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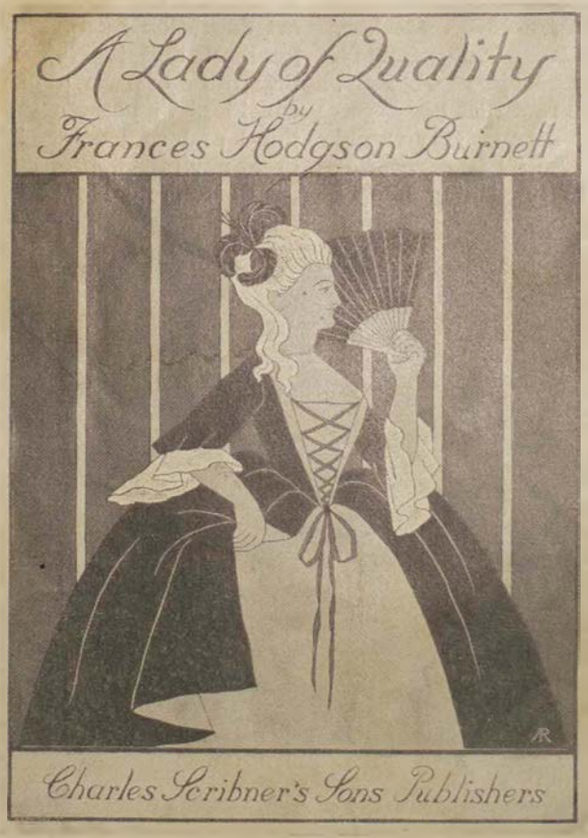
WOMEN POSTER-ARTISTS.

THE woman of the hour is the poster artist. She has dared all that man may dare in art, and her reward is, in the speech of men, called fame, and in the prizes won at poster shows where she has competed with poster men at their best.

Although the modern woman has already proved her skill as pilot on a Mississippi steamer and as undertaker at the most exclusive of Boston funerals, it has been definitely stated by masculine poster authority that she could never achieve success as a poster artist. She lacked, it seemed, the originality of conception, the boldness of drawing, and the force of coloring which are essential qualifications of that line of work which must arrest the attention and pique the curiosity rather than appeal alone to the art instincts, —the distinction of a brass band as opposed to a genuine Cremona.



POSTER BY AMY RICHARDS.

The true inwardness of poster art has been said to lie in its power to force attention from the busy citizen, whether he will or no; to catch the eye that is seeing only stocks and bonds or domestic responsibilities and rivet it on the merits of eccentric patents and the latest development of the Yankee brain. It is also because the true inwardness of the average feminine nature enables her thoroughly to understand this exact qualification that the woman poster-artist has so easily learned to employ the particular color, the peculiar grace of drawing, the unexpected fascination of composition which render her posters so fresh, so full of action, so mysteriously alluring, and so wholly attractive in execution, in spite of a certain delicacy and diffidence that makes them a new branch of poster art.

The ancient history of posters which dates back to '89 —although tentative effects were put forth in Paris in 1830—is exclusively a history of masculine endeavor and success; among the great French "posterists,"—a new but useful word,—not a feminine name appears; and although the first well-known English poster, in '71, was a beautiful female figure, it was not by a woman. But as the British masculine mind was forty years, from 1830, in adjusting itself to the poster idea, it is not to be expected that the gentler sex would rush into the field with inconsiderate or unbecoming haste.

That the woman poster-artist is indigenous to America, that in the land of the free, only, could she come to the front and sweetly help herself to the prizes of half the exhibits given, is another proof that to-day a sex distinction in a matter of public recognition of genius no longer prevails, or has at least diminished into a suburban quality of mind. So short a time ago as the winter of '95 the woman who whispered that she was interested in poster art, enjoyed the unconventionality of the work, liked the practice for her originality, in fact, thoroughly appreciated the chance to let her imagination riot in bacchanalian qualities, was regarded as overleaping the limits set for the feminine art-impulse. Cut flowers and kittens and angels were still considered the more suitable subjects for the "womanly brush" to portray.

Suddenly, early in '96, without a word of warning, women all over the United States began to do posters,—posters of such an interesting, unusual character that a demand for them sprang up from publishing houses, theatrical agencies, etc., throughout the country. At the exhibits "first prize," "honorable mention," and "commended," were stamped on posters by women contributors until the masculine competitors at last took off their hats and extended the right hand of fellowship to the women who have conquered in spite of their predictions. At a poster competition in June fully a third

ETHEL REED.

of all the posters submitted were by women ; while about half of those selected for honorable mention and commendation would have had feminine signatures had any been allowed.

Undoubtedly the best known woman poster-artist, one whose work ranks with Bradley, Rhead, and Leyendecker, is Miss Ethel Reed, of Boston. Miss Reed is also famous as an illustrator, and last, but surely not least, as a beauty. She is only twenty-two, in spite of the fact that her reputation in the art world is what many men of fifty would consider adequate to their ambition. As an illustrator of children's books in up-to-date style, in furnishing tots of the nursery with infantile editions of the Yellow Book, Miss Reed is without a peer. Her work as an illustrator is somewhat after the fashion of Beardsley, although much simpler and purer in style. Her pictures in a new book of fairy tales, by M. G. Blodgett, will furnish *fin-de-siècle* babies with many an interesting problem for their alert little brains to struggle with.

Special mention is thus made of Miss Reed's work in illustrating because it is all done in poster style, which is the new vogue of the ultra-picturesque artists. The following criticism of Miss Reed's poster work is the expression of an art critic of note: "It is not an injustice to call Miss Reed the finest woman poster-artist in the world. There is marked spontaneity and delicious piquancy in all her work." The posters of Miss Reed which bring the highest prices in the poster exchanges are: "A Virginia Cousin," "The Wampum," "Folly and Saintliness," and "The House of the Trees." The latter is a sketchy figure of a dreamy maiden in green draperies. The color scheme is green, black, and white, and the background is thick with spring blossoms and advertisements.

"The Lady of Quality" poster issued by Scribner's is the best poster that has yet come from the brush of Miss Amy Richards. She was limited in this work to the use of two colors; green and golden brown, and the effect she has wrought in her design of an old-fashioned, encrinolined young lady of high degree is quaintly artistic. Miss Richards has also done some excellent work in designing book-covers and book-plates.

The first "Honorable Mention," at a recent notable Poster Exhibit, was awarded to Miss Louise Lyons Heustis, and the winning poster is one of the most striking that has yet been exhibited by any woman poster-artist. Against a blue background rests an exquisitely graceful, mysteriously beautiful female figure. The drapery is of mottled green and yellow. There are flaming tiger lilies in the foreground, and the woman with Oriental eyes is contemplating a lily that has been cut to reveal the heart. Miss Heustis is a Kentucky girl whose art education has been accomplished in Paris under Bouguereau, and in New York City under Chase. She is an illustrator of rare ability, and her portrait work Chase considers to possess that peculiar merit of reproducing mind and soul as well as flesh that is characteristic of great portrait-painters. Much of her poster work has been for Boston and New York publishers. Among others she did the poster for Gyp's "Marriage de Chiffon," and for John Strange Winter's "I Married a Wife."

WELL-KNOWN POSTER BY BLANCHE McMANUS.

Miss Blanche McManus, a Louisiana girl, who is also doing some excellent art work for Boston and New York firms, is versatile to a remarkable degree in her artistic cultivation. Her first work was in book-covers and decorative designs; from that she rapidly passed to illustrating and then to poster designing. Among her best published posters are the following: "The Adventures of Captain Horn," Scribner's poster for the fiction number of '95, and that splendidly "catchy" poster for the "True Mother Goose Melodies." In the case of the "True Mother Goose Melodies" Miss McManus did not only the poster, but the illustrations, introduction, and compilation as well; her idea being that Mother Goose was behind the times and needed to be brought up to date to suit the advanced intellects of babes of to-day.

Miss McManus received her art education in Paris, that hot-bed of poster art, and has, indeed, lived much of her life on the Continent. A recent effective poster of hers, attractive with touches of vivid scarlet, is her "Joe Jefferson" poster, printed in Boston.

Miss H. Sophie Loury is a woman who might have been a great many other successes if she had not first caught the world's attention as a poster artist. Her work in water-colors and oils, in pastels and pen-and-ink, and also as an illustrator and miniature-painter, are all worthy of consideration, if art criticism counts for appreciation. Miss Loury's best poster work has been done for the "Echo," and many of her "Echo" posters have been of such rare value from the dual standpoint of art and advertising that they are in demand at the exorbitant prices usually reserved for the famous Parisian *affiches*.

Miss Loury does not regard the poster as a temporary fad. In speaking on this subject she said recently:

A MIDSUMMER POSTER BY LOUISE LYONS HEUSTIS.

"Poster art is too far-reaching in effect, has worked too mighty a change in the great mass of pictorial work given to the world, to admit of passing away after the fashion of Trilby and the bloomer craze. Because there are few lines and a limited selection of colors in posters is all the more reason for correct drawing and an intimate knowledge of color schemes."

The cool-looking green, black, and white seascape, picturing a portly dolphin nibbling at the summer edition of the "Bookman" as the most tempting bait in sight, is the outcome of the erratic imagination and skilled workmanship of Miss Mélanie Elizabeth Norton. Her summer posters are especially popular for their cool suggestion of refreshing pastimes. Her work is sketchy to a degree, but correct in drawing and simple in coloring,—true poster art.

