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THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

IT is a unique place which the Annual Horse Show, held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, occupies. The part it plays in influencing the movements of society, and, in consequence, also the occupations of that vast army of people who labor to supply the needs of the luxurious classes, finds its only parallel in

Widespread and diverse are the influences which the National Horse Show Association exercises, and equally diverse are the factors which have given it its enviable prestige. The uninitiated would naturally attribute the *succès fou* which each succeeding autumn marks the occasion of its exhibitions to the universal love of a fine horse,



AT THE HORSE SHOW.

the famous Grand Prix of Longchamps. As arbiters of dress, being the greatest fashion parades of the year, the two great functions resemble each other; but beyond this they bear no more comparison than does a county fair to a world's exhibition,—the Grand Prix figuring as the county fair, of course.

and the rapid increase of wealth in our country which has enabled so many people to gratify that love by possession; together, of course, with the natural desire to improve the quality of those possessions.

In reality, however, admiration for the noble animal exercises comparatively slight influence in producing the

amazing results. The patent fact to the public eye is the social aspect of the great show ; and its importance as a dual function advances on each of its sides alike. Now and again, because of its social importance, writers for the press show an inclination to belittle it as a sporting event ; but this attitude cannot be successfully maintained. Nor can the opposite view be upheld, for it cannot be proved that it is a horse show pure and simple, and that the crowds which fill the Garden are attracted there by the horse alone. No ; it is a show of people and a show of horses, and the bipeds and the quadrupeds assist each other in furnishing for the madding crowd the gala entertainment of the year. Plans for the autumn flitting from country-house to town depend upon the date of the Horse Show. When the days begin to shorten in September there are frequent inquiries by those who are in the country : "When do you go back to town?" "Oh, we shall go back in time for the Horse Show," is the very frequent response. Plans, therefore, plans involving the transference of great establishments from country to town, are made with reference to the opening of this attractive and very fashionable gathering.

These plans, however, do not, so far as the women are concerned, merely involve the ordering that one house shall be closed and another opened ; but other serious

preparations are inaugurated as to what these lovely creatures shall array themselves in, afternoon by afternoon and evening by evening, and long and serious are the consultations with the dressmaker, who imports her choicest confections from Paris for the occasion, and has herself spent weary hours and much serious thought in their selection. To simple folk, who have a new frock or two each season and who count that there are only two seasons in the year, winter and summer, all these vast preparations seem rather silly and unnecessary. But they are not ; they are not even

wasteful. On the contrary, what seems like extravagance is, as a rule, a most beneficent transference of surplus wealth from a few overflowing pockets to the comparatively empty ones of many working men and women. Cross and cynical persons scoff in

disapproval of the fashionable gayeties which require great expense in raiment, in decorations, and in equipage ; but they are not wise in their generation, and speak without knowledge of the good economic result of these festivities in the way above indicated.

It was but "a beggarly three hundred and odd entries" that the initial show in 1884 could attract. Every year since there have been more and better horses to look at, and the entries have mounted up to over thirteen hundred. At the recent show there were only about twelve hundred, a decrease of nearly one hundred from those of last year ; but this was due mainly to a change in the conditions for admission to some of the classes, and the dropping of others, thus narrowing the classes to which one horse was eligible. The premium list was increased from thirty thousand dollars in 1895 to thirty-three thousand in 1896.

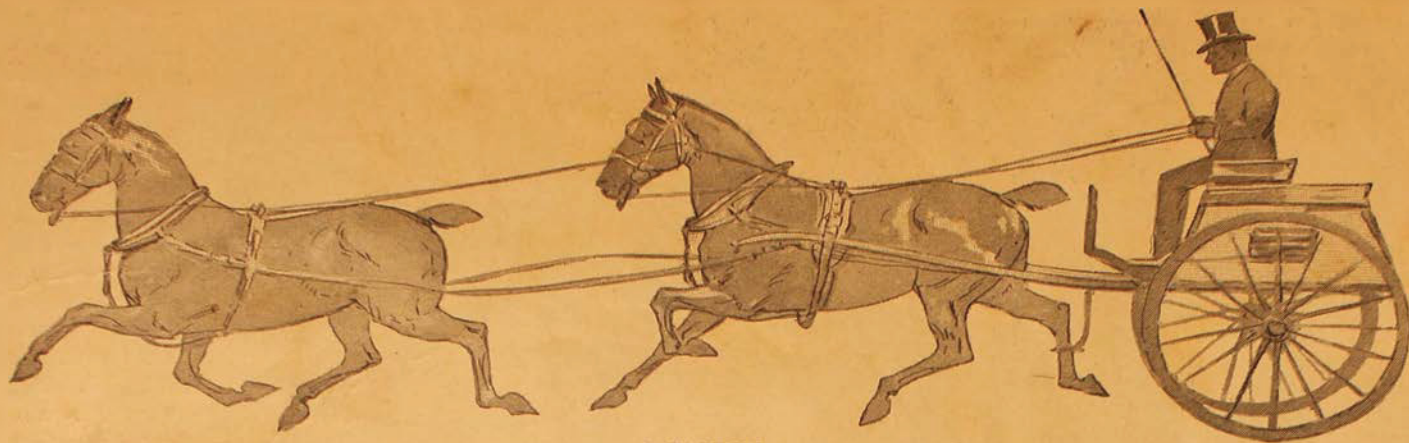
This gratifying record for twelve years' effort, ostensibly for the improvement of the horse, is due more than anything else to the



A PROGRAMME BOY.



IN GOOD FORM.



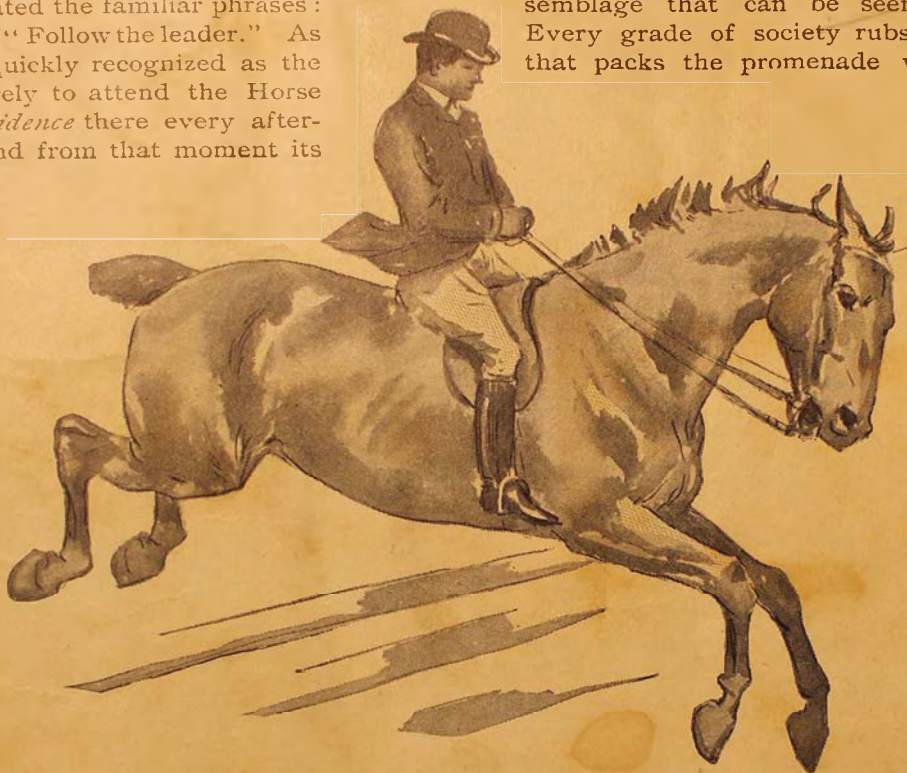
A TANDEM.

fact that what was intended originally to appeal simply to lovers of horse-flesh was adopted as a pet by a small coterie of the smart set. Its succeeding history has beautifully illustrated the familiar phrases: "All we like sheep," or "Follow the leader." As with one will it was quickly recognized as the correct thing not merely to attend the Horse Show but to be *en evidence* there every afternoon and evening, and from that moment its increasing popularity was assured. It is now elevated to the distinction of being the opening society function of the season. And because a thousand men and women, more or less, representing society, don their smartest clothes and put themselves on exhibition with the noble quadruped, twenty thousand less fortunate mortals—as the world is wont to define fortune—have eagerly seized the privilege of thronging the promenade, galleries, and aisles of Madison Square Garden, in order to gaze at these stars of higher spheres,—to see them *aux intimes*, as it were, while they chat and flirt, eat *bonbons*, exchange visits, and occasion-

ally look at the horses. And thus the Horse Show has been transformed into "The greatest show on earth" of society.

It is at the same time the most democratic assemblage that can be seen in the whole world. Every grade of society rubs shoulders in the crush that packs the promenade with a living stream of surging humanity for hours. As a training school in dress its equal is not to be found, and nowhere else can a woman of quick intentions and delicate perceptions so readily learn what not to wear. The most exquisite creation of Worth must needs mingle its folds with the plebeian gown from the East Side; perfection and dowdiness are side by side; all intent upon seeing—a few upon being seen.

Meanwhile the treasury of the Horse Show Asso-

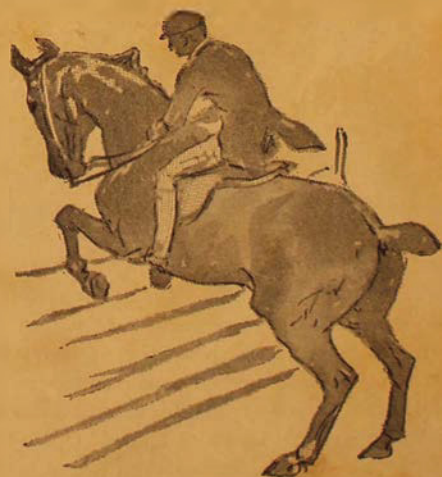


OVER THE HURDLES.

ciation waxes fat through the lively competition for the best boxes between society with a capital S and the not yet arrived, newly-rich aspirants for admission to its charmed circle. For a number of years past the sum realized from the sale of boxes alone has not only paid the premiums, but left a very handsome surplus; and last year when the doors opened on the first day of the great show every seat in the vast amphitheatre had



A TUMBLE.



A VAULT.

been sold for the entire week. Even the auction sale of boxes partakes somewhat of a function, and the newspapers the day after the sale chronicle the doings of those who were present, with a gravity and particularity which indicates that to some of their readers all the preparations are of importance.

Following the fashion of the Metropolitan Opera House programmes, there is a plan of the boxes, with the names of their owners; and thus Tom, Dick, and Harry have the exquisite satisfaction of identifying the most important stars in the constellation.

While society has adopted the annual function, in return for its support and the *cachet* thus afforded, the show has educated society as to just what type of horse should be bought for certain uses, as well as the proper kind of carriage and correct appointments for varying occasions.

Where formerly the chief interest in horse breeding in America had but one aim, the perfection of the trotter, there are now immense sums of money invested in hackneys and hunters. The association has become an important factor in raising the standard of excellence in the different breeds of horses, and it has done a great work for the improvement of all horse-flesh. The high-steppers, those handsome and haughty specimens of superb horse-flesh which prance so proudly down the

avenue clothed in the clanking splendor of glittering chains and silver-mounted harness, are a class by themselves, such as was not even dreamed of a decade ago. A great impetus has, of course, been given to breeding a better class of animals to fill the increasing and more exigent demands. Where formerly a man kept a span of carriage horses, perhaps a pair of saddle horses for riding in the park, and possibly, if very fond of driving, a trotter for a road spin, he has now a stable full of hunters, high-stepping roadsters, and handsome hackneys. This would seem to prove that the bicycle is not really displacing the horse, but that there is quite enough room for both in the affections of men and women. As though



A THOROUGHBRED.

any inanimate thing ever could take the place of a noble, sentient horse!

In the Genesee Valley the farmers have been quick to see the money value of any good horse of the hunter type who can be trained to pick his feet up clean for a clear, high jump, so they have turned their attention to breeding hunters. When the time comes for testing their mettle, the young

hunters have to go to school; and according to the facility with which they adapt themselves to the training, and the ability they develop in going through their "physical culture" exercises, depends their promotion to the position of the petted hunter or degradation to the open horse-market, where chance must determine their lucky or unfortunate disposition.

At the show the hunting classes never fail to attract the attention of the spectators and arouse the greatest enthu-



THE BUGLER.



LOVING FRIENDS.



REGULAR VISITORS AT THE HORSE SHOW.



JUDGING ROADSTERS.



A HIGH-STEPPING CART-HORSE.

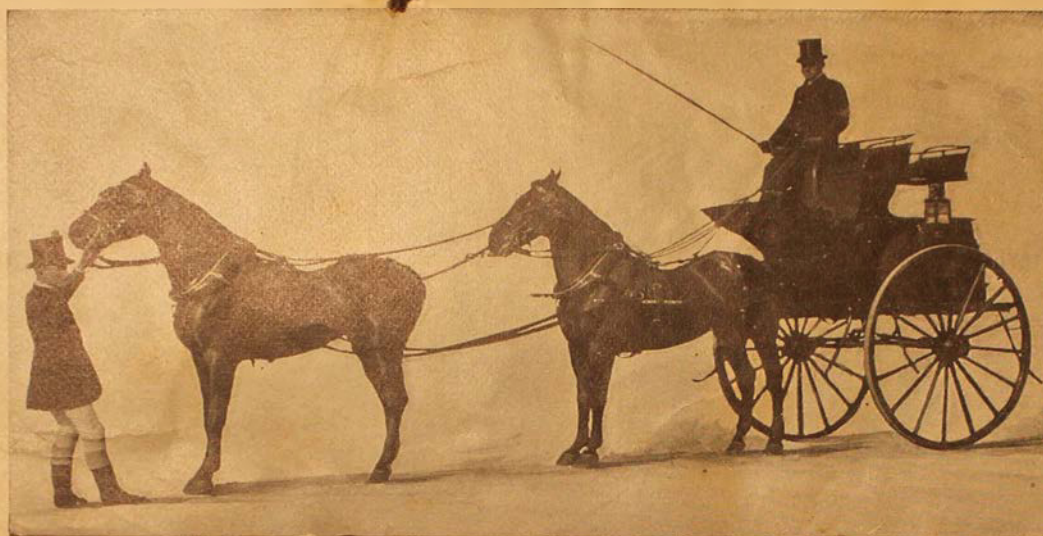
ever could. The evolution of the trotter is one of the most interesting instances of scientific breeding that the world has ever seen, and the Darwins and Tyndalls of the future will find much to study in it. But notwithstanding that trotters are distinctively American they are not highly fashionable. They do not suit the dog-cart and the other heavy wagons that we have imported from England, and your man of high fashion in New York does not think a two-twenty nag in a spiderspoke wagon becoming to a man of his station in life. The trotter, therefore, is left for the men who drive for the pleasure and the exhilaration of it, and without any regard to what the proper thing happens to be in Hyde Park. But as these sensible folk outnumber the others as five to one, the trotter as a road horse does not lack for friends.

The hackney is easily the most fashionable horse in this

siasm. They are, indeed, the most drawing horse attractions. The highest jump is six feet, and the different classes not only bring out all the crack hunters that follow the hounds two and three times a week in this vicinity, but also the famous gentlemen jockeys who have made reputations for

themselves in the saddle and are members of the well-known hunt clubs. Every evening there is a contest for high jumpers, and when this is going on everything else, even the society part of the performance, is neglected, and the horses are the centre of attraction and notice. The easy-going plodders who have never been in the hunting-field, and never on horseback save for a slow amble upon the high road, are apt to be incredulous as to the stories they read and hear of cross-country riding. "Don't tell me," a country merchant once said, "that men can ride horses straight over these fences and ditches." He would not believe that the thing could be done, because he had never seen such feats, and he had lived more or less with horses all his life. Now if these people of inexperience happen in at the Horse Show they can learn how the trick is done,—how easily, how gracefully. And these are not circus horses, but merely hunters,—hunters that are used by ladies and gentlemen all the season.

The trotter is the most distinctively American horse, and in every horse show he naturally is treated with great consideration. There are more fast and splendid trotters driven on the roads about New York than in any other part of the country. A generation ago only two horses in the country had ever trotted a mile in less than two minutes and twenty seconds. Now the record is close to two minutes, and there are scores of horses driven here every day that can go faster than Flora Temple, the old-time trotting queen,



A NOTED TANDEM TEAM

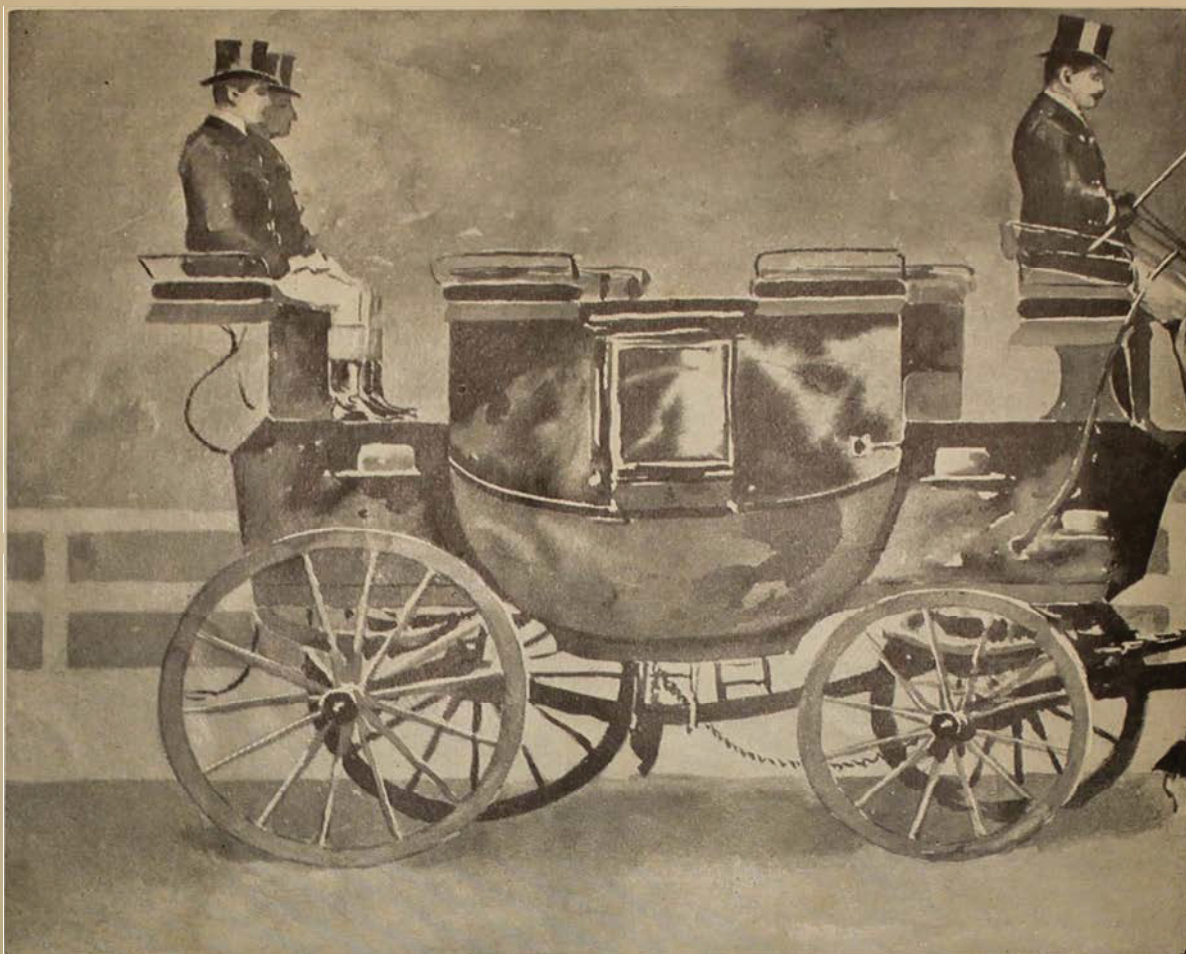
country to-day, and his vogue is likely to have a lasting influence upon the common run of American horses. He is being bred purely as a hackney, and is being crossed with thoroughbreds, with trotters and with common stock. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who is the most successful



"HERE'S YOUR PROGRAMME!"

breeder of hackneys in England, has said that the cross between thoroughbreds and hackneys is hurtful to both classes, and this can be readily believed as the contrast between them is too marked. But with trotters the cross should be most interesting, as the hackney is likely to give substance and showiness of action to the produce, and the trotter to give speed. There has been another suggestion that the hackney would be a most admirable cross with the wild and range horses and ponies of the West.

Next to the hunters it is the dashing four-in-hands, the fascinating high-steppers, beautifully formed hackneys, well-matched tandems, and the children's pets, the dear Shetland ponies, which interest the crowds and excite their enthusiasm. The conditions of these classes require the horses to be shown before



A SMART COACH AND



WARMING HIM UP.

appropriate vehicles, not any particular one, with the usual result that every kind of conveyance imaginable is driven in the ring, from a brand-new tandem cart to a

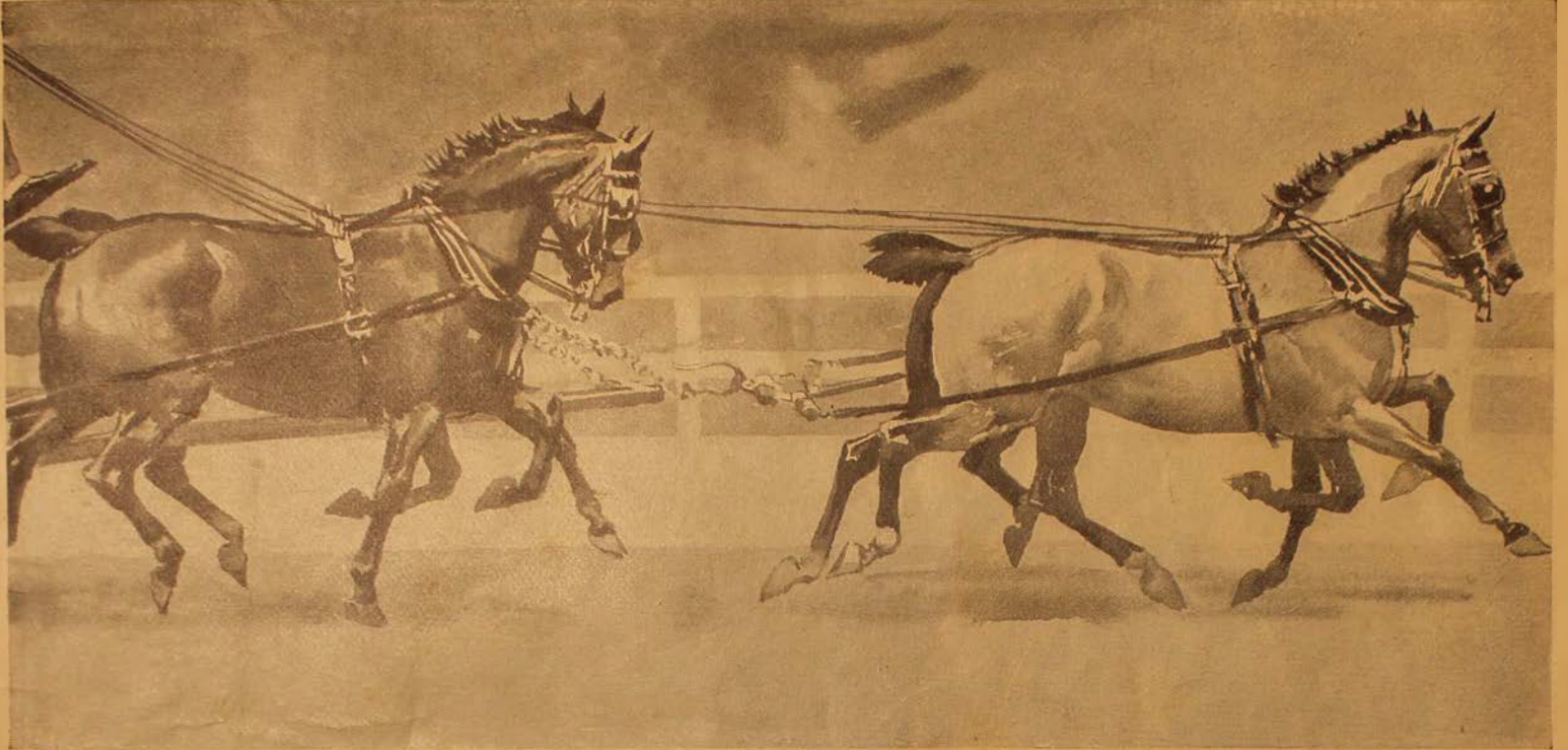
road wagon; and the exhibition not only gives the spectators an idea of the latest novelties in the market, but the variety also makes the harness classes interesting.

Exhibitors eager to win a blue ribbon give orders *carte blanche* to their carriage manufacturers for equipages to be ready in time for the show. When the spirited horses are driven into the ring—usually by their owners, women as well as men—drawing perfectly appointed vehicles, the scene is most attractive, and arouses the greatest enthusiasm.

A visitor to the Horse Show must not make the mistake of thinking that the people in the boxes are exclusively New York men and women. Such a supposition would be most erroneous. This is a National Horse Show, and it is not merely so in name; the people, too, are from the various parts of the country. New York quite naturally contributes the great majority of those present, just as the majority of the horses in the ring are from New York stables; but in the boxes, as in the ring, are representatives from Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, Rochester, and forty other places besides. The Philadelphia contingent is both large and important. One who is a skilled and well-informed observer does not need to be acquainted with the persons in a group from the Quaker City to be able to place them. He can pick out the men, and the women, too, by their appearance in the first place, and then, if he hears them speak, by what they say and their manner of saying it. In appearance they are different from New Yorkers, not only in dress, but in their way of carrying themselves. The Philadelphia man, no matter how fashionable he may be, has a domestic appearance,—he looks as though he lived at home and liked it; and the Philadelphia woman, let her

dresser come from Paris or wherever, still has something of the Quakeress about her,—a *souffçon*, at least. Now it must not be understood that these characteristics detract from either the Philadelphia man or woman. Not at all; they do honor to them, as distinguishing a people who live in the most distinctively American town of any

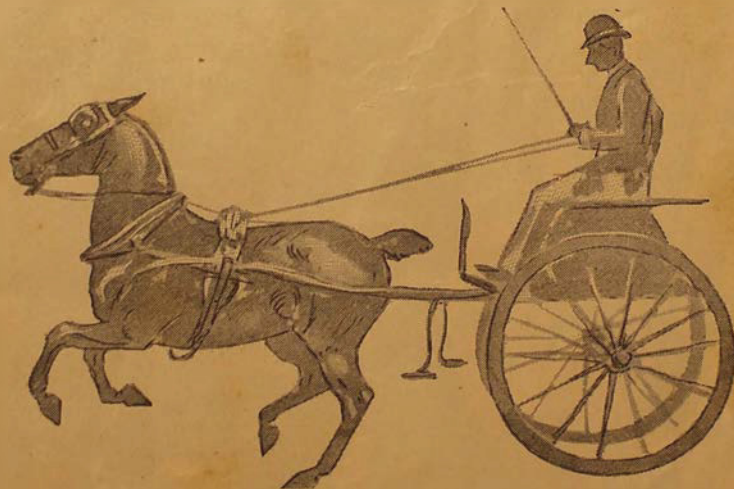
called distinguished, even though from the New York standpoint it may appear a trifle provincial. So among the frequenters of the Horse Shows in Madison Square Garden the whole country is represented by those who make in its chief cities the fashions and the social laws. In such a place every student of life will find that which is



FOUR-IN-HAND TEAM.

of the great cities. And there is something distinctive about the Bostonians, also,—a something which may be

intensely interesting, and those who go to admire and those who go to sneer will both find abundant employment.



THE FIRST SNOW.

How strange the new, soft silence in the air !
So still,—it seemed that we could almost hear
The snow-flakes, ere we saw them, drifting down
As lilies from the wall of heaven might fall,—
Making the whole world beautiful and fair ;
Brightening the lonely roads, the meadows sere,
The garden beds, the hedge-briers rough and brown,

Dancing and whirling in their voiceless mirth,
As if half wild with joy, to reach the earth.
How strange the muffled sound of song, or call,
Or echoing laughter, or faint sleigh-bells' chime !
Each heart keeps memory of such a time,
When, on some winter morn, we waked to know
The first sweet noiseless advent of the snow.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.



"WHAT HAVE I DONE THAT YOU DARE INSULT ME SO DEEPLY?"

A DINNER ENGAGEMENT.

A CLOSET PLAY IN TWO ACTS.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

(Concluded.)

ACT II.

(An interval of three years is supposed to elapse between the acts.)

PLACE: Another city.

SCENE: A box in the theatre during a stag banquet on the floor below.

CURTAIN rises on a silk-lined opera-box. To the left of the curtain are the balcony railing and draperies, before which two cushioned seats are placed. Between these and the box entrance, to the right of the curtain, other chairs are scattered. From the floor below rises a babel of men's voices and laughter mingled with sounds of drawn corks, clinking glasses, and smitten china. The door of the box opens, admitting fresh voices and woman's laughter from the dressing-room outside.

(Enter KATY [Mrs. Dennis]. She has a menu in her hand, and reads from it rapidly as she advances.)

KATY—"Potages—Hors d'Œuvres—Poisson—Referé—Entrée—Sorbet—Rotin—" Good gracious! they must have reached the dessert. Well, we are rather late. (She advances to the railing, calling back over her shoulder.) Come in, girls. Get your wraps off and hurry. Why, we shall see beautifully. There's my old man presiding. He's bowing to us. (She leans forward, waving her handkerchief.) Here we are, dear. As if he could hear me. Where are you, girls?

