the authority of the Queen. The British possessions in India are now four times as large as they were in 1837, and comprise more land than was ever ruled over by an Eastern potentate. The British domains in South Africa are as large as Austria, and in Central and Western Africa cover a million square miles. Sixty years ago the entire white population of Australia did not equal that of a third class city of the present day, and New Zealand was not yet a British colony.

But vast as has been the British Empire's growth in temporal power, the true greatness of Victoria's reign lies in the achievements of her eminent men of letters and art and science, and these achievements have, in large measure, been rendered possible by the peace and prosperity of the Empire, due to the wise administration of the government. The Queen has not been voiceless in the institution of political reforms. More than once when important measures have been before Parliament a word from Victoria, through some trusted representative, has turned the tide of legislation in favor of liberal measures as against narrow toryism. The Queen's words gain additional weight from the fact that she speaks rarely. She fully appreciates the advanced spirit of the English people, and is wise enough to avoid an aggressive interference in the affairs of state. Perhaps this is the reason why Great Britain is still a monarchy.

## The Church in the Cuban War.

The story is told of a small boy who, when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, answered, "I'm going to be a soldier in the Cuban War." There seems to be no prospect of the cessation of hostilities in Cuba in the near future. Indeed, it is not at all unlikely that the war may drag on for several years, for Spain will make frantic efforts and go to every extreme to retain her sole remaining and very valuable colony in the New World, and there is in the heart of every patriotic Cuban an indomitable determination to be free. Meanwhile, the fair and fertile island is being robbed of her beauty and productiveness, and in this despoliation nothing suffers more than the churches. The clergy is supported by funds from the

public treasury, and one of the most burdensome taxes levied upon Cuba has been that for the maintenance of religious services. There is little wonder that the Cubans consider the church-tax oppressive, when it is known that the entire clergy is made up of native-born Spaniards who are ardent partisans on the Spaniards' side. They advocate the most extreme measures in crushing the insurrection, and even encourage the policy of extermination. Under the circumstances, it could hardly be expected that the patriots would attend the religious services.

CHURCH OF GANO TOWN DESTROYED BY INSURGENTS.

These, indeed, have been virtually abandoned in Cuba. The churches have been transformed into barracks for the Spanish soldiers, and the Cuban army has attacked them as it would a citadel. The result is that some of the churches have been entirely destroyed, and nearly all greatly damaged. Christian communities are without places of worship. The native Cubans, and particularly the women, who in the past have been the chief supporters of the Church, are very bitter against the priests. Religion has fled from Cuba, and this condition adds not a little to the misery and barbarism of the struggle.

## The Genius of Du Maurier.

While only the years will bring a final decision as to the true place of George du Maurier in English literature, it now seems not at all improbable that he will become a classic. "Trilby" has been criticised for lack of artistic finish, and the realists cavil at it because it is an idealization, and is said, consequently, to be untrue to life. Yet the human qualities with which it overflows, its sympathetic tone, its gayety and freshness, and apparently unconscious art appeal directly to the heart and give the story that peculiar charm which has made it the greatest literary success of the age. The warm glow of "Trilby" will probably keep it alive, and because its author's life and works have shown him to be an intensely human and a lovable man he will doubtless be long remembered with tenderness by English-speaking people; and his death, which occurred on October 8th, must be felt an immense loss. Du Maurier's other novels, "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Martian," which is now being published in *Harper's Magazine*, show in varying degree the qualities which have made "Trilby" so famous, and taking them together they justify the placing of Du Maurier, according to some of the best judges, with Thackeray and Dickens in English literature.

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

One of the most remarkable things about the life of Du Maurier was, the fact that he gave no expression to his literary genius until he was past the meridian of life. The explanation of this probably is that his artistic temperament found full vent in his humorous drawings, satirizing London society, which have appeared in *Punch*, for nearly thirty-five years, and long ago gave him a unique fame as an artist. Du Maurier comes from an old and honorable French family on his father's side, and he was born in Paris in 1834; but his mother was an English woman, and his home and associations have been English for many years.