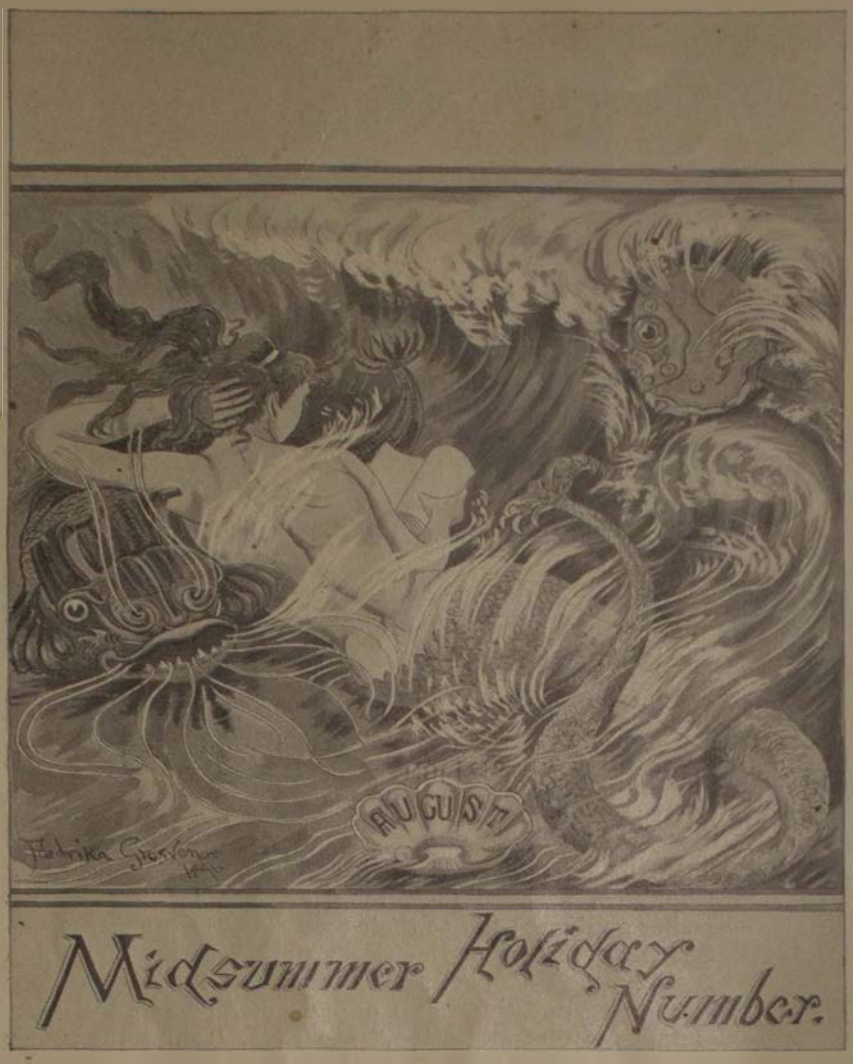
Miss Norton, who studied art in New England, is frankly opposed to the poster work of Grasset, Chéret, Choubrac, and, in fact, most of the leading French poster geniuses; not to their technique, but their morals. She believes that the subjects they portray and often their method of portrayal cannot fail to be disastrous alike to art and the moral dignity of a people. "There is need for discrimination," she says, "since the poster in its universal display has become the art gallery of the masses."

WORK OF CURTIS SMITH.

The most attractive poster that Miss Curtis Smith of Philadelphia has given a waiting world is the gayly colored cartoon in the interests of the "Ladies Every Saturday," a Philadelphia magazine of which Miss Smith is art manager and illustrator. The demand in Paris for the "Ladies Every Saturday" poster has exceeded that of almost any other American poster. Miss Smith is at present engaged in doing a three-sheet one, which is a new departure for the woman poster-artist.

EXAMPLE OF M. E. NORTON'S WORK.

The "palm poster" that evoked such favorable comment at a June Poster Exhibit was the work of a very clever New York pen-and-ink artist, Miss Frances



BY FREDRIKA GROSVENOR.

FRANCES MACDANIELS.

Macdaniel. Miss Macdaniel is an active and vigorous thinker, possessing a vivid imagination as well as a broad, and what a few years ago would have been considered an exclusively masculine, interest in profound sociological problems. Her poster work is happily touched with her strong personality; it is original in conception, unique in coloring, and judicious in drawing.

Among the exhibitors of summer-girl posters, Miss M H. Jillson probably stands at the head. In a recent competition she exhibited a poster of the athletic summer girl. The figure was in delicate maize against a coal-black background, oars and fishing tackle were used as a conventional decoration about the maiden, who was bedecked with flowers, and gazed upon the world with coquettish eyes.

But the chief merit of the work, as in all good poster work, lies in the coloring. Miss Jillson has adopted the novel scheme of making her entire background dead black. Against this ground the figure of the summer girl, in white and orange yachting-costume, her brown

H. S. LOURY.

"ECHO" POSTER BY MISS LOURY.

hair floating out from under a white cap, stands out in such marked relief that the eye of the unwary passerby is caught every time The finishing touch of color is given in the cluster of "black-eyed Susans" with which the summer girl is festooned, and which cleverly repeat the orange in her costume, and the brown of her hair and eyes.

Miss Jillson is a Cooper Union student, who is making a specialty of pen-and-ink work, and whose marked talent for composition, as shown in her poster, bids fair to make her the clever illustrator it is her ambition to become. That she is familiar with out-of-door life, a lover of nature and outdoor sports, is revealed in her decorative use of the oars, etc., in the cleverest designs she has submitted.

LOUISE LYONS HEUSTIS.

The list is already long, but it would be manifestly incomplete without the names of such clever poster artists as: Mrs. Fredrika Grosvenor; Miss Abbey Underwood, who did the poster for Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden"; Miss Amy Mali Hicks, art director of the Lotus Press; Miss Mira Burr Edson, a pioneer in poster work; Miss Margaret Huntington, whose delicately tinted posters have brought her more than one coveted prize, and Miss Harriet Tiedemann, all of New York; Mrs. Glenny, of Buffalo; Mrs. Mary E. Drew, of Plymouth, Mass.; Miss E. Midlands, of New Orleans, and Mrs. J. D. Cunningham, of Washington.

Unquestionably the poster as a fad, a delight of gushing misses and embryo artists, is on the wane; but, on the other hand, as a source of education to that mass of citizens who insist upon running as they read, it rests on a more substantial, more practical basis than ever before. The poster, albeit somewhat frivolous in expression, has nevertheless accomplished the work of a reformer in the advertising fields, shoving, as it has, the hideous bill-board monstrosities of the past out of existence. From the standpoint of the physiologists, that what the eye receives the brain absorbs, digests, and exerts again as a controlling influence, the advent of a wholesale system of artistic advertising might be regarded as a means of elevating the masses at once profitable, interesting, and practical.

M. E. NORTON.

FREDRIKA GROSVENOR.

Publishing and commercial houses, manufacturers, and all who appeal to the great public for its patronage have been quick to recognize the immense advertising value of the poster fad, and the competition among them to secure the best posters has grown so keen that it has been difficult to supply the demand. When it is known that the French pioneer artist in this field, Jules Chéret, receives nowadays one thousand dollars for every poster he designs, it will be readily recognized that talent of the first rank can afford to compete for the honors and emoluments. It is well said that "to reach the people art must step out of the picture gallery, out of the school-room and drawing-room and go into the street."

"THE HOME OF THE TREES." POSTER BY ETHEL REED.

This is what modern poster art has done. It has placed the work of some of the most famous artists in the world on bill-boards, in railway stations, anywhere and everywhere to catch the public eye, even the most uncultivated public eye, that of the Bowery boy and the factory girl.

To tell a story in as few words as possible is the secret of poster art, and it is more or less the secret of all modern art. The age of detail has gone by. It is the object of the nineteenth century to get the finest effect with the least possible effort.

As matters now exist much of the best poster work is done by genius that has seen its signature in standard magazines, in the annual exhibits of the oil- and water-color societies, and even in the

CURTIS SMITH.

Paris Salon The poster has resolved itself into the "pot boiler" of the artist who has found that glory is not always a synonym for gold, and who, however much of an idealist, is bound to consider the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker in the allotted scheme of daily existence.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

THE CEDAR CHEST.

HER dainty summer wardrobe lay
On sofa, table, chair, and bed,
All ready to be put away
With orris-root and sweet sachet.
"This tennis-gown goes first," she said;
"'Twill do another season yet.
(I had it on the day we met.)

"This hat, all smothered up in veils,
Is quite passé; I'm sure of that."
She paused; above the autumn gales
She seemed to hear the flap of sails.
"He always liked me in this hat;
This jacket, too, he thought divine—
I'll keep it, tho' 'tis stained with brine.

"This parasol, all lined with red,
I cannot use again next year.
How many foolish things he said
While holding it above my head,
And meant not one of them 'tis clear
I'll tear the cover from the stalk—
(It's lucky parasols can't talk.)