(Enter NANCY with JOANNA [Mrs. Ernst])

JOANNA—Are we very late, Katy?

KATY—Oh, I don't know. The speaking hasn't begun. Now, how shall we sit? Joanna, you take that chair. (She places JOANNA in one of the cushioned seats by the railing and motions toward the other.) This is for you, Nancy.

NANCY (Advancing to rest one hand on the railing and glance down indifferently)—Put me in the back-ground. How strange it seems to look down on such a sea of unfamiliar faces. Excepting your husband, I don't know a soul in the house.

KATY—Yes; but if a cat may look at a king the house has the right to look at a queen.

NANCY—Then do you grant it that privilege. (She turns away to a chair in the background.) I am not even a princess. Cinderella was not when the clock struck twelve; and I have struck twelve o'clock. You cannot drag me out there, à la Blue Beard, Katy, and nothing else will move me.

KATY (Laughing and taking the chair under dispute)—I submit. I submit. Joanna, did you ever see anything more fetching than Nancy's new *passé rôle*? Head a trifle on one side, air fascinatingly *distrainé*, and yesterday I actually heard her murmur, "A woman of my age!"

JOANNA—What did she want to do? That's what a woman always says when she has a positively improper, if not immoral, scheme on hand.

KATY—Exactly. She would go "slumming" alone and came home through the dark streets so late that three tipsy men—very properly, and I'm glad they did—spoke to her, scaring her to tears.

NANCY—They were tears of joy. I was proved still attractive.

KATY—Now if you choose to look at it in that way, insults are a light price for the certainty. I would risk life and limb for it. The other day a cab nearly ran me down solely because the driver yelled, "Miss, miss; look out, miss!" Miss! Of course I stood perfectly still, chained by the sound.

NANCY—Stop talking nonsense, Katy, and give me the menu. What's passing down on the floor?

JOANNA (Leaning toward the railing)—Plenty of champagne, apparently, aided by dessert at present.

KATY—How pretty the tables look! It might be gayer if some women's dresses were brightening them, but, with the lights, all that massing of black-and-white costumes is very fine; don't you think so, Joanna? Stand up and look, Nancy. You aren't seeing a thing back there.

NANCY (Leaning back in her chair, languidly studying the menu)—Oh, yes, I am.

KATY—Why, Joanna, look. There's my husband's latest admiration—the man of whom I spoke to you—coming in late after telegraphing that he could not be here. He's always hither and yon. Yes, that's he. The man my husband has by both hands. See, they are all crowding round him and applauding. I'm going to applaud, too. (She claps her hands.) Good gracious! I didn't mean to make such a noise.

JOANNA—He's looking up here and bowing to you.

KATY (Smiling and waving her hand)—So he is. I wish he'd follow his eyes. I'd like you to meet him, Joanna.

JOANNA (Leaning forward and looking down with eagerness)—Well, of all the absurd things! I do know him. I sat next to that man at a stray dinner last winter. If he doesn't remember my face any better than I do his name, it will be shameless. We had a charming hour.

KATY—Tit for tat. He has a charming hour every night in the week. I'll wager a pair of gloves he remembers neither your face nor your name.

JOANNA—I'll wager two pairs that he remembers both.

KATY—Done! But how shall we decide?—for if he didn't know you from Nancy he'd swear he did.

JOANNA—I don't think we need trouble ourselves to form a plot. He seems entirely corraled by the men down there.

KATY—Only till the women up here want him. (She laughs and beckons.) See him breaking away and my husband shaking his fist at me.

JOANNA—He is coming, and we haven't a plot ready.

KATY—We haven't, but I have. (She speaks quickly.) I am going to introduce Nancy as Mrs. Ernst, you as Miss—oh, Smith will do. Miss Joanna Smith and Mrs. Nancy Ernst. How does that sound? (They both laugh.)

NANCY (Rousing)—What is all this? Whom are you two talking of?

KATY (Hastily)—Oh, we just want you to personate Joanna for a few minutes. She's had one of her half-hour flirtations and thinks her inamorata will remember her. I know that to him any rose by the same name—and so on. Now be good and play the rose, Nancy.

NANCY—Of a hundred leaves? One for each decade? Don't ask me, Katy. I belong in a quiet garden.

KATY—Violet me no violets, Nancy. Rose you shall be to-night. Thou wast not wont to be so coy. Now play the rôle out, dear, if just to please us. Here he comes.

(*A tap at the door.*)

KATY (*Gayly*)—Enter.

(*The door at the back of the box opens. MR. ALBERT enters, pausing at the threshold.*)

MR. ALBERT—Does that general invitation include me, Mrs. Dennis?

NANCY (*Half turning with a start.*) He! No—yes — (*In a sharp whisper.*) Katy, stop—stop—I cannot.

KATY (*In the same tone*)—Nonsense; you can and shall. (*She moves toward the back of the box, her hand outstretched.*) When did I ever exclude you? So, after all, the dinner brought you.

MR. ALBERT (*Taking her hand*)—Don't say the dinner, Mrs. Dennis. I am tied with a short string, and that is fastened to your forefinger. You see how I was drawn up from the floor as you raised it.

KATY (*Looking at her forefinger, then lifting it and shaking her head*)—Honey tongue! honey tongue! And gathering it from flower to flower, too. (*Sinking her voice.*) One of your blossoms of supply is here to-night. She has been telling tales of you. Do you remember a certain dinner and Mrs. Ernst? (*She moves toward the back of the box, followed by MR. ALBERT.*) Nancy, does Mr. Albert need to be introduced to you?

MR. ALBERT (*Aside*)—Nancy! Mrs. Ernst! (*Aloud, recovering himself.*) What Mrs. Ernst remembers, I remember. What she forgets, I forget.

NANCY (*Rising irresolutely—aside*)—Forget! (*She takes an uncertain step toward MR. ALBERT, then suddenly stretches out her hand. Aloud, with effort.*) Was not this forgotten in our parting, Mr. Albert?

MR. ALBERT (*Taking her hand formally*)—Forgotten or omitted.

(*He drops her hand, which falls by her side. As she turns back to her chair he stands looking after her.*)

KATY (*In a whisper, moving to stand by JOANNA'S chair*)—Joanna, isn't she doing it capitally? Did you forget to shake hands with him?

JOANNA (*Smothering her laughter*)—We did it twice.

KATY—Ah-ha! I wear sixes.

JOANNA—Not so fast. He hasn't seen me yet.

KATY (*Still standing, and turning back to MR. ALBERT*)—Mr. Albert, when you and Mrs. Ernst have ceased remembering and forgetting I want to present you to Miss Joanna Smith. I suppose you won't be claiming an old friend in her also.

MR. ALBERT—That must depend upon Miss Smith. To-day woman, not man, takes the initiative. What she ignores never happened; what she asserts he indorses. A little collusion beforehand is useful sometimes. It spares situations.

NANCY (*Aside*)—How he despises me!

JOANNA—Then suppose I say I have met you.

MR. ALBERT (*Bowing*)—I grasp the situation.

JOANNA (*Dropping her fan at MRS. DENNIS'S feet, stoops quickly to lift it, whispering*)—I knew he would—five and three-quarters.

KATY (*Whispering also*)—Wait; he's always abominably elusive. (*Aloud.*) Speaking of situations, I'll tell you what I think causes them most frequently. It's a crying injustice, too. Now, when I presented you to Mrs. Ernst and Miss Smith, one married and one unmarried, you knew that moment which was which, didn't you?

MR. ALBERT—That moment, of course. (*He looks at NANCY.*)

JOANNA (*Aside to KATY*)—I yield. You win the gloves. He doesn't know me.

KATY (*Aside to JOANNA*)—Sixes, remember. (*Aloud.*) But I haven't stated my grievance. When a man is introduced to a woman, what betrays him? Nothing. He wanders unmarked in the fold. If a married woman is distinguished by being called Mrs. a married man should be called Master.

MR. ALBERT—Master by courtesy, I suppose. Wouldn't the irony be a trifle broad?

(*Laughter on the floor.*)

JOANNA (*Leaning toward the railing*)—Oh, did you see that? Look, Katy; you must be more marital. Your husband's trying to get order for the speakers,—one man won't stop talking, and he has thrown an olive at his head. They are all laughing at him.

(*Applause on the floor.*)

KATY (*Seating herself, and looking down*)—There's the first speaker on his feet; hear them applaud. Sha'n't we listen?

(MR. ALBERT hesitates, then seats himself in the chair next to NANCY.)

MR. ALBERT—Have you been in town long, Mrs. Ernst?

JOANNA (*Turning quickly*)—I beg your pardon.

KATY (*Hiding her laughter*)—Your name isn't Ernst, is it? Weren't you taught to speak only when you are spoken to? (*Aside.*) You little goose. Let Nancy amuse herself.

(*They both turn back to the house laughing and whispering together.*)

NANCY (*With effort*)—Did you ask if I had been long in town? I came here only a few days ago. I am staying with Mrs. Dennis. (*With greater effort.*) I did not know that this was now your home.

MR. ALBERT (*Easily*)—It is not my home,—though, so far as friends go, it is perhaps rather headquarters to me. I am leading a rather roving life. Did you ever play battle-dore and shuttlecock, Mrs. Ernst?

NANCY (*Puzzled*)—What do you mean?

MR. ALBERT—Only that it is a pretty enough game for a few rounds. When the ball is kept up over long it's rather too severe a tax on the muscles; don't you think so?

NANCY—I never played it at all.

MR. ALBERT (*Looking closely at her and lowering his voice*)—Nancy, how long are you going to play it now? I cannot keep up this farce much longer.

NANCY (*Aside*)—He knows, then. (*Aloud.*) What farce?

MR. ALBERT—Of idle talk with other thoughts in the mind of each, and each of us knowing it. Let us be more simple together. And so you have married! Are you happy? How coarsely I put it, but I am sick of cobwebs.

NANCY (*Aside*)—He does not know. With this shield I can talk to him. (*Aloud.*) Am I happy? I think I may say that the wife of Mr. Ernst is happy; yes, a very happy woman.

MR. ALBERT (*Slowly*)—I am very glad.

NANCY (*Involuntarily*)—Are you? (*She recovers herself, biting her lip.*)

MR. ALBERT (*Leaning nearer and speaking earnestly*)—Can you doubt it? Is thy servant a dog? (*He pauses and smiles.*) Yes, I believe you are right. Though the sweet straw of the manger was not for me, I do find that in my black heart which grudges it to others. But then, the dog in the manger lacked appetite,—while I—

NANCY (*Agitatedly*)—Oh, wait one moment; I cannot let you go on. I must tell you that we—that I—

MR. ALBERT (*Drawing back*)—Am married. Thank you. I fear I needed reminding. I did wrong in speaking to the wife of another man as no man on earth should speak to my wife.

NANCY (*Leaning back in her chair, her hands clasping the arms*)—Then you—you also are married?

MR. ALBERT—No, not married; but— You have not then heard that I am engaged?

NANCY—No; I—I had not heard. (*She begins drawing off her gloves hurriedly.*)

MR. ALBERT—Is this that your wedding-ring may be kept in my sight?

NANCY (*Laughing hysterically*)—My wedding-ring! No, I never wear rings under my gloves. I can talk more easily with my hands free. Gloves choke me sometimes. (*Laughing again.*) It's not pleasant—feeling choked. You asked me if I were happy and I answered. It is my turn to ask you.

MR. ALBERT—You answered me in substance that the wife of Mr. Ernst must be a happy woman. I answer you that the husband of my wife must be a happy man.

NANCY—Then you care for her?

MR. ALBERT—I could marry under no other conditions. (*He looks up at Nancy.*) And yet—

NANCY—That is all, then. (*She lifts her hands lightly, letting them fall again.*) If we each confess ourselves engaged or married, and happy, all's well.

MR. ALBERT—That ends well. But I am just deciding that we do not end till we die, Nancy. Do you know, in spite of all that now separates us, meeting you to-night somehow stirs an old pain. I find myself answering to your voice unreasoningly, as might a dumb brute you had once owned, though it belonged to a new and a kinder master. I fear my instincts are brutally faithful.

NANCY—Faithful!

MR. ALBERT—Why not? Because I have taken it quietly? Those men who wail aloud and leap into new-made graves are the first to be really faithless. After all, what is it to be faithful? Suppose a man has his life thrust back upon itself; he must make something of it, and if that includes marriage, and a happy marriage, so be it. I hold him justified. Do you?

NANCY—Justified, of course,—but faithful?

MR. ALBERT—Well, yes, if he still cherishes reverently in the shrine of his spirit an ideal that but one woman ever has or ever can wholly fill for him. If that is to be faithful to you, Nancy, then I am—

NANCY (*Recoiling*)—You cannot, you must not, say this,—if I am a wife, you almost a husband. It is anything but reverence to me.

MR. ALBERT—With you as a happy wife and I a contented lover, I do not see how it could be dangerous to loiter a little in the old pastures. Nancy, tell me frankly, don't you think you owe me some reparation? To give me my *cong  * almost in public! Was that treating me harshly? Or did I deserve the humiliation?

NANCY—Oh, I cannot explain to you. You were never a woman, and a frightened woman. Was it what I deserved, or harsh of you, to leave me with no farewell of any kind?

MR. ALBERT—You were never a man, and a slighted man. Why should I aggravate my loss by waiting to hold for a moment a hand which had been promised me forever and then snatched away in the same hour? No, Nancy; any court would award me the damages. Why should you now grudge me one half-hour? Does it involve disloyalty to the ties you have formed?

NANCY (*Falteringly*)—Mr. Ernst can never question my loyalty. All that I am to him I shall ever be.

MR. ALBERT—Then one half-hour is safe, and there is one question I must ask you. Nancy, three years ago I harassed and pursued you to a point that even now I am ashamed to remember. I had pleaded with you in season and out of season. The consent which you at last gave was wrung from you. When at last I left you standing by your father's side, as if seeking his protection from my persecutions, I determined that they should end there sharply, and I have held myself to the vow. Once, soon after, I saw your father,—but he has told you that.

NANCY—Papa? He told me nothing.

MR. ALBERT—He thought it would only trouble you, I suppose. I spoke to him frankly of my position, and asked his advice. He told me it was all hopeless,—that you cared for no one,—that since my leaving you had been, if anything, better and brighter.

NANCY (*Faintly*)—Papa!

MR. ALBERT—And yet, despite my own eyes, despite his testimony, do you know I have sometimes wondered if I stopped just once too soon. Nancy, did you ever think so? Throw me that one word out of the silence of the rest of our lives.

NANCY (*With suppressed emotion*)—Oh, this is wrong,—all wrong. I did not realize how much you would ask. We have no right to this. We are blinding each other and ourselves.

MR. ALBERT (*Quickly*)—Or do we begin to see too plainly what might have been?

NANCY—See! You see nothing. The only further words I may say to you are these: You have been deceived. Nancy and Mrs. Ernst are two utterly different women.

MR. ALBERT (*Looks at her, then bends nearer*)—You need not tell me that. It is untrue. You have the eyes, the look, the voice of the Nancy I loved. You cannot have changed her heart wholly.

NANCY (*Impatiently*)—Are you blind, or is it that you will not see? I am not talking parables. I have been playing an actual *r  le*.

MR. ALBERT (*Drawing back*)—What *r  le*?

NANCY—One that was thrust upon me before I recognized you. Until you stood by me I did not know who it was that I had to meet. How shall I explain it to you? I am not—

MR. ALBERT (*Raising his voice*)—Not interested in the speaking? (*Aside.*) Be careful. Mrs. Dennis is listening. (*Aloud to KATY.*) How do you feel about it, Mrs. Dennis? Do you care for the speaker?

KATY (*Turning and laughing*)—That depends upon who speaks. You should talk with more circumstance, Mr. Albert. You might have fluttered me seriously were I a less sophisticated female.

MR. ALBERT—Are there any such left? All whom I know are super-subtle enough to relieve me of any responsibility. Before I realize that we are drifting into danger I see them casting anchors to windward. Then, if the breezes but breathe, or blow as a hurricane, they ride as safe as the wild ducks.

NANCY (*Aside, faintly*)—I cannot bear this mocking. (*She rises, her hand grasping the back of her chair.* MR. ALBERT, *glancing at her, rises also.*)

JOANNA—Don't be too recklessly minute in your descriptions, Mr. Albert. When a man generalizes on woman with his tongue he's always specializing in his brain. We might guess her name.

KATY—Why are you standing, Nancy? What do you want?

NANCY—Not to guess riddles. Is the banquet almost over?

JOANNA (*Looking down*)—They are just handing the loving-cup from table to table.

NANCY—Let us go before the crush, Katy.

KATY (*Rising*)—Let us go now. Have you heard enough, Nancy?

NANCY—Yes; I have heard enough.

MR. ALBERT (*To her, significantly*)—Shall I, then, draw the curtain? (*He leans forward to close the curtains of the box.*) I hate the look of a deserted box. It stares at the house more than when eyes are in it.

KATY—Settle that as you will. Come, Joanna. (*JOANNA and KATY pass on either side of MR. ALBERT, toward the door. NANCY, moving to follow them, finds her way blocked by a chair which MR. ALBERT thrusts out of his path and across the corner of the box. His face is turned from her as he hurries by.*)

MR. ALBERT—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dennis. (*He opens the door for KATY and JOANNA, who pass out. NANCY, having broken her blockade, also approaches the door.*)

KATY (*Outside*)—Nancy!

NANCY—I am coming.

MR. ALBERT (*Shutting the door and standing before it*)—Not yet.

KATY (*Outside, heard faintly*)—Nancy! Nancy!

NANCY—Mr. Albert, pray let me pass you. They are calling me.

MR. ALBERT (*Hurriedly*)—How many years was I calling, Nancy? (*He draws nearer to her, catching her hands.*) I am three—no, a hundred years older than when we parted. You cannot deceive me again, I know now that you did—that you do—love me, and I have been a hasty fool.

NANCY (*Struggling to free her hands*)—Oh, hush, hush! You are too late.

MR. ALBERT (*Excitedly*)—You would play your rôle to the end! It had no real beginning. After the first moment I discovered you were acting. You are not married. I recognized the true Mrs. Ernst almost as I entered the box. But had I not, could I have seen your face change, heard your voice break, and not know that you loved me only? Confess that you do, Nancy. Can you deny it?

(*Voice outside, impatiently*)—"Nancy!"

NANCY (*Wildly*)—I entreat, I implore you to let me go. What will they think?

MR. ALBERT—I neither know nor care. Are conven-

tionalities always to drag us apart. One word from you is my right.

NANCY—Conventionality! You are mad to call it that. How dare you—how dare you keep me?

MR. ALBERT—You may leave this box the moment you can look me in the face and say, "I do not love you."

NANCY (*Looking up at him*)—If you are so merciless, take it. I have loved you from the moment you left me, and—every hour since. It is I who have been faithful. Have you shamed me enough for your revenge? Now am I free?

MR. ALBERT (*Drawing her to him*)—After that, never. I am only mortal.

NANCY (*Breaking from him and retreating behind the chair in the corner of the box.*)—If you but touch me again I shall call Mrs. Dennis. What have I done that you dare insult me so deeply? (*She wrings her hands.*) Oh, I have brought this on myself by my trifling. As you can no longer respect me, at least remember the woman who is to bear your name.

MR. ALBERT (*Starting*)—My fiancée! Good heavens! I had forgotten her. (*He follows NANCY and rests one knee on the chair, his hands stretched out to her across the back.*) Dear, will you ever forgive me? What did I tell you? That no man on earth should speak to my wife as I spoke to you,—nor should he were you she. I said that the husband of my wife must be the happiest man in the world; then make me happy, Nancy, for I am no more an engaged man than you a married woman.

NANCY (*Bewildered and retreating*)—You said—

MR. ALBERT.—Nothing but quibbles. Have I played my rôle too well to undo it? It was only a counter rôle, conceived in a moment of pique to parry your acting. Can't you forgive me, Nancy?

(*NANCY stands in great agitation, half turned from him, her hand pressed to her brow.*)

MR. ALBERT (*Holding out his hands to her*)—Nancy, dear, try to forgive me! You must do or say something, you know. I can't go on and on talking all alone. (*He waits.*) Well, then, you needn't say a word. You have only to lift your hand three inches to lay it in mine forever. See, I make it *two* inches, Nancy. A dinner divided us, but a dinner has brought us together again. Shall it be a dinner engagement?

As NANCY, her face still half averted, slowly lifts her hand toward his,

THE CURTAIN FALLS.



CHINATOWN IN NEW YORK.

IF you happen to glance from a right-hand window of a down train on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad when the guard shouts "Chatham Square," you catch a fleeting glimpse of a narrow little street that dodges this way and that and disappears in mysterious depths. You are impressed by a strangeness in it, whether you know or not, that through it you are looking into the heart of Chinatown,—a bit of the great East transplanted to the West.

Perhaps it is evening, and you are sight-seeing. You leave the train and enter this crooked little thoroughfare with its dull, flickering lights and ramshackle buildings. An open door, mean enough, but brighter than the others, attracts you. You pay the price of admission and go in; weird, monotonous sounds fill the air; you see monstrous figures. The elevated trains,

the clanging cable-cars, the glaring lights and crowds of the Bowery, which you left a moment ago, are forgotten now. You are in another world. You step into the crooked street and find yourself at a barbaric ceremonial of the Orient.

This Chinatown is like a tiny island in a sea. The waters of our Western life and civilization beat against it and eddy round it and penetrate it in little estuaries, but still it is not engulfed. The Oriental character is not soluble. The Chinese, when away from the Flowery Kingdom, dream of the day of their return, and in great centers like New York and San Francisco, where they are abundant, they create Chinatowns,—dark patches in the city's fabric.

While John Chinaman's face is inscrutable, and it is impossible to know his thoughts during the hours from early morning till late at night, in which he silently labors over the washtub and ironing-board in the little laundries that are scattered by thousands through New York and Brooklyn and surrounding communities, yet it is very safe to say that he often lives over again in memory his last Sunday with his cousins and friends in Chinatown, and looks forward with much anticipation to his next visit. On Saturday night he works very late; but his shop is closed on Sunday morning. Then every train and trolley-car and ferryboat traveling in the direction of Chinatown has its quota of stolid Mongolian passengers. The three short streets in the slum district have become a Mecca, and Sunday night they are overflowing.

On a clear, balmy Sunday evening in the spring or fall you see the life there best. There are constant passings to and fro of stealthy figures. At every squalid doorway

are apathetic, dark-skinned loungers. On the corners, merry, fat-faced Chinamen, others with long, melancholy countenances, and many with shrewd eyes and scanty gray beards, stand chatting. The hum of incessant conversation, in musical, sing-song tones, is in your ears. Now and then a figure gorgeous in bright-hued, silken robes strides proudly by his humbler fellow-countrymen; and here and there you see a dapper little fellow in a cut-

away coat, patent-leather shoes, and a Derby hat that is out of plumb because of the cue that is rolled up beneath it. Frequently you hear women's voices in loud talk, and laughter that has a reckless ring, and see gaudily attired girls who greet the Chinamen familiarly as they pass along; and there are other women, usually clad in shawls, standing in doorways, some of them with

babies in their arms. From neatly curtained windows above girls are leaning. There are crowds about the shops, in which are sold queer Chinese articles of use and ornament, for the Chinese wait till Sunday night to make their purchases from their own countrymen in Chinatown. The proprietors of the establishments sit in little cage-like places at the end of the counter nearest the door, with heads bent close over books, making strange characters



SCENE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.



CHINESE BABY AND NURSE.



From a drawing by F. H. Schell.

ILLUMINATION IN CHINATOWN IN HONOR OF LI HUNG CHANG.



CHINESE LAUNDRYMEN.

with clumsy sticks — apparently sharpened at the point, but in reality tipped with brushes — which they dip in a black, fluid-like ink, and with which they do all their writing.

Tom Lee is perhaps the best known of Chinatown's merchant princes. In the old days, before the Lexow investigation, he is said to have been the agent of the police in levying blackmail upon the fan-tan players. However that may be, it is certain that he was a power in the police courts. When an unfortunate Chinaman stood before the bar of justice Tom Lee was present, and his word for or against the prisoner always had great weight with "His Honor."

Most Chinamen trembled before the great Tom Lee. He was called the "Mayor of Chinatown," and from the Chinese standpoint

had fabulous wealth. But Tom Lee's star has set since the passing of the old police régime.

Other great men have arisen. There is Chu Fong, for example, the proprietor of the playhouse, a rotund Chinaman who has a *blasé* manner, and wears a big diamond on his little finger; and there is Charlie Lee, the interpreter and lawyer, who knows all the judges and politicians, and Wong Ching Foo, the literary man, who is hand and glove with the writers of Newspaper Row. Gentlemen, such as these, representing the merchant and professional classes, are the aristocrats of Chinatown. Between them and the poor Chinese woodpicker there are many social grades, but all unite in doing honor to the Chinese Consul, a powerful and distinguished official of the Imperial government, who does not live in Chinatown, but near Washington Square, and has an imported Chinese nurse for the little bundle of silk from which small and very bright almond eyes look out. On bright afternoons "the little China baby" may be seen in its carriage in Washington Square, surrounded by a group of eager children, to the great inconvenience,



A TYPE.



CHINESE WOOD-PICKER.

but manifest gratification of the nurse, who is proud of the attention the little charge attracts.

While there are a few full-blooded Chinese women in Chinatown, they are rarely seen by Americans. Their public appearance is confined almost exclusively to occasional visits to the joss house, the place of worship where the idols are, and incense is always burning; and to the theatre, where a box is reserved for them. But, in keeping with the Chinese idea of woman's place, it is at the back of the house instead of near the stage. The women make these little journeys in cabs, notwithstanding the fact that the distances are very short. Their mincing, crippled steps as

they pass across the sidewalk from the vehicle shows how difficult it is for them to walk. The Chinese children are seen much oftener than their mothers. They are picturesque little creatures in their bright garments, but they usually regard you with seeming disapproval and make an unintelligible but evidently personal remark to the smiling Chinaman standing near.

He says he wants two pennies," interprets the latter; and as you hand them over a smile takes the place of the look of austerity on the wise little face, and the baby unbends.

One of Chinatown's most pathetic figures is "the doctor." He is a very old man, whose long, bony hands tremble and who mutters to himself as he brews the ginseng. When he looks at you the thought of a mummy with reanimated eyes enters your mind. In one of the most populous quarters of the city he is a hermit. His fellow-countrymen rarely try the virtue of his herbs nowadays. They pass his door and go to Dr. Toms, who is a graduate of the



CHINESE WOMAN.

New York University Medical School.

Chinatown has its full share of holidays, and the Chinese New Year, in particular, is a great festival time. But all of these were paled into utter insignificance by the recent tremendous gala-day. Nothing like it was ever known in the history of Chinatown. The world-renowned Li Hung Chang, the greatest man in all the Chinese Empire, was in New York and was actually going to honor little Chinatown with a visit.

The quarter was overwhelmed at first; then it rallied gallantly. All the yellow national flags and all the yellow bunting and lanterns that could be found were gathered together and stretched across Mott and Doyers streets until they formed a sort of roof of waving color with ends hanging down like festoons in a cave. No laundering was done by Chinamen in New York that day. Every window in Chinatown was the frame for many dark faces, and the balconies were masses of humanity when the spirited music announced the coming of the great Li. When he entered the quarter the cheering swept the street like a great wave which, after he had passed, was broken into a sort of choppy sea of sound. That night the three streets of Chinatown were packed with a solid mass of sightseers, and the air was laden with the odor of exploded fire-crackers. Not until daylight did the conviviality cease, and the visiting Chinamen begin to drift away, very tired, but well content, for they had been participants in the greatest day that Chinatown had ever known.

The theatre in Doyers Street is packed to the doors at most performances, and the spectators bend forward eagerly on the wooden benches, while wild, monoto-



CHINESE BABY.

nous sounds that are the Chinese idea of music fill the air with deafening noise. The figures on the rude stage are grotesque. There are speeches lasting many minutes, the sentences punctuated by the ringing of a doleful bell. Then the hero and the monster, a creature with a fantastic



A CHINESE WAITER.

head-dress and fiery eyes, draw swords and stamp and slash till the monster is vanquished. The music swells to a maddening tone, and the American spectator soon has enough of the spectacle and is very glad to get out into the open air, although most of the audience are deeply absorbed and sit in rapt attention from six o'clock till midnight.

Most of the dramas tell heroic tales of ancient times; there is no scenery, and the performance is a sort of recital by a story-

hair, and clear eyes with the light of youth in them. She is tastefully attired and handles her chopsticks and smokes her cigarette with a suggestion, at least, of daintiness and grace. This is the beginning. Off in a corner sits a woman, forlorn and sodden and disheveled. That is the end. There is plenty of material here to trace out the road. You wonder if the younger ones cannot see.