## The Journey of the Czar.

The visits which Nicholas II., of Russia, has been paying to the leading countries of the Old World are regarded as very important. The young man would have gladly given up his claim to the throne of Russia during his father's lifetime, but now that he is Czar, he shows a disposition to be a ruler in deed as well as in name. It is said that he greatly desires to make his reign one of progress and prosperity for Russia; and that his recent journey was undertaken with a view to establishing relations of as friendly a nature as possible with the powers of Europe and of forming a special alliance with France. Not a little courage on the part of the Czar was required for such extended travels outside his own dominions; for they afforded unusual opportunities to the Nihilists and Anarchists, who are constantly plotting to take his life, to attempt to carry out their projects. One conspiracy, indeed, was discovered and frustrated.

The Czar, who was accompanied by his wife, traveled with a very strong body-guard of troops, and all the routes of his journey were heavily guarded. These were entirely necessary precautions, and they give an inkling into the reasons why the Czar had no desire to be his father's successor on the Russian throne.

The first visit was paid to Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. The Czar was received with great manifestations of friendship in Vienna, and they were doubtless in high degree sincere; for, while the interests of Austria and Russia sometimes clash, the latter rendered valuable assistance in the preservation of the dual monarchy of Austria and Hungary, and the Austrians are consequently grateful. The Czar's next visit was to Germany. Great tact was necessary in his meeting with Emperor William. It was important not to show too much friendship toward Germany, for this would offend France, her bitter enemy, with whom it was the Czar's intention to form an alliance. On the other hand, he was friendly with Germany and desired to let her people know it. The manner in which he acquitted himself in this difficult position reflected credit upon his intelligence and discretion. His visit to Great Britain was personal rather than political, as his wife is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and strong ties of sympathy and affection are said to exist between them. The visit to France is regarded as the most important and significant one. It presented the spectacle, rare in history, of the ruler of a great empire meeting the representatives of a republic on an equal footing; and it showed the French people in a mood of extravagant enthusiasm and admiration for the Russian ruler. No honors were too great to be heaped upon him. The Czar's journey was a success. It has probably increased the friendship existing between Russia and the other powers, and has done not a little toward the continued preservation of the peace of Europe.

*Illustrated London News.*

THE VISIT OF THE RUSSIAN CZAR TO VIENNA.

# THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

The French Academy has received a legacy of $20,000, the interest of which is to be spent in the encouragement of moral literature.

The death of Charles Dickens, the younger, which was announced some weeks ago, has been followed by that of his sister, Miss Mary Dickens.

It is said that Mr. Gilbert Parker will come to this country to be present at the production of the play made from his new novel, "The Seats of the Mighty."

Mr. John Drew will appear later in the season in a stage version of Mr. Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," which will be produced first at the Haymarket Theatre in London.

Mr. J. A. Mitchell, the editor of *Life*, is about to publish a book called "That First Affair, and Other Stories." "That First Affair" is an amusing study of the life of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Mr. Gladstone's methodical habits will make easy work for his biographer. It is said that he has about sixty thousand letters, received and sent by him, all arranged and docketed for use, when the time for the biography comes.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has departed from the paths that know him best by placing in the hands of his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., an out-and-out novel of Southern life—"Sister Jane, Her Friends and Neighbors."

It is said that J. H. Shorthouse, author of John Inglesant, kept the manuscript of that book in a glass case for twenty years, now and then reading it to his friends. London publishers heard of the book and induced him to permit its publication.

It is announced that a complete edition of Mr. Kipling's works, in eleven volumes, is to be brought out by the Scribners. Each volume is furnished with a frontispiece designed especially for this purpose by the author's father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling.

A new and complete edition of Mr. Barrie's works, in eight volumes, is to be called the "Thistle Edition," and will include the latest books, "Margaret Ogilvy" and "Sentimental Tommy." Besides many illustrations, each volume will have an original preface by the author.