"This dancing-dress, although quite new,
Is soiled about the hem, I see.
He made me walk out in the dew
(I went quite willingly, 'tis true)
To that gnarled seat beneath the tree.
This little rip, too, in the lace
Was made there in that very place.

"This morning-suit of white *piqué*—
I wore it when he said good-bye.
I never liked that suit some way—
I'll give it to the maid to-day."
She closed the chest down with a sigh.
Beneath the silent cedar lid
A girl's dead dream of love lay hid.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VI.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE put on a gray frock and a pink kerchief, looked at herself a moment with approval in the small square of glass that served her for a toilet mirror, and went softly down-stairs through the sleeping house that resounded with the sound of afternoon snoring. Just outside the door Dandie was sitting with a book in his hand, not reading, only honoring the Sabbath by a sacred vacancy of mind. She came near him and stood still.

"I'm for off up the muirs, Dandie," she said.

There was something unusually soft in her tones that made him look up. She was pale, her eyes dark and bright; no trace remained of the levity of the morning.

"Aye, lass? Ye'll have ye'r ups and downs like me, I'm thinkin'," he observed.

"What for do ye say that?" she asked.

"Oh, for naething," says Dand. "Only I think ye're mair like me than the lave of them. Ye've mair of the poetic temper, tho' Guid kens, little enough of the poetic taalent. It's an ill gift at the best. Look at yersel'. At denner ye were all sunshine and flowers and laughter, and now ye're like the star of evening on a lake."

She drank in this hackneyed compliment like wine, and it glowed in her veins.

"But I'm saying, Dand"—she came nearer him—"I'm for the muirs. I must have a braith of air. If Clem was to be speiring for me, try and quaiet him, will ye no?"

"What way?" said Dandie. "I ken but the ae way, and that's leein'. I'll say ye had a sair heid, if ye like."

"But I havenae," she objected.

"I daur say not," he returned. "I said I would say ye had; and if ye like to nae-say me when ye come back, it'll no mateerially maitter, for my character's clean gane a'ready past reca'."

"Oh, Dand, are ye a leear?" she asked, lingering.

"Folks say sae," replied the bard.

"Wha says sae?" she pursued.

"Them that should ken the best," he responded. "The lassies, for ane."

"But, Dand, you would never lee to me?" she asked.

"I'll leave that for ye'r pairt of it, ye girzie," said he. "Ye'll lee to me fast eneuch, when ye hae gotten a jo. I'm tellin' ye, an' it's true; when ye have a jo, Miss Kirstie, it'll be for guid and ill."

"Will ye no gie 's a kiss, Dand?" she said. "I aye likit ye fine."

He kissed her and considered her a moment; he found something strange in her.

"Gae wa' wi' ye!" said he. "Ye're a dentie baby, and be content wi' that!"

That was Dandie's way; a kiss and a comfit to Jenny, a bawbee and my blessing to Jill, and good-night to the whole clan of ye, my dears!

She went, slowly at first, but ever straighter and faster, for the Cauldstaneslap, a pass among the hills to which the farm owed its name. The Slap opened like a doorway between two rounded hillocks; and through this ran the short cut to Hermiston. When she had once passed the Slap, Kirstie was received into seclusion. Thence she passed rapidly through the morass and came to the farther end of it, where a sluggish burn discharges, and the path for Hermiston accompanies it on the beginning of its downward path. From this corner a wide view was opened to her of the whole stretch of braes upon the other side, and—three miles off as the crow flies—from its inclosures the windows of Hermiston glittering in the western sun.

Here she set down and waited, and looked for a long time at those far-away bright panes of glass. It amused her to have so extended a view, she thought. By the time the sun was down and all the easterly braes lay plunged in clear shadow she was aware of a man coming up the path at a most unequal rate of approach, now half-running, now pausing and seeming to hesitate.

She watched him at first with a total suspension of thought. She held her thought as a person holds his breathing. Then she consented to recognize him. "He'll no be coming here; he cannae be; it's no possible." And there began to grow upon her a subdued choking suspense. He was coming. His hesitations had quite ceased; and the question loomed up before her instantly: what was she to do? Propriety, prudence, all that she had ever learned, all that she knew, bade her flee. But on the other hand, the cup of life now offered to her was too enchanting. For one moment she saw the question clearly, and definitely made her choice. She stood up and showed herself an instant in the gap relieved upon the sky-line, and the next fled trembling and sat down, glowing with excitement, on the weaver's stone. She shut her eyes, seeking, praying for composure. She never admitted to herself that she had come up the hill to look for Archie. And perhaps, after all, she did not know; for the steps of love in the young, and especially in girls, are instinctive and unconscious.

In the meantime Archie was drawing rapidly near, and he, at least, was consciously seeking her neighborhood. The afternoon had turned to ashes in his mouth; the memory of the girl had kept him from reading and drawn him as with cords; and at last, as the cool of the evening began to come on, he had taken his hat and set forth, by the moor path of Cauldstaneslap. He had no hope to find her; he took the off chance to relieve his uneasiness. The greater was his surprise, as he surmounted the slope and came into the hollow of the Deil's Hags, to see there, like an answer to his wishes, the little womanly figure in the gray dress and the pink kerchief, in those desolate surroundings. By an afterthought that was a stroke of art she had turned up over her head the back of the kerchief; so that it now framed becomingly her vivacious and yet pensive face. Her feet were gathered under her on the one side, and she leaned on her bare arm, which showed out strong and round, tapered to a slim wrist, and shimmered in the fading light.

Young Hermiston was struck with a certain chill. He was reminded that he now dealt in serious matters of life and death. This was a grown woman he was approaching, endowed with her mysterious potencies and attractions, the treasury of the continued race, and he was neither better nor worse than the average of his sex and age. He had a certain delicacy which had preserved him hitherto unspotted, and which (had either of them guessed it) made him a more dangerous companion when his heart should be really stirred. His throat was dry as he

"AND SHE BEGAN, IN LOW, CLEAR TONES."

came near; but the appalling sweetness of her smile stood between them like a guardian angel.

For she turned to him and smiled, though without rising. There was a shade in this cavalier greeting that neither of them perceived; neither he, who simply thought it gracious and charming as herself, nor yet she, who did not observe (quick as she was) the difference between rising to meet the laird and remaining seated to receive the expected admirer.

"Are ye stepping west, Hermiston?" said she, giving him his territorial name after the fashion of the countryside.

"I was," said he, a little hoarsely, "but I think I will be about the end of my stroll now. Are you like me, Miss Christina? I came here seeking air."

He took his seat at the other end of the tombstone and studied her, wondering what was she. There was infinite import in the question alike for her and him.

"Aye," she said, "It's a habit of mines to come up here about the gloaming, when it's quaiet and caller."

"It was a habit of my mother's also," he said, gravely. The recollection half startled him as he expressed it. He looked around. "I have scarce been here since. It's peaceful," he said, with a long breath.

"It's no like Glasgow," she replied. "A weary place, yon Glasgow. But what a day have I had for my hamecoming, and what a bonny evening!"

"Indeed, it was a wonderful day," said Archie. "I think I will remember it years and years, until I come to die. On days like this—I do not know if you feel as I do—but everything appears so brief and fragile and exquisite that I am afraid to touch life. We are here for so short a time; and all the old people before us—Rutherfords of Hermiston, Elliotts of the Cauldstaneslap—that were here but a while since, riding about and keeping up a great noise in this quiet corner, making love, too, and marrying; why, where are they now? It's deadly commonplace, but, after all, the commonplaces are the great poetic truths."

He was sounding her, semi-consciously, to see if she could understand him; to learn if she were only an animal the color of flowers, or had a soul in her to keep her sweet. She, on her part, her means well in hand, watched, woman-like, for any opportunity to shine, to abound in his humor, whatever that might be. The dramatic artist, that lies dormant or only half-awake in most human beings, had in her sprung to his feet in a divine fury, and chance had served her well. She looked upon him with a subdued twilight look that became the hour of the day and the train of thought. Earnestness shone through her like stars in the purple west; and from the great but controlled upheaval of her whole nature there passed into her voice and rang in her lightest words a thrill of emotion.

"Have you mind of Dand's song?" she answered. "I think he'll have been trying to say what you have been thinking."

"No, I never heard it," he said. "Repeat it to me, can you?"

"It's naething wanting the tune," said Kirstie.

"Then sing it to me," said he.

"On the Lord's Day? That would never do, Mr. Weir!"

"I am afraid I am not so strict a keeper of the Sabbath, and there is no one in this place to hear us."

"No that I'm thinking that really," she said. "By my way of thinking, it's just as serious as a psalm. Will I sooth it to ye, then?"

"If you please," said he, and drawing near to her on the tombstone, prepared to listen.

She sat up as if to sing. "I'll only can sooth it to ye," she explained. "I wouldnae like to sing out loud on the Sabbath. I think the birds would carry news of it to Gilbert," and she smiled.

She began, in the low, clear tones of her half voice, now sinking almost to a whisper, now rising to a particular note which was her best, and which Archie learned to wait for with growing emotion:

"O they rade in the rain, in the days that are gane,
In the rain and the wind and the lave;
They shoutit in the ha' and they routit on the hill,
But they're a' quaitit noo in the grave.
Auld, auld Elliotts; clay-cauld Elliotts; dour, bauld Elliotts of auld!"