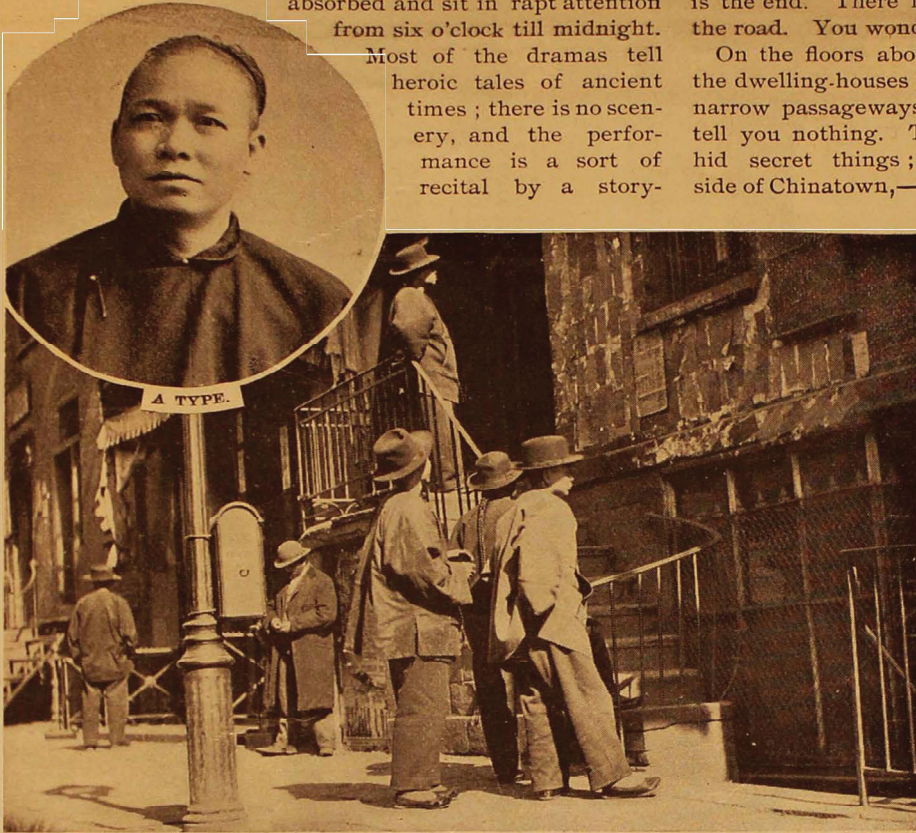
On the floors above the restaurant, and, indeed, in all the dwelling-houses in Chinatown, there are labyrinths of narrow passageways and doors at every turn. But they tell you nothing. They are closed and silent, as if they hid secret things; and they do conceal the darkest side of Chinatown,—a side of which you can get a glimpse

perhaps, if you are in the company of one of the kindly-faced and soft-voiced missionaries who are known and trusted in the quarter. A knock on a door will bring an answer in a feminine voice, "Who's there?" Unless the missionary knows the girl well she often discreetly answers "Maggie" or "Mary." As there are many Maggies and Marys in Chinatown, the girl thinks it is an acquaintance and opens the door a little way. It is frequently slammed abruptly before the missionary has an opportunity to say the kind words which are upon her lips; but just as often the girl listens, the door is opened a little wider, and the visitors are invited in. The room is in striking contrast with the rude and bare hall. Dainty lace curtains adorn the windows, the floor is covered with a good carpet, there are comfortable chairs and a highly polished

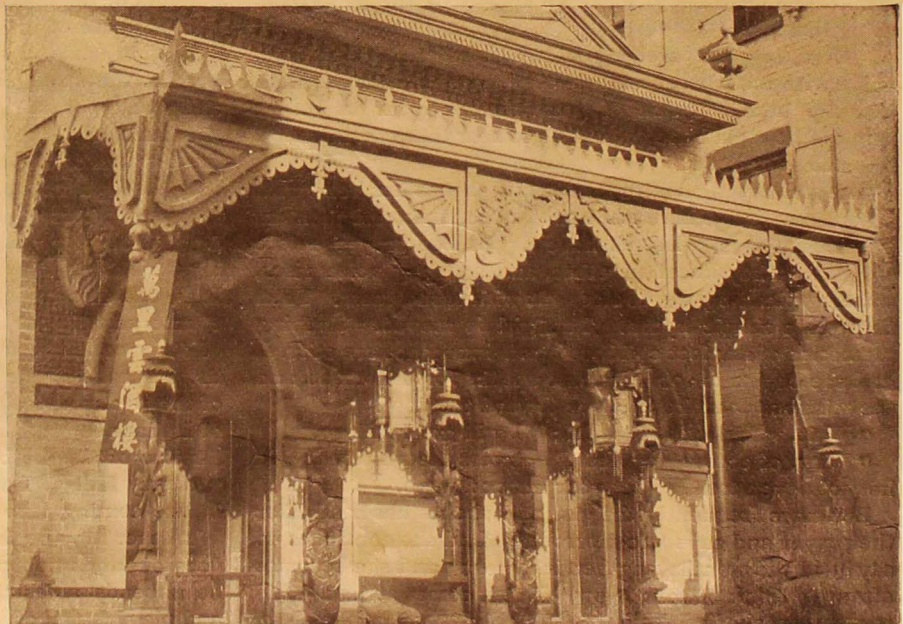
stove, upon which a tea-kettle is singing merrily. The impression is distinctly one of neatness and cozyness. The hostess gets chairs for her guests, and then sits down to entertain them. There is a little gossip of the quarter and

teller, with the most thrilling parts of the tale emphasized by action. There is an actress in the Doyers Street theatre, but the female parts are usually taken by men; women are a rarity on the Chinese stage.

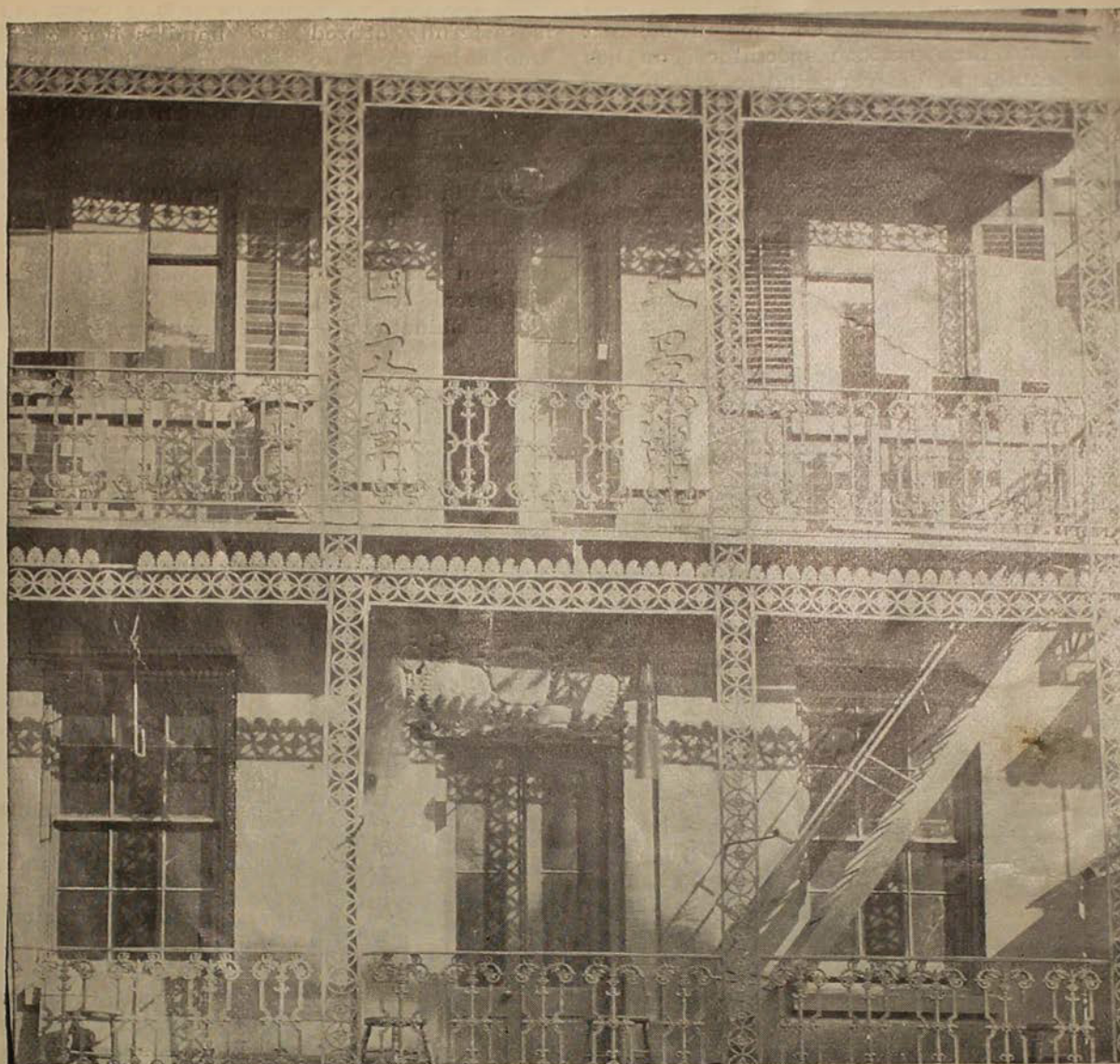
As you roam through the poorly lighted streets you see houses with balconies of dark, carved wood, hung with lanterns, filling them with a red glow. They are picturesque in the extreme, and have a foreign atmosphere which gives to the scene a certain fascination of the mysterious. You pass through a dark entrance and up a steep stairway. An open door confronts you at the top of the first flight, and you find yourself in one of the popular Chinese restaurants. The ceiling is low and the floor is dirty. The tables are rude and bare, and high stools do duty as chairs. Being a stranger, the occupants look up at you curiously. You sit down, despite the untidiness, for there are things here that are interesting and worth studying. These sordid surroundings frame tragic pictures. At an adjoining table is a girl with soft, white skin, and wavy



EXAMINING THE LOTTERY POSTERS.



BALCONY OF A CHINESE STORE ON PELL STREET.



EXTERIOR OF A CHINESE RESIDENCE ON PELL STREET.

bits of news are exchanged. Ever so tactfully the missionary leads the conversation to the object of her visit. At last she ventures to make an appeal to the girl something like this:

"Now, my dear, aren't you tired of it all? Won't you come with me where you can be very much happier than you are here? Think of your mother, your brothers; think of how glad they would be to hear that you have left this place for good."

The girl usually smiles faintly and shakes her head with a hopeless air. There is a little further talk, and then the missionary says, "Let us have a word of prayer before we go." They kneel together, and a strong voice rises, uttering pleading words eloquent with earnestness. Then there is a simple hymn. The girl is moved. Sleeping memories of her lost childhood and innocence are stirred, and she begins to sob. No one speaks for a moment, and the missionary makes a move toward the door.

"Wait, wait," cries the girl; "I will go, I will go."

"Why, of course, my dear," answers the missionary, in her soft, even tone. "Get your hat and wrap."

But more frequently the girl still shakes her head after the prayer and says "to-morrow." And she continues to say it till the months lengthen into years, and she becomes afraid to think of to-morrow. But it comes at last,—this to-morrow she is afraid of. The body of a homeless, friendless creature is put into a pine box and jostled over

the cobble-stones. Another hole is dug in the ground at Hart's Island, and another unhappy life sinks into the oblivion of the insatiable Potter's Field.

This phase of life in Chinatown has been dwelt upon at length because it is one of the things which most impresses the stranger. He sees nothing of the gambling, and would not know from personal experience that there was such a thing as opium-smoking were it not for the faint aroma of the drug that fills the houses. He knows only through vague rumors that in Chinatown there are many members of the great society known as the Hip Shing Tong, or "highbinders," who are at the bottom of mysterious crimes. These are the evils of Chinatown. It is but fair to say, however, that they all have their counterparts in the evils of the surrounding communities of other nationalities. In the Chinese quarter, moreover, there is none of the squalor and dirt and noisome odors of the swarming colonies of Hebrews in Hester Street and of Italians in Mulberry Bend. There is none of the rufianism of the hotbeds of crime at "Five Points" and "Cherry Hill." Entering Chinatown from these districts is like coming into a sanctuary of peace and quietude. Whatever may be the Chinaman's faults, he is clean and decorous and unobtrusive. While reserved with strangers, he unbends amazingly among his cronies, and is merry and playful, full of jokes and laughter. To his friends he is always true.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

By GILBERT PARKER.

THE GIFT OF THE SIMPLE KING.

I.

ONCE Macavoy the giant ruled a tribe of Northern people, achieving the dignity chiefly by the hands of Pretty Pierre, who called him King Macavoy. Then came a time when, tiring of his kingship, he journeyed south, leaving all behind, even to his queen, who, in her royal bed of cypress and yarrow, came forth no more into the morning. About Fort Guidon they still gave him his title, and because of his guilelessness, sincerity, and generosity, Pierre called him "The Simple King." His seven feet and over shambled about, suggesting unjointed power, unshackled force. No one hated Macavoy, many loved him; he was welcome at the fire and the cooking-pot; yet it seemed shameful to have so much man useless,—such an engine of life, which might do great things, wasting fuel. Nobody thought much of that at Fort Guidon, except, perhaps, Pierre, who sometimes said, "My simple king, some day you shall have your great chance again, but not as a king; as a giant, a man."

The day did not come immediately, but it came.

When Ida, the deaf-and-dumb girl, married Hilton, of the Hudson Bay Company, every man at Fort Guidon, and some from posts beyond, sent her or brought her presents of one kind or another. Pierre's gift was a Mexican saddle. He was branding Ida's name on it with the broken blade of a case-knife when Macavoy entered, having just returned from a vagabond visit to Fort St. Anne.

"Is it diggin' out or carvin' in y'are, Pierre?" he asked, puffing in his beard.

Pierre looked up contemptuously, but did not reply to the insinuation, for he never saw an insult unless he intended to avenge it; and quarrel with Macavoy,—not he.

"What are you going to give?" he asked.

"Aw, give what to who, hop-o'-me-thumb?" Macavoy said, stretching himself out in the doorway, his legs in the sun, his head in the shade.

"You've been taking a walk in the country, then?" Pierre asked, though he knew.

"To Fort St. Anne; a buryin', two christ'nin's, an' a weddin'; an' lashins to drink,—aw that, me button o' the North!"

"Hey! hey! what a fool you are, my simple king! You've got the things end foremost. Turn your head to the open air, for I go to light a cigarette, and if you breathe this way there will be a grand explode!"

"Aw, yer thumb in yer eye, Pierre! It's like a baby's, me breath is, milk and honey it is,—aw, yis; an' Father Corraine, that was doin' the trick for the love o' God, says he to me, 'Little Tim Macavoy,'—aw, yis, *little* Tim Macavoy, says he,—'when are you goin' to buckle to, for the love o' God!' says he. Ashamed I was, Pierre, that Father Corraine should spake to me like that, for I'd only a twig twisted at me hips to kape me trousiers up, an' I thought 'twas that he had in his eye. 'Buckle to,' says I, 'Father Corraine? Buckle to, yer riv'rince?'—feelin' I was at the twigs the while. 'Aye, little Tim Macavoy,' he says, says he, 'you've been atin' the husks uv idleness long enough; when are you goin' to buckle to? You had a kingdom and ye guv it up,' says he; 'take a field, get a plow, and buckle to,' says he, 'an' turn back no more!'—like that, says Father Corraine; and I thinkin' all the time 'twas the want o' me belt he was drivin' at."

Pierre looked at him a moment idly, then said;

"Such a tom-fool! And where's that grand leather belt of yours, eh, my monarch?"

A laugh shook through Macavoy's beard.

"For the weddin' it wint, buckled the two up wid it for better or worse; an' purty they looked, they did, standin' there in me cinch, an' one hole left,—aw, yis, Pierre!"

"And what do you give to Ida?" Pierre asked, with a little emphasis of the branding-iron.

Macavoy got to his feet.

"Ida! Ida!" he said. "Is that saddle for her? Is it her and Hilton that's to ate aff one dish together? That rose o' the valley, that bird wid a song in her face and none on her tongue! That daisy dot uv a thing, steppin' through the world like a sprig o' glory! Aw, Pierre, thim two, an' I've divil a scrap to give, good or bad. I ve nothin' at all in the wide wurruld but the clothes on me back an' thim hangin' on the underbrush,"—giving a little twist to the twigs. "An' many a meal an' many a dipper o' drink she's guv me, little smiles dancin' at her lips."

He sat down in the doorway again, with his face turned toward Pierre and the back of his head in the sun. He was a picture of perfect health, sumptuous, huge, a bull in beauty, and the heart of a child looking out of his eyes, but a sort of despair, too, in his bearing. Pierre watched him with a furtive humor for a time, then he said, languidly,

"Never mind your clothes, give yourself."

"Yer tongue in yer cheek, me spot o' vinegar. Give meself! What's that for? A purty weddin' gift, say I! Handy thing to have in the house! Use me for a clothes-horse, or shtand me in the garden for a fairy bower!—aw, yis, wid a hole in me face that'd ate thim out o' house and home!"

Pierre drew a piece of brown paper toward him and wrote on it with a burnt match. Presently he held it up.

"*Voilà!* my simple king, the thing for you to do: a grand gift, and to cost you nothing now. Come! read it out, and tell me what you think."

Macavoy took the paper, and in a large, judicial way, read slowly:

"*On demand, for value received, I promise to pay to IDA HILTON or order, meself, Tim Macavoy, standin' seven foot three on me bare fut, wid interest at nothin' at all.*"

Macavoy ended with a loud smack of the lips. "McGuire!" he said, and nothing more. "McGuire" was his strongest expression. In the most important moments of his career he had said it, and it sounded deep, strange, and more powerful than many usual oaths. A moment later he said again, "McGuire!" Then he read it once more out loud. "What's that, me Frenchman?" he said. "What Balzebub's tricks are y'at now?"

Pierre was complacently eying his handiwork on the saddle. He now settled back with his shoulders to the wall, and said:

"*Dis donc,* it's a little promissory note, for a wedding gift to Ida. When she says, some day, 'Tim Macavoy, I want you to do this or that, or to go here or there, or to sell you or trade you, or use you for a clothes-horse or a bridge over a canyon, or to hold up a house, or blow out a prairie fire, or be my second husband,' you shall say,



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"SHE HANDED HILTON THE PAPER AFTER IDA HAD FALLEN IN A FAINT ON THE FLOOR."

‘Here I am’; and you shall travel from heaven to Halifax, but you shall come at the call of this promissory.”

Pierre’s teeth glistened behind a smile as he spoke, and Macavoy broke into a roar of laughter.

“Black’s the white o’ yer eye,” he said, at last, “an’ a joke’s a joke. Seven fut three I am, an’ sound uv wind and limb,—an’ a weddin’ gift to that swate rose o’ the valley! Aisy, aisy, Pierre. A bit o’ foolin’ ’twas ye put on the paper, but truth I’ll make it, me cock o’ the walk! That’s the gift I’ll give her and Hilton, an’ no other. An’ a dab wid red wax it shall have, an’ what more be the word o’ Freddy Tarlton the lawyer.”

“You’re a great man, *beau gentilhomme*,” said Pierre, with a touch of gentle irony; for his natural malice had no play against the huge ex-king of his own making. With these big creatures—he had connived with several in his time—he had ever been superior, protective, making them to feel that they were as children beside him, and, in truth, he had in him the elements of a Napoleon. He looked at Macavoy musingly, and said to himself, “Well, why not? If it is a joke, then it is a joke; if it is a thing to make the world stand still for a minute some time, so much the better. He is all waste now. By the holy, he shall do it! It is amusing, and it may be great by and by.”

Presently Pierre said aloud: “Well, my Macavoy, what will you do? Send this good gift?”

“Aw, yis, Pierre. I stand by that from the crown uv me head to the sole uv me fut, sure. Face like a mornin’ in May, and hands like the tunes of an organ, she has. Spakes wid a look uv her eye and a twist uv her purty lips an’ swaying body, and talking to you widout a word. Aw, motion—motion,—motion; yis, that’s it, that’s it! An’ I’ve seen her on tap uv a hill wid the wind blowin’ her hair free, and the yellow buds on the tree, and the grass green beneath her feet, the sun smilin’ betune her and the sun; pictures,—pictures, aw, yis! Promissory note on demand it is any toime? Seven foot three on me bare fut. But, Holy Mother! when she calls I come, yis.”

“On your oath, Macavoy?” asked Pierre,—“by the Book of the Mass?”

Macavoy stood up straight till his head scraped the cobwebs between the rafters, the wild indignation of a child in his eye.

“D’ye think I’m a thafe to stale me own word? Hut! I’ll break ye in two, ye wisp o’ straw, if ye doubt me word to a lady. There’s me note o’ hand, and ye shall have me fist on it in writing, at Freddy Tarlton’s office, wid a blotch uv red an’ the queen’s head at the bottom. *Mc-Guire!*” he said again, and paused, puffing his lips through his beard.

Pierre looked at him a moment, then waving his fingers idly, said:

“So, my straw-breaker! Then to-morrow morning at ten you will fetch your wedding gift. But come so soon to Monsieur Tarlton’s office, and we will have it all as you say, with the red seal and the turn of your fist,—yes. Well, well, we travel far in the world, and sometimes we see strange things, and no two strange things are alike,—no; there is only one Macavoy in the world, there was only one Shon McGann. Shon McGann was a lovely fool, but he did something at last, truly yes. Tim Macavoy, perhaps, will do something at last on his own hook. Hey, I wonder!”

As he said this he felt the muscles of Macavoy’s arm musingly, and then laughed up in the giant’s face. “Once I made you a king, *mon enfant*, and you threw it all away; now I make you a slave, and we shall see what you will do. *Allons! allons!* for Monsieur Tarlton.”

Macavoy dropped a heavy hand on Pierre’s shoulder.

“’Tis hard to be a king, Pierre, but ’tis aisy to be a slave for the likes o’ her. I’d kiss her dirty shoe, sure.”

As they passed through the door Pierre said: “*Dis donc*, perhaps, when all is done, she will sell you for old bones and rags. Then I will buy you, and I will burn your bones and the rags, and I will scatter to the four winds of the earth the ashes of a king, a slave, a fool, and an Irishman,—truly.”

“Bedad! ye’ll have more earth in yer hands then, Pierre, than ye’ll ever earn, and more heaven than ye’ll ever shtand in.”

Half an hour later they were in Freddy Tarlton’s office on the banks of the Little Big Swan, which tumbled past, swelled by the first rain of the early autumn. Freddy Tarlton, who had a gift of humor, entered into the spirit of the thing and treated it seriously; but in vain did he protest that the large red seal with Her Majesty’s head on it was unnecessary; Macavoy insisted, and wrote his name across it with an indistinctness worthy of a king. Before the night was over everybody at Guidon Hill, save Hilton and Ida herself, knew what gift would come from Macavoy to the wedded pair.

The next morning was almost painfully beautiful, so delicate in its clearness, so exalted by the glory of the hills, so grand in the limitless stretch of the green-brown north and south. It was a day for God’s creatures to meet in and speed away, and having flown round the boundaries of that spacious domain to return again to the nest of home on the large plateau between the sea and the stars.

Gathered about Ida’s home was everybody who lived within a radius of a hundred miles. In the large front room all the presents were set,—rich furs from the far North, cunningly carved bowls, rocking-chairs made by hand, knives, cooking utensils, a copy of Shakespeare in six volumes from the Protestant missionary who performed the ceremony, a nugget of gold from the Long Light River, and, outside the door, a horse, Hilton’s own present to his wife, on which was put Pierre’s saddle with its silver mountings and Ida’s name branded deep on pommel and flap. When Macavoy arrived a cheer went up which was carried on waves of laughter into the house to Hilton and Ida, who even then were standing before the missionary listening to the first words of the brief service which begins, “I charge you both if you do know any just cause or impediment,” and so on. But they did not turn to see what it was, for just at that moment they themselves were the most interesting people in the universe. Ida being deaf and dumb, it was necessary to interpret to her the words of the service by signs as the missionary read it, and this was done by Pierre himself, the half-breed Catholic, the man who had brought Hilton and Ida together, for he and Ida had been old friends. After Father Corrairie had taught her the language of signs Pierre had learned them from her, until at last his gestures had become as vital as her own; for the delicate precision of his every movement, the suggestiveness of look and motion, were suited to a language which was nearer to the instincts of his own nature than word of mouth.

All men did not trust Pierre, but all women did; with those he had a touch of Machiavelli, with these he had no sign of Mephistopheles, and few were the occasions in his life when he showed outward tenderness to either, which was equally effective. He had learned, or knew by instinct, that exclusiveness as to men and indifference as to women are the greatest influences on both. As he stood there, slowly interpreting to Ida, by graceful allusive signs, the words of the service, one could not think that behind his impassive face there was any feeling for the man or

for the woman; indeed, he had that disdainful smile which men acquire who, like Pierre, are all their lives aloof from the hopes of the hearthstone and acknowledge no laws but their own. More than once the eyes of the girl filled with tears as the pregnancy of some phrase in the service came home to her, her face responded to Pierre's gestures, as do one's nerves to the delights of good music, and there was something so unique, so impressive in the ceremony, that the laughter that had greeted Macavoy passed away, and a dead silence, beginning from where the pair stood, crept out until it covered all the prairie. Nothing was heard except Hilton's voice in strong tones, saying, "I take thee to be my wedded wife," etc.; but when the last words of the service were said, and the new-made bride turned to her husband's embrace, and a strange little moan of joy broke from her lips, there was plenty of noise and laughter again, for Macavoy stood in the doorway, or rather outside it, stooping to look in upon the scene. Someone had lent him the cinch of a bronco, and he had belted himself with it, no longer carrying his clothes about "on the underbrush." Hilton laughed and stretched out his hand. "Come in, king," he said; "come and wish us joy."

Macavoy parted the crowd easily, forcing his way, and instantly was stooping before the pair,—for he could not stand upright in the room.

"Aw, now, Hilton, is it you, is it you, that's pluckin' the roses uv the valley, and snatchin' the stars out uv the sky? Aw, Hilton, the like o' that! Travel down I did yesterday from Fort St. Anne, and divil a word I knew till Pierre hit me in the eye wid it last night,—and no time for a present, for a weddin' gift,—no, aw no!"

Just here Ida reached up and touched him on the shoulder. He smiled down on her, puffing and blowing in his beard, bursting to speak to her, yet knowing no word by signs to say; but he nodded his head at her, and he patted Hilton's shoulder, and he took their hands and joined them together, hers on top of Hilton's, and shook them in one of his own till she almost winced. Presently, with a look at Hilton, who nodded in reply, Ida lifted her cheek to Macavoy to kiss,—Macavoy, the idle, ill-cared-for, boisterous giant. His face went red like that of a child caught in an awkward act, and with an absurd shyness he stooped and touched her cheek. Then he turned to Hilton and blurted out:

"Aw, the rose o' the valley, the pride o' the wide wuruld! Aw, the bloom o' the hills! I'd have kissed her dirty shoe. *McGuire!*"

A burst of laughter rolled out on the clear, delightful air of the prairie, and all at once the hills seemed to stir with the pleasure of life. Then it was that Macavoy, following Hilton and Ida outside, suddenly stopped beside the horse, drew from his pocket the promissory note that Pierre had written, and said:

"Yes, but all the weddin' gifts aren't in. 'Tis nothin' I had to give, divil a cent in the wuruld, divil a pound uv 'baccy, or a pot for the fire, or a bit uv linin' for the table; nothin' but meself and me dirty clothes, standin' seven fut three on me bare fut. What was I to do? There was only meself to give, so I give it free and hearty, and here it is, wid the queen's head on it, done in Mr. Tarlton's office. Ye'd better have had a dog, or a gun, or a ladder, or a horse, or a saddle; but such as it is I give it ye,—I give it to the rose o' the valley and the star o' the wide wuruld."

And with that, in a loud voice, he read the promissory note and handed it to Ida. Men laughed till there were tears in their eyes, but somehow Ida did not laugh. She and Pierre had seen a serious side to Macavoy's gift,—the

childlike manliness in it. It went home to her woman's heart without a touch of ludicrousness, without a sound of laughter.

II.

AFTER a time the interest in this wedding gift declined at Fort Guidon, and but three people remembered it with any singular distinctness,—Ida, Pierre, and Macavoy. Pierre was interested, for in his deep, primitive mind he knew that, however wild a promise, life is so wild in its events, there comes the hour for redemption of all I. O. U.'s.

Meanwhile weeks, months, and even a couple of years passed, Macavoy and Pierre coming and going, sometimes together, sometimes not, in all manners of words at war, in all manner of fact at peace. And Ida, out of the bounty of her nature, gave the two vagabonds a place at her fireside whenever they chose to come. Perhaps, where speech was not given, a gift of divination entered into her instead, and she valued what others found useless, and held aloof from what others found good. She had powers which had ever been the admiration of Guidon Hill. Birds and animals were her friends,—she called them her kinsmen. A peculiar sympathy joined them; so that when, at last, she tamed a white wild duck and made it do the duties of a carrier-pigeon, no one thought it strange. Up in the hills, beside the White Sun River, lived her sister and her sister's children; and by and by the white duck carried messages back and forth, so that when, in the winter, Ida's health became delicate, she had comfort in the solicitude and cheerfulness of her sister and the gayety of the young birds of her nest, who sent Ida many a sprightly message and tales of their sweet vagrancy in the hills. In these days Pierre and Macavoy were little at the Post, save now and then to sit with Hilton beside the fire, waiting for spring and telling tales. Upon Hilton had settled that peaceful, abstracted expectancy which shows man at his best, as he waits for the time when, through the half-lights of his fatherhood, he shall see the broad, rich dawn of motherhood lighting up the world,—which, all being said and done, is that place called home. Something gentle came over him while he grew stouter in body, and in all other ways made a larger figure among the people.

As Pierre, whose wisdom was more to be trusted than his general morality, said:

"It is strange that most men think not enough of themselves till a woman shows them how. But it is the great wonder that the woman does not despise him for it. *Quel caractère!* She has so often to show him his way like a babe, and yet she says to him, '*Mon grand homme!*' 'My master!' 'My lord!' Pshaw! I have often thought that women are half saints, half fools, and men half fools, half rogues. But, *quelle vie!*—what life! Without a woman you are half a man; with one you are bound to a single spot in the world, you are tied by the leg, your wing is clipped; you cannot have all. *Quelle vie!*"

To this Macavoy said: "Spit-spat! But what the divil good does all yer thinkin' do ye, Pierre? It's argufy here and argufy there, an' while yer at that me an' the rest uv us is squeezin' the fun out o' life, an' needin' no judge like you to tell us how. Aw, go 'long wid ye! Y'are only a bit o' hell and grammar, anyway. Wid all yer cuttin' and carvin' things to see the internals uv them, I'd do more to the call uv a woman's finger than for all the logic and knowalogy y' ever chewed,—and there y'are, me little tailor o' jur'sprudence!"