Miss Katherine B. Wood, who had charge of the department of quotations connected with "The Century Dictionary," has compiled a volume of "Quotations for Occasions," which shows not only an enormous amount of research but a sense of humor as well. The quotations are adapted to all purposes and for all occasions.

Mr. Dan C. Beard has made a new compilation of various things which boys can do to have fun, whether indoors or out, and in every season, and has illustrated it himself. "The American Boy's Book of Sport" is the title, and it is as likely to become as classic as Mr. Beard's famous "American Boy's Handy Book," which the Scribners published some years ago.

The late Henry C. Bunner developed symptoms of strong anglophobia on his first visit to Westminster, and it was only in the Poets' Corner that he ceased railing at the titled nobodies who had been given sepulchre in the Abbey. "Well, Harry," remarked a friend, who was with him at the time, "it seems that there are some good Englishmen after all." "Yes," he replied, "there are three classes of Englishmen whom I can endure: the Irish, the Scotch, and the dead."

One day Thomas Carlyle went with Millais to look at the latter's house, and after gazing with wonder at all its splendors, he turned to Millais, and asked, in his brusque manner: "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" The painter laughed, and replied: "It has." "Then," rejoined the dweller of the modest house at Chelsea, "all I have to say is that there are more fools in the world than I thought there were."

The newest literary light is a young negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, whose work has been very highly commended by William Dean Howells, James Lane Allen, and other dignitaries in the world of letters. Mr. Howells says that he does not praise Mr. Dunbar's poetry because it is the work of a negro, but because it is full of the true poetic spirit, and would be a credit to any pen irrespective of race considerations. He has just published a collection of his poems under the title "Lyrics of a Lowly Life."

Whittier the poet, and Lucy Larcom, says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her "Reminiscences of Literary Boston" in McClure's, were once driving in a buggy drawn by a restless animal. The horse became more and more vicious, and the buggy swayed like a ship in a storm. But never a word would Lucy spare on the high-erected theme which then engaged her mind. At last Whittier could stand it no longer, and, as he redoubled his efforts with the reins, he exclaimed: "Lucy! If thee do not stop talking till I get this horse in hand, thee will be in heaven before thee wants to!"

W. Clark Russell, the sea-novelist, says the interviewer, greets you with an outstretched hand and a clear, ringing voice, a voice full of cheeriness, and one of those voices that have a story lingering in all their tones,—an interesting voice decidedly; and, as you listen to it, you realize, mayhap for the first time, how interesting and how varied a voice may be. But, alas! he greets you from a couch, whereon he has lain for many weary months, and even years. From his waist downward, and in his hands, he is so crippled with chronic rheumatism that he can scarcely move. Wheeled from room to room, and taking his exercise in a bath-chair, his peregrinations are not unfrequently like those of the vicar,—from the pink to the green-room, and from the green-room back again. And yet in no way apparently are his spirits affected.

Much comment has been made upon the fact that American readers show a decided preference for English writers, while the English public has paid to several American authors honor such as is rarely meted out to its own novelists. Harold Frederic, who writes stories of America, has long been in high favor in London, while in this country he has been comparatively unknown until quite recently. Now, however, he is rapidly acquiring an international reputation. His last novel but one, "The Damnation of Theron Ware," is accounted by many the most notable story of the year. While it was winning laurels for its author another book was published in London. This is called "March Hares," and the author was given as George Forth. While very different from "The Damnation of Theron Ware" it was given nearly as much notice and commendation, and people were curious about the unknown writer whose first book showed a master-hand. The mystery is now cleared away. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have recently issued "March Hares" with Frederic's name on the title page. The result shows that a really meritorious work is likely to secure its due meed of praise whether its author is known or not.

# ABOUT WOMEN.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS has a daughter, Miss Mildred, who is an accomplished illustrator. She studied in Paris, Rome, and London.

OF THE sixty-four who graduated in medicine recently from the University of Buffalo three were women, two of them being in the honor-roll and one heading the list.

MME. PAUL BLOUET, the wife of "Max O'Rell," is not only the translator of all her husband's books into English, but is an excellent cook, and is to be seen at her very best when entertaining her husband's friends.