All the time she sang she looked steadfastly before her, her knees straight, her hands upon her knees, her head cast back and up. The expression was admirable throughout, for had she not learned it from the lips and under the criticism of the author? When it was done she turned upon Archie a face softly bright, and eyes gently suffused and shining in the twilight, and his heart rose and went out to her with boundless pity and sympathy. She was a human being tuned to a sense of the tragedy of life; there were pathos and music and a great heart in the girl.

He arose instinctively, she also; for she saw she had gained a point and scored the impression deeper, and she had wit enough left to flee upon a victory. In the falling grayness of the evening he watched her figure winding through the morass, saw it turn a last time and wave a hand, and then pass through the Slap; and it seemed to him as if something went along with her out of the deepest of his heart. And something surely had come, and come to dwell there.

In the same moment of time that she disappeared from Archie there opened before Kirstie's eyes the cup-like hollow in which the farm lay. She saw, some five hundred feet below her, the house making itself bright with candles, and this was a broad hint to her to hurry. For they were only kindled on a Sabbath night, with a view to that family worship which rounded in the incomparable tedium of the day and brought on the relaxation of supper. She made good time accordingly down the steep ascent, and came up to the door panting as the three younger brothers, all roused at last from slumber, stood together in the cool and the dark of the evening with a fry of nephews and nieces about them, chatting and awaiting the expected signal. She stood back; she had no mind to direct attention to her late arrival or to her laboring breath.

"Kirstie, ye have shaved it this time, my lass!" said Clem. "Whaur were ye?"

"Oh, just taking a dander by mysel'," said Kirstie.

The signal was given and the brothers began to go in one after another, amid the jostle and throng of Hob's children.

Only Dandie, waiting till the last, caught Kirstie by the arm. "When did ye begin to dander in pink hosen, Mistress Elliott?" he whispered, slyly.

She looked down; she was one blush. "I maun have forgotten to change them," said she; and went in to prayers in her turn with a troubled mind, between anxiety as to whether Dand should have observed her yellow stockings at church and should thus detect her in a palpable falsehood, and shame that she had already made good his prophecy. She remembered the words of it, how it was to be when she had gotten a jo, and that that would be for good and evil. "Will I have gotten my jo now?" she thought, with a secret rapture.

VII.

ENTER MEPHISTOPHELES.

Two days later a gig from Crossmichael deposited Frank Innes at the doors of Hermiston. Once in a way, during the past winter, Archie, in some acute phase of boredom, had written him a letter. It had contained something in the nature of an invitation, or a reference to an invitation,—precisely what, neither of them now remembered. When Innes had received it there had been nothing further from his mind than to bury himself in the moors with Archie; but not even the most acute political heads are guided through the steps of life with unerring directness. That would require a gift of prophecy which has been denied to man. For instance, who could have imagined that, not a month after he had received the letter and turned it into mockery, and put off answering it, and in the end lost it, misfortunes of a gloomy cast should begin to thicken over Frank's career? His case may be briefly stated. His father, a small Morayshire laird with a large family, became recalcitrant and cut off the supplies; he had fitted himself out with the beginnings of quite a good law library, which, upon some sudden losses on the turf, he had heen obliged to sell before the books were paid for; and his bookseller, hearing some rumor of the event, took out a warrant for his arrest. Innes had early word of it, and was able to take precautions. He had written a fervid letter to his father at Inverauld, and put himself in the coach of Crossmichael. Any port in a storm!

To do him justice, he was no less surprised to be going than Archie was to see him come; and he carried off his wonder with an infinitely better grace.

"Well, here I am!" said he, as he alighted. "Pylades has come to Orestes at last. By the way, did you get my answer? No? How very provoking! Well, here I am to answer for myself, and that's better still."

"I am very glad to see you, of course," said Archie, "I make you heartily welcome, of course. But you surely have not come to stay, with the courts still sitting! Is that not most unwise?"

"D—— the courts!" says Frank. "What are the courts to friendship and a little fishing?"

And so it was agreed that he was to stay, with no term to the visit but the term which he had privily set to it himself,—the day, namely, when his father should have come down with the dust, and he should be able to pacify the book-seller. On such vague conditions there began for these two young men (who were not even friends) a life of great familiarity and, as the days drew on, less and less intimacy. They were together at meal-times, together o'nights when the hour had come for whisky toddy; but they were rarely so much together by day. Archie had Hermiston to attend to, and he would be off sometimes in the morning and leave only a note on the breakfast-table to announce the fact; and sometimes, with no notice at all, he would not return for dinner until the hour was long past. Innes groaned under these desertions:

"I wonder what on earth he finds to do, Mrs. Elliott?" said he one morning, after he had just read the hasty billet and sat down to table.

"I suppose it will be business, sir," replied the housekeeper, dryly, measuring his distance off to him by an indicated courtesy.

"But I can't imagine what business!" he reiterated.

"I suppose it will be his business," retorted Kirstie.

He turned to her with that happy brightness that made the charm of his disposition, and broke into a peal of healthy and natural laughter.

"Well played, Mrs. Elliott!" he cried, and the housekeeper's face relaxed into the shadow of an iron smile. "Well played, indeed!" said he. "But you must not be making a stranger of me like that. Why, Archie and I were at the high school together, and we've been to college together, and we were going to the Bar together, when—you know! Dear, dear me, what a pity that was! A life spoiled, a fine young fellow as good as buried here in the wilderness with rustics; and all for what? A frolic,—silly, if you like, but no more. God, how good your scones are, Mrs. Elliott!"

"They're no mines; it was the lassie made them," said Kirstie. "And, saving your presence, there's little sense in taking the Lod's name in vain about idle vivers that you fill your kyte wi'."

"I dare say you're perfectly right, ma'am," quoth the imperturbable Frank. "But, as I was saying, this is a pitiable business, this about poor Archie; and you and I might do worse than put our heads together, like a couple of sensible people, and bring it to an end. Let me tell you, ma'am, that Archie is really quite a promising young man, and in my opinion he might do well at the Bar. As for his father, no one can deny his ability, and I don't fancy any one would care to deny that he has the deil's own temper ——"

"If you'll excuse me, Mr. Innes, I think the lass is crying on me," said Kirstie, and floated from the room.

"The cross-grained old broomstick!" ejaculated Innes.

In the meantime, Kirstie had escaped into the kitchen, and before her vassal gave vent to her feelings.

It was a strange thing how misfortune dogged Frank in his efforts to be genial. He was the very picture of good looks, good humor, and manly youth. And with all these advantages he failed with every one about Hermiston; with the silent shepherd, with the obsequious grieve, with the groom who was also the plowman, with the gardener and the gardener's sister,—a pious, down-hearted woman, with a shawl over her ears,—he failed equally and flatly. They did not like him, and they showed it. The little maid, indeed, was an exception; she admired him devoutly, probably dreamed of him in her private hours; but she was accustomed to play the part of silent auditor to Kirstie's tirades, and she had learned not only to be a very capable girl of her years, but a very secret and prudent one besides. Frank was thus conscious that he had one ally and sympathizer in the midst of that general union of disfavor that surrounded him in the house of Hermiston; but he had little comfort or society from that alliance, and the demure little maid (twelve on her last birthday) preserved her own counsel. For the others, they were beyond hope and beyond endurance. Never had a young Apollo been cast among such rustic barbarians.

Nor was Frank more successful when he went farther afield. To the four black brothers, for instance, he was antipathetic in the highest degree. Hob thought him too light, Gib too profane. Clem wanted to know what the fule's business was, and whether he meant to stay here all session time! As for Dand, it will be enough to describe their first meeting, when Frank had been whipping a river and the rustic celebrity chanced to come along the path.

"I'm told you're quite a poet," Frank had said.

"Wha tell 't ye that, mannie?" had been the unconciliating answer.

"Oh, everybody," says Frank.

"Gad! Here's fame!" said the sardonic poet, and he had passed on his way.

Frank had better success of it at the Crossmichael Club, to which Archie took him immediately on his arrival; his

own last appearance on that scene of gayety. Frank was made welcome there at once, continued to go regularly, and had attended a meeting (as the members ever after loved to tell) on the evening before his death. There was another supper at Windielaws, another dinner at Driffel; and it resulted in Frank being taken to the bosom of the country people as unreservedly as he had been repudiated by the country folk. He occupied Hermiston after the manner of an invader in a conquered capital. He was perpetually issuing from it, as from a base, to toddy-parties fishing-parties, and dinner-parties, to which Archie was not invited, or to which Archie would not go. It was now that the name of The Recluse became general for the young man. Some say that Innes invented it; Innes, at least, spread it abroad.

"How's all with your Recluse to-day?" people would ask.

"Oh, reclusing away!" Innes would declare, with his bright air of saying something witty; and immediately interrupt the general laughter which he had provoked much more by his air than his words, "Mind you, it's all very well laughing, but I'm not very well pleased. Poor Archie is a good fellow, a fellow I always liked. I think it small of him to take his little disgrace so hard and shut himself up. I keep telling him, 'Be a man! Live it down, man!' But not he. Of course, it's just solitude and shame and all that. But I'm beginning to fear the result. It would be all the pities in the world if a really promising fellow like Weir was to end ill. I'm seriously tempted to write to Lord Hermiston and put it plainly to him."