"To the finger-call of Hilton's wife, eh?"

Macavoy was not quite sure what Pierre's enigmatical tone meant. A wild light showed in his eyes, and his tongue blundered out:

"Yis; Hilton's wife's finger, or a look uv her eye, or nothin' at all. Aisy, aisy, ye wasp; ye'd go stalkin' divils in hell for her yerself, so ye would. But the tongue uv ye,—hut! it's gaff to the tip!"

"Maybe, my king. But I'd go hunting because I wanted; you because you must. You're a slave, to come and go, with a queen's seal on the promissory."

Macavoy leaned back and roared.

"Aw, that! The rose o' the valley, the joy o' the worruld! St. Pierre,"—his voice grew on a sudden softer, as a fresh thought came to him,—"did ye ever think that the child might be dumb like the mother?"

This was a day in the early spring, when the snows were melting in the hills, and freshets were sweeping down the valleys far and near. That night a warm, heavy rain came on, and in the morning every stream and river was swollen to twice its size. The mountains seemed to have stripped themselves of snow, and the vivid sun began at once to cover the foot-hills with green. As Pierre and Macavoy stood at their door looking out upon the earth cleansing itself, Macavoy suddenly said: "Aw, look, look, Pierre! Her white duck off to the nest on Champak Hill!"

They both shaded their eyes with their hands. Circling round two or three times above the Post, the duck then stretched out its neck to the west and floated away beyond Guidon Hill and was hid from view. Pierre, without a word, began cleaning his rifle, while Macavoy smoked and sat looking into the distance, surveying the sweet warmth and light. His face blossomed with color, and the look of his eyes was that of an irresponsible child. Once or twice he smiled and puffed in his beard, but perhaps that was involuntary, or, maybe, a vague reflection of his dreams, themselves most vague, for he was only soaking in sun and air and life.

Within an hour they saw the wild duck again passing the crest of Guidon, and they watched it sailing down to the Post, Pierre idly fondling the gun, Macavoy half-roused from his dreams. But presently they were altogether roused, the gun was put away, and both were on their feet; for after the pigeon arrived there was a stir at the Post, and Hilton could be seen running from the store to his house, not far away.

"Something's wrong there," said Pierre.

"D'ye think 'twas the duck brought it?" asked Macavoy.

Without a word Pierre started away toward the Post, Macavoy following. As they did so a half-breed boy came from the house, hurrying toward them.

Inside the house Hilton's wife lay in her bed, her great hour coming on before the time, because of ill news from beyond the Guidon. There was with her an old French-woman, whose heart brooded tenderly, if uncouthly, over the dumb girl. She it was who had handed to Hilton the paper the wild duck had brought, after Ida had read it and fallen in a faint on the floor.

The message that had feiled the young wife was brief and awful. A cloud-burst had fallen on Champak Hill, had torn part of it away, and a part of this had swept down into the path that led to the little house, having been stopped by some falling trees and a great boulder. It blocked the only way to escape above, and beneath, the river was creeping up to sweep away the little house. So there the mother and her children waited (the father was in the far North), facing death below and above. The wild duck had carried the tale in its terrible simplicity. The last words were, "There mayn't be any help from God or man for me and my sweet chicks, but I am asking God, dear Ida, and you will send a man or many. But send soon, for we are cut off, and the end may come any hour."

Macavoy and Pierre were soon at the Post, and knew from Hilton all there was to know. At once Pierre began to gather men, though what one or many could do none could say. But eight men and three Indians watched the wild duck sailing away again from the bedroom window where Ida lay, to carry a word of comfort and hope to Champak Hill. Before it went, Ida asked for Macavoy, and he was brought to her bedroom by Hilton. He saw a pale, almost unearthly, yet beautiful, face, flushing and paling, looking up at him, and presently two trembling hands made those mystic signs which are the primal language of the soul, learned before man knew speech, the first vocabulary. Hilton interpreted to him this:

"I have sent for you. There is no man so big or strong as you in the North. I did not know that I should ever ask you to redeem the note. I want my gift, and I will give you your paper with the queen's head on it. Those little lives, those pretty little dears, you will not see them die? If there is a way, any way, you will save them? Sometimes one man can do what twenty cannot. You were my wedding gift; I claim you now."

She paused, and then motioned to the nurse, who laid the piece of brown paper in Macavoy's hand. He held it for a moment in his fingers as delicately as if it were a fragile bit of glass, something that his huge fingers might crush by touching. Then he reached over and laid it on the bed beside her and said, looking Hilton in the eyes, "Tell her, the slip uv a saint she is! if the breakin' uv me bones, or the lettin' uv me blood's what'll set all right at Champak Hill, let her mind be aisy,—aw, yis!"

A minute afterward they were all on their way,—all save Hilton, whose duty was beside this other danger, for the old nurse said that "like as not" her life would hang upon the news from Champak Hill; and if ill came, his place was beside the speechless traveler on the brink.

In a few hours the rescuers stood on the top of Champak Hill, looking down. There stood the little house, as it were, between two dooms. Even Pierre's face became drawn and pale as he saw what a very few hours or minutes might do. Macavoy had spoken no word, had answered no question since they had left the Post. There was in his eye the large seriousness, the intentness, which might be found in the face of a brave boy who had not learned fear and yet saw a vast ditch of danger at which he must leap. There was ever before him the face of the dumb wife; there was in his ears the sound of pain that had followed him from Hilton's house out into the brilliant day.

The men stood helpless and looked at each other. They could not say to the river that it must rise no further, and they could not go to the house nor let a rope down, and there was the crumbled moiety of the hill which blocked the way to the house; elsewhere it was sheer precipice without trees.

There was no corner in these hills Macavoy and Pierre did not know; and at last, when despair seemed to settle on the group, Macavoy, having spoken a low word to Pierre, said:

"There's wan way, an' maybe I can an' maybe I can't, but I'm fit to try. I'll go up the river to an aisy p'int a mile above, get in, and drift to a p'int below there, then climb up and loose the stuff."

Every man present knew the double danger; the swift, headlong river, and the sudden rush of rocks and stones which must be loosed on the side of the narrow ravine opposite the little house. Macavoy had nothing to say to the head-shakes of the others, and they did not try to dissuade him; for women and children were in the question, and there they were below, beside the house, the children gathered round the mother, she waiting,—waiting.

Macavoy, stripped to the waist, and carrying only a hatchet and a coil of rope tied round him, started away alone up the river. The others waited, now and again calling comfort to the woman below, though their words could not be heard. About half an hour passed, and then someone called out: "Here he comes!" Presently they could see the rough head and the bare shoulders of the giant in the wild, churning stream. There was only one point where he could get a hold on the hill side,—the jutting bole of a tree just beneath them, and the dyke of rocks and trees.

It was a great moment. The current swayed him out, but he plunged forward, catching at the bole. His hand seized a small branch. It held him an instant, as he was swung round; then it snapped. But the other hand clinched the bole, and, to a loud cheer, which Pierre prompted, Macavoy drew himself up. After that they could not see him. He alone was studying the situation. He found the key rock to the dyked slide of earth. To loosen it was to divert the slide away, or partly away, from the little house. But it could not be loosened from above, if at all, and he himself would be in the path of the destroying hill.

"Aisy, aisy, Tim Macavoy," he said to himself. "It's the woman and the darlin's uv her, an' it's the rose o' the valley down there at the Post."

A minute afterward, having chopped down a hickory sapling, he began to pry at the bowlder which held the mass. Presently a tree came crashing down, a small rush of earth followed it, and the hearts of the men above and the woman and children below stood still for an in-

stant. But a half-hour passed as Macavoy toiled with a strange, careful skill and a superhuman concentration. His body was all shining with sweat, and sweat dripped from his forehead. His eyes were on the key rock and the pile, alert, measuring, intent. At last he paused. He looked round at the hills, down at the river, up at the sky; humanity was shut away from his sight. He was alone. A long, hot breath broke from his pressed lips, stirring his big, red beard. Then he gave a call, a long call that echoed through the hills weirdly and solemnly. Unconsciously there had come into it something of the wildness of those ancient clan-cries of Irish caves and hills. It reached the ears of those above like a greeting from an outside world. They answered, "Right, Macavoy!"

Years afterward these men told how then there came in reply one word, ringing roundly through the hills,—the note and symbol of a crisis, the fantastic cipher of a soul,—

"McGuire!"

Then there was a loud booming sound, the dyke was loosed, the ravine split into the swollen stream its choking mouthful of earth and rock, and a minute afterward the path was clear to the top of Champak Hill. To it came the unharmed children and their mother, who, from the warm peak, sent the wild duck to "the rose o' the valley," which, till the message came, was trembling on the stem of life. But joy, that marvelous healer, kept it blooming, with a little Eden bird nestling near, whose happy tongue was taught in after years to tell of the gift of the simple king, who had redeemed, on demand, the promissory note forever.

WINTER IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE marvelous beauties of the Yellowstone National Park have been often described. Thousands of tourists have felt their own infinitesimal smallness and weakness in the presence of the great geysers and the majestic peaks. They have marveled at the hot springs and the white, glistening terraces; they have listened to the music of the waterfalls; they have viewed the noble sweep of the great Yellowstone Lake, and have passed many lonely little bodies of water that have never

known an oar and are encompassed and almost hidden by black forests. The most fortunate of them have seen the Park in the autumn, when its sternness and grandeur are tempered by bright colors, when the brilliant foliage of

the groves has given it a tone of gayety, and the sun shining on the frost in the morning marks great rainbows on the gray slopes.

But there is another time in the Yellowstone National

Park, a time which none of the tourists have known, when a mantle of desolation is upon it, and only a few venturesome and hardy spirits have penetrated its solitary wastes. At about the end of September the company which controls all of the Park hotels closes



FORDING A STREAM IN MIDWINTER.

and barricades the doors and boards over the windows. The various employees and others who have made the hotels their homes during the summer pack their trunks and climb upon the stage and are carried away toward the



A SNOW SHOE PARTY.

distant railroad, leaving the houses which have been the scene of so much bustle and gayety during the preceding months to face the winter storms alone, very pictures of desolation. The squirrels that scampered away when they heard the rumble of wheels on the brown roads now play there undisturbed, for stages with parties of merry tourists on top no longer come dashing around the corners of the cliffs and straining up the hills.

The skies are sombre, and about the middle of October snowflakes begin to float softly down. It snows steadily for days, and snowfall follows snowfall. The roads are obliterated, the landmarks are destroyed, the lakes have become simply fields of white. The strong winds sweep the snow before in great clouds and twist it into fantastic shapes like a horde of scurrying phantoms. It piles up in the ravines and little valleys till all the minor details of the landscape are merged into a vast white plain. The murmuring voices of the waterfalls

are silent now. The Grand Cañon seems frozen to the heart.

One of the adventurers who entered the Park in midwinter thus describes the appearance of the cañon: "I suppose thousands have stood grasping the slim stem of that same sturdy, ragged tree, and have looked in silence, as we did. But they have seen the cañon in summer, and not in the depth of winter. Now the glorious colors of the walls are gone; but the peaks and crosses and pinacles are there, all arrayed in robes of clean, perfect white. It is frozen music, the diapason of Nature's mightiest and most mysterious anthem, all congealed in white; visible, palpable, authentic."

The forests of pine-trees are more black and grim and gaunt against this dazzling background; and under the winds they bend and sigh and wail like moaning hags.



A HERD OF BUFFALOES.

It is an abandoned spot, utterly forlorn and dreary. Over all the wastes there are no signs of life. The only inhabitants are detachments of two or three soldiers in little stations at remote parts of the Park, and a solitary keeper in each of the hotels. It is difficult to imagine a more desolate life than theirs. They live in houses half buried in the snow, in the heart of a deserted country. There is but one means of communication with the outside world—a telephone connecting the hotels with Mammoth Hot Springs, a town on the edge of the Park. There are occasional calls and reports, and once or twice during the winter the keeper's loneliness is broken by a



SNOW-SHOER'S CABIN.

brief period of human companionship, when he receives a visit from "Telephone Pete," a mountaineer of wonderful hardihood, whose arduous duty it is to keep the telephone-line in order.

The great difficulty in passing through the Park in the winter is due to the tremendous fall and drifts of snow. The amount of the fall at Mammoth Hot Springs, which is a considerable distance from the higher altitudes of the Park, is ten feet a year on the average. The snowfall on the Park plateau is not known, but its light depths are estimated to be at least twenty feet. The drifts are phenomenal. On the mountain-sides and in the ravines they are hundreds of feet deep, and never entirely disappear. Even the snow which is banked up against the Grand Cañon Hotel would remain all summer were it not cut away with shovels.

of the Park, and taking photographs of winter scenes there, F. Jay Haynes, of St. Paul, organized a snow-shoe expedition in 1894, which was entirely successful. In the Hayden Valley, eight miles beyond the Grand Cañon Hotel, a herd of seventy buffaloes was discovered, thus proving untrue the stories of the entire extinction of the buffalo in the United States. Besides the buffalo, the discovery was made that there was a "poacher" in the Park who was engaged in killing them. His tracks were followed for a day or two, when he was caught in the act of dressing one of the animals. He had come into the Park with a toboggan and supplies for a long sojourn, and had already killed seven buffaloes, which were found hanging on a pine-tree near his camp. It is the opinion of Mr. Haynes that if a stockade were built for the protection of the animals, and a constant lookout kept for poachers,



THE CAMP NEAR THE BUFFALOES.

Under these conditions, with places where food and shelter may be obtained long distances apart, it will be seen that a trip through the Park in winter taxes the strength and endurance of the strongest man. Indeed, no attempt to explore it in winter had ever been made until about ten years ago, when Lieutenant Schwatka undertook the journey. He provided a complete Arctic outfit, including dogs and sleds, but nevertheless was unable to get more than twenty miles into the Park. Afterward, when the Park came under the control of the United States military authorities and a few small stations were established, the dangers of winter exploration were somewhat diminished. In the winter of 1890 a mountain guide named Hofer, accompanied by a soldier, passed through a large part of the Park searching for young wild animals for the Smithsonian Institute. With a view to ascertaining the number of buffaloes still extant in the wild regions

buffaloes would so increase in numbers that there would be a fine herd in Yellowstone Park.

Travel through the Park in the winter is wholly by snow-shoes of the Norwegian ski variety. The ski is a strip of ash, pine, or hickory, about twenty feet long and four or five inches wide, made as thin as possible without sacrificing strength. The feet are fastened to the skis by straps, about midway of their length. A pole is important, as it enables the traveler to steady himself, and is used as a brake in descending steep hills.

Another detail that must be looked after carefully in preparing for the expedition is that of dress. Clothing of much weight cannot be worn, because of the extraordinary exertion of traveling on the skis; and at the same time there must be sufficient protection from the great cold. Thick, woolen underwear, and canvas outer garments to keep out the wind and to shed snow are usually

the principal features of the costume. Overcoats are dispensed with as being too burdensome. Nothing, indeed, but absolute necessities are taken, and they are packed so that their weight will be uniformly distributed on the back from the shoulders to the hip. A hat with a broad brim is usually worn, to keep the snow from finding lodging places about the neck. The dazzling glare of the snow in the sun would probably cause blindness if colored glasses did not cover the eyes. Sleds are rarely taken on the trips. The traveler must depend solely upon his own strength and endurance, and is unfortunate, indeed, if overtaken by illness or fatigue. There is a further danger of heavy snowstorms, which blind and exhaust the traveler and cause him to lose his way and wander through the desolate wastes until



ELK IN THE PARK



TRACKING THE POACHER.

he sinks down and closes his eyes in the sleep of death.

Sliding down the slopes is excellent sport, although somewhat dangerous. The surface of the snow usually is a hard crust, and the bottoms of the skis are made very slippery with a mixture of tallow and beeswax. The

traveler sits astride his pole, as small boys play horse, and regulates his speed with the end sticking in the snow. But the skis go faster and faster as they slip down the long hills, and finally the speed becomes so great that the coaster loses control of it, and then there is a flight swifter than that of an express train. It is a thrilling ride; the man must have every faculty alert and every muscle tense to maintain his balance and avoid the obstacles that may loom up in front of him and send him flying through the air in double somersaults. And yet, when the grade begins to level out and the speed to lessen, there is a glow and exhilaration such as few sports give.

But the pleasure of traveling down the hills is more than counterbalanced by the hardship of traveling up. This is particularly difficult. If the incline is pronounced there is constant danger of losing the grip on the snow and shooting down to the bottom again; and if the hill is so steep that the tendency to slip back cannot be overcome, it is necessary to "corduroy," that is, to work up sideways,

making a sort of staircase in the snow as one goes along. Traveling on the skis requires endurance and strong muscles, and for that reason the winter glories of the Yellowstone will long remain a sealed book to all but the most adventurous travelers.

J. H. W.

MINUTIÆ.

ONE little crimson feather
Saves the robin's throat
From imaging the linnet's
Gray, unchanging rote.

One little fluff of fleece-cloud,
Careering past the sun,
May shade some scorching eyelid
Ere its race be run.

One little hot word bridled,
Reined in with burning pain.
Marks any day a jewel
Forth-flaming not in vain.

One little hand thrust out through
Thy window shutterless,
Hangs dew upon these lashes
Long fired with hopelessness.

MAE ST. JOHN-BRAMHALL

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Chinese are the most superstitious people on the face of the globe. The Celestial Empire, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, absolutely swarms with diviners, astrologers, geomancers, spirit mediums and healers, mesmerists, witches, *et hoc genus omne*; and, certes, they have no lack of patrons, drawn alike from the rich and the poor, the illiterate and the learned. The hatred of witches and wizards cherished in the West, it has been pointed out by an eminent Anglo-Chinese scholar, does not seem to exist in the Middle Kingdom. "Those reputed to possess magic powers are regarded with dread, but it is rare to hear of any of them coming to an untimely end by mob violence."

The *litterati* ridicule the implicit belief placed in the pretensions of these thaumaturgists by the unlettered mob, but take no part in exciting the latter to violence, as they are sometimes accused of doing, when an American or European missionary succeeds in making himself especially obnoxious through over-zeal.

In China the literature of occultism flourishes to an astonishing degree. The cheapness with which books can be produced by means of the old-fashioned and really very ancient "block system" accounts to some extent for the general belief of the average Chinese in things supernatural. The actions of every Chinaman, from the highest to the lowest, from "the Brother of the Sun and Moon" himself to the lowliest beggar, are affected and guided by astrological portents, divinations, etc., in which even the more highly educated, who affect to despise them, place a practical trust. "The half-cynical disbelief of the mandarin and the literate becomes firm conviction in the peasant; and China presents the (nowadays) singular spectacle of an entire nation, numbering nearly four hundred millions of souls, whose everyday life is framed to meet the exigencies of a puerile system of superstition." So writes Prof. Legge, one of the most eminent of sinologists.

A belief in the supernatural had a firm hold on the Chinese mind as far back as thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, and it is probable that occult arts were practiced at a period long anterior even to this. "Witches and wizards," says an English writer on Chinese history, "were familiar objects of Chinese superstitious respect," as early as the period mentioned. The office of "Chief Wizard" was then a recognized one, and that official and his brethren exerted in those days a powerful influence over the popular mind. Notices of their doings are to be found in the ancient records of the empire. Every now and then it is there related how some emperor or other celebrated man resorted to the wizard fraternity to discover future events or the means of avoiding some threatened evil; but it was not until about the third century before Christ that such official notices became at all common. "Wizards have existed," we read, "who could summon familiars," and they were often consulted by the reigning potentates. "Even to this day," says Mr. Dennys, "the court of China, like courts elsewhere, sets the fashion in this as in other matters; and both the marriage of the late sovereign (the predecessor of the reigning monarch) and the accession of the young emperor have afforded apt illustrations of how thoroughly superstition is interwoven with the political system of the country. The lucky days for the various ceremonies at the marriage of the late emperor were fixed by the court astrologers, and nothing was done without reference to their predictions. Such phrases as 'Such-and-such being a lucky day, His Imperial Majesty will proceed to,' etc., are of constant occurrence in the court circulars."

But the burdens laid upon the august inhabitants of the "Forbidden City," the imperial demesne in the capital city, are but light compared to those borne by the rest of the people. Whether it be to build a house or assume office, to marry a wife or open a school, to set out on a journey or complete a bargain, nothing can be done by any Chinese without resort to geomancy. Nor are more homely details less under the control of superstitious belief. Every act connected with birth, marriage, or death, the rearing of children, and the enterprises of manhood, are alike referred to some detail of this curiously all-pervading system. Superstitions, indeed, exist among ourselves, but those really affected by them are only the more ignorant of the population, "while," says Mr. Dennys, "in China all are, or assume to be, believers in the occult influences of the charm or incantation which custom decrees shall be used."

The obligations of the Chinaman to the diviner commence even before his entrance into the world, and they endure long after his exit from it. In the province of Fuh-kien, a ceremony is performed by a Taoist priest,—there is more of magic than religion in the modern Taoist cult,—shortly before the birth of a child, with the object of frightening away the demons who are supposed to haunt the mother for the purpose of destroying her life in childbirth. There is also a formula for ascertaining the sex of a coming child, not very far removed from the children's amusement of prophesying by buttons commencing, "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor."

Every Chinese bookstall has in its stock curious-looking almanacs, among the contents of which is a set of four figures representing a fanciful deity, whose title may be rendered "Emperor Four Seasons" or "All the Year Round," each figure having one of the honorary characters placed on some part of its person. Hour, or, rather, two-hour marks—as from one to three, seven to nine, etc.—are placed on various portions of the body of the figure on the cards, as forehead, shoulder, hand, leg, and so on, and when a child is born these diagrams are consulted; according as the hour-mark of birth occurs on the forehead, shoulders, hand, leg, stomach, or other part of the body, so will be augured the future destiny of the child. The diagrams or cards, which resemble somewhat the court suits of our ordinary playing-cards, are accompanied by a set of doggerel rhymes corresponding to the various hour marks on the bodies of the four figure-cards. This method of divination is not to be confounded with the *Tarot*, which is held in just as great esteem as a method of foretelling the future as it is said to have been by the Egyptians, and is to this day by the superstitious among the Italians and French.

In the southern provinces of China there is a superstition that if triplets are born one of the three children will eventually become a noted rebel. In order to avoid that direst of Chinese curses, a bad son, a "wise man" is sent for in order to decide which of the three children is the destined black sheep. The three infants having been conveyed into a perfectly dark room, the "wise man" takes three pieces of twine, each of a different color, as white, red, and black, and entering the room ties one of these pieces of string round a wrist of each baby. The one which, when brought out into the light, is found to have the red string on its wrist, is drowned like a puppy.

The superstitions connected with the ceremonies of betrothal and marriage are innumerable. As much importance is attached to the wearing of wedding-rings as obtains with us, and the same ideas prevail with regard to the loss or accidental breaking of the ring. The Western custom

of throwing rice after a newly made bride has its parallel among the Celestials, with whom, indeed, it originated. The more ancient custom of casting an old shoe after the departing bride finds its correspondence in a custom of Southern China, where the bride presents her husband with a pair of shoes by way of signifying that for the future she places herself under his control. A writer in an old number of London "Notes and Queries" remarks in this connection:

"The throwing shoes after the bride and bridegroom is usually said to be 'for luck,' but it is, rather, a symbol of renunciation of all right in the bride by her father or guardian, and the transference of it to her husband. In the story of Ruth, you will recollect, her kinsman plucked off his shoe, as a sign of his renunciation of his claim to marry her. 'Over Edom will I cast out my shoe' (Psalms lx, 8), meaning 'I have renounced Edom,' is another illustration. So that the ceremony now observed by Chinese brides has in all probability a reference to that current of old in Palestine, and at the present day known throughout England."

In China candles are kept burning around the coffin after the body has been laid out, "to light the spirit of the dead upon its way." During the blessing, or "saining," of a corpse in Scotland, all the windows of the house are opened, so as to give the soul free egress. In certain portions of China a similar idea is carried out, by making a hole in the roof for the exit of the spirit.

The strange unwillingness of the Chinese to afford help to a drowning man, or anyone in absolute peril of his life otherwise, is based upon a belief that the ghost of the last man killed always acts as "watchman" of the *hades* or purgatory into which, according to Chinese belief, the spirit of the departed first enters, and from which he can only be relieved by the arrival of a fresh ghost. If, therefore, a man's life be saved from accidental death, the spirit of the person who died immediately before him is, in a manner, cheated out of his relief, and will assuredly haunt the person whose misplaced humanity has condemned it to a fresh term of dismal servitude. This belief also obtains among the Highlanders of Scotland.

In reference to this barbarous custom of the Chinese somewhat different explanations have been given by Western writers, one being that in rescuing from death, say a drowning man, the rescuer assumes his sins. Another explanation of this disinclination to save life, either in case of accident or on the field of battle,—the Chinese military system does not provide for the services of surgeons,—arises from the belief that persons menaced with a fatal danger are manifestly doomed, and that to interfere with a view to their salvation would be an impious act, "a flying in the face of Providence," as it were. While traveling along the mighty Yang-tse-Kiang, near Hankow, the writer, aware of this superstitious belief of the Chinese, was not a little surprised at receiving assistance at the hands of a number of natives in his attempt at the rescue of a poor old Chinaman whose *sampan* had been swamped during a flood, and who was, in consequence, on the point of drowning. The next day, on the other hand, he heard the shrieks of a woman on the river, who, he was subsequently told, was at that moment being drowned by her brothers, because of her refusal to marry again!

The curious Chinese custom of burning paper representations of clothes, houses, money, etc., on the death of a relative, in order that the defunct may be properly provided with such necessities in the under-world, has its correspondence among many other nations. Indeed, the coincidence of custom and belief in matters pertaining to the supernatural among Chinese and Westerns is a very

curious and interesting feature of the study of folk-lore. "Men of the four seas are all brothers," says one of the tritest of Chinese proverbs.

Comparatively little has been done toward the gathering together by competent hands of the myths and folk-lore of the Chinese; but when we come to consider the difficulties in the way of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the language and the time required for its acquisition,—fourteen years being the estimate given by a competent authority,—this is scarcely to be wondered at. Thanks, however, to the researches of such eminent sinologues as Dennys, Giles, Alabaster, Williams, Doolittle, Stent, Summers, and Macgowan, many of whose valuable contributions to the subject are to be found embodied in Translations of the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, enough insight into the subject has been gained to make it clear that a very wide and interesting field awaits future explorers.

It would be a comparatively easy task, even at this early stage of our investigations, to fill a very large volume with curious examples of Chinese belief in matters pertaining to "the night-side of nature," but it will be impossible to do much more in the present article than mention briefly a few more of the prominent features of their belief.

A considerable part of the Chinese diviners' business consists in the selection of lucky days for important enterprises, and lucky locations for the erection of dwellings, and for burial places, etc. Cemeteries are an unknown institution in the Middle Kingdom, and huge coffins dumped down on the ground, apparently at random, are a notable feature of the Chinese landscape. In the selection of a suitable site for a burial-place the *fung-shui* of the neighborhood must be consulted. Just what is meant by the words *fung shui* it would be rather difficult to explain; foreigners who have resided for a lifetime in China and have heard the term used every day would be puzzled to give a definition of it. Literally, the words mean "wind and water"; broadly, the expression may be taken to designate the occult influences peculiar to a certain locality, a mystical dragon figuring prominently in the scheme. Everywhere throughout China the eye of the traveler, glancing over the landscape, falls upon the uncanny spectacle of a huge coffin, perhaps half a dozen, resting on the surface of the ground, in the middle of a field or garden, by the side of a road, or in the midst of a grove. The explanation of this is, that the *fung-shui* has been found, by the calculations of the geomancer, to be favorable to its deposit there, and that is an all-sufficient reason for the selection of that particular spot as a resting-place for the unwieldy casket and its gruesome occupant. Considerations of public health, the exigencies of agriculture or of public travel, feelings of sentiment, all have to give way to the claims of *fung-shui*. As a consequence a very large percentage of arable land has to be withdrawn from tillage and projected public improvements have to be foregone; dire consequences, it is held, being sure to follow the removal or disturbance of the bones of the dead. The almost insuperable obstacles thus placed in the way of the introduction of railroads and telegraphs into the country will thus readily be realized.

Chinese New Year's Day—the date varies every year—is held to be the luckiest day of the whole year, and has connected with it superstitions which remind one of some that obtain in Western countries; for example, the belief in the luck, good or bad, brought by the "first-foot."

Portents and omens, auguries, lucky numbers, and dreams, would furnish material for a long and interesting chapter. Three, five, and seven are considered lucky numbers; as are also even numbers. Then comes the subject of charms, spells, and amulets, which figure largely in the

attempted cure of disease. The "cash-swords" occasionally seen in Chinese *curio* stores in this country are examples of this sort of thing. They are considered very efficacious in keeping evil spirits at a respectful distance. Spirit-rapping tests and communications through mediums and clairvoyants, and even "materializations," are common throughout China; as for mesmerism, it has been known and practised for ages. Witches, wizards, and voodoo priests abound; and ghost stories are just as plentiful and quite as blood-curdling as in other lands.