AT VICTORIA, N. S. W., women have now been substituted for men at no fewer than two hundred railway stations. The result has been a saving of $150,000 per year in salaries. The average wage paid to a station-mistress is $100 per year, whereas men used to receive $750.

MISS A. E. TAYLOR, of Kennedy, N. Y., has invented an ingenious clothes-pin. She was led to make it by seeing a wire clothes-pin, such a complicated affair that she knew it could not be sold for the cost of manufacture. So she invented the present device, for which she has received a silver medal.

MARY FRENCH FIELD, eldest daughter of the late Eugene Field, is preparing herself to carry on the platform work of her father, and will make her *début* as a public reader early this month. It was an oft-expressed wish of Mr. Field that his daughter should read from his writings, and he was planning shortly before his death to have her go out with him in his platform work. She will probably give her first reading in Cincinnati.

IT HAS BEEN the custom of the authorities of Melbourne Hospital, Australia, to appoint as resident physicians the six graduates who stand highest in the final honor list of the University of Melbourne. This year two women were among the six; and, although the profession and the press carried on a wordy war about whether they should receive the appointment, the hospital committee includes politicians who foresee the coming franchise for women and so allowed them to assume the positions they were entitled to.

WITH WOMEN DOCTORS so long an established institution in our own country, and all of our cities providing large practice for a number of them, it is surprising to learn that there is but one woman physician in Leipzig, Dr. Anna Kuhnow. She has, however, a large practice, patients coming to her from all parts of Southern Germany. Munich, too, has only one woman physician, but Berlin boasts of four.

A LADY especially interested in the question has discovered that there are now no less than three hundred and fifty-four distinct vocations in which women engage. The one drawback is that in the majority they have to compete with men. None the less, the figures are a striking proof of woman's progress in the path of independence.

MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP (daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, sister of Julian, and wife of George Parsons Lathrop) has decided to devote her life to nursing cancer patients. She writes of her plans as follows: "The place I intend to establish cannot properly be called a hospital. There will be only three rooms, with a trained nurse and myself. My means are limited, and, as I intend to carry on the work unaided for two or three years at least, until I see whether it will be success or failure, I cannot take more than two or three patients under my care. I want those who are able to walk to come to me for treatment. I do not doubt that many charitable persons would aid me, but I do not want to involve them in failure if I fail." Mrs. Lathrop is not living with her husband.

MRS. ARTHUR SEWALL, wife of the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, is a daughter of the late Charles Crooker, of Bath, Me. She was educated in Ipswich, and afterward traveled extensively in this country and Europe. She is a wide reader, an earnest student, and a good French scholar. In addition, she has the artistic temperament. A large collection of water-colors and landscape photographs made by her in her travels testify to this; and she has received diplomas for her work as an expert amateur photographer, in Paris, New York, and Boston.

MRS. FLORENCE GRAY, whom our readers will remember as an old contributor to DEMOREST'S, had the honor recently of being invited to go into the kitchen of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, in New York City, to give some special lessons in health cookery to the high-priced *chef* who reigns therein. The instruction had to do especially with the preparation of vegetables, and so great was the success of the experiment, that many members of the club have become enthusiastic vegetarians.

## DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

### CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1896.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—DECEMBER.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 133. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** for each pattern. Write name and address distinctly.

The directions for each pattern are printed on the envelope containing it, which also bears a special illustration of the design.

MODERATION is the key-note of the winter's modes,—that is, moderation compared with what we have passed through,—and by beautiful degrees we see our skirts, sleeves, and shoulder-trimmings shrinking to less inflated proportions; often, indeed, to even natural size. Skirts are slowest in yielding to the change, and this is entirely because many women still demand the widest skirts; where not specially ordered, however, a width of from four and a half to five yards is considered the correct thing. Any of last season's skirts, in which no eccentricities were introduced, are in perfect style now, the slight changes seen being in the disposition of the fullness, which is confined more to the back.