"I would if I were you," some of his auditors would say, shaking the head, sitting bewildered and confused at this new view of the matter, so deftly indicated by a single word; and wondering at the aplomb and position of this young man, who talked as a matter of course of writing to Hermiston and correcting him upon his private affairs.

And Frank would proceed, sweetly confidential: "I'll give you an idea now. He's actually sore about the way that I'm received and he's left out, in the county. I've rallied him and I've reasoned with him, told him that everyone was most kindly inclined toward him, told him even that I was received merely because I was his guest. But it's no use. He will neither accept the invitations he gets, nor stop brooding about the ones where he's left out. He had always one of those dark, secret, angry natures,—a little underhand and plenty of bile,—you know the sort. He must have inherited it from the Weirs, whom I suspect to have been a worthy family of weavers somewhere. It's precisely the kind of character to go wrong in a false position like what his father's made for him, or he's making for himself. And for my part, I think it a disgrace," Frank would say, generously.

Presently the sorrow and anxiety of this disinterested friend took shape. He began in private to talk vaguely of bad habits and low habits. He would say, "I tell you plainly, and between ourselves, I scarcely like to stay there any longer; only, man, I'm positively afraid to leave him alone. You'll see I shall be blamed for it later on. I'm staying at a great sacrifice. I'm hindering my chances at the Bar, and I can't blind my eyes to it. And what I'm afraid of is that I'm going to get kicked for it all around before all's done."

"Well, Innes," his interlocutor would reply, "it's very good of you, I must say that. If there's any blame going you'll always be sure of my good word, for one thing."

"Well," Frank would continue, "candidly, I don't say it's pleasant. He has a very rough way with him; his father's son, you know. I don't say he's rude,—of course, I couldn't be expected to stand that,—but he steers very near the wind."

In the early stages I am persuaded there was no malice. He talked but for the pleasure of airing himself. He was essentially glib, as becomes the young advocate, and essentially careless of the truth, which is the mark of the young ass; and so he talked at random. Archie began to be regarded in the light of a dark, perhaps a vicious mystery, and the future developments of his career to be looked for with uneasiness and confidential whispering. He had done something disgraceful, my dear. What, was not precisely known, and that good, kind young man, Mr. Innes, did his best to make light of it. How wholly we all lie at the mercy of a single prater, not needfully with any malign purpose! And if a man but talks of himself in the right spirit, refers to his virtuous actions by the way and never applies to them the name of virtue, how easily his evidence is accepted by public opinion!

All this while, however, there was a more poisonous ferment at work between the two lads, which came late indeed to the surface, but had modified and magnified their dissensions from the first. To an idle, shallow, easy-going customer like Frank, the smell of a mystery was attractive. It gave his mind something to play with, like a new toy to a child. It was on the occasion of Archie's first absence that this interest took root. It was vastly deepened when Kirstie resented his curiosity at breakfast. And that same afternoon there occurred another scene which clinched the business. He was fishing Swingleburn, Archie accompanying him, when the latter looked at his watch.

"Well, good-bye," said he. "I have something to do. See you at dinner."

"Don't be in such a hurry," cries Frank. "Hold on till I get my rod up. I'll go with you; I'm sick of flogging this ditch." And he began to reel up his line.

Archie stood speechless. He took a long while to recover his wits under this direct attack; but by the time he was ready with his answer, and the angle was almost packed up, he had become completely Weir, and the hanging face gloomed on his young shoulders. He spoke with a labored composure, a labored kindness even; but a child could see that his mind was made up.

"I beg your pardon, Innes; I don't want to be disagreeable, but let us understand one another from the beginning. When I want your company I'll let you know."

"Oh!" cries Frank, "you don't want my company, don't you?"

"Apparently not just now," replied Archie. "I even indicated to you when I did, if you'll remember,—and that was at dinner. If we two fellows are to live together pleasantly—and I see no reason why we should not—it can only be by respecting each other's privacy. If we begin intruding ——"

"Oh, come, I'll take this at no man's hands. Is this the way you treat a guest and an old friend?" cried Innes.

"Just go home and think over what I said by yourself," continued Archie, "whether it's reasonable, or whether it's really offensive or not; and let's meet at dinner as though nothing had happened. I'll put it this way, if you like—that I know my own character, that I'm looking forward (with great pleasure, I assure you) to a long visit from you, and that I'm taking precautions at the first. I wager you five pounds you'll end by seeing that I mean friendliness, and I assure you, Francie, I do," he added, relenting.

Bursting with anger, but incapable of speech, Innes shouldered his rod, made a gesture of farewell, and strode off down the burn-side.

Archie watched him go without moving. He hated to be inhospitable, but in one thing he was his father's son. He had a strong sense that his house was his own and no man else's; and to lie at a guest's mercy was what he refused. He hated to seem harsh. But that was Frank's look-out. Archie was now free to make for the trysting-place where Kirstie, cried about by the curlew and the plover, waited and burned for his coming by the Covenanter's stone.

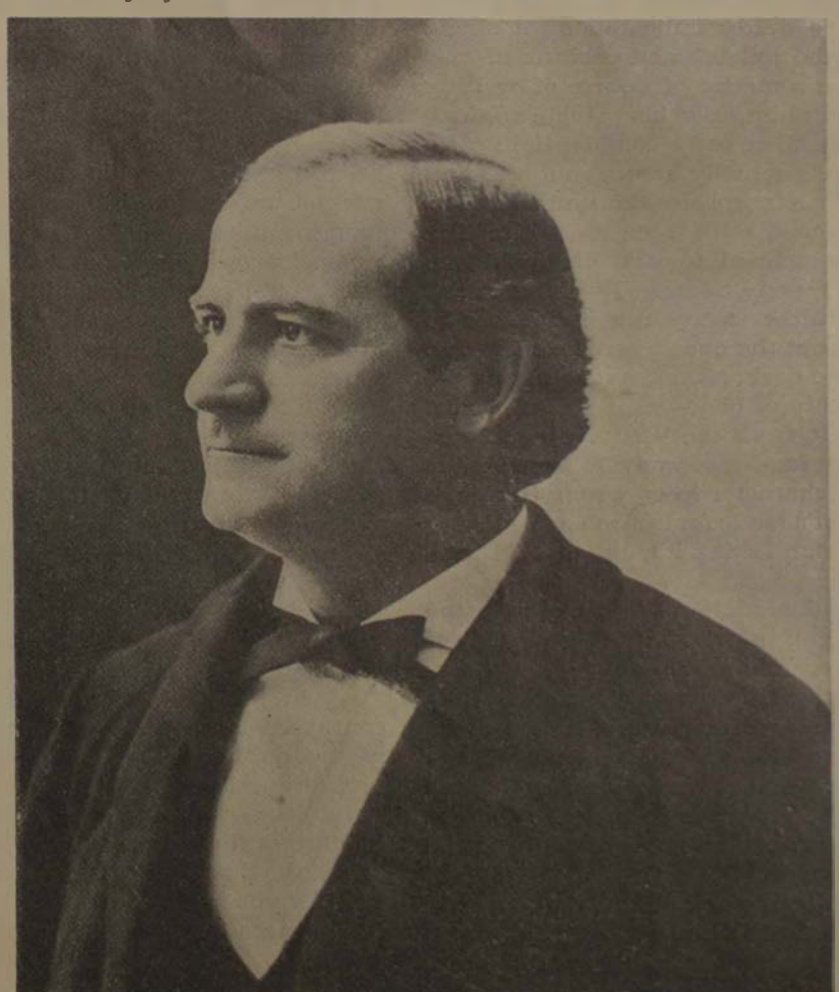
Innes went off down-hill in a passion of resentment, easy to be understood, but which yielded progressively to the needs of his situation. He had no more ready money to go anywhere else; he would have to borrow from Archie the next club night; and, ill as he thought of his host's manner, he was sure of his practical generosity. He met Archie at dinner without resentment, almost with cordiality. You must take your friends as you find them, he would have said. Archie couldn't help being his father's son, or his grandfather's—the hypothetical weaver's—grandson. The son of a hunks, he was still a hunks at heart; but he had other qualities with which Frank could divert himself in the meanwhile, and to enjoy which it was necessary that Frank should keep his temper.

So excellently was it controlled that he awoke next morning with his head full of a different, though a cognate subject. What was Archie's little game? What was he keeping secret? Was he keeping tryst with somebody, and was it a woman? It would be a good joke and a fair revenge to discover. To that task he set himself with a great deal of patience; and little by little, from one point to another, he at last succeeded in piecing out the situation. First he remarked that, although Archie set out in all the directions of the compass, he always came home again from some point between the south and west. From the study of a map, and in consideration of the great expanse of untenanted moorland running in that direction toward the sources of the Clyde, he laid his finger on Cauldstaneslap and two other neighboring farms, Kingsmuirs and Polintarf. But it was difficult to advance farther. With his rod for a pretext, he vainly visited each of them in turn. He would have tried to follow Archie, but the nature of the land precluded the idea. He did the next best, ensconced himself in a quiet corner and pursued his movements with a telescope. It was equally in vain, and he had almost given the matter up in despair when he was suddenly confronted with the person whom he sought.