Chinese fairies and brownies marvelously resemble those described in our own story-books; while dragons, monsters, and mermaids are firmly believed in, and their actual existence vouched for. The cat and the fox are regarded as decidedly uncanny creatures. They are believed to pos-

sess magical powers, among others, the ability to assume the human form; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that they are regarded as possible magicians who have taken on the forms of animals from what Mrs. Partington would call "canister motives." The *neko*, the *kitsune*, and the *tanuki* (cat, fox, and badger) are very prominent figures in Japanese folk-stories, but neither Japanese nor Korean, highly superstitious though they are, can hold a candle to John Chinaman in this respect. Japan, Korea, and China all possess a decidedly picturesque goblin literature; that of Japan being distinguished by its poetic flavor, that of Korea by its grotesqueness, whilst in that of China the horrible and devilish predominates, qualities each in their way characteristic of the three nations.

HENRY LIDDELL, M.D.

IS CHIVALRY DEAD?

PROMINENT WOMEN GIVE THEIR OPINIONS AS TO THE EFFECT UPON MANNERS AND MORALS OF WOMAN'S ENTRANCE INTO THE BUSINESS WORLD.

THE DANGERS OF FEMININITY.

MRS. E. P. TERHUNE ("MARION HARLAND") BELIEVES THAT WOMEN'S SUCCESS AND SAFETY IN BUSINESS DEPENDS UPON A SEXLESS ATTITUDE.

A BUSINESS establishment is like a machine: everybody is working for one end, and the introduction of ulterior elements is a distraction which clogs the machinery.

Therefore, a woman when she enters a business office should be content to dispense with the little social amenities which she has the right to expect in her own home. For example, in many offices, and particularly in newspaper offices, the men are accustomed to work in their shirt sleeves in warm weather. The woman should not feel that she is being treated impolitely if they fail to rise and put on

their coats when she enters; nor do I think it necessary for men to take off their hats in an elevator when it is also occupied by women. There is a growing disinclination on the part of business women to accept seats in cars from men; they want no concessions simply because of their sex. But this suggests the matter of physique, which must not be overlooked in considering the problem. Men are physically stronger than women, and when it becomes a question of strength and weakness, as, for example, when the car is swaying and it requires considerable exertion to stand on one's feet, I believe that the man should give way to the woman. But there is no element of sex in this. In the same way a gentleman would give up his seat to one of his own sex if the latter were manifestly feeble. Not only does it interfere with business for a woman to expect concessions or favors because she is a woman, but it is dangerous as well. If this is her attitude, she may find it difficult to draw the line just where she wants to; there may be too much attention. The matter is in the woman's hands. Let her be absolutely business-like, and her influence in an office is a good one; but let her overstep that bound in the least degree, and she upsets the fine equilibrium of her position and invites difficulties.



COURTESY TO BUSINESS WOMEN.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM, EDITOR OF THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS," SAYS THAT THE QUESTION IS NOT ONE OF SEX, BUT OF GOOD BREEDING.

THE moment a man draws the line and employs one school of manners to women in the parlor and another to women in the office, he simply demonstrates that he is not a gentleman. Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, raised his hat, even when on horseback, to the poorest negro slave whom he passed on the road, and he enjoyed the reputation of being the first gentleman in South America. The Prince of Wales is as courteous to the humblest maid in a hotel or saleswoman in a store as to titled dames in his court, and he is appropriately styled the first gentleman of England.

Every well-bred man I ever knew had only one school of manners. The business world, the political world, are the fields where good breeding is tested. Sex does not enter into the question of human activity. What effect it does have is usually toward improving men's manners and morals. In business

offices where there are women employes the men are always neater in appearance, more courteous in their address, and more dignified in their language, than in those where the *personnel* is exclusively masculine. Every sensible woman knows perfectly well that the average man is very far from the ideal. He is gentlemanly, but he is not a gentleman. He is a good fellow, but not a good man. He tries to be better than he really is, but he is not bothered by too much success. The genuine gentleman, calm, serene, polite to all, is only found once in ten times. The other nine range from this high level to that of the boor. Yet progress is always making, and within my own experience I have noticed a perceptible change for the better.



It is a two-sided question. There are many women who are employed who foolishly adopt lighter and more frivolous ways in the business world than they do in home life. They give false impressions, and sometimes neutralize the upward tendency of men who want to do right. The average man in business is courteous, as a rule. The average woman in business is also courteous, and I think a little more so than the man. Most women enter business because they are obliged to. The pressure of modern life has forced men into all the vocations once monopolized by women, and is forcing women into those which were once solely man's. The man of to-day conducts the laundry, makes tailor-made garments, is the star of the kitchen stove and makes all the mince pies, "such as mother used to make." On the other hand, women have entered into every one of the learned professions, and into nearly every trade and industry. A lady treats a *chef*, a laundry proprietor, or a dry-goods merchant with the same consideration that she accords every gentleman; and a gentleman, in the true sense of the word, treats a girl accountant, a typewriter, saleswoman, or woman cashier with the same urbanity that he shows toward his own wife or mother. The question is not one of sex, but one of breeding.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS AND IN SOCIETY.

MRS. CRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK, THE WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST, THINKS THAT WHETHER A WOMAN IS IN BUSINESS OR IN SOCIETY SHOULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN MEN'S MANNER TOWARD HER.

THE position of woman in this country has radically changed during the last twenty-five years. She is no longer merely a home body. She occupies an important

place in the professions and in business life. Since she is doing work that was done before only by men, it is perfectly natural that men's attitude toward her should change somewhat, and this brings with it a change of manner. There is more of comradeship, more of meeting as equal with equal, and less regard for the sex difference, in the business relations of men and women. This extends

in some measure to the social relations; but there is a distinct difference between the woman in her business and in her social life, and I think that the manner of men should show this difference. In business, women must expect to be treated in a business-like and somewhat impersonal way, just as the men themselves are treated. Of course I don't believe that men should go so far as swearing in the presence of a woman, but this is not particularly because of the woman, but because they should not swear at all. The average business man does not expect to change his manner when a woman is working with him. There is a grain of truth in the joking remark of a well-known newspaper woman, who said that she never felt that she was fully accepted as "one of them" in a newspaper office until the men considered themselves at liberty to indulge in lurid language in her presence.

When it comes to women in social life, we must look at the question from a different standpoint. In the home, woman is the ruler, the queen, the mother; there she is not competing with the men; she is their superior, and she should be treated with the deference due to her high position.



A FAIR FIELD; NO FAVOR.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, EDITOR OF "HARPER'S BAZAR," SAYS THAT WOMEN IN BUSINESS DO NOT EXPECT OR CARE FOR DEFERENCE.

ALL we women who are active in business or professions want is a fair field and no favor. We ask for nothing on the ground of sex. We are willing to compete with and work with men on their own ground, and desire to be measured by the same standards. We demand no courtesy further than that which prevails between gentlemen; we expect no deference. In business life men and women are simply workers; and the more the element of sex is intruded, the greater the interference with the success for which all are striving, and particularly with the success of the women.

I know of a young woman who went into a newspaper office on a purely business errand,—to sell an article, in fact,—and was indignant because the reporters, all of whom were busy writing, did not jump to their feet to offer her a seat. They were absorbed in their work, and most of them were probably unconscious of her presence. Perhaps twenty-five women enter the office of a great New York daily every day. You can easily see how it would interfere with business if the reporters should immediately stop writing and pay them the little attentions they are accustomed to in the drawing-room. The woman who expects these shows her ignorance of business; if they are necessary to her peace of mind she is out of place in the business world.



THE MOTHERHOOD OF WOMAN.

MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN, THE PROMINENT ACTRESS, BELIEVES THAT THE CHIVALROUS SPIRIT WILL NEVER DIE.

IT matters not what a woman's sphere in life may be, whether it is in the home or out in the world, she remains a woman, and misses sadly the little attentions and courtesies which it has become an instinct for her to expect. She may say to herself that she does not want them, that she is simply a sort of automaton when engaged in business, but she is trying to fight against her nature, which, deep below her theories, is in rebellion. She may become callous after awhile, but until then she feels keenly the lack of that delicate courtesy of a gentleman to a lady, which I think is one of the finest things in life. It is a sacrifice she has to make for leaving her true sphere and attempting to swim in strange waters, so to speak; and for the truly womanly woman it is no small sacrifice. She will assume a brave air. She will



gradually acquire a cold and a trifle hard business manner—a sort of surface veneer, and men will speak of her as a clever business woman. But her life is not complete; there is something lacking. Despite her business success and her independence she is not completely happy, and sometimes, in the privacy of her home, the womanliness which it has become the habit of her life to keep in close subjection will assert itself and she will do a very feminine

thing—she will cry. But, after all, the chivalrous spirit has not wholly disappeared, even from the manners of the man of business toward business women. Men can overlook sex no more than women can. If they are gentlemen they will instinctively show as much deference to the business woman as to the women in society, and this will be always so: for the motherhood of woman cannot be forgotten.

BEGINNING THE YEARS.

THERE are days and—days. New Year's Day is no more than any other day, and the year might begin at any other time than at the first stroke of midnight between December 31st and January 1st. Our January 1st was fixed for us centuries ago by the Romans, who, as a matter of fact, did not know exactly when the year did begin.

But it has been found convenient to have some day to mark and fix the time of the earth's revolution around the sun. January 1st is a milestone, so to speak, set up at the beginning of every three hundred and sixty-five days. With us to-day it marks the time when business men balance their books and accounts; when merchants "take stock"; when bills are sent out and notes fall due; when people turn over a new leaf; when some of us "swear off" bad habits or begin new ones; when all of us change the dates of our letters, and so forth.

The beginnings of years in ancient times were regulated by curious methods of time reckoning. The wise men of the East devised what is known as the lunar-solar year, the length of which is related to the movements of the moon and the sun. Now the lunar year differed from the true year by about eleven days,—that is, if a new moon occur on January 1st of this year, on January 1st of next year the moon will be eleven days old, on the same day of the next year twenty days old, and so on. The wise men and astronomers corrected the error by many devices; the Greeks, for example, intercalated three months every eight years, making every eighth year consist of fifteen months. The Chaldeans, Egyptians, Hindoos, Jews, Greeks, and early Romans, all divided the year into lunar months, and, of course, their "New Year Days" were uncertain and changeable.

The Jewish new year is the first new moon after the autumnal equinox. The year was so regulated that the feast of the Passover was celebrated on the fourteenth day of the first month, named Nisan, when the barley to be offered in sacrifice was ripe at the full moon. But, if the ripening of the barley did not take place during the fortnight following the end of the year, another month was intercalated, and the new year began with the next new moon. The Hindoo year began with the new moon preceding the beginning of the solar year. When two lunar months began within the same solar month the first one was intercalated. The Mohammedan new year shifts all through the seasons, passing gradually from Christmas to midsummer and round again to Christmas.

The old Roman year began with March, but in the time of Julius Cæsar it began with January, in honor of Janus. When Cæsar undertook to reform the Roman calendar (B. C. 46) the civil year had lost about ninety days, and these were added to the year of three hundred and sixty-five days, making that year consist of four hundred and forty-five days, which is known in history as the "year of con-

fusion." The Julian calendar remained in full force and effect till the year 1582, when its errors had amounted to ten days, and so a further correction was made by a leap of ten days, and calling October 5th of that year October 15th. This and other changes in the calendar were adopted by all the Catholic countries of Europe, but all the Protestant nations refused to make the corrections because they were sanctioned by the Pope.

The early Christian Church began the year with March 25th, and this was the beginning of the civil and ecclesiastical year in England and the American colonies until 1752, when it was changed by an act of Parliament to January 1st. This is called the change from Old to New Style. Our readers can have but a faint idea of the excitement created by this simple correction of the calendar. Some foolish people thought that they had lost something, and others believed that they had been cheated out of their days. Members of Parliament were insulted in the streets by the rabble shouting after them: "What have you done with the days?" And at the next election the popular cry was, "Give us back our eleven days!"

To show the tenacity with which people cling to *their* kind of year, we cite the example of the English farmers. Even to this day the farmers in different parts of England begin their year with Michaelmas Day, or September 29th. This gives the farmer time to harvest and to sell his crops, and after that he can move and settle with his landlord. In Scotland the season is a little later, and so the Scotch farmer begins his year with St. Martin's Day, or November 11th. In the United States the farming year begins usually with April 1st, which is early enough to give the farmer time to plow the land and sow his crops. In our cities the moving year begins on May 1st, when the weather is fine and clear for putting household effects out on the sidewalks.

And so we see that January 1st is no more necessarily connected with the beginning of the year than any other day. The new year is no real thing in itself, one day more than another. There are no bad days,—all days are good, but some days are better than others. "Write it on your heart," says Emerson, "that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday."

There never was a time when the days were so rich as they are to-day. The days now bring to us all more gifts and more fruits than they did to our fathers and grandfathers. They come laden with the spoils of time, the wealth of the ages, the inventions and discoveries of science, the triumphs of art and literature. Whatever it may be called in the almanac, try to make every day a New Year's Day, for the happiest things in the world are happy days, and the great art in life is to make them as important as one can and to have as many of them as possible.

L. J. VANCE.

SOCIETY FADS.

SINCE the lorgnon has passed absolutely out of fashion a new custom of wearing fine gold chains has come into being. Your gold chain, in truth, ought to have strung on it just four large pearls,—one pink, one yellow, one white, and one black,—and passing once about your throat it ought to fall about to the waist line. Set somewhere in the length of this chain ought also to be a big, precious stone, cut in pear or heart shape. This one big stone can be a sapphire or topaz, amethyst or tourmaline, and it must apparently have no setting, but seem to be pierced, letting the chain pass through it. Select a topaz, pink or yellow, about the size of the end of your thumb, and set on a pearl-dotted or quite plain chain, and the effect arrived at will be very smart indeed. Another fashion in jewelry concerns wedding-rings. The old, heavy gold circles are disappearing, and seventeenth century marriage-rings coming into use. These are large, made of virgin gold or silver, and extraordinarily massive and jeweled. They are adjusted at the altar over the gloved third finger, and after the ceremony are removed and worn only at intervals. Inside are the entwined initials of the contracting parties, and the ring is meant to be ever after jealously preserved in the family for the benefit of posterity. Whatever else, under stress of circumstance, may have to be sacrificed, this marriage circlet must be preserved, for good luck proceeds from such a ring kept as an heirloom. Of course, if women cherish the sentiment that at the altar they should receive a pledge of the sacred bond, in the form of a ring to wear forever, two separate circles are provided; one for permanent and individual possession, and then a grand affair to hand down through the family.

A REALLY new and appropriate engagement-gift, very much in vogue, is a love-letter penholder and point. The young man interested presents one to his betrothed, and usually he refuses all ready-made examples and orders one made on a design drawn exclusively for his *fiancée*. At first white pearl and ivory were considered the appropriate materials for these styluses, meant only to be used for the special purpose of inditing love-letters. Now, however, the young man, who is usually too infatuated to count the cost, orders his true love's pen all of gold, wreathed round with her initials in her favorite stones, or the gold shaft topped by a bit of a coronet. Sometimes all around the handle twists a proverb of love, taken from the old German; or the pen is dotted with dates, worked out in brilliants, signifying the day on which the pair met, when they were betrothed, and the day fixed for the wedding. Of course the point is of gold; and the pen fits into a luxurious white satin box, and is supposed in the future to be consecrated to letters written to a happy husband.

WINTER before last to learn to make lace was the smart girl's idea of being cultured and useful; the year before that the cooking-school was the vogue; and last winter everybody went to classes for studying how to give first aid to the injured. Just now the *débutantes* are going about with very serious expressions and a queer object in a leather case. Ask anyone what her new toy may be, and with a solemn expression she will take out a beautiful little microscope. "What's the use of it?" you inquire. Why, ever so much use to the soul that craves an intimate acquaintance with Madame Nature. Once a week a professor, with a charmingly broad English A and the most engaging sort of eloquence, descants to his microscope class on the importance of knowing more than the mere

surface of things, and then he gathers his flock about a table to discover, each one what she can, through her powerful lenses. One morning it will be the dissection of roses that engages their attention; next, the anatomy of an honest hearthstone cricket; again, the damsels will contribute locks of their own bright hair to observe; but the choice lecture of the season, so far, had to do with a drop of bright red blood, which one fair, heroic girl punctured her little pink thumb to produce for class inspection. There was general surprise in the class that the blood of this member did not show up true blue under the microscope; nevertheless, the lecture was awfully interesting, and, while the brains of these young things, and those of the pretty matrons, too, are receiving valuable additions, the professor is waxing rich and popular and the cause of science is booming.

Of course you have heard that it is no longer smart to be thin, not even *svelt* and lissome; you must be genuinely Junoesque in proportions, tipping the scale at ten or fifteen pounds over and above your usual weight. Of course you know that large, plump, white hands are the mode, and that one's waist measure ought not to be very much less than that of the Venus of Milo, while a number four shoe is considered only statuesque and strictly fashionable. But how to get oneself up to these proportions is a question daily and nightly haunting lots of society leaders who are constitutionally greyhound-waisted, who have hitherto been very proud of their bones, and who find it vastly more difficult to grow plump and rounded than their over-fat sisters do to bant down to the proper limits. Of course, to meet this emergency you have heard that a prophet has arisen in the wilderness of maids and matrons whose physical architecture is Gothic, telling them how to wax as fat as the first group of kine Pharaoh saw in his dream. His method, for he is a physician, is to cover the shivering bones by means of sleep and mountains of bread and butter. His system is almost absurdly simple, but wonderfully effective. Flesh that is made from malt liquors is, he says, false and unwholesome, but flesh made out of bread and sleep is the genuine article. His patients are made to go to bed by ten o'clock and stay there until after breakfast. A tray is brought up in the morning, holding a glass of half-milk, half cream, just scalded, one soft-boiled egg, and a mammoth stack of English whole-wheat bread in dainty buttered sandwiches. Milk and bread must be taken together slowly, and as much of the latter as the patient can possibly eat. She is not allowed to rise for an hour after this meal, and about ten o'clock she must turn out for a walk. At twelve o'clock she must get ready for a nap, and if she can't nap she must lie down in an easy wrapper, and wait for one o'clock luncheon. This time there is a cup of strong, smoking hot *bouillon*, a pyramid of Boston brown bread with butter, and a little fruit. Lunch is followed by dozing and reclining for another sixty minutes. In the afternoon a drive is followed by baked potatoes and butter, a strip of steak, a wee cup of black coffee, and more bread and butter. This time it is gluten bread, and a nap precedes and follows this meal. At bed time a rusk roll and a pitcher of milk must be taken. Once a week there is an hour with a *masseuse*; once a day a cold bath and rub-down with crash; and in six weeks' time this physician guarantees from eight to twelve pounds gain.

MADAME LA MODE.

OUR GIRLS



THE CURING OF THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

IT was eleven o'clock one Sunday evening in the office of the Morning Chronicle, and most of the reporters had returned from covering their evening assignments. The religious editor was seated at his desk cutting down the manuscript of an eminent divine, swearing glibly here and there when some paragraph or other failed to yield itself easily to his manipulations. The reporters that had finished writing their copy discussed, with their feet on the tables and with their pipes in their mouths, such topics as were suggested variously to their attention. The hoarse rattle of the copy-box sounded at intervals as the local copy was started on its perilous journey through the hands of the night editor to the composing-room. The steady clicking of the instrument on the associated wire made a monotonous overtone to the low hum of the reporter's voices and the irregular imprecations of the religious editor.

The bell from the night editor rang and the city editor listened at the tube; then he came out from his little room in the corner and addressed the force in general.

"You'll have to boil everything down," he said; "the old man's brought in a sermon." There was an infinite scorn on his face and an infinite scorn in his tone,—scorn for the "old man." The religious editor leaned back in his chair and puffed furiously at his cigar in a way that plainly indicated that things were coming to a pretty pass in the office of the Morning Chronicle. The reporters looked at the city editor with deep sympathy. The force collectively curled its lip. The city editor went back to his desk, sighed more in sorrow than in anger, and sat down to his work again.

Everybody knew what it meant when the old man brought in anything. They knew that it had to go in full, column after column, on the first page, whether it was a treatise on agriculture or a sermon on the doctrine of regeneration. They all wished that the old man would go to Europe, or somewhere, and stay there, letting those that knew how run the paper. But nobody thought of making any remonstrance. Nobody, that is, except the college graduate.

The college graduate had been sent for a sermon and had almost finished preparing an elaborate report. He was pleased with the result of his labors and he meant to go around the next day and ask the minister what he thought of it. He was sure that he had the theology correct, for he remembered about the same thing from his theism course; he had compared the biblical quotations with the office Bible, with the aid of a concordance; he was, in fact, sure of everything except the spelling, and he knew he could trust the city editor to fix that. He went and stood rather timidly in the doorway of the city editor's little room and waited for his chief to look up. Must he cut his sermon? He was certain it would be ruined; he did not see how it could be cut.

"What's it about?" inquired the city editor, crossing

out two lines in the manuscript he was reading and substituting a word to fill the gap.

"Well, it's—er—"

"Criticism the city officials?"

"No; he—"

"Any politics in it?"

"No, sir; but—"

"Against the Catholics?"

"No, sir. It wasn't that sort of a sermon. It was about science and religion. He—er—he reconciled them."

The city editor went back to the manuscript he was reading. "Just say he preached," he said.

The college graduate went back to his desk and sat down,—a blighted thing. He put his feet on the table like the rest, but he did not join in the conversation. He thought. He felt that the worm ought to turn, but he did not know which way to turn. He thought of resigning, but he knew that he would be more bereaved in the loss of his salary than the office in the loss of his services. The office would undoubtedly be sorry sometime, but he felt that when the worm turned it ought to make a more immediate stir. After a while he put on his overcoat and went out.

Before the college graduate became a newspaper man he had been a poet. He was, in fact, still a poet. It injured his work a good deal and kept his salary down, but he clung to it for all that. One day the city editor came out of his little room to the college graduate's desk and put his hand on the young man's shoulder in a way that was very kindly.

"Do you intend to stay in this sort of business?" he asked. It was so unusual for the city editor to talk about things that were not strictly his business that the young man looked up in some surprise.

"Why, yes, I intend to," he answered. "Of course I'd like it better if I had a higher class of work to do."

"That's all right," said the city editor, "that'll come in time. In the meantime, if you care for a tip from me, you want to learn to boil things down. When you've got a story to write don't write two sheets of copy where you ought to write only one. Then if I were in your place I would learn to spell. You didn't learn that in college. That wasn't what you went there for, of course. But now it's different. You'll find it easy after a little while, and it will save me trouble."

"Thank you," said the college graduate, meekly. He had just then a respect for the city editor.

"You see, you have been in a different atmosphere," continued the older man; "you have been living on poetry and theory. There isn't a great deal of that sort of thing here. You'll fall into the swing pretty soon, though, and you won't mind it."

When the college graduate finished his work that day he went home and thought things over, wondering if he had better give up his poetry. He had a hard time deciding,

and finally he took down a volume of his Emerson and read a little. Then he decided not to give up anything. The city editor was a good fellow, but he was fearfully narrow. The college graduate did not believe that the city editor was accustomed to think.

So on this Sunday evening when the college graduate put on his overcoat and started to go to his rooms he had a ready refuge from the cares that had been weighing him down. As he passed the post-office he stepped in to see if there were any letters for him. He found two; one in a handwriting that was feminine and familiar, the other in an envelope that bore the name of the Hilman Monthly, a periodical to whose pages he had contributed, for scanty pay, several sets of verses.

His heart leaped into his throat when he saw the letter-head, for letters from his publisher were not frequent with him. He did not open either of the letters, but put them carefully in his pocket and continued on his journey homeward. He would not let himself plan about the contents of the letter. He had a feeling that it would not turn out to be whatever he thought it was, so he tried not to think of the thing that he wanted it to be.

When the college graduate reached his lodgings he put the two letters down on the table and, prolonging the pleasures of anticipation, carefully rearranged the room and the things on his desk before he sat down. He hesitated a moment, deciding which letter to open first. Finally he was loyal to the one that was feminine and familiar. It was a pleasant, comforting letter, and he smiled as he read it. He knew that there were two people in the world that believed him to be the personification of all knowledge and wisdom—the two people were his mother and the writer of the letter that he was reading. There was a deal of comfort in the knowledge of it.

He finished the first letter and put it carefully back in its envelope. Then he took up the other one and opened it. It was, in fact, from the office of the monthly, but it merely inclosed another letter that had been sent to the office to be forwarded to the author of "Forever Bound," which the college graduate had contributed to a recent number. The verses had been to the effect that it was impossible to forget the girl you loved, even though you knew that she was no longer faithful; as you sat before the fire at the evening hour with your pipe, trying to forget, her image would come back to you in a number of ways, and your heart would throb. The college graduate had considered the verses something of a hit himself. He broke the seal of the inclosed envelope and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I feel that I must tell you how your beautiful poem has impressed me. It seems that another soul, kindred to my own, has been speaking to me. Oh, it was so beautiful to see the thoughts that have come to me so often expressed as only one who is truly inspired can express them! It has seemed to me that I must see you—talk with you. Oh, there is something greater than the conventionalities that are taught us! Do I not know you after reading your words? Can you not—will you not come to see me? They would not tell me who you were at the office of the magazine, or I would have had you come to me differently. If you could come in the afternoon—any afternoon—it would be better. Oh, if you think ill of me for this do not come; but it has seemed to me that it is right." "EDITH GRATON."

"168 E. Milton Street."

The college graduate put the letter down on the table and passed his hand nervously back over his temples. It had come at last. He had been appreciated. It had been weary waiting, but it had come at last. He was not quite sure of his duty to the woman that had written the letter. He felt that it would be kind to go and see her, but it

seemed dangerous to establish a precedent. When these letters began to pour in upon him he could not, of course, attend to them all personally. Still this was the first one, and that made a difference. On the whole he thought he would go, although later on he felt he must draw the line. And so he went the next day, in the afternoon.

He had a kind of a queer feeling as he walked up East Milton Street. He was pleased but somewhat awed when he found that it was a street of remarkably fine residences. He was still further awed when he found that among them all 168 stood out pre-eminently the finest. Nevertheless he went up and rang the bell, and restrained, as he waited for the answer, his natural inclination to turn and flee.

The door was opened by a proper individual in a white cap and other emblems of dignified servanthood, and he was ushered into a reception-room. Miss Graton would be down in a moment. The college graduate did not sit down. He stood in line with a long mirror and took stock of himself. The reception-room did him good. He felt that he had returned to a sphere that belonged to him. In the mirror he saw a rather tall, heavy young man, curly haired and broad of brow, dressed in a way that was undoubtedly proper and pleasing. He felt that he fitted in with the surroundings. In his lodgings he knew that he did not. Presently he heard the sound of light feet on the stairway, and he quickly got himself out of position from the mirror. Then Miss Graton came into the room.

The college graduate had wondered a good deal about the probable appearance of the woman he was to see; he had prepared himself for an old maid, an ordinary young woman, or an intellectual, sympathetic lady of any age, but he had failed to prepare himself for what he saw before him. What he saw was a big-eyed, sweet-faced little school-girl. She might have been sixteen, not a day more. She was gowned in some soft material, sternly without ornament. Her eyes were very bright, and there was a tinge of red in either cheek. Her cheeks did not look as if the red were always there. She gave the college graduate one quick glance, and then if she looked at him at all it was stealthily from under her long lashes.

She gave him her little hand in quiet welcome, and they sat down.

"It was so good of you to come," she murmured.

The college graduate said that it was only a pleasure. They were both nervous, and conventionalities were the easiest.

"I don't know what you thought of me when you got my letter," continued the girl; "but I don't believe in all the things that some people want me to. They let me dance with Jack, and he can come to see me. But I don't know Jack half as well as I know you. I only know what he does. I know some of the things that you think. I don't believe," she continued, musingly, "that Jack thinks, anyway."

The college graduate said that he thought she was right. Then his conscience began to prick him, and he said, somewhat oracularly:

"Social limitations are for ordinary circumstances. This is not an ordinary circumstance."

The young lady joined her hands together and looked at him for just a moment.

"That was beautiful," she said. "Say some more." The college graduate smiled.

"Do you know," he said, "you do not look a bit as I expected you would."

The young lady looked disappointed.

"You are not going to talk like that, are you?" she inquired. "That sounded just like Jack."

"And who is Jack?"

"Jack," replied the young lady, slowly and with emphasis, "Jack is nobody."

"Oh," said the college graduate.

There was a pause at this point, and the girl's eyes suddenly became very grave. When she spoke it was very softly.

"Would you mind telling me about *her* now?" she said.

"About—about whom?" inquired the young man, looking puzzled. She took the puzzled look for distress and hastened to say:

"I wouldn't for the world have you do it if it will pain you. But I hoped that you would tell me about her, and that you would let me tell you how much I sympathize with you."

"I don't think I quite understand who it is that you mean," said the college graduate.

The young lady looked displeased and somewhat astonished.

"Why, the one in the poem," she said, a little impatiently.

"I suppose I am very stupid," began the young man. The girl looked ready to cry.

"Now you are talking like Jack again," she said, "and you are looking like him, too. You don't look at all as you ought, anyway. You are horrid."

The college graduate moved uneasily in his chair.

"I am very sorry that I do not please you," he said.

"Didn't you love that girl whom you wrote about in the poem at all?" inquired the girl, between despair and a last faint hope that there was a mistake somewhere.

The college graduate rose to the situation.

"My dear young lady," he said in a fatherly tone, "there never was any such girl."

"Then how could you write that poem?"

The college graduate hesitated and thought.

"I don't know," he said at length.

"Did you just make it up, every bit?"

"I suppose I did."

"Then I think you are a fraud," said the young lady with conviction. "And to think," she added, "that I have read that thing over hundreds—yes, thousands of times!" The disappointment was too great. Her pretty eyes filled with tears and she began to sob violently.

The college graduate felt like a culprit. He tried to comfort her, but she would have none of him. He had to leave her there weeping wildly into a silk pillow on the couch.