There are the usual periodical rumors of the revival of overskirts and the return of trimmed skirts; but with regard to the first no one takes the matter seriously, and the second is accepted only with restrictions. Neither full trimmings, nor any elaboration of trimming is tolerated on street-gowns. A few tailor-gowns of broadcloth, covert or melton cloth, have *appliqué* bands of the same or turreted straps in groups of three or more on the side seams; or perhaps a wide band of the cloth, with many rows of stitching, crosses the foot of the side breadths, fastening upon the front breadth with two or three straps. More elaborate cloth gowns have a narrow band of fur at the foot, sometimes headed by a vine of braiding or jet embroidery. Full trimmings of ruffles and ruches are confined to evening gowns, mostly of diaphanous fabrics, and skirts of rich silks are perfectly plain, or at most may have vines of spangled embroidery on the seams.

The new brocaded silks are almost aggressively sumptuous. Some of them are of so startling designs, so immense in size, and so vivid in color that women ask each other, "Does anybody wear them?" In delicate evening colors, with the pattern in harmonizing tones and shades, instead of contrasting, some of them are very beautiful. Delicate cameo-pinks, pearl-grays, and pale blues, have realistic designs of large poppies in which the shading of the petals and leaves is exquisite; and even where the riot of color is so brilliant that one cannot see any use for the fabric, one is forced to admire the skill of the designer and weaver. Superb evening wraps are made of these silks, but refined taste selects the quieter patterns and colors. A lovely garment is of silver-gray brocade with a square yoke and high collar of chinchilla; it hangs quite full, but has no shoulder-trimmings.

The fancy waist still remains an important part of every woman's wardrobe, and five times out of six, this season, a jacket or jacket-effect forms part of it. A smart affair, suitable for the theater, is a jacket of gray velvet having hair-line stripes of black. In length it extends only a few inches below the bust; groups of fine tucks in the fronts and center of the back run down from the neck two-thirds of its length, leaving a ruffle effect at the edge which is bordered with a fringe of black ostrich tips. It is brightened with *cerise* ribbon overlaid with Venetian guipure which bands the sleeve puffs and trims the wrists and neck.

Hats and bonnets are shaped and trimmed to suit every style of face; there are wide brims and narrow ones, high crowns and low ones, turbans and picture hats; and the trimming is high on one side, or it nods both ways in the balanced style so long worn. The small evening bonnets are charming, and the brightest colors and most glittering trimmings are used. Many are quaint and even eccentric in shape, suggesting Russian and Old German models. The crowns are often of jeweled velvet, and again they are a mass of Rhinestones.

A WARM WRAP. THE "RAYMONDE."

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Our thanks are due Messrs. Aitken, Son & Co., and B. Altman & Co. for courtesies received.

FOR COOL DAYS.
THE "PILAR."

## FOR COOL DAYS.

THE shoulder collar is found so useful that every woman considers it one of the most convenient articles in her wardrobe. During the first cool days of autumn, and on warm winter days, it affords all the warmth required with an ordinary street gown; and if the gown be a particularly handsome one, it does not cover it up or crush its trimmings. Every description of fur is used for these becoming collars, and they are also made of velvet or *velours du Nord* and trimmed with fur. The pattern is also a good model for the foundation of the elaborate shoulder capes, which are now a tossing mass of *chiffon* and lace ruffles upon rich brocaded satin and fancy silks. Some of these capes omit the collar and are finished at the neck with very full ruches. When the collar is used on them it is often left open at the seams, each section being wired, and billows of plaited *chiffon*, lace, and ribbon loops fill the openings. The cape illustrated is of *velours du Nord* trimmed with mink. The pattern is the "Pilar."

## A WARM WRAP.

As many capes are seen this season as heretofore, and no question has been raised as to their continued vogue. Like the shirt-waist, their convenience and comfort are so great that practical women will not relinquish them till something equally comfortable is designed. There are a great many gayly plaided wraps, for golfing and traveling, which retain the large hood, and there is also a great variety of others made either of reversible cloths or of heavy meltons, kerseys, and box-cloths, which are lined with handsome silks. The latter are usually trimmed with straps and bands of the cloth, and have high, flaring collars. The average length is like the wrap illustrated, but dressy ones for carriage use and evening wear are still short.