(*To be concluded.*)

A STUDY OF WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

THE wonderful possibilities of American citizenship are strikingly illustrated in the nomination for the Presidency of William Jennings Bryan, who was selected at Chicago, on the 10th of July last, to lead the National Democracy in the quadrennial battle for national supremacy. Mr. Bryan was not a national figure prior to his speech at Chicago. He had won, it is true, fame of a tentative sort, through his brilliant speeches in Congress and his strength as an advocate of silver on the stump and forum in the South and West. But his youth and his comparatively circumscribed flight across the horizon of publicity kept his name from figuring in the list of possibilities. But, to paraphrase Bourke Cockran, "His nomination was so much an improbability as to become a possibility." Chance gave him the opportunity to place the impress of his oratorical power upon the convention, and he proved his claim to greatness by rising to the occasion. His speech won him the nomination on the following day.



Photograph by Townsend.

W. J. BRYAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MAY, 1896.

One of the charges brought against Mr. Bryan, in denial of his fitness for the Presidency, is that he is young. This is undeniable. He, himself, admits it, and the family Bible is a mute witness to the truth of the charge. Mr. Bryan has the distinction of being the youngest man ever nominated for the Presidency, and in fact is barely a year beyond the thirty-five year age-limit of the Constitution. But, notwithstanding his youth, he had before his nomination for the Presidency achieved honors that have come to but comparatively few men in life.

He was very young, but thirty, when he was first elected to Congress, and had the honor during his first term of being appointed to a place on the Ways and Means Committee. He was even younger when he first gained reputation as an eloquent, cogent, and interesting speaker.

William Jennings Bryan was born on a farm just outside the town of Salem, Illinois, on the 19th of March, 1860. His father was Judge Bryan, for a number of years a judge

of the circuit court which embraced the County of Marion, and who for eight years represented that district in the Illinois State Senate. Now that Mr. Bryan has achieved distinguished honors, he shares the fate, common to the great, of being remembered as a remarkably precocious child. They relate that early in life he demonstrated the possession of wonderful oratorical powers, and that before he was fairly in his 'teens he had won as a campaign speaker the title that still clings to him. "the boy orator." His father conducted his education at home until young Bryan was ten years of age. After five years in the public schools he went to Jacksonville, where for two years he was a student in Whipple Academy. Afterward he attended Illinois College, at Jacksonville, where in 1881 he was graduated as the valedictorian of his class. From there he went to Chicago, where he entered Union Law College. While a student here he worked his way as a clerk in the law office of Lyman Trumbull, at a salary of five dollars a week. His present law partner, Hon. A. R. Talbot, of Lincoln, was his classmate, and relates that so slender were their resources that their lunch many a time consisted of a nickel's worth of crackers and apples.

GRACE AND RUTH BRYAN, AGED RESPECTIVELY FIVE AND ELEVEN YEARS.

He was graduated in 1883, and the next four years saw him a struggling young lawyer in Jacksonville. His classmate, Mr. Talbot, had located several years before in Lincoln, Nebraska, and in 1887, while Bryan was West on legal business, he made him an offer of partnership, which was accepted, and since then Mr. Bryan has lived in Lincoln.

Mr. Bryan's predilection for politics speedily led him into the arena, where his greatest triumphs have since been won. His star as an orator first appeared in the firmament in 1888 and 1889, when he stumped the State for the Democratic ticket. His rise in politics came about in a peculiar way. The Democratic party in Nebraska had for years been controlled by a coterie of old-time Democrats, but they had failed to achieve any measure of success. In 1888 the scholarly J. Sterling Morton, the present Secretary of Agriculture and one of the then leaders, was defeated by a large majority in his race for Congress in the First district, which then embraced the long-settled southeastern section of the State In 1890 the Democratic nomination for Congress went begging, and, when young Bryan came forward and asked for it, it was willingly given him by the old guard. They had not looked with a kindly eye upon his rising fame, and it is shrewdly suspected that their ready acquiescence was given more to extinguish the new light than otherwise, as it was believed that where Morton had failed no Democrat had any hope for success

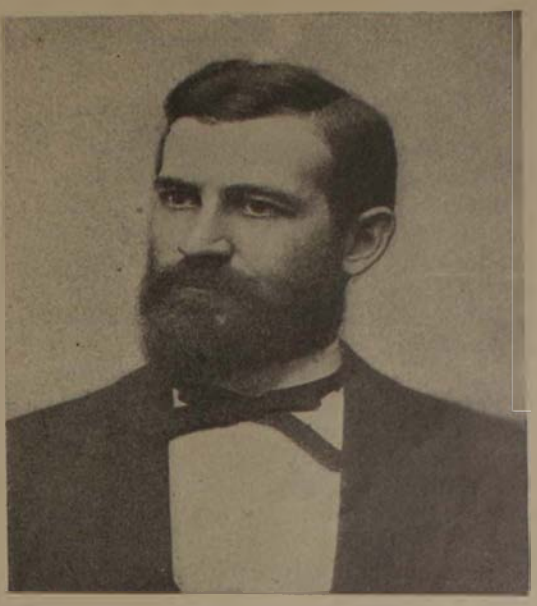
The young candidate had already made himself the idol of the younger element of his party, and they gave an enthusiastic indorsement to his plans. He wrote his own platform, in which a tariff for revenue and free coinage of silver were the cardinal planks, and entered upon a canvass now memorable in the political annals of the State. One of his first moves was to challenge his opponent, Congressman W. J. Connell. to joint debate. Connell was an Omaha lawyer, who had been fairly successful in practice at the Bar, and, contrary to Bryan's expectations, he accepted the challenge. He was, however, no match fo Bryan, and when the votes were counted it was found that the latter had overturned a Republican majority of three thousand two hundred and carried the district by about six thousand eight hundred.

MRS. W. J. BRYAN.

While a resident of Illinois Mr. Bryan had rendered yeoman political service to Congressman Springer, and in the preliminary contest for the Speakership in the Fifty-second Congress he espoused that gentleman's cause. When Springer made his terms with Crisp he rewarded Bryan's devotion by securing him a place on the Ways and Means Committee. His maiden speech was delivered March 16th, 1892, in support of the Springer Free-Wool Bill. It placed him at a single bound in the front ranks of the advocates of a revenue tariff. His readiness and resources as a debater soon made him a dangerous antagonist, and the eminence he gained was maintained during his entire term of service In 1892 he was renominated. The State had been redistricted and the First district made strongly Republican. Allen W. Field, of Lincoln, an able lawyer, was pitted against him, but Bryan pulled through by the slender majority of one hundred and forty-two. He declined to make the race a third time, and since his retirement from Congress he has divided the greater part of his time between editorial work on the Omaha *World-Herald* and the spreading of the silver propaganda in the West and South.

W. J. BRYAN, JR., AGED SIX YEARS.

When Mr. Bryan came to Nebraska he wore a heavy beard and mustache, but he soon discarded both. He has a strong, clean-cut, fine-lined face, and his eye is kindly yet piercing. His hair is raven black, with a bald disc upon the crown of his head, which is daily widening. He is athletic in build, and his massive head in profile is strikingly like that of his distinguished opponent, Major McKinley. A marked feature of the man is the unusual width of his mouth, although the lips are thin and sensitive. He is a handsome man, whose appearance before an audience inevitably attracts instant attention and interest. The predominant characteristic of his countenance is frankness. His mental alertness is shown in every movement of his eyes, his features, his lips. His voice is strong, resonant, pleasing, and capable of any modulation. His gestures are graceful and easy, and before an audience he is a consummate actor, his voice and body lending themselves easily to the necessities of the moment. His manners are most engaging. He never betrays passion, but candor, earnestness, and sincerity are the impressions he gives to his auditors. He is plain, simple, direct in language, and draws his illustrations impartially from the classics and from current history.



W. J. BRYAN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

Courtesy of News Publishing Co., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mr. Bryan is not a demagogue ; his sincerity and his earnestness are too evident. He is a man convinced that his is the cause of the people ; that it is bound to triumph ; that not all the hordes of organized wealth can defeat that cause upon which he believes God has placed the seal, "Just." In his early life he looked forward to a Congressional career, and with that end in view he fitted himself for discussion of the great problems of government. After his triumphs in Congress he dreamed of the Presidency, but the nomination has come to him earlier than he believed likely.

Mr. Bryan is a politician of the higher type. He likes politics. He believes that every young man should take an active interest in the game, and he believes the country would be all the better for it if they did. He is adroit, active, audacious, and tireless, and under his generalship the old leaders have been overthrown. His victory was achieved partly through tactical skill and partly through the hold he has upon the affections of his followers. His only reverse has been a defeat for the United States Senatorship. In 1894 he made an offensive and defensive alliance with the Populists to secure the majority of the Legislature, and, though defeated, it was a close call for the Republicans, twenty of their Assemblymen being victors by less than fifty votes.

Mr. Bryan is a religious man, a trait of character inherited from his father, who frequently interrupted the work of his court to engage in prayer. But his piety is not demonstrative or intrusive. He is a man of admirable poise of character, has never been heard to utter a profane word, nor does he use tobacco or intoxicants in any form.