The college graduate went home very thoughtful, and when he reached his lodgings he got out his copy of the monthly and read his poem. He could feel himself blushing as he read it. When he had finished he flung the magazine into the open fireplace. A half-finished verse beginning, "Love, thou hast forgotten, but my heart," followed the magazine. It was the beginning of the end, and the college graduate was cured.

Meanwhile a very angry young lady had found her way tearfully to her room and turned the key in her door. A leaf had been wrenched from a magazine and cast, in a thousand fragments, into the waste-paper basket. The college graduate was not the only one that had been cured.

J. T. NEWCOMB.



THE WEEKLY MENDING.

OF all the cares that beset the path of the house-keeper of moderate means, I fancy the weekly mending is the most trying. The old rule that one likes to do what he does well is no less applicable to mending than to other things, and the lack of knowing how to mend is at the root of much of the distaste for it. Another and most potent cause of its being a bugbear is holding the pernicious idea that each week's mending must be done by Saturday night. Don't harness yourself to any such load. Take your mending leisurely. Is the washing late and Johnnie's underwear in a fearful state of dilapidation? Lay it aside for careful repairing early in the next week, and turn with a feeling of comfort to your other mending. I adjure you, do only so much mending weekly as you can do thoroughly. By steadily pursuing this plan you will find the mending pile growing smaller every week and your disposition toward it much more amiable.

Now to the main point, namely, how to mend. In the first place, use only the slenderest, sharpest needles, and, unless for sewing on buttons, nothing coarser than No. 50 thread; 60 or 70 is better for many kinds of mending. Be sure always to have your patches straight and true and with the "grain"—or weave—matching the garment. If possible, patches should be washed before use, to avoid any possible shrinking afterward. These may seem small points, but much depends on their observance.

A patch neatly put on is by no means a bad-looking affair, and yet I would say, do not use a patch when a darn can be made to take its place. There are two kinds of darns, and care must be exercised as to which is better in a given case. If the break is caused by some imperfection in the woof, leaving the warp uninjured, a neat darn may be made by taking up the threads, over and under; and it will be strong enough without placing a strip beneath. If, however, the tear is jagged, it should be darned to a patch

and the cloth carefully cut away all around the darn. In many cases, this is a better way to mend a rent than to patch it; in fact, I may declare myself unreservedly in favor of darning over patching.

THE SHAPE OF A PATCH.

But if you must patch, let me entreat you to refrain from the coffin-shaped patch, or the one that resembles a carpenter's square,—following the three-cornered rent. Pray cut away your cloth *square*. A good deal of our patching is done with scraps left after cutting out the family garments. Do not reject the rounded pieces; the half-moon patch is one of the most excellent shapes to use in any case where the straight edge can be attached to the seam, and especially in places where the strain is very great. Don't you know how apt slits are to appear beside your patch or the corners of it, tearing a hole in the garment,—thus verifying the Scripture saying about the piece of new cloth on the old garment? Well, you see, the rounded patch with its bias edge gives no special strain on any point. I once watched an old sailor mending a sail, and I noticed that he fastened his patches to the seams of the sail on either side and had the top and bottom of the patches bias. I inquired the reason. "Don't you see that patch will stand the wind a great deal better cut that way, mem?" was his reply. Even so, the rounded patch will "stand" the wind and wave of the clothes-line and the tub—to say nothing of the buffetings of the "human form divine"—better than the square one, every time.

In patching, so far as possible attach the patch to some seam. Sometimes you may be able to join almost every side of the patch to something. This not only makes your work strong, but also much neater in appearance. In patching holes between tucks, let each side of the patch come under a tuck, and the mending will be well-nigh invisible. In a few cases, as among gathers, a rent may be sewed up. Do not fail then to taper your seams to a very slender one beyond the slit, and by all means overcast it.

MENDING EMBROIDERY.

A word as to embroideries. You should have with your pieces some narrow strips of fine cambric for mending edgings. Hem a strip neatly just below the scallops and also to the facing of the garment, gathering at the latter place if the embroidery is gathered. Then, if the slit is just at the point where the edging joins the garment, it will be easy to hem the edge of the garment to the reinforced embroidery, taking pains to distribute the gathers. If the break is farther up in the work, a neat darn must be put in. When you have your embroidery thus protected it will wear as long as the garment itself,—a desirable thing, for nothing is more slovenly than to see a garment minus half its trimming, or with the edging caught on to it in such a manner as to lose half its width. Insertions are

mended in the same way, being careful to have your strip of cambric wide enough to reach both sides of the insertion.

GENERAL REPAIRS.

Put fresh bands on your white skirts, and as you do so don't forget to readjust the gathers so that the places that had the wear may be relieved. Bind the bottoms of skirts when they begin to fray.

A little extra care in darning thin places in stockings will save many stitches; but, whatever you do, make smooth, bunchless darns on the feet. Large holes should be overcast with fine silk or thread, and drawn in to the original shape and size before darning; this will usually be found to diminish the hole by half. Where a stitch has run back, making a "ladder;" it can be picked up with a crochet needle so that it will be as strong and close as the rest of the stocking.

To mend button-holes is a difficult task, but something may be done when they tear down at the corners. Button-hole each side of the tear, then catch the top of the button-holing together. You will find that the corner is very strong, and the button-hole will lose nothing in size. If, however, the button-holes are much worn, I would advise you to cover the whole row with a new strip of the cloth, stitch it on the outside, turn it back and hem it down beneath; then work the button-holes in a new place. Moving the buttons will be a capital thing for the garment. The same plan may be used in renovating the button-band.

The base of plackets in skirts, and openings in night-gowns, is very liable to tear down. Do not try to sew up the rent, for it will tear deeper next time. Rip the stitching loose and the hem back a little way if necessary; then patch it, or darn to a patch, and finish by stitching your wide hem a little farther over than before, and in most cases your mending will be entirely concealed.

"Shall we mend our clothes before they go to the wash?" is a question often considered. Well, personally, I never do, though many good housekeepers deem it necessary. In case of a rent that is likely to be made worse in laundering, it is a good idea to carefully baste a patch over the hole, leaving the edges raw, but basting closely around the hole.

This article would be incomplete if I should fail to say something about mending flannels, since they are one of the chief trials in the mending basket. White tape of different widths is very useful in mending "ladders" in woven garments, and a fine crochet-needle should be at hand to hook up dropped stitches. A wide tape hemmed over the seams will effectually close up these little holes that break out along their entire length. Flannel binding should be applied to the necks of shirts in time to prevent tearing down. A broad linen corset-lace is excellent for this purpose.

LAURA COMSTOCK DUNLAP.

A FINE OPPORTUNITY.

THIS tiny panel picture of saucy little dogs is a reproduction in miniature of Van Vredenburg's fascinating oil painting showing a dozen puppies of high degree in playful attitudes and as natural as life. The picture has been greatly admired by lovers of dogs and lovers of art. We gave



a handsome copy of this painting to each of our subscribers last month. There are still a few copies left, and to those who have missed this opportunity we will send, on receipt of twenty cents, a fine copy of the picture and the December number of DEMOREST'S.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

A TULIP LAMP-SHADE.*

AMONG the pretty shades to be seen in the stores and homes of to-day, one of the daintiest and most artistic is the delicate flower shade. One made in the design of the tulip, in any of its natural colors, the fiery red, the yellow with its tinting of red, or the white with delicate streakings of crimson on the outer edges of the petals, is a delight to the eye. This shade is especially appropriate for lamps with white globe-shades, and shows off to its full advantage as a hall lamp where it rests or swings airily. One can be bought at any price ranging from three dollars upward, but to make it costs little but time and trouble for skillful fingers.

To begin with, select *crêpe* paper of the color desired; the stiffest quality is much the best to work with. A spool of fine copper wire, and a ring of heavy wire for the base of the shade, are the other requirements. The petals often vary in number and therefore in width. This design is for six, slightly overlapping each other. Cut six strips of wire the length of the longest part of the pattern, and twelve pieces the size of the pattern (it takes

two pieces to form a complete petal). The grain of the paper must run diagonally,—bias, shall we call it?—so the petals can be pulled into shape.

The two pieces of each petal must be carefully pasted together down the middle, with a strip of wire between. Corn-starch paste applied with a small brush is best for this purpose. Lay each petal away to dry, under some pressure, if there is a slight tendency to curl.

When dry, take each of the pieces and bend the wire gently with the fingers, a slight curve outward at the centre and a decided bend out at the tip, just like the natural flower with its beautiful curves. A tiny piece of invisible wire is twisted into a little loop on the inner side of each petal, about two-thirds of the distance from the base. Through these loops a string or a fine wire is run, to hold the parts in place after the shade is ready to be fastened over the globe. Cut the small sepals at the base of the flower out of green paper of whatever kind best suits the taste. Cut them the same shape as

the completed petals, about one-fourth as large, and make whatever number it requires to give a pretty finish to the shade. Make the ring of wire at the base the exact size required, then turn up the lower part of each petal and paste over the wire, and add the sepals one at a time. If the shade is to represent a yellow or white tulip the edges should be delicately shaded with vermilion in water-color.

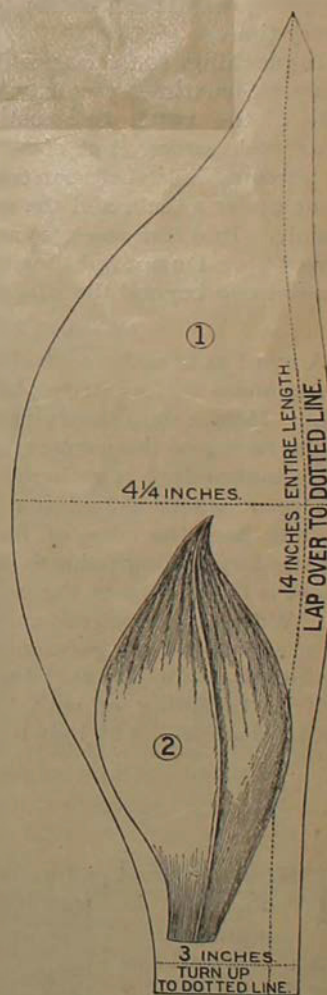
JENNIE WRIGHT KING.

If one may judge by what one encounters in various houses, it would seem that few women give much attention to the manner in which their rooms are lighted; but if housekeepers are once made to realize how completely one may change the tone of a room by the lights used in it, they will want to attend carefully to such details.

Lights over-head from hanging chandeliers, unless well shaded are very trying to the room and to the persons in it, and often cast a glare of light which spoils the effect of an otherwise charming room. In day-time we nearly all get our light from windows at the side, and if the room is arranged for this light it should have side-lights at night as well. For this reason lamps are more available for making a pretty effect in a room than gas fixtures, which are usually hung from the ceiling. If gas is used, it is much better to have brackets with jets on the side walls; but the lamp is even better than these, because it can be moved from place to place to suit various arrangements of the room. The lamp, also, is prettier for the dining-table than a high gas fixture, and with a becoming shade can quite transform a very plain table. Candles are again much in use, and are the prettiest of all lights on account of the softness; but they are, of course, more troublesome than lamps or gas.



LAMP WITH TULIP SHADE.



1. PATTERN FOR HALF OF PETAL.
2. COMPLETED PETAL.

* Handsome lamps for which these lamp-shades are well adapted will be found illustrated in "Demorest's Purchasing Bureau" in the advertising department of this Magazine.

DECORATED MIRRORS.

The decorated mirror seems of late years to have fallen into a sort of desuetude as a medium for the expression of decorative art by our young women who can "paint a comes in around the opening it should be finished off in soft little ferny, mossy tendrils, and the whole band should not be more than two or three inches wide.

When this is dry oil it up and sketch or transfer upon it a rich wreath of some blossom which has a beautiful open face, like the wild rose, daisy, or sunflower. If one has sufficient skill, many-leaved roses or even trumpet-shaped flowers may be used; but the best decorative effect may usually be gotten from flat flowers like the pansy or daisy. The blossoms should be drawn in lavishly, overlapping each other, and fringed on the side toward the opening with slender foliage and tiny buds. If one doubts one's ability to arrange such a wreath a simple, semi-conventional arrangement of the flowers in a continuous line like a daisy chain, with one flower slightly overlapping the other, gives an excellent result. When the wreath is painted you have a mirror framed simply in a garland, and the effect of the leaves and tendrils which stand out upon the face of the glass and seem as though waving in the air adds to the beauty and realistic appearance of the work. A step further in this realism is to take common putty,

(Continued on Page 181.)



MORNING-GLORY DECORATION.

little." This is really a great mistake, for there is nothing upon which the amateur's work will make so creditable a showing as upon a glass. It may be that the present lack of favor into which the decorated mirror has fallen is because the single plan of a square, beveled glass, hung cornerwise and painted with a spray or two running from the frame on to the mirror, was followed almost exclusively, and it became exceedingly common and monotonous.

Here are two absolutely novel plans for the treating of this very decorative article, which, if followed with fair taste and ability, cannot fail to delight the maker. Take a round, beveled mirror, without frame, such as are sold and used for dining-table decorations, put several shades of soft greens and browns upon your palette, and, with a large bristle brush, cloud the glass all around the edge. The paint must be solid at the outer edge, but where it



BORDERED WITH WILD ROSES.

SANITARIAN

CONCERNING THE TEETH.

THE teeth are probably less intelligently thought about than any one part of the human system. Few stop to consider that in a certain sense they are the foundation of good health. Being placed at the entrance of the alimentary canal, their chief function is to properly cut and masticate the food and aid its incorporation with the saliva, that it may be passed into the stomach in a state suitable for digestion and assimilation; and if this duty be not properly performed the entire system is almost certain to be deranged.

The child is furnished with teeth when its physical needs call for more substantial food than its early days require. By the time it has reached two years of age it usually has all of its first teeth, ten in number, in each jaw, these being sufficient for its requirements until it is about six years of age, at which time its permanent teeth begin to appear.

First come four large permanent molars, just posterior to the temporary teeth. As these have no predecessors they are often mistaken by the parents for temporary teeth. These furnish masticating surface for the child, and aid to keep the jaws in proper position while the temporary teeth are being replaced by the permanent ones. After this is completed two more molars appear on each side of each jaw, giving in all thirty-two permanent teeth. To render the service intended the teeth must be preserved in their normal form, position and usefulness. This applies to the deciduous teeth as well, though many parents do not realize that these require attention.

In the development of the teeth the enamel cap first appears; this contains a very small percentage of animal matter, then follows the dentine, which is much softer, being nearer the density of bone, and then the remaining portions of the tooth. Surrounding the root of the tooth is a membrane somewhat similar to that covering the bones. In "sore teeth," abscesses and the like, this membrane is the seat of the trouble. The pulp of the tooth, or nerve, as it is commonly called, is composed of arteries and veins, connective tissue and nerve fibers, and is really the formative organ of the tooth, and becomes smaller as age advances, and, in elderly people, it is sometimes entirely obliterated by the deposit of lime salts. When the crown of the tooth is fully erupted its external growth is completed. Probably the only exception to this rule in animal creation is with the incisor teeth of rodents, which continue to increase in length. This necessitates continual gnawing to keep them worn off.

The teeth of an individual should be cleansed and properly cared for after they are two years of age. Could they be kept clean there would never be any decay; but absolute cleanliness is an impossibility. All we can do is to approximate it. Where there is an imperfect formation of the tooth, or where the teeth are in contact, small particles of food will lodge and rapidly decompose, forming an acid that acts on the lime salts of the tooth. This minute break will rapidly grow larger and form a greater place of deposit, and a more rapid chemical action will ensue. When the enamel is once penetrated the dentine yields even more rapidly to the dissolving agent. Thus it is important to check the decay as soon as possible.

The teeth should be thoroughly cleansed after each

meal, and when strong acid medicine has been taken the mouth should be rinsed with an alkaline wash. The attempt to take these medicines through a tube is of no value. The proper use of a quill toothpick and the passage of floss silk between the teeth is important. The lime deposit on the teeth known as tartar should be thoroughly removed whenever necessary. In addition to its unsightliness it causes irritation of the gums and absorption of the socket of the tooth, and many teeth are lost from this cause alone. The proper removal of these deposits is not injurious. The object in filling is to restore the form and usefulness of the tooth, and by perfectly sealing the cavity to check further decay.

With the present advancement of the science of dentistry few teeth need to be lost. Should the crown or top of the tooth be entirely destroyed, an artificial crown may be placed on the natural root, and so restore its usefulness. Where teeth are knocked out through accident they can be replaced, and usually regain their firmness. Where a tooth is entirely lost, a new socket may be formed and a new tooth placed in it, with a fair prospect of success. When one or more teeth are out of position or crooked, their usefulness, as well as beauty, is often seriously impaired. This condition should also be corrected. Artificial teeth should be avoided, if possible, as they can never give the service of the natural ones if they have been properly cared for. Diseased gums and diseased and broken teeth are a source of much danger, and should never be neglected, though prevention is far better than cure.

Mouth washes are only valuable for their cleansing and medicinal action and should not be used ignorantly. Of course a large variety may be used at different times, but tincture of myrrh is always a valuable tonic for the gums, and also an enemy of tartar. Avoid anything depending on a strong acid or alkali. The object of a tooth-powder is to correct acidity by its alkaline action, and to polish the surface of a tooth by its mechanical action. For this purpose it must be absolutely free from coarse grit and should not contain any acid. It can be flavored to suit the taste, and may contain astringents, antiseptics, and tonics, when needed.

The basis of all powders is prepared chalk, and that alone answers a very good purpose with a little flavoring of wintergreen or rose to remove its insipid taste. When soap is employed it should be only the purest castile, and that in limited quantities and in conjunction with good powder. The name of a dentifrice usually indicates but little. There are hundreds of preparations on the market that are equally good and many that are very injurious.

The brush should be of medium stiffness, and most of the brushing done from the gums toward the grinding surface of the tooth, for the purpose of better removing foreign particles from between the teeth. As for the dentist, he is to be looked upon as a friend and not an enemy,—by young and old alike. He should be kind and sympathetic and pleasant. If he is, and is up to the times in appliances and methods, the regular visit, which everyone should make to the office, need not be a disagreeable duty.

M. G. JENNISON, D.D.S.

THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

IAN MACLAREN says that every man who will not work should be compelled to do so at the point of the bayonet.

MISS MARGUERITE MERINGTON will publish this fall the libretto of her new comic opera, "Daphne, or the Pipes of Arcadia," which won the \$500 prize offered by the National Conservatory of Music.

SCRIBNER'S have issued a handsome new edition of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," the story that first made Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett famous. The binding is similar to the one covering "A Lady of Quality."

IT HAS BEEN said by a friend of Thomas Hardy that Jude, the hero of his famous book, is, in some directions, a portrait of the author,—not in the story of his career, of course, but in divers characteristics, and especially in some of his dislikes.

IT WAS ANNOUNCED some time ago that this would be Maude Adams's last winter as leading lady in John Drew's Company, and now the contract has been signed under which she will go out at the head of a company to try her fortune as a star.

RUDYARD KIPLING will probably not remain long away from America, since he has refused a rather handsome offer for his Vermont house, now vacant, and it is said that he has intimated that he will occupy it himself next year.

OIDA, after the enforced sale of her beautiful furniture by the authorities of the United Italy, which she so hates and reviles, has retired to a villa in the environs of Lucca, where she is concentrating all her bitterness against Italy in a three-volume novel.

ON THE first of June there were in existence in Paris 2,291 periodicals of all kinds, classified as follows: 800 monthlies, 669 weeklies, 137 dailies, and 237 with no fixed dates of publication. France, as a whole, including the colonies, issues 3,566 periodicals, of which 336 are dailies.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY has announced a new volume of poems, and his readers will be glad to know that it has something to do with children, for this is a field in which he is very happy and much loved. The volume is called "A Child World," and is announced as partly narrative and partly lyrical.

A CORRESPONDENT who has interviewed James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist, says that "A Kentucky Cardinal" is the author's favorite story; and in this the public seems to agree with the author, for he has certainly never written a novel that has sold better or circulated better at the libraries.

DR. CONAN DOYLE recently confessed to the London Authors' Club that he began to write to get a little money to pay his bills. For ten years nearly all his manuscript came back to him almost by return post. His first profitable article was for a trade paper. Dr. Doyle is now thirty-seven years old. The choicest moment of his life, he said, was when Thackeray patted him on the head, a boy of five years, and praised him.

IT WAS NOT long before his death that William Morris said to a friend, "I have enjoyed my life,—few men more so." When he was talked to concerning the peril of such a life of intellectual tension as his he laughed at the talker. "Look at Gladstone," he would say; "look at those wise owls, your chancellors and your judges. Don't they live all the longer for work? It is rust that kills men, not work."

THACKERAY made a humorous protest, which has been echoed by all great men since, against the social miseries entailed on famous men. Why might they not leave behind them their professions when they went into society? "If you ask Blondin to tea," he said, "you don't have a rope stretched from your garret window to the opposite side of the square and request Monsieur to take his tea on the centre of the rope."

WHILE J. M. BARRIE was visiting George W. Cable at Northampton, recently, he went to Smith College and was suddenly called upon to make a speech to the nine hundred girls there. Mr. Barrie is very shy as well as very clever, and he managed to indicate both qualities and please nine hundred girls by saying that he was nine hundred times more willing to make a speech at Smith College than anywhere else, but that he preferred even there to make nine hundred separate speeches in private, instead of the one he was called upon to make just then. At a supper given to him by the Aldine Club, in New York, Mr. Barrie said that of the things he had seen in America he liked the schools best, and of the schools he liked those for girls best, and of the girls' schools he liked Smith College best, and of the girls at Smith College he liked —, and then he stopped.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who was referred to in this column last month, are made all the more remarkable by the conditions of his birth and life. His father was wholly illiterate, a slave in Kentucky before the war. He escaped to Ohio, where he married an emancipated slave. The poet was born in Dayton, Ohio, twenty-five years ago, and was educated in the public schools of that town. Upon his graduation from the high school, he secured a position to run an elevator, and that is still his occupation in spite of his recent literary success. Meantime, however, he has written poetry, and with the aid of friends published some of his verses in a small volume. This came to the notice of Mr. Howells, and he wrote the criticism which attracted the attention of the literary world to the young negro. The first money he received for his literary work was four hundred dollars, which was recently paid him for the right of re-publishing his poems. This book has been issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., under the title of "Lyrics of Lowly Life." It is partly in negro dialect.

"AMONG the early readers of 'Oliver Optic's' stories," says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, "there must be a good many grandfathers by this time, but he continues to turn stories out as regularly as ever, and they continue to be bought and read. Oliver's real name, as a great many people are aware, is William T. Adams. He lives in Dorchester, Mass., and the 30th of last July was his seventy-fourth birthday. It gives one a better opinion of the literary calling to read of the serene and industrious persistence with which he has followed it. His first book, 'The Boat Club,' appeared in 1855. Report says that it has never lost popularity, but has passed through sixty editions, and that a new one is now on the press. It shows excellent thrift on the part of a young writer to start with a book that continues to make satisfactory semi-annual reports to him as long as he lives. Since he published 'The Boat Club' Mr. Adams has written not less than a hundred other books, of which about 1,100,000 copies have been sold. Writing ever about boys seems to keep him young. He went around the world last year by himself, and brought home fresh stores of material."

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Crisis in Cuba.

Affairs in Cuba are rapidly coming to a crisis. Now that the rainy season is over, active warfare has been resumed. General Weyler has taken the field in person, and promises the Spanish Government that he will push the campaign so aggressively that the insurrection will soon be ended.

"My only aspiration," he says, "is to end the war soon. I entertain the strongest hopes that, with the development of the plan of campaign we have just commenced to put in execution in Pinar del Rio, that province will be shortly cleared of insurgents.

"Let the impatient ones be quiet and hopeful. Let them have confidence in the bravery of the Spanish soldiers, and in the efficiency of the plans adopted.

"It will not be long before Maceo is driven into the interior from the coasts of Pinar del Rio, and this will put an end to the landing of filibustering expeditions in that province. Once Pinar del Rio is cleared of insurgents, it will naturally cost us less effort to drive them from the immediate provinces of Havana, Matanzas and Las Villas."

The Captain-General is constantly calling upon Spain for more money, and the desperate efforts the poor but high-spirited people of that bankrupt country are making to supply the urgent

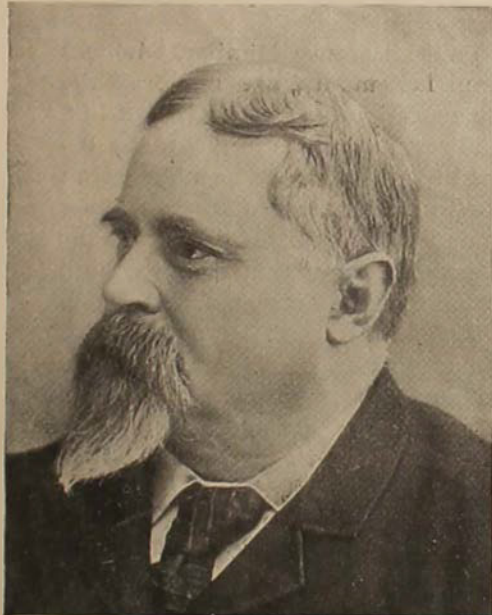
demand and save the last and richest of its colonies would be pathetic if the cause were a more worthy one.

There are two reasons why Spain is making frantic efforts to crush the rebellion quickly. One is the enormous expense involved in keeping her armies in Cuba, and the other is the constant dread that some power or powers will recognize the Cubans as belligerents, and thus give them an accredited standing among the nations, with the important power of borrowing money.

The United States is the country which is most greatly feared on this score; there is,

indeed, a very bitter feeling in Spain against this country. Nor is it without reason from the Spanish standpoint. While President Cleveland has thus far refused to violate the policy of neutrality in any degree, the general sentiment in this country is all in favor of Cuba, and it is reported on good authority that recently every member of the President's Cabinet has joined in urging him to take measures to put an end to the hostilities, on the ground of the immense injury that is being done to the Cuban trade interests of Americans. Our trade with Cuba amounted to \$120,000,000 in 1894; now it is less than \$40,000,000, and is decreasing constantly. General Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, the Consul-General to Cuba, returned recently from the island, and has made a report to the President in which he stated emphatically that American interests there were suffering grave injury, and that Cuba will be reduced to a state of ruin from which it cannot recover for many years if the war continues much longer.

Despite the President's attitude the navy is in a state of excitement and warlike preparation. The interpretation of this activity is that the administration fears that Spain herself may take the initiative and precipitate a war with this country. The danger of open hostilities will probably be even greater after the inauguration of Mr. McKinley, as he is said to favor an "aggressive American policy." For these reasons Gen. Weyler has taken the field in person, and is devoting every energy to the task of gaining the master hand in Cuba.

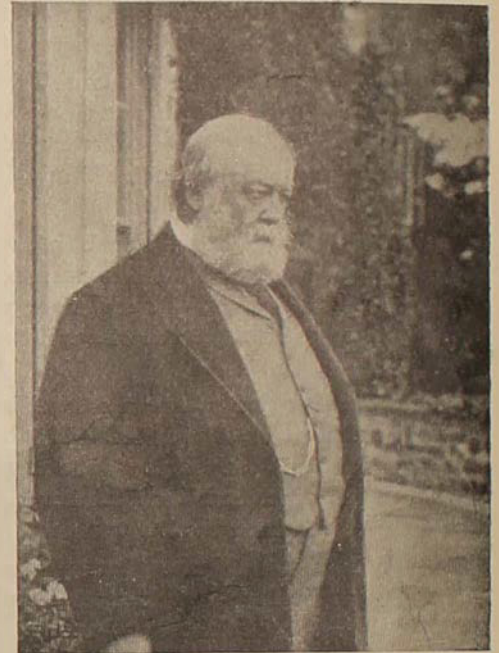


GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

Europe's Attitude Towards Turkey.

Because England has taken no practical measures to relieve the Armenian situation and punish the Sultan for his acquiescence in the massacres, Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, has been accused of callousness and indifference to the fate of the hapless Armenians. These accusations are in the main unjust, and show an ignorance of the true situation. Lord Salisbury has shown appreciation of the enormity of the Sultan's crimes, and has taken steps to make him suffer for them. The reason of the present inaction lies in the fact that these

steps have failed, and that further action on the part of England just now would lead to grave danger of a great European war and a sacrifice of life far greater than that involved in the massacres by the Turks. Lord Salisbury has asked the Czar that Russia co-operate with him in forcing the Sultan to govern his domains with some reference to humanity and the spirit of modern civilization. For reasons best known to himself the ruler of the Russias refused this co-operation, and succeeded in persuading France, Germany, and Austria to take the same stand. As has been stated already, independent action on the part of Great Britain might precipitate a great war. Thus the complications of European politics, and the fear on the part of each power that a rival may obtain supremacy in Turkey have tied the hands of the Christian nations, and the Turk continues his course of pillage, rapine, and murder in Armenia.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.
BRITISH PREMIER.

To Reform the Churches.

Moody and Sankey, the great evangelists, have again united their efforts in the interests of morality and Christianity. They have been lately holding meetings in New York City, in which there have been scenes of great enthusiasm.

While Mr. Moody's discourses appeal to every human heart, he is making a special plea, in the New York meetings, to the Church people. He believes that the churches need reforming. They are much too worldly, he says. There is a tendency to place a higher valuation upon respectability and social position and financial standing than upon the teachings of Jesus Christ. The average church-goer dislikes to rub elbows with persons whose clothing is shabby. Some of the churches have degenerated into social clubs, wherein those who are not of the circle are not welcome. There is an atmosphere in the churches, says Mr. Moody, which is repellent to the man and woman who are most in need of their uplifting influences. These people are not respectable, and are made to feel, in subtle ways, that they are not wanted. Thus the nobler instincts of the heart, sympathy and charity, and the feeling of the brotherhood of man, which it is the duty of the Church to teach and conserve, are lost sight of in the desire for respectability, and one of the loftiest of human institutions becomes prostituted to trivial and selfish ends.