Our model is of dark blue kersey, lined with changeable taffeta and trimmed with bands of the cloth. These bias bands must be cut with sharp scissors, so as to avoid the least fraying, and they are stitched close to the edge with silk to match the cloth. The double-breasted front gives additional warmth, and the high collar is both becoming and comfortable. The pattern is the "Raymonde."

## A SMART RECEPTION-GOWN.

BROADCLOTH in a dark shade of cadet blue is the fabric of this effective and becoming gown. The skirt is the "Rolf," which has a circle front and two back breadths, and measures between five and six yards at the foot. If more convenient to cut with a seam up the front, the pattern can be folded double, and the straight edge of the goods laid on the back seam; and if a narrow skirt is desired the "Carroll" can be used. There is a six-inch facing of crinoline around the foot, but no interlining. Fine pipings of black satin finish all the edges of the jacket and skirt, and four rows extend up the front of the skirt. The jacket is worn over a sleeveless blouse of brocaded *peau de soie* in shades of dull reds and blue; and in the back the jacket just reaches the folds which form the girdle. The flaring cuff at the wrist is faced with the *peau de soie*, and the collar is of the same. The pattern of the jacket-waist is the "Normanis."

A SMART RECEPTION-GOWN.
NORMANIS JACKET ROLF SKIRT.

## A WINTER COAT.

A WINTER COAT.
THE "WINTON."

THERE are more radical changes in the styles of new coats this autumn than in anything else but the sleeves of gowns. Their distinguishing features are high, flaring collars, smaller sleeves, shaping to the arm for several inches above the elbow, and greatly diminished fullness in the back of the skirt, which fits trigly over the hips. Very many are half loose in front, often double-breasted, and fasten invisibly except at top and bottom, where large ornamental buttons are seen; and all, no matter what the cut, whether Empire, sacque back, half-fitting or close, are short, the average length being like the coat illustrated. The model garment is of green melton, trimmed with Persian lamb and lined with changeable silk,—red and green. The back is fitted with the usual seams, and the fronts have single darts; the skirt fits easily around the hips without flutes, and the plaits in the back are pressed flat. Straps of black velvet, piped with green satin and ornamented with fancy buttons, trim the front, which is buttoned invisibly with flat, pearl buttons.

A CHIC CLOTH GOWN.
THEODORA BASQUE.

## A CHIC CLOTH GOWN.

REDDISH-BROWN camel's-hair serge is the fabric used in this handsome tailor gown. Any of our recent skirt patterns can be used for this, but the "Carroll," which has five breadths and measures only four and a half yards at the foot, is commended as specially suitable. The pattern of the bodice is the "Theodora"; it is fitted snugly with the usual seams, and the short basque is round in the back and without fullness. The edges are finished with silk soutache of a darker shade than the gown, and the front hooks invisibly to the vest on one side. The vest is of green-and-brown changeable silk laid in fine tucks, and the flaring collar and the turrets around the wrist are faced with the same. The model is commended for all the smooth cloths so much in vogue this season. A gown of dark blue serge or zibeline will have a vest of green silk; and a gray one, of prune or black and white.

THE MOST frivolously fetching evening wrap seen is evolved out of hundreds of yards of flowered *chiffon* ruffles, put on in pyramids from throat to edge, and surrounded by ruffles of satin-bordered gauze, folds of which are drawn down between the pyramids; these ruffled *godets* expand at the bottom to a sweep of yards.

A contrast to this in its Quaker-like simplicity is a dainty cape of blue-gray box-cloth lined with brocaded white satin. Several rows of stitching are the only finish for the edge, but there is a wide shoulder collar, and another turning up to the ears and framing the face becomingly, of gray moufflon.

SUMPTUOUS carriage cloaks are of dark velvets and brocades in Empire style, with huge bishop sleeves, and much trimming of fur and lace.