Mr. Bryan's domestic relations have been most felicitous, and every step of his rise in life has been ably seconded by his earnest wife. He was married twelve years ago to Mary Baird, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant of Perry, Illinois, and three children, Ruth, aged eleven, William J., aged six, and Grace, aged five, have blessed the union. He resides at 1625 D Street, in a handsome home in which, through the generosity of his father-in-law, he was enabled to begin life in the West. Mrs. Bryan is a finely-educated woman, a leader in club life in the city, and thoroughly devoted to her husband. After their marriage, in order to identify herself more closely with her husband's life-work, she studied law and was admitted to the Bar after a satisfactory examination by a critical board, but she has never practiced. She is studious, like her husband, and cares little for society.

RESIDENCE OF W. J. BRYAN, 1625 D STREET, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

HARRY T. DOBBINS.

REGENERATING THE SLUMS.

THE WORK OF THE PEOPLE'S PARKS

WHEN George Washington was a citizen of New York, he had a fine house on Cherry Hill, but moved because it was too far out of town. Cherry Hill was then one of those pleasing spots which, though lying at the threshold of a city, are themselves distinctively rural. Travelers on the road which ran along by the East River passed dignified and substantial old mansions that were set far back in their grounds and were half-hidden by trees and lilac-bushes

The houses on Cherry Hill greatly increased in number as the years passed. The roads became city streets; quiet, shaded streets, upon which the rich and proud old Knickerbocker families had their residences; and for a long time Cherry Hill continued to be an aristocratic quarter of New York. But in the meantime the city was rapidly growing; commerce began to encroach upon these houses, and persons who were not of the old blood made their appearance there in such considerable numbers that Dame Fashion gathered up her skirts and fled away to find a habitation elsewhere. One by one the old families left Cherry Hill and the old dwellings began to assume the mellow and gently decayed appearance known as "shabby genteel."

When they became boarding-houses, with neat little white cards pasted just above the door-bell, Cherry Hill was on the downward road. Its humiliation was completed when the commodious rooms were partitioned off and made into several small ones, so that two or more families could occupy a floor. The low rents that this system made possible attracted the most objectionable class of the immigrants who were flocking to our shores; and in the degeneration of Cherry Hill only one more factor was lacking, that was the great barrack-like tenement-house of four or more stories with four families on a floor. Builders, finding that it paid handsomely to have a large number of families as occupants of one house, were not long in introducing them.

Owing to bad plumbing and lack of bathing facilities, and the necessarily close proximity of the dwellers in these houses, cleanliness was almost impossible; morality suffered and Cherry Hill became a slum. As early as 1857 the evils engendered by the tenement-houses gave rise to alarm, and the Legislature considered the matter of sufficient importance to investigate and report upon it. Nothing of consequence was done, however, and the condition of Cherry Hill grew worse until its very name was suggestive of crime.

EAST RIVER PARK.

Certain diseases of the body react against themselves:

ON THE GRASS IN BATTERY PARK.

MOVING OUT OF MULBERRY BEND PREPARATORY TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW PARK.

so it has been to some extent with the social disease of the slums. The evils of Cherry Hill became too aggravated for continuance. The result has been that there are grass and trees growing again where they grew a hundred years ago. The noisome tenements that sheltered so much crime and misery have been leveled, and a city park was opened on Cherry Hill early last summer. Where there have been for fifty years the vile odors of the slums are the sweet scents of flowers and fresh vegetation; where there have been the sounds of hoarse ribaldry and the crying of starving children there is the music of a band one evening in the week during the summer; and thousands of the dwellers in the tenements of the neighborhood leave their cramped and stifling quarters on hot nights, and, together with their children, sit on the park benches to breathe the fragant air and listen to the uplifting strains of music.

"YOUNG ITALY" ON THE EAST SIDE

The history of Cherry Hill is, in its general outlines, the history of all the tenement-house districts of New York. They were once ruled by Mother Nature, and were green and fresh with vegetation. Then by degrees the specter poverty spread its shadow over them and wretchedness and misery and degradation found dwelling-places there. Now their regeneration is commencing; effort is making to bring them back, in some small degree at least, to their old state of purity and healthfulness.

The regeneration of the slums is due to the movement for small parks which has begun in New York within the last ten years. It is a slow movement; the work of converting blocks upon which great tenement-houses stand into breathing spots, of introducing nature again in places from which she has long since fled, is necessarily full of hindrances and does not progress as rapidly as its promoters could wish. Two parks, however, have been completed, and several more are now in process of construction. The work has the encouragement of all classes except the owners of the houses which are demolished; and it will in all probability continue until the tenement districts of New York, and particularly

DENIZENS OF "THE BEND."

the East Side, are thickly dotted with green spots, oases in the desert of bricks and stone.

The Legislature of New York State passed the law in 1887 under which most of the work of park-making has since been carried on. This was during the administration of Abram S. Hewitt, as Mayor of New York City, and had he not been a very earnest and active promoter of the project, it is probable that the work would not yet have been inaugurated;

GOOD-BYE TO "THE BEND."

ITALIAN TYPES.

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE PARK AT CORLEAR'S HOOK.

for there was great opposition to it, on the ground that there were already a sufficient number of small parks to meet the needs of the people. But the existing parks were only an argument in favor of making more. The condition of the people surrounding them had so improved with their growth that there was no reason to doubt that an even greater improvement could be effected in the districts which were given over to the lowest and poorest class of people in the city.

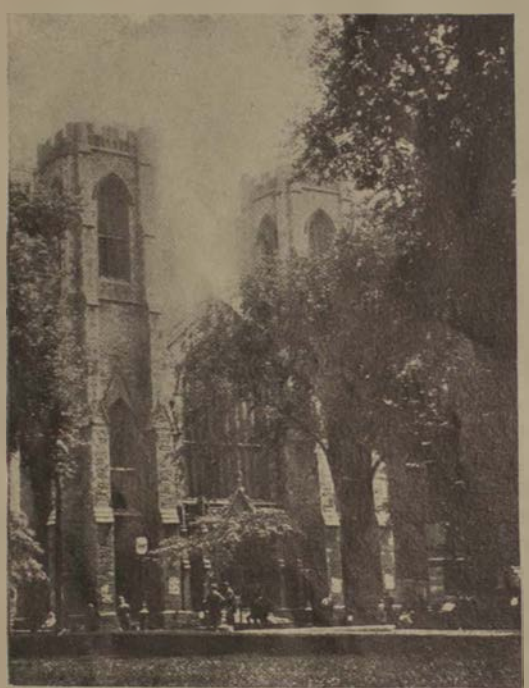
To be of any real benefit such parks must be within easy reach of the people for whom they are intended. They must be where families can spend the hot summer evenings without the expense of car-fare or the trouble of much of a journey on foot; they should, in fact, as far

NORTH SIDE OF THE PARK ON BAYARD STREET.

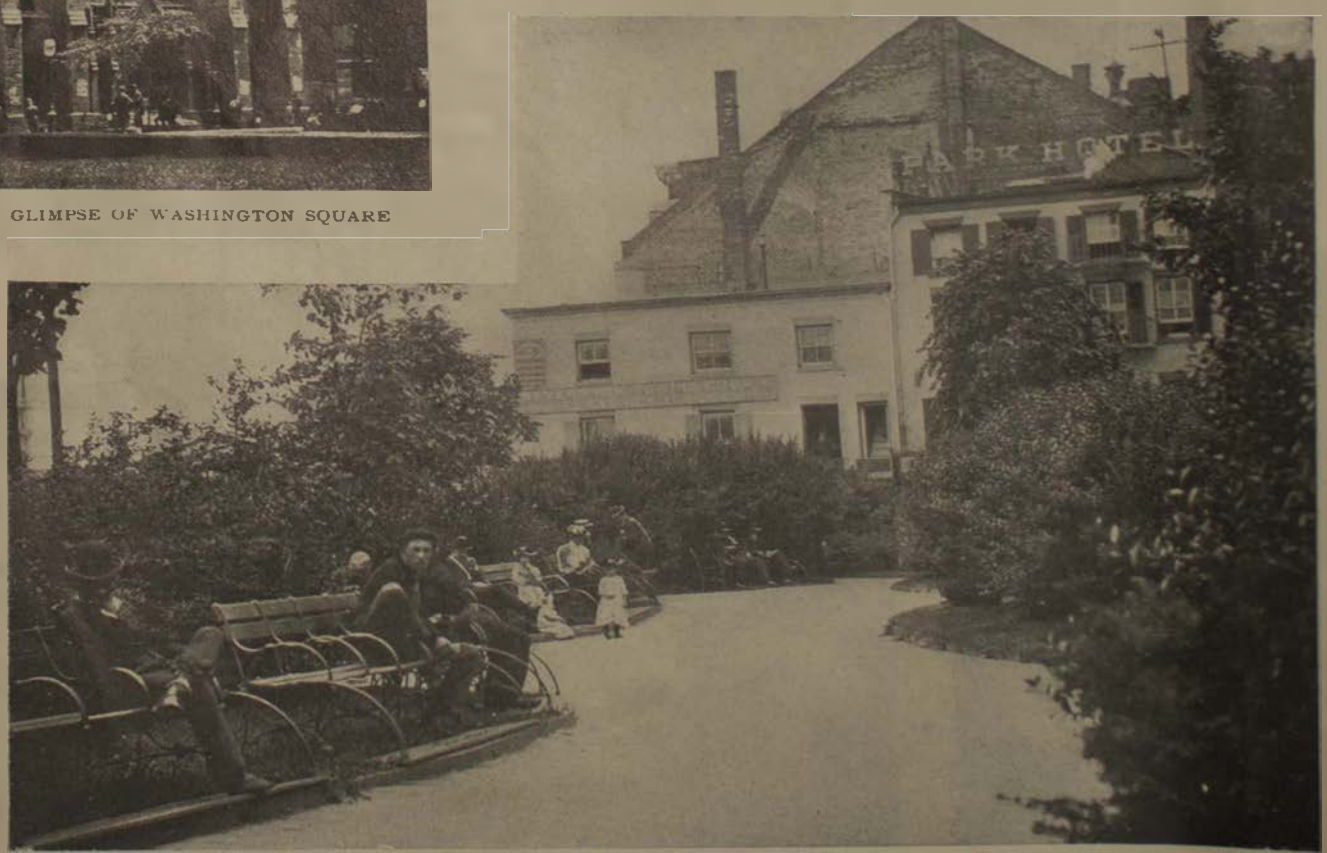
as possible, take the place of a door-yard, and the parks already constructed show how eagerly the people make use of such improvements.