Mr. Moody is doubtless right in his criticism of the spirit which prevails in many churches, and with his power and influence will probably accomplish much good in this somewhat unusual evangelistic field.

Artificial Silk.

The little silkworm is losing its importance in the world of fashion and dressmaking. Silk is now made independently of it. Since 1893 large establishments in Besançon, France, have been manufacturing artificial silk, which has so grown in favor that an English company has decided to begin its manufacture in Lancashire, England. It is said that the only difference in appearance between the product of the silkworm and the artificial silk is that the latter has a superior lustre, and that furthermore it takes the dye more readily and holds its color more permanently. The process of its manufacture is interesting. A certain variety of wood is first transformed into a pulp, the fibrous texture of the wood being completely obliterated, and the pulp thoroughly cleansed, after which it has the appearance and consistency of thick gum. This mass is placed into cylinders connected with pipes which run near the spinning-machines, and which are studded with small holes, or taps, over which are placed glass tubes with tiny apertures at the ends. Pneumatic pressure forces the pulp from the cylinders into the pipes and thence into the glass tubes. A very fine filament of it is pushed through the aperture in the tube; this is taken by the operator and directed through the spinning-guide to the bobbin, which when set rotating draws the filaments or threads from the tips of the glass tubes as long as the cylinders are kept supplied with pulp. In the factory at Besançon twelve thousand of these tips are constantly giving out their silken threads. They are called "glass silkworms." While the artificial silk is chemically different from that of the cocoons, their physical properties are much the same, and the former answers all ordinary purposes. It is believed that the extension of its manufacture and use will create an important new industry.

A Congress of Mothers.

A convention of women will assemble in Washington in February, and will consider, not the problems of politics or philosophy, but the questions upon which women are the truest experts, namely, those relating to the education of children. "The value of kindergarten work, and the extension of its principles to more advanced studies" will be one of the topics discussed, and is an illustration of the general scope of the conference. It may be safely predicted that good will come from this meeting of mothers, not merely in the extension of knowledge on the vital problem of the education of children which this particular discussion will cause, but in the precedent established for like congresses in the future, and in the example given to mothers to study the questions of child-training, so that they may handle them from a scientific and enlightened standpoint. Of course, the best mothers know by intuition what is good and what is bad for their little ones, but the large number of children who are badly reared indicates that there is need of more knowledge on the subject. The Congress of Mothers will not only stimulate mothers to study the needs of their individual children, but will also be an impetus towards giving women control of that department of public affairs for which they are pre-eminently fitted. There can be little doubt that intelligent, motherly women know more about the child than most men can ever know. There is already a widespread movement in the United States and most civilized countries to give women a voice in the public education of the children. The discussion of the subject of child-training in conventions of mothers would doubtless accelerate and widen that movement, and women would assume a position in public life in which their influence and usefulness would be very great.

Kleptomania.

The recent sensational case of Mrs. Castle, a wealthy San Francisco woman, who was arrested in London for stealing articles from the shops, has led to widespread discussion of the form of insanity known as kleptomania. It was shown that Mrs. Castle, possessed of abundant means to buy everything she wanted, had no motive in stealing the articles. The defense of her lawyers was that she was afflicted with kleptomania; that is, she was insane in regard to the appropriation of articles that did not belong to her, although intelligent on all other subjects. This has been the defense of most young and beautiful women, and of those of wealth, who have been caught stealing, and it has frequently been successful, although it is treated with ridicule if advanced by persons who are needy, or of the lower classes of society. The English court gave a decided setback to the tendency to recognize kleptomania as a

valid defense by finding Mrs. Castle guilty of larceny. Since then there has been much argument as to whether there is a form of insanity which pertains to stealing alone and renders the person afflicted with it irresponsible for acts of theft. The general opinion seems to be that so-called kleptomania should not be accepted as an excuse. Almost all crime is now said by the physiologists to be the result of moral insanity, but in spite of this the interests of society demand that it be punished. No one arrested for stealing can be set free on the ground of insanity, and the belief is becoming general that kleptomania is very like other kinds of theft. The treatises on insanity now contain much less reference to monomania than in past years. If a person is irrational on but one subject, and shows no other signs of a disordered mind, he is generally considered sane enough to be responsible for his acts.

The Progress of the Negro.

There are evidences that the negro has profited by his thirty years of emancipation, and is reaching a higher civilization. Within the past year two negroes have come before the public by displays of pre-eminent ability. Their distinction reflects more credit upon the negro race than that of Frederick Douglass, because they are colored men of full blood, while he was a mulatto.

One of these men is Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a young poet of Dayton, Ohio, whose work has been eulogistically reviewed by William Dean Howells, and is finding acceptance in the leading periodicals. Mr. Dunbar is the first literary man of his race whose work has been so honored, and it is good enough to win recognition and success on its own account, without regard to the fact that it is the product of a negro. In addition to his poetical faculty Mr. Dunbar is a young man of great general intelligence and of pleasing personality.

The other negro who has won renown is Booker T. Washington, the principal of the Tuskegee Institute, an Alabama institution for the industrial training of the negro. Prof. Washington was unknown until the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, when he made a speech upon the development of the negro which attracted the attention of the country and at once marked him as the leader of his race. Prof. Washington's contention was, and is, that the black man will gain the respect of the white man only by producing something which the white man wants and considers valuable. In proportion as the former does work which the judgment of the latter says is good, the friction between the races will pass away, and the negro of skill, intelligence and character, will acquire a standing in the community of his white brother. Prof. Washington believes that the colored man will gain respect most rapidly by good work in industrial lines. The South, he says, is still an undeveloped and unsettled country, and for the next half-century the greater part of the energy of the masses will be needed to develop its material resources. Men will be measured by industrial standards. The negro who owns a two-story brick house, or who has a mortgage on a white man's house, will be respected. "We find," says Prof. Washington, "that as every year we put into a Southern community colored men who can start a brick-yard, a saw-mill, a tin-shop, or a printing-office,—men who produce something that makes the white man partly dependent upon the negro, instead of all the dependence being on the other side,—a change takes place in the relations of the races."

The cases of Paul Dunbar and of Booker Washington himself prove that colored men can obtain respect and honor if their work justifies these rewards.



Photograph by Rockwood.

PAUL L. DUNBAR.



PROF. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

ABOUT WOMEN.

MISS ALICE SNYDER has been appointed assistant to Dr. Mosher, the new dean of the women's department of the University of Michigan.

AT VASSAR COLLEGE Laura Wylie, Ph. D., has been made associate professor of English, and four other women, Miss Rogers, Miss Start, Miss Carter, and Miss Hubbell, have been added to the faculty.

MISS NELLIE KUCK obtained the bronze medal of the Royal Drawing Society of London. Miss Kuck is only sixteen years old and is exceptionally gifted. She has already won two other valuable medals for her exquisite drawings. "The Young Saint Cecilia" is the name of the drawing for which she received the bronze medal mentioned.

THE STROKE OF PARALYSIS which ends the active career of Margaret Sullivan will deprive the Chicago press of its most celebrated, if not its ablest, editorial writer. Mrs. Sullivan has been on the staff of one or another Chicago journal for thirty years, and in the position of editorial writer, a unique field for women in journalism, she earned the salary and did the work of the most capable man.

MISS ETHEL NORDHOFF, daughter of Charles Nordhoff the well-known writer, has fitted herself to follow book-binding as a vocation, by placing herself under the guidance of Mr. Cobden Sanderson, at the Dove bindery, near London, which is famous for its beautiful bindings. This is a field of work which thus far few women have chosen, but there is no reason why it should not be a pleasant one for them.

THE FACT that Miss Anna Millar is the business manager of Theodore Thomas's orchestra is interesting. The amount of planning and detail work necessarily connected with such a position is enormous. Miss Millar was born on a farm near Muscatine, Iowa. She is most successful in her work. She is described as being attractive and thoroughly womanly, and she handles the great orchestra's business with absolute ease and correctness.

THE APPEARANCE of the autobiography of Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke will bear witness to many who had supposed her dead long ago that this remarkable old lady is living in Italy. She is eighty-seven years old, and her home for some time has been near Genoa. It is nearly fifty years since her concordance to Shakespeare was published, and during that half-century, as well as for nearly a quarter of a century before, she had known intimately many of the most illustrious Englishmen, and been esteemed as much for her lovable character and amiability as for her talent.

AN ENTERPRISING New York woman has hit upon the idea of founding an establishment where women can have their boots blacked. There is no doubt that there is a place for such work. A man has no trouble to have his boots and shoes kept clean; but with a woman it is different. Most servants strongly object to blacking boots, and look upon it as the most menial kind of duty. In boarding-houses it is impossible, as a general rule, to find anyone willing to do this work, and whereas a man has only to step out to the nearest bootblack on a street corner, a woman must either attend to her shoes herself or let them go dirty.

MISS ELISABETH NEY, of Austin, Texas, has recently come into notice in America as a sculptor, though she seems to have had a reputation worth recording for some years in other countries. She is a grandniece of Napoleon's famous marshal, and her celebrity is greater in Europe than in this country. She was on terms of intimate acquaintance with many of the foremost statesmen and scholars of Germany and Italy,—Bismarck, Liebig, Schopenhauer, Garibaldi, and others,—and as

far back as forty years ago her chisel had made her celebrated in Berlin and Paris. One of her latest commissions was for the queen of Hanover. Facially, to judge from her portrait, Miss Ney bears an extraordinary resemblance to Rosa Bonheur.

AMONG TOLSTOI'S VISITORS from afar off this summer was Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, whose sociological work at Hull House has given her celebrity outside of her own locality. Miss Addams saw the Russian socialist in all the prosaic reality of his home life, and came away without an illusion dispelled and with a sincere belief in his genius. She was especially edified by the simplicity of his meals, which were sometimes composed solely of a dish of porridge. Miss Addams is to deliver a lecture on the Pullman strike before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, this winter, and in view of her familiarity at first hand with the labor question in the West, and her independence of thought, her paper is likely to be an important one.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JANUARY.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 193. 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.

THE one marked characteristic of the fashions this winter is moderation. Neither in color, fabric, nor style of making is the extreme fashionable, and so for once, at least, it is possible to be strictly in the fashion and still dress with good taste,—the kind of good taste which does not depend upon vogue to commend it.

The most marked change from last season, and the place where moderation is now the only safe ground, is in the sleeves. The big balloon sleeve, which seemed so indispensable to every costume a year ago, has completely disappeared. One wonders what has become of all last year's gowns; but the wonder ceases when one visits a dressmaking establishment and finds it simply flooded with last year's waists waiting to have the sleeves made smaller. The change is more sudden than it was a few years ago from the tight sleeve to the large one, because it is always possible to make a large sleeve smaller, while many of the small ones could by no means be worked into anything larger.

There seems to be as yet no disposition to return to the really tight sleeve, and let us hope that this will be spared us. Well-fitting and yet loose and comfortable is the sort most in demand, whatever the shape may be. The mutton-leg in a modified form is still popular, perhaps the most popular of all the shapes; but it has a strong rival in the close-fitting sleeve with the Queen Bess puff at the top, which is especially becoming to a pretty arm and has also the advantage of novelty. For

house-gowns the bishop sleeve is still a good shape, and for evening gowns the Empire puff is most worn. Even the puffed sleeves are now made without stiff interlining, so that whatever fullness there is falls gracefully and depends upon the texture of the goods to give it the proper expansion.

At the wrist a good many pretty effects are seen: the round, flaring cuff, that is particularly becoming to a long arm; the sleeve with a point extending down on the hand, which often improves the looks of a short arm; the bell-shaped sleeve, which flares out very becomingly over a pretty wrist and is usually lined with fancy silk; and the sleeve which is widened at the wrist and left open for a short distance at each seam, so that it can be worn down over the hand or turned back to form a cuff, making it available for a good many purposes, and becoming to almost any arm.

Skirts are now undoubtedly permanently narrower than they have been for two years. Except on the most diaphanous material they are rarely more than four and a half or five yards wide, more often four and a half than five. They are still very close-fitting around the top at front and sides, and, whatever the size, the one thing that they must have to be at all modish is a decided flare from waist to hem. They do not, however, depend any longer on stiff linings to make them stand out, but are allowed to hang according to the fabric of which they are made, assisted only by a slight stiffening about six or eight inches deep around the bottom. Good linings are for this reason more used than ever, and many a skirt that would otherwise be very desirable is spoiled by using thin cambric, or some other inferior goods, for lining. Silk is,



A STYLISH COAT. THE "ROXANA."
(See page 172.)

of course, the ideal lining, since it has body enough to hold a skirt very firmly in shape and does not sag; but it is expensive and not always the most durable, so that it is often wiser to buy a good quality of percaline, which, after all, is not much inferior to silk. There are any number of models for the new skirts; but the seven-gored one seems to be the most generally used, and with the reduced width it is easy to make the skirt fit perfectly with that number of gores. Many of the newest skirts are trimmed around the bottom, sometimes with rows of braid or passementerie or jet, and sometimes with a narrow ruffle which helps to give the desired flaring effect. Some suggestions of over-skirts have appeared, but they have not attained any popularity in America, though a good many French dresses have come over with the double skirt, and are worn.

A USEFUL SKIRT.

THIS extremely graceful skirt is one of the newest models for this winter's wear, and can be used either as a skirt designed to be worn with separate waists or as a part of any gown. It is a good shape for a silk skirt for dressy occasions, or for one made of woolen fabric with jacket to match. It is cut with one front breadth, two side-gores on



A CONVENIENT WAIST.
THE "WHITNEY."

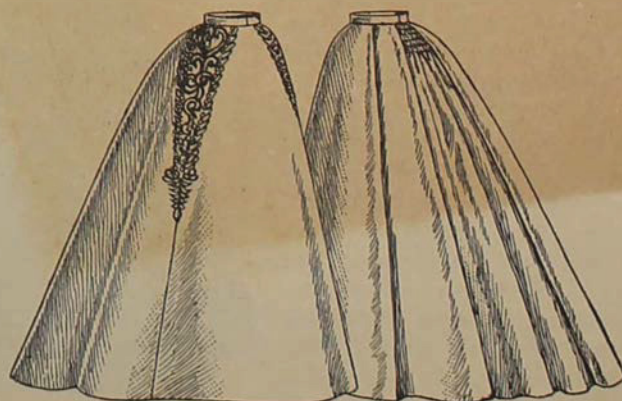
A STYLISH COAT.

THIS coat is one of the most popular shapes worn this winter, as well as one of the most stylish. It may be made of cheviot or beaver cloth, in any dark shade, and trimmed with collar and narrow band of astrakan or any other fur desired. Or it may be of rough cloth, and in that case would look better trimmed with velvet, or the collar may be of velvet and the edges untrimmed. The sleeve is sufficiently moderate to be quite in the latest mode, but still large enough for comfort. The flaring collar of a new cut is both comfortable and becoming. The double-breasted front is fastened with fancy silk cord and buttons, and there are two rows of silk cord around the sleeve simulating a cuff. The back is particularly pretty and becoming to all figures. In place of the clumsy ripples which have been used for so long, it has two flat plaits which, while giving a smooth appearance, have still a loose and graceful effect. The pattern is the "Roxana." The skirt, which is modeled on the "Rolf" pattern, is of plaid tweed in several colors and low tones, making a very charming combination with the coat.



A MODISH WAIST.
THE "ARDITA."

each side, and one breadth in the back, and is about four and a half yards around the bottom. The back breadth is shirred with five rows of gathers across the top, giving a very pretty effect suggestive of a bustle, which is now more or less in evidence. The sides may be trimmed with rich passementerie or braiding, but the style is quite as pretty when made without trimming. The pattern is the "Vivien."



A USEFUL SKIRT.
THE "VIVIEN."

A MODISH WAIST.

THIS is a particularly smart-looking waist for any gown made of light-weight woolen material suitable for house wear. Our illustration is made of the new double-warp French cashmere of a rich Russian blue shade, opening

with a guimpe effect over white-and-blue brocaded silk. The waist is tight-fitting in the back and rounded across from shoulder to shoulder, while the front is open to the waist and slashed at each side, and slightly full at the waist line, which draws the slashings apart, showing the light silk underneath with good effect. Narrow bands of astrakan fur border the neck and the openings on the waist. The belt is of white and blue silk, and the sleeve is cut with a gracefully shaped point which runs down on the hand. The pattern is the "Ardita."



FOR STREET WEAR.
NEWHALL BASQUE. VIVIEN SKIRT.

A CONVENIENT WAIST.

THE popularity of the separate waist, and especially of the shirt-waists so much worn for the past two or three years, makes it almost imperative that something shall be devised for ordinary day wear to meet the demand that exists for something trim and modish and convenient to wear with different skirts. Fashion has, in consequence, brought forward this becoming shirt-waist, the "Whitney," which is convenient and fetching and useful for many purposes. Such waists are made of velvet or velveteen in black or colors, or of corduroy, and without a lining. The front is held a little full at the neck, and laid in three or four folds at the waist. The back has a becoming yoke, and to this the material is attached in small plaits. The modified bishop sleeve is used, and a white linen collar is usually worn; but the pattern is given so that if one prefers to wear a stock-collar, she can do so. The skirt portion can be worn either inside or outside of the dress-skirt. Any kind of a fancy belt is worn with such waists.

FOR STREET WEAR.

THE material used in making this neat and very stylish costume is light green-and-gray mixed goods, but it is very appropriate for any sort of dark cloth or woolen goods. It is trimmed with black silk braid and silk ornaments on waist and sleeves. The back is cut with two gracefully shaped side-pieces and is rounded off like the front. The double-breasted front is fastened with hooks all the way down, the two buttons and loops on the lower part being more for ornament than use, though they serve a good purpose in keeping the curved edge down smoothly. The sleeve is one of the latest shapes fitted carefully to a short distance above the elbow, where it broadens out into a becoming puff which has two rows of shirring at the arm-hole. The collar is in two parts, one standing and the other flaring, a fashion that is much liked this winter. The hat is of black velvet with a ruching of green ribbon and ostrich tips of mixed gray and green. The pattern of the basque is the "Newhall." The skirt is the "Vivien."

A SMART VISITING-GOWN.

THIS handsome gown is made of bluish gray satin-finish cloth, with velvet of a darker shade of blue. The skirt is the "Carroll," of medium width, and is trimmed with two rows of fancy dark blue braid with passementerie ornaments at intervals between them. The jacket-waist—the "Randall"—is made with a short jacket cut so as to show the waist of dark blue velvet between the fastenings on the front and under a short upward opening of the jacket at the back. The collar, cuffs, and belt are of the same velvet. The belt is pointed in front and round at the back; the collar and cuffs are decidedly flaring, and are finished with narrow feather edging. The jacket is trimmed with the same fancy braid that is used on the skirt, with a passementerie ornament



A SMART VISITING-GOWN.
RANDALL JACKET-WAIST. CARROLL SKIRT.

on each strap, which is fastened with a small velvet button. The hat is of dark blue velvet, matching the velvet of the gown, trimmed with bows of bluish-gray ribbon and ostrich tips. Around the edge of the brim is a fancy silk cord.



1. THEATRE CAPE.



2. SEALSKIN JACKET.

NEW THINGS IN FUR.

FUR is, of course, always fashionable, but it seems this year to have a special hold on the feminine fancy, and is seen in almost every conceivable combination. On evening dress one often sees ermine, blue fox, or chinchilla, combined with lace and the palest silks. On toques and hats, mink, seal, and all the lighter furs are seen. Gowns are trimmed with bands and vests of the various sorts of fur, and wraps of all kinds are bordered and lined with

every quality, from sable to marten. Muffs are much larger than they have been, and are made of the fur alone, or combined with cloth or velvet. There is a great fancy for borders of tails such as used to finish the capes of our

grandmothers, and they are seen on capes, collars, muffs, and sometimes around the bottom of coats. We give four illustrations of new shapes for fur wraps, which are simple and convenient, as well as modish.

No. 1.—A novel theatre-cape of black velvet, with narrow band of ermine and fancy collar of the same fur. The toque is of black velvet with band of ermine across the front, and a cluster of black ostrich-feathers.

No. 2.—Sealskin jacket of the latest shape, and very smart in effect. It is double-breasted and tight-fitting, and fastens invisibly with large hooks set underneath. The sleeve is a comfortably large, mutton-leg shape, and the large collar can be worn turned up over the ears, or flaring, as in the illustration, or turned down flat. The hat is of black felt, with bows of velvet and two bunches



3. SEALSKIN WRAP.



4. FUR-TRIMMED COAT.

of white feathers with black tips.

No. 3.—Sealskin wrap for general wear with collar and band of bearskin down the front. The wrap has a full sweep over the arms, and in the back is fitted into the waist in a graceful and comfortable shape. The bonnet is of brocaded satin ribbon, with bows and strings of dark green velvet and a black osprey feather.

No. 4.—Handsome coat of black velvet trimmed with cape-collar of Persian lamb and passementerie. The body of the coat is tight-fitting, but has a loose, double fold on each side down the front, and a Watteau pleat in the back. The standing collar and the wrists of



1. CHIFFON BODICE.

a pretty frill below the belt, which is of white ribbon. The neck is rounded and has folds of black *chiffon* across the shoulders edged with frills of black lace. The same trimming is carried around under the arms giving the all-pervading jacket-effect to the bodice. Two bows of black velvet ribbon ornament the neck in front and in the back. The sleeve is an Empire puff with frills of black lace.

No. 3.—Bodice of dark blue silk dinner-gown made with pointed belt and puffed elbow-sleeves with band of black velvet and frill of lace at the elbow. The bodice is square in the neck, with iridescent trimming of lace and *paillettes*



2. WHITE SILK BODICE.

red felt, with bows of black velvet and black ostrich tips.

EVENING BODICES.

No. 1.—Yellow *chiffon* bodice made in accordion pleats over silk of the same color. The square neck is trimmed with three graduated ruffles of the *chiffon* edged with white lace and finished at the top with white lace insertion. The sleeves are double puffs of the *chiffon*, and intended to be worn with white gloves. The belt is of yellow satin ribbon.

No. 2.—Fancy bodice to be worn with black silk skirt. It is made of white silk drawn sufficiently full at the waist to make

the sleeves are slashed and trimmed with passementerie, the slashes opening over a flaring interlining of the Persian lamb. The cape collar is of the velvet trimmed with passementerie and a wide border of the fur. The hat is of deep Danish



3. BLUE SILK BODICE.

and a flounce of deep white lace across the back and shoulders, which falls with graceful effect a few inches below the waist in front. This fichu-like arrangement of the lace can be made separately and used with other bodices.

No. 4.—Pale blue silk dinner-bodice to be worn with black brocade skirt. It is trimmed back and front with embroidered black *chiffon* so arranged as to simulate a jacket, and finished at the neck with two bows of black velvet. The stock-collar has a bow of the silk at the back mingled with the *chiffon*. The sleeve is fitted close to the arm and finished at the top with a Queen Bess puff.



4. JACKET-BODICE.



MIDWINTER HATS.

(For Descriptions, see Page 178.)



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 180.)

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THIS SUPPLEMENT.

MIDWINTER HATS.

(See page 176.)

No. 1.—A toque of orange velvet with a plain crown and softly pleated brim. The front of the crown is covered with a band of black net embroidered with gold. On one side is a black velvet rose and a group of ostrich tips. In the back is a bow of white and yellow *moiré* ribbon and two black roses.

No. 2.—Emerald-green velvet hat with broad brim and a high draped crown

illustration is made of camel's hair in mixed colors, in which blue predominates. The waist opens down the front and the back over a vest of lighter wool of harmonious shade, though it is very effective when made of silk to match some shade in the waist, or of white. The back of the waist fits smoothly, while the front is slightly loose, and is slashed and opened at the darts in the way so much used on both women's and children's clothes this season. The edges of all the openings are trimmed with braid in a looped pattern, and a soft satin collar and belt give the final touch, which completes a very pretty design. The sleeves are of the plain mutton-leg shape, and the skirt is the "Doris," of which the pattern has already been given. The pattern of the waist is the "Arden."



RAGNA FROCK.
(BACK.)



FOR EVERY DAY.

ARDEN WAIST. DORIS SKIRT.

tied in by a band of black satin ribbon. Four ostrich feathers are arranged like a fan on the side, and fastened with a jet buckle. A *bandeau* of black velvet edged with a fringe of ostrich feathers is under the brim.

No. 3.—A charming effect in black and white. The hat is white felt bound with black velvet. Folds of black velvet encircle the crown with a fan-like bow on one side and loops on the other. On the left side are two ostrich-tips and a bunch of handsome, curling white osprey feathers. This also has at the back a *bandeau* of black velvet edged with ostrich feathers.

No. 4.—Hat with draped brim of deep red velvet lined with silk, and edged with a narrow ruche of the lining material. A high frill of the same velvet surrounds the crown, and it, too, is edged with a pinked ruche of the silk. A band of black *moiré* is around the crown and tied in a bow on the side, which is surmounted by a bunch of black ostrich tips.

No. 5.—White satin toque with the crown covered with black chenille net. Loops of turquoise blue satin ribbon mixed with fur are around the crown, with a bunch of the fur in front and a spray of white osprey fastened with a jeweled buckle.

FOR EVERY DAY.

THIS pretty model for a waist for girls twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years of age is useful for any sort of woolen frock for house, street, or school wear. The one in our



FOR AN EVENING AT HOME.

RAGNA FROCK.

A BECOMING SCHOOL-FROCK.

THE material of which this trim little frock—the "Shirley"—is made is fine camel's hair in bright brown, with threads of green running through it. The skirt is simply gored, and is trimmed three inches from the bottom with fancy black braid sewed on in a loop pattern very easy to follow without any marking. The jacket is separate from the rest of the frock, so that it can be worn with any waist one chooses. The lapels, flaring cuffs, and bottom of jacket are trimmed with braid to match the skirt. The stock collar and soft belt with bow are of silk, or soft satin, which



A BECOMING SCHOOL-FROCK.
THE "SHIRLEY."

in color will harmonize with the fabric of the frock. The shirt-waist has a box-pleat down the front and is pretty made of soft, white woolen material; but any sort of light wool or silk goods that makes a pretty contrast with the darker colors of the frock will answer the purpose just as well. The pattern is for girls from eight to ten years of age.

FOR AN EVENING AT HOME.

THIS simple and pretty frock for girls from ten to twelve years of age has a charmingly dressy effect, and is still free from much of the fussiness that is often found on children's clothes. It is made of pigeon-gray woolen goods and trimmed with ribbon of the same color and *écru* lace. The waist is plain in front and has slight fullness at the belt in the back. The belt is of the ribbon, which is folded around the waist and tied in a careless bow at the back. The large collar and folds down the front are made separately and set on the waist with a rosette of ribbon at the joining back and front. A full ruche of the ribbon runs across the back of the neck, terminating with a rosette on each side, and a flat fold of the ribbon is laid across the front. The skirt is gored and is about three yards around the bottom. This pattern, which is called the "Ragna," is very pretty for even simpler frocks, and can be made in wool, using rows of braid in place of the lace, a belt of the material of the frock, and leaving off the bow and end of ribbon on the skirt.

AN AFTERNOON WAIST

THIS pretty waist for afternoon wear is for young girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age. It is made of dark plaid silk (or wool, if preferred), opening over a plain front of white silk ornamented with silk braid of the same color as that which predominates in the plaid of the waist. It is made alike back and front; that is, the plaid silk is full at top and bottom and opens over the white silk in the back just as it does in front. The collar and cuffs are also of white silk, the collar having a standing collar on which is adjusted a very pretty flaring one that is extremely becoming. The belt is of the white silk, but unless the figure is slender it will be perhaps prettier made of the plaid silk. The pattern is the "Nana."

A JAUNTY COAT.

FOR slender little girls eight, ten, and twelve years of age, one of the most useful wraps of the season is



FOR THE BABY
MARCY SACQUE.



A JAUNTY COAT.
THE "GRANBURY."

the "Granbury" coat. It may be made of beaver or any rough cloth, or is pretty made as a part of a cloth suit. The front is loose, double-breasted, and buttoned with two large, dark pearl buttons. The back is close-fitting, and has in the skirt of it two double box-plaits, which lie very smoothly but give the desired fullness over the dress skirt. The cape-collar is square

in the back, and the standing collar flares so that it can be turned up comfortably over the ears. The jacket is trimmed with two rows of narrow braid, with braid ornaments in each corner of the collar, back and front. The sleeves are modeled on the bishop sleeve, with cuffs turning back. The hat is of golden-brown felt, with bows of ribbon to match and two white wings.

FOR THE BABY.

THE material from which this comfortable little sacque—the "Marcy"—is made is

flannel in white or any of the light shades so pretty on the soft-skinned dimpled babies, or it may be made of white silk and lined with cashmere, or the order reversed, cashmere lined with silk. It is loose and easy to slip on over another frock or gown, and is trimmed with narrow soutache and a little bow of narrow ribbon at the neck, which is used to fasten it. The cape-collar adds something to the warmth as well as the beauty of the sacque, and is made singly of the material, or lined with silk. The tiny bishop sleeves give a quaint effect which is very charming. The pattern is in two sizes: for children from six to twelve months old, and for those two years old.

A LOOSE, soft knot just on the crown of the head is the most approved fashion of wearing the hair in the house. For the street this is modified to suit whatever hat or bonnet one wears.

THE JACKET-BODICE still reigns supreme. Street-gowns, house-gowns, and dinner-gowns when they are not made with jackets are in most cases trimmed to simulate one.

TUCKS are having their day just now. Heavy fabrics for day wear and even velvets are tucked quite as often as delicate textiles for evening use. Both sleeves and yokes are tucked horizontally, the tucks being laid before the material is cut.

THE NEWEST veils are square at the corners instead of round. Black net with white spots is much used, but an entirely black veil is always fashionable. The double veils are seen often, and while very becoming are also very trying to the eyes.

Notwithstanding we have frequently called attention to the absolute necessity of writing the name and full address in the spaces provided on our Pattern Orders, we are daily in receipt of numerous Orders without them. This may account for the non-receipt of patterns.



AN AFTERNOON WAIST.
THE "NANA."

A NEAT FROCK.

A NEAT FROCK.
THE "FULTON."

THIS pretty little frock—the "Fulton"—is for a child from six to eight years old. It is made of plaid woolen goods of several colors. The skirt is perfectly straight and finished with a hem about three inches deep. It is fastened to the waist in clusters of small plaits so arranged as to make it much fuller in the back than in front. The waist is slightly full in the back and front. A yoke runs across the front, and over it are the jacket-fronts which terminate in the under-arm seam. The revers and the collar are of velvet. A belt of the material of the frock, or of velvet, begins at the under-arm seams and is fastened in front with a dainty buckle.

COATS AND JACKETS are more worn this winter than capes for ordinary street wear, but for theatre and other places where one is dressed so that she does not want to crowd herself into a jacket the cape is still the proper garment.

FELT HATS are sometimes ventilated by slits in the crown through which ribbon is run.

POMPADOUR ROLLS are used in dressing the hair more than ever this winter. This was almost the prevailing style among the smart set at the horse-show this year; but the severity of the style is usually relieved by a few stray, curling locks around the forehead.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

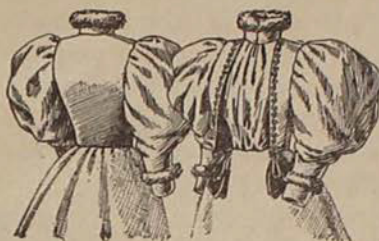
WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.,—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances differ so little from the patterns we give, that they can easily be modified, even by the least experienced amateur, to suit individual needs, and adapted to all seasonable fabrics, simple as well as expensive; while for professional dressmakers they are invaluable.

- 1.—Evening bodice of light green brocaded silk, with vest, belt, and bows of dark green silk, and collar of *duchesse* lace.
- 2.—Fancy fur jacket of *moiré* astrakan with vest of ermine.
- 3.—Calling costume of deep red silk with black velvet cape having collar of sable.
- 4.—Theatre cape of sealskin with border and collar of chinchilla.
- 5.—Dinner bodice of pale blue silk trimmed with ruffles of the silk edged with Valenciennes lace.
- 6.—Street costume of mixed novelty goods with black velvet Empire coat.
- 7.—Evening gown of black-and-white striped silk trimmed with bands and bows of black velvet.
- 8.—Standing collar and tie to be worn with velours or velveteen shirt-waist.
- 9.—Mourning costume of black Fayette cloth trimmed with *crêpe* and black ribbon.
- 10.—Reception gown of soft-finished gray silk with yoke of white silk and bands of iridescent trimming.
- 11.—Reception gown of rich brocaded silk with fichu-like folds on the bodice and broad *jabot* of *chiffon* edged with lace.
- 12.—Evening cape of white-and-green brocaded satin with deep border and collar of chinchilla.
- 13.—Evening gown of soft satin, with *chiffon* ruffles on the skirt, and square-necked bodice trimmed with point lace and ribbon bows. The hair is arranged with the modish pompadour effect.
- 14.—Braided cape for street wear, of rough cloth with lining of heavy, plaid satin in hood and cape.
- 15.—Reception gown of striped brocaded silk with jacket bodice.

STANDARD PATTERNS.

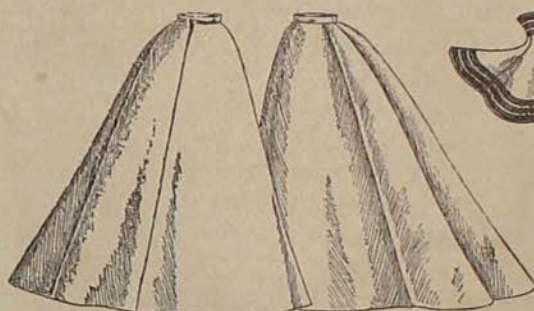
PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. It should be remembered that one great advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." *Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on it.*



KATONAH WAIST.



MORLAND COAT.



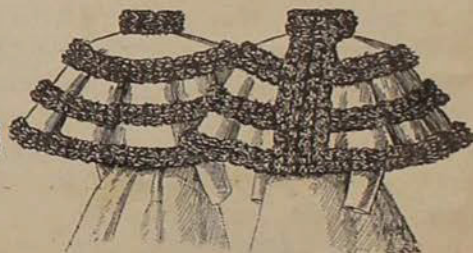
RIPPLE SKIRT.



WORTH COLLAR.



VERONICA WAIST.



JUDITH WRAP.



MURIEL COAT.



EDNA GOWN.



FORNA WAIST.



BARRIE REEFER.

It is absolutely necessary, when sending Pattern Orders, to write the name and full address on each one in the spaces left for the purpose. Failure to do so may account for the non-arrival of patterns.

Always send four cents postage when you send for a pattern.

Try a Quaker Kitchen Cabinet 30 DAYS FREE OF CHARGE.



Size, 27x47 in.
Hardwood legs and
frame, finished an-
tique. Whitew'd top.

If pleased, remit \$6.50; if not, hold subject to our order. Half the housewife's life is spent in the kitchen. A Quaker Cabinet makes work a pleasure there. A kitchen without one is like an office without a desk. The only cabinet with metal-bottom swinging flour bins (a patented feature.) One is for wheat flour and holds 50 lbs.; the other partitioned as shown. Two large bread boards slide into frame. Two drawers partitioned for spices, etc. All that's necessary in ordering is to give shipping directions and say you're a reader of Demorest's Magazine. Eastern shipments from our Chicago warehouses. Address all orders.

Quaker Valley Mfg. Co., Empire City, Kansas.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE MERIT.



The Rocker Washer

has proved the most satisfactory of any Washer ever placed upon the market. It is warranted to wash an ordinary family washing of 100 PIECES IN ONE HOUR, as clean as can be washed on the washboard. Write for prices and full description.

ROCKER WASHER CO.
FT. WAYNE, IND.
Liberal inducements to live agents.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BOOKS AT LIBERAL DISCOUNTS.

When calling, please ask for Mr. Grant.
Whenever you need a book, address Mr. Grant.

Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices, sent for 10-cent stamp.
F. E. GRANT, Books.
23 West 42d Street, New York.
Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT.

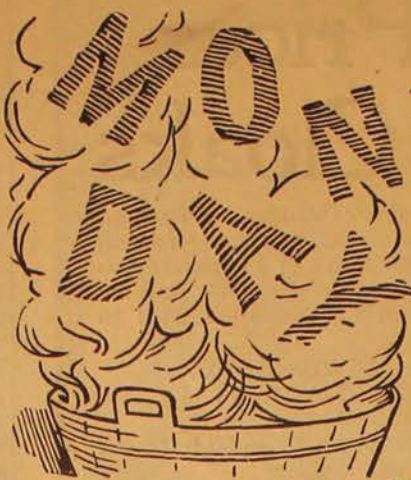
DECORATED MIRRORS.

(Continued from Page 165.)

work in some plaster of Paris to make it dry quickly, adding linseed oil if the plaster makes it too stiff, and then, with your fingers and a pocket knife, bone crochet-needle, and other fortuitous substitutes for modeling tools, shape leaves and blossoms. Heavy blooms suit best for this, sunflowers, water-lilies, holly-hocks, and fruits. Paint your mirror as before with the clouded band, for the putty will adhere more readily to the paint than to the smooth glass. When the band is dry apply your modeled wreath, grouping it piece by piece. Let it dry and paint it in natural colors as you would relief porcelain.

Pretty effects, too, may be had by treating these modeled wreaths in a conventional way. For instance, a well-modeled wreath of sunflowers, set without any green under them, and arranged in a simple overlapping band, might be gilded, the petals with gold, the centres with bronze powder. An exceedingly effective thing somewhat in this line is to color the putty brown by adding oil paint to it, and model a wreath or crescent of some dainty, open design like a twisted morning-glory vine or woodbine, leaving the mirror clear, to shine through the interstices. The glass supports the modeling, which would be too frail to stand alone, and the effect is as good as that of some of the wonderful open-work Japanese carvings.

KATHARINE WHISTLER.



"Job's Birthday

—the date be cursed!" So a tired-out and exasperated woman speaks of Monday—wash-day. And so, probably, would every woman who celebrates it so often in the old fashioned, wearing way. Though why they do it, when there's a better way that can't be found fault with, is a mystery.

You'd better celebrate the death of the day, by using **Pearline**. You wouldn't recognize it—with its ease, comfort, cleanliness, short hours, economy in time and in things washed.

Don't let prejudice against modern ideas stand in your way. Don't wear yourself out over the wash-tub just because your ancestors had to.

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Lustre the Greatest
Labor the Least

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Never Scratching
Never Wearing

It's Unlike Any Other

Send for sample and see the difference. Grocers sell it.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., NEW YORK.

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Everything of the Best at Right Prices for Orchard, Vineyard, Lawn, Park, Street, Garden and Greenhouse. Rarest New, Choicest Old.

Elegant Catalogue, Magazine Size, 168 Pages, Free.

Send for it before buying. Half saved by dealing direct. Try it. Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Small Trees, etc. sent by mail, postpaid. Larger by express or freight. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed.

43rd Year. 1000 Acres. 32 Greenhouses.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 9, Painesville, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

The China Closet. China, Cut Glass, Pottery, Bric-a-Brac. 142 W. 42d St., N.Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Don't forget to read the 2d cover advertisements.



Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks

WE wish to close out our entire line of Winter suitings and cloakings during the next few weeks, and in order to do so we have made decided reductions. In addition to this we have made up a Bargain List of sample garments and are offering them at half price—some even lower—as we wish to close them out without delay.

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5.00 up; were \$8.00 and \$10.00.
Stylish Dresses, \$6.00; formerly \$10.00 to \$18.00.
Bicycle Suits, \$5.00; former price \$8.00 to \$12.00.
Special offers in Skirts at \$3.75, really worth \$6.00 to \$8.00.
Capes, \$3.00; reduced from \$6.00 up.
Jackets, \$3.00; former price \$6.00 up.

We have also reduced prices on some of our suitings, and are offering several lines of suitings at 65 cts per yard, former price, 90 cts. to \$1.15.

Write to-day for our Winter Catalogue and samples of suitings and cloakings. We will mail them to you free, together with our Bargain List of reduced prices. Write now as these bargains will undoubtedly be closed out very rapidly.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 152 and 154 West 23rd Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol,
Opium,
Tobacco
Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes.

ADDRESS
THE KEELEY
INSTITUTE
at either

West Haven, Conn.
Dwight, Ill.
Plainfield, Ind.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
New Orleans, La.
Lexington, Mass.
Detroit, Michigan.
50 Washing'n Av.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Deering, Maine.

Kansas City, Mo.,
1815 Independence Av.
Newark, N. J.,
15 Central Avenue.
Buffalo, N. Y.,
858 Niagara Street.

White Plains, N. Y.
Fargo, N. D.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Warren, Ohio.
Harrisburg, Pa.,
Cor. 4th & North Sts.

Philadelphia, Pa.,
812 Broad Street.
Pittsburg, Pa.,
4246 Fifth Avenue.
Providence, R. I.,
306-308 Washington St
Waukesha, Wis.

Address the Institute nearest you.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

The United States Government

has adopted the Keeley treatment in the Soldiers' Homes and in an institution for exclusive use of the Regular Army. Seven States have legislated for the application of this treatment to worthy indigent inebriates.

It is a fact, known generally by well-informed persons, that inebriety, morphine and other drug addictions are DISEASES, not simply habits, and to be cured they must receive medical treatment.

The method of treatment originated by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, and administered only at institutes authorized by him, cures these diseases. This statement is easily substantiated by facts. Three hundred thousand cured men and women are glad to testify to its truth.

The treatment at these institutes is pleasant. The patient is subject to no restraint. It is like taking a vacation of four weeks. He only knows that he is cured.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following institutes:

PADONA INSTANTLY REMOVES FROM THE FACE, FOREVER DESTROYS HAIR NECK AND ARMS

and other parts of the body, and leaves the skin white and beautiful. Padona is a scientific marvel. By one or two applications the roots of the hair are completely destroyed and return growth is rendered impossible. Padona is absolutely free from the injurious substances so common in remedies for the removal of hair growth and is so harmless that a child can use it freely without fear of injury. A great blessing to old and young.

\$1,000.00 Forfeit Up

For Any Case Where Padona Fails

or leaves the slightest trace of injury or discoloration of the skin. An enthusiastic purchaser writes: "I have used many preparations to remove hair on the face, without results. I sent for a box of Padona and now I am free of the ugly face blemishes, and it has beautified my complexion." It is recommended by thousands of persons of culture and refinement who have used it successfully, and is absolutely guaranteed. Padona is sent by mail, postage paid, in safety mailing cases approved by postmasters, securely sealed, on receipt of \$1.00 per box. Safe delivery of your letter is insured by registering it at any Post-office. All correspondence held strictly confidential. Please cut this out as it may not appear again and mention this paper.

The Padona Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Live Agents wanted everywhere.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The large number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First—Brevity.** **Second—Clearness of statement.** **Third—Decisive knowledge of what they want.** **Fourth—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference.** **Fifth—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed.** **Sixth—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine.** We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.

"MRS. G. B. L."—Your letter was too late for the December number. The soap-bubble party described in that number is one of the merriest entertainments for a small party of friends, especially if the receipt for making the bubbles last for some time is used. Another game that has a good deal of fun in it is guessing the name of a person by inspecting the hand. Stretch a screen along one side of a long table with openings just large enough to admit a hand. Put all the women behind the screen, entirely hidden from view save one hand, which is thrust through the opening and laid on the table. From this collection of hands let the men of the party select and decide to whom each belongs. Prizes can be given for the best guesser. A silhouette party, as described in "Gleanings" in this number, is a good suggestion for an evening's fun.—A Dutch supper given not long ago consisted of hot Frankfurter sausages, sauer-kraut, rye bread, and potato salad. If you have a long oaken table, serve it on that without a cover, using steins for whatever you have to drink, and as many old Dutch dishes as you can get.

"JESS."—It is proper enough for a young woman to give a young man some slight Christmas remembrance if he is a very intimate friend, but it is not commonly done. It should not be anything of much value; some little thing for his desk, such as a pen-wiper, or for his personal use, such as a pocket pin-cushion or stamp-case, is the appropriate thing to select.

"M. S."—A teaspoonful of quinine and half as much salt dissolved in a cup of hot water and used on the hair every night will stop its falling out. Bottle it and use as you would any other hair tonic. It is good as a preventive as well as a cure, but for that need be used only about once a month.

"BERTHA."—Never think of giving a Christmas present to a person simply because he has given you one. A gift of that sort should never be regarded as an obligation. There is as much in knowing how to receive a gift graciously without a sense of obligation as in knowing how to give judiciously.

(Continued on Page 183.)

The Second Summer.

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not regard it.

Mollenkopp & McCreery, Toledo, Ohio, advertise, on another page, an improved Vapor Bath Cabinet. It is simple, cheap and perfect, answering all the requirements of a Turkish or Russian Bath. It prevents and cures all blood, skin, nerve and kidney diseases. They have hundreds of testimonials to its great worth. Read their advertisement and send to them for their explanatory booklet.

(Continued from Page 182.)

"WRITER."—Do not be surprised if your good ideas are returned to you by editors if you have not written much. Writing is a craft to be learned like any other, by hard work and experience. Good ideas are necessary, but unless they are put into just the form wanted they are not always marketable.

"IDA."—A tea-gown is necessarily more or less elaborate, but need not be "fussy" in its style. In our Standard Patterns in the number for August, 1896, you will find two very pretty patterns for a gown made of black Henrietta. The "Princess" pattern is particularly neat and stylish. The full front can be of either black or colored silk, and the passementerie can be used or not, just as you choose.

"HARRIET S."—The best way to obtain such a position is to write to the editor, sending some examples of your work.—The drawings are sometimes with pen, and are sometimes what are called "wash" drawings.—We do not know of any such vacancy. Such positions are not easy to get unless one has had considerable experience.

"MATILDA."—In giving a quilting party it is best to either deliver your invitations verbally or send an informal note if it is inconvenient to see your guests in person. If you have the party in the afternoon, serve a regular supper of light meat, rolls, potatoes, fruit, and tea or coffee. If you want it in the evening and have more guests than you care to seat at table, have fruit, nuts, cake, and coffee, and serve to each one on a plate at whatever place she may be.

"DOROTHY."—There are not many uses that you can make of a large swan's breast if you do not want to cut it. You might use it for the crown of a hat for your little girl, making the brim of velvet, or, if large enough, it would make a pretty muff for a child. For yourself 'it would make a handsome front to be worn under a velvet jacket,—one of the short bolero jackets so much worn now.

"ANNIE LAURIE."—You have not made your question quite clear. We do not recognize the words you give as belonging to any language, and are not even quite sure that we have read the letters correctly. Please write them very plainly, and, if you know, tell us to what tongue the words belong and we will try to tell you what you ask.

GLEANINGS.

CONCERNING WALL-PAPER.

Striped papers all of one color, resembling coverings of silk where two effects of light are gained by a difference in the weave, are much used for drawing-rooms and parlors. In such papers one stripe will perhaps look like velvet, and the alternate one like *moiré* ribbon. They are much liked in soft shades of red with white woodwork, and have sometimes a frieze of white ground with large red flowers, such as poppies, on it. A bird's-egg-blue cartridge-paper on a girl's bedroom has a frieze of pink and yellow roses. A dull yellow cartridge-paper on the walls of a north room has a frieze of yellow lilies on a white ground. In a library where

(Continued on Page 184.)



RUBIFOAM

delights the children. It is a real blessing, as its delicious fragrance and flavor make the operation of cleaning their teeth a pleasure to them.

Educated mothers know the value of first teeth, so they preserve them by the daily use of Rubifoam, thus ensuring their children sound, permanent teeth.

Popular price, 25 cents. All Druggists.

Sample Vial Free. Address
E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.
Makers of the Celebrated Hoyt's German Cologne.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

NEVER SAW NIAGARA FALLS

DON'T GO TO EUROPE UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE GREATEST NATURAL WONDER OF THE WESTERN WORLD. TRAVELED EUROPEANS WOULD LAUGH AT YOU. -- THE FALLS ARE AS BEAUTIFUL IN WINTER AS IN SUMMER. THE FROST EFFECTS ARE SUCH AS YOU SEE IN A DREAM OF FAIRYLAND

IF YOU ARE IN NEW YORK THE NEW YORK CENTRAL WILL TAKE YOU TO NIAGARA IN 9½ HOURS, AND YOU CAN LEAVE THE FALLS AT NOON AND SLEEP IN YOUR OWN BED IN NEW YORK SAME NIGHT AFTER A DELIGHTFUL RIDE ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL'S

EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY GEORGE H. DANIELS, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FAT

CORPUS LEAN

Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials.

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2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

MADE

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Simply stopping the fat-producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once.

Sold by all Druggists.

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RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The latest, surest and best. Sample sent free on mention of this Magazine. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMME CO., South Bend, Ind.

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HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THIS LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

READ IN MORE THAN 100,000 HOMES. A VALUABLE MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE HOUSEWIFE

The Most Practical and Most Helpful Household Publication in America.

THE HOUSEWIFE will, in 1897, continue its successful mission of teaching "Young housekeepers who do not know enough," and "Older ones who do not know too much," the best ways of doing every thing that is right and proper for them to do in the upbuilding of the home, which is practically the upbuilding of the Nation.

LEADING FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS OF THE HOUSEWIFE:

ORIGINAL STORIES,	WOMAN'S WIT,
OCCASIONAL SERIALS,	HOME CULTURE,
POEMS WORTH KEEPING,	FADS IN FANCY WORK,
THE LITERARY WORLD,	TESTED RECIPES,
HELPS FOR MOTHERS,	HOME AMUSEMENTS,
HINTS FOR THE NURSERY,	SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS,
HOW TO CARE FOR THE SICK,	BEST WAYS ABOUT THE HOUSE,
HYGIENIC ADVICE,	THE SERVANT PROBLEM,
HINTS FOR THE TOILET,	CHILDREN'S STORIES,
FRESH FASHIONS,	BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Among the past, present and future contributors to THE HOUSEWIFE may be found the following names:

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ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,
MARIA PARLOA,
MARION HARLAND,
KATE UPSON CLARK,
MARY C. HUNGERFORD,
ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP,
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD,
BESSIE CHANDLER,
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CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK,
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GORA STEWART WHEELER.

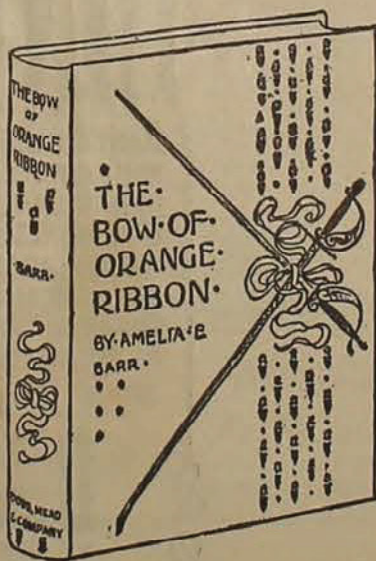
In order to more thoroughly introduce THE HOUSEWIFE, we will send it on trial for one year, together with an attractive book, for only SIXTY CENTS. These books are all by famous authors and are handsomely bound in attractive cloth covers, stamped in silver or ink, and some contain nearly 400 pages, 16mo. The list of books is as follows:

An Original Belle. By E. P. ROE.
A Border Shepherdess. By AMELIA E. BARR.
Samantha at Saratoga. By "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."
The Stories of Three Burglars. By FRANK R. STOCKTON.
Opening a Chestnut Burr. By E. P. ROE.
Barriers Burned Away. By E. P. ROE.
The Bow of Orange Ribbon. By AMELIA E. BARR.
Jan Vedder's Wife. By AMELIA E. BARR.
Elsie Dinsmore. By MARTHA FINLEY.
A Young Girl's Wooing. By E. P. ROE.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By IAN MACLAREN.

Until quite recently these books have been obtainable only in higher-priced editions. Any one book and a subscription as specified above for only Sixty Cents, or any two books with the subscription for One Dollar. Remit by P. O. Order, or Express Money Order; Stamps taken if either can not be procured. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address,

THE A. D. PORTER CO., Publishers,

24 and 26 Rade St. (P. O. Box 1198), NEW YORK.



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olive is used on walls and floors the contrast in hangings is a deep warm red, which when the room is lighted is very soft yet brilliant.

A HOUSE PARTY.

One of the important things which help to make a house party successful is that the guests should be left free a part of each day to read new books, practice new music, walk, cycle, or ride, as the weather permits. Something pleasant should be planned for each day,—a dinner, a dance, an evening of games, music, impersonations, or races on wheels or horses; chafing-dish parties or little suppers where each guest who chooses prepares some part of the menu. Something jolly and informal is introduced in the beginning of the visit, so that guests will the sooner know each other.

SOME COLOR SUGGESTIONS.

Green is one of the most popular colors in furnishings to-day. Even the iron bedsteads are enameled in this color. When combined with brass knobs and rails they look well in rooms of white and green, or pink and green, but not so well as those of white and gold or all of brass. A pretty bedroom furnished in green has the wicker chairs of a light olive, the bedstead brass and green, and a green dressing-table with brass trimmings. The wall-paper is a chintz pattern, showing green leaves and large pink roses on a white ground. The chair cushions are covered with a cretonne that matches the paper.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

Women's ingenuity, combined with the necessity many of them have for earning a

(Continued on Page 185.)

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living, is continually devising new ways by which they can make money easily, or, at least, pleasantly if not easily. One woman has found a profitable field in preparing delicacies and necessary foods for invalids. Her list includes beef tea, *bouillon*, sago and chicken soups and mutton broth, which she sells for from seventy-five to eighty cents a quart. She also furnishes to order clam and oyster bisque, beef juice, rice and Indian-meal gruel, home-made bread, and scraped-beef sandwiches, all of which are sometimes ordered by physicians. Salisbury steak, milk that is sterilized or made into kumyss, matzoon, flaxseed lemonade, caudle, delicate puddings for convalescents, calf's-foot jelly, lemon and orange jelly, ice-cream, and birds in any style, are all packed in air-tight jars and delivered. If the distance requires it, the foods are packed on ice. A woman with a talent for cookery and with good business qualifications might in many towns add something to a limited income by undertaking this work, which calls for a special training or adaptation to the work, as the food must always be of the best and prepared in the most perfect way.

Another woman built a small greenhouse at a cost of fifty dollars, and spent thirteen more for seeds and such furnishings as a sprinkler, thermometer, watering-pot, fumigator, and a protector for plants on cold nights. She then set about raising lettuce, radishes, parsley, cucumbers, pansies and lilies of the valley for the winter market, and found at the end of the season that she had made fifty dollars a month. The most profitable crop she found was lettuce.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR HOME EVENINGS.

One of the winter's fads causes grandfathers and grandmothers to grow reminis-

(Continued on Page 186.)

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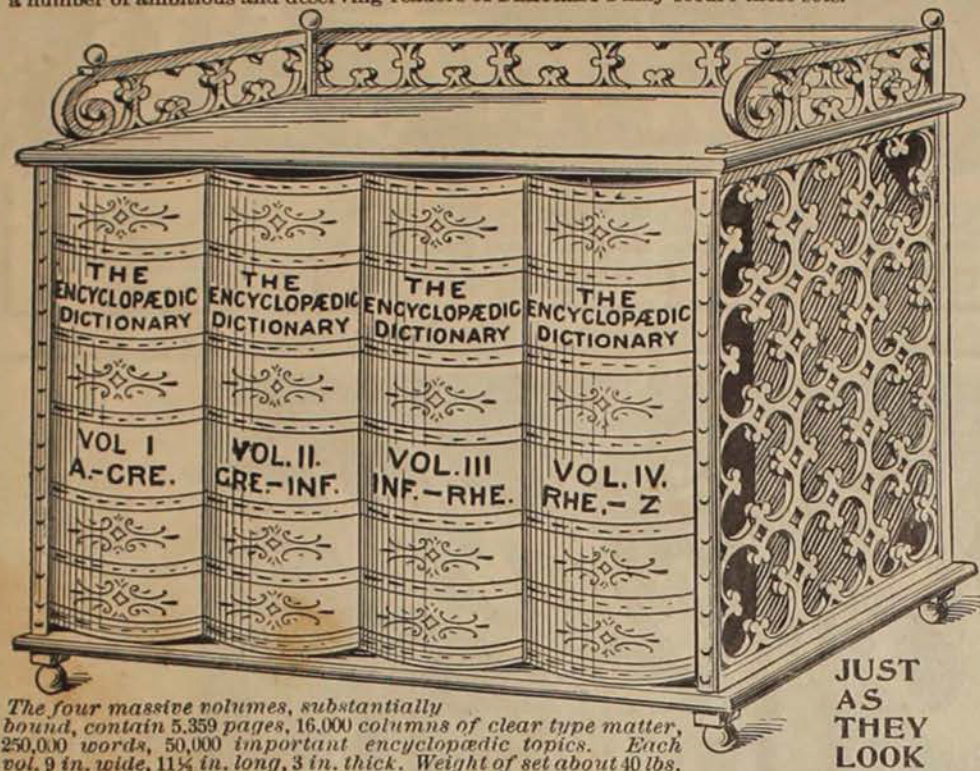
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cent of childhood's days when the wandering artist went from house to house and made silhouette portraits of the members of the family. As revived now, silhouette parties are pleasant pastime for informal gatherings, and promise to have great vogue. Large sheets of paper, which are black on one side and white on the other, must be in readiness, and as many sheets of white cardboard. The paper is fastened to the wall, white side out; a lighted candle is set upon a table two feet distant, and between the light and the paper the "sitter" is posed, so that the profile is strongly reflected on the paper. Sometimes other lights in the room will have to be adjusted to attain this end. Some one with a steady hand traces the shadow with a pencil. The outline is then cut out with scissors or a sharp knife, and the silhouette is then pasted on the cardboard, black side up, of course.

THE BACCHANTE AND THE BOSTON LIBRARY.

The statue of a Bacchante, by Macmonnies, which was presented to the Boston Public Library by the architect McKim and declined by those in authority there, may, after all, find a place in the courtyard of the library. The trustees of the library have asked the Art Commission to reconsider its decision against the propriety of placing the statue in the place for which it was intended by Architect McKim, and the commissioners

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have promised to think over the matter. This action of the trustees is based on the fact that the commission has never seen anything but a copy of the statue, and the hope is expressed that after the members have seen the original their views will be so far modified as to admit it to the courtyard.

IDEAL DRESS.

We are always evolving toward the ideal, and that a new ideal in dress is already born is proving itself every day by the force of its own life. What started the mode for the normal waist? It has evolved, influenced by the college-bred woman, by the girl art-student, by the actress who demands possibility of grace, by the athletics, that have demanded most of all. Worth, Felix, Paquin, and other great costumers of Paris, keep a vane in the wind and veer with the strongest breeze. The little drifts of reform did not count with these masters of costume; but they are not insensible to the eternal fitness of things, and appreciate that the old eccentricities of fashion do not hang well on the real up-to-date woman. The jump back to the styles of the Empire and Directory were a little expression of the new ideal; the 1830 style was a vagary, but has been very useful in dislodging the old ideal of form and lines on which fashion had worked for many years.

Our taste is now prepared to find the real and abiding beauty in the gowns of the

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