Battery Park, lying along the water's edge, in the southern extremity of the city, affords a refreshing spot for the immigrant when he first lands, and during his brief stay in the boarding-houses in its vicinity. It is also almost the only breathing-place for the families of the seafaring men and the janitors of the high buildings who of necessity live in that part of the city.

Further north is Washington Square, the play-ground of the swarms of children, French, Italian, and negro, who fill to overflowing the dwellings south of the Square, which were once the homes of wealth. The sharpest contrast possible in the fortunes of life are here seen; for,



A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE



JEANNETTE PARK AT COENTIES SLIP.

singularly enough, the Square is still overlooked on the north side by the homes of some of New York's oldest, wealthiest, and most aristocratic families. Tompkins Square is in the heart of a thickly populated German section of the town on the East Side; and within a half-mile to the north lies Stuyvesant Square, which, with the well-known Union and Madison Squares, in the heart of the shopping district, is a resting place for idlers through all the hours of the busy day; and here babies are brought for an outdoor nap while mothers and nurses ply their knitting-needles. Even Central Park has had its civilizing influence; and dotted all over the city where the irregular crossing of streets has left a triangle or strip of ground are tiny squares—like Abingdon—with little green patches of grass, clumps of shrubbery, and a few trees shading seats for the weary. The presence of a gray-coated policeman proclaims the fact that even this small spot belongs to the "Park system."

THE MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE ON THE EAST SIDE.

SALVATION ARMY AT ABINGDON SQUARE.

The first new public park opened after the passage of the Law of 1887 was that in East Eighty-sixth Street, called the East River Park. The work of transformation was comparatively easy here, because part of the site was already a grove, called Jones's Woods, and the slow process of condemning and tearing down buildings was in consequence avoided. The eastern boundary of the park is the East River, toward which the ground extends in grassy terraces and gentle slopes. Half-way across the river and opposite the park is Blackwell's Island, with its fine old trees and velvety lawns and imposing public buildings. It forms a background for the river craft, the fleet excursion steamers, the saucy and energetic little tugboats, and the graceful sailing-vessels that are constantly passing up and down. The prospect is a most charming one at any time, but in the evening, when the myriads of lights begin to twinkle and are reflected in the deep bosom of the river, and the band is sending forth sweet strains of harmony, and the continuous murmur of children at play is heard, it possesses an ideal beauty.

SLUMMING AT PARADISE PARK.

A SIDEWALK VENDER IN A TENEMENT DISTRICT.

There are many tenements in the vicinity of the East River Park, but there are no slums. The park has been a great purifying and uplifting influence.

The next park opened was that of Corlear's Hook, which is bounded on one side by Cherry Street, and has already been mentioned for the rôle it has played in the regeneration of Cherry Hill. It covers about three acres of ground formerly occupied by reeking tenements and a ramshackle factory, which after nightfall afforded a rendezvous for "toughs" of desperate character. The lawlessness of the neighborhood is rapidly passing away in the vicinity of Corlear's Hook Park, and the reason given by those who have made a study of slum life is a strong argument in favor of the small parks. The toning-down of the worst of the human passions, which are fostered by tenement-house life, is due to the proximity and influence of nature. Jacob A. Riis, in his book, "How the Other Half Lives," refers to this sociological truth. In speaking of the German and his practice of planting flowers and shrubbery wherever he may live, Mr. Riis says :

"Wherever he puts a garden in a tenement-house block it does the work of a dozen police clubs. In proportion as it spreads the neighborhood takes on a more orderly character ; as the green dies out of the landscape the police find more to do. Where it disappears altogether, police-beats are shortened and the force patrols double at night. The changing of Tompkins Square from a sand-lot into a beautiful park put an end for good and all to the 'bread and blood riots' of which it used to be the scene."

This potency of nature was likewise illustrated at Five Points, which was for years probably as evil a locality as ever existed in any city. It was an academy of crime, and a favorite haunt of the most depraved men and women that could be found within the limits of New York. The paving stones in the centre of the square were taken up and the ground covered with sod, a few trees were planted, and a tiny green place in the waste of rookeries was created. With a refinement of sarcasm, it was called Paradise Park, but it has played no small part in revolutionizing Five Points. The slums are no longer there ; crime hides in places where there is less pure air and sunshine.

Not far from Five Points, however, in the core of New York's slums, is old Mulberry Bend, with an unsavory police record for murders and crimes of every sort. It will soon be a breathing place for the wretched poor of "Little Italy." The squalid rookeries have been torn

ITALIAN BANK IN MULBERRY STREET.

down ; already sunshine and air flood the place, and soon the transformation will be complete. With cool turf and fragrant flowers, and the welcome shade of trees, it will be a veritable fairy scene, whose beauty must react upon the surrounding wretchedness.

The houses in the neighborhood are teeming with

FRESH AIR AT THE BATTERY.

human beings, and in the rear of many of them, with frequently not more than six feet of space between the walls are other tenements, likewise over-crowded. The narrow and dark passage-ways and halls and the street outside swarm with people. It is necessary to pick your way carefully to avoid stepping upon the children who sprawl half-naked upon the stones. Shriveled old hags sit in doorways with loaves of stale and grimy-looking bread for sale. There is a constant traffic in slimy, strange-looking fish and half-decayed vegetables which are displayed on stands. The butcher in his basement-den is carving up very doubtful looking meat, and great sausages, which you must be careful to keep your head from bumping as you pass along, hang in front of the shops; but in spite of its repellent poverty, the scene has something of interest in it. The gay colors of the women's dress, the vivid reds and blues and yellows; the fresh beauty of many of the young girls, and the wrinkled ugliness of the old women; the amazing number of babies, the erect and stalwart figures of matrons gliding along gracefully with great bundles on their heads, all lend an element of picturesqueness to the neighborhood.

Two more parks were especially provided for by a law passed last year; and there is not the slightest doubt that these, together with the legislation to improve the conditions of the tenement-houses by requiring proper sanitary arrangements and light and fresh air in every room, will result in incalculable benefit to the poor before many years have passed.

With improved conditions of living, and the consequent moral elevation, students of sociology predict such a decrease of crime as will in time more than pay for all the expense of the present outlay. So that the problem of the relief of the poor and the suppression of crime, whether viewed from the point of the philanthropist or that of the political economist, seems now to have found a wise and a happy solution.

J. Herbert Welch.

THE LONE CORVETTE.

By Gilbert Parker.

"He will surely violently turn and toss thee like a ball into a large country."—Isaiah.

"POOR Ted, poor Ted! I'd give my commission to see him once again."

"That says much, Debney."

"Any one that knew him well could never think hardly of him. We were five brothers, and every one of us worshiped him. He could run rings round us in everything. At school, with sports, in the business of life, in love."

Debney's voice fell with the last few words, yet there was a reflective and pensive sort of smile on his face. His eyes were fastened on the Farallone Islands, which lay like a black, half-closed eyelid across the disk of the huge yellow sun, as it sank in the sky, straight out from the Golden Gate. The long wash of the Pacific was in their ears, at their left and behind them was the Presidio, from which they had come after a visit to the officers, and before them was the warm, inviting distance of waters which lead, as all men know, to the Lotos Isles.

Presently Debney sighed and shook his head.

"He was, by nature, the ablest man I ever knew. Everything in the world interested him."

"Perhaps the trouble lay there."

"Nowhere else. All his will was with the wholesome thing, but his brain, his imagination were always hunting. He was the true adventurer at the start. That was it, Mostyn."

"That is, he found the forbidden thing more interesting than the other."

"Quite so. And unless a thing was really interesting, stood out, as it were, he had no use for it—nor for man nor woman."

"Lady Folingsby, for instance."

"Yes. And do you know, Mostyn, that at this day, whenever she meets me I can see one question in her eyes—'Where is he?' Always, always that. You see, he found life and people so interesting that he couldn't help but be splendidly interesting himself. Whatever he was, I never knew a woman speak ill of him. . . . Once a year there comes to me a letter from an artist girl in Paris, written in language that gets into your eyes. And there is always the one refrain—'*Il reviendrai quelque jour. Dis à lui, que je n'oublie—non, jamais!*'—'He will return some day. Say to him that I do not forget—no, never!'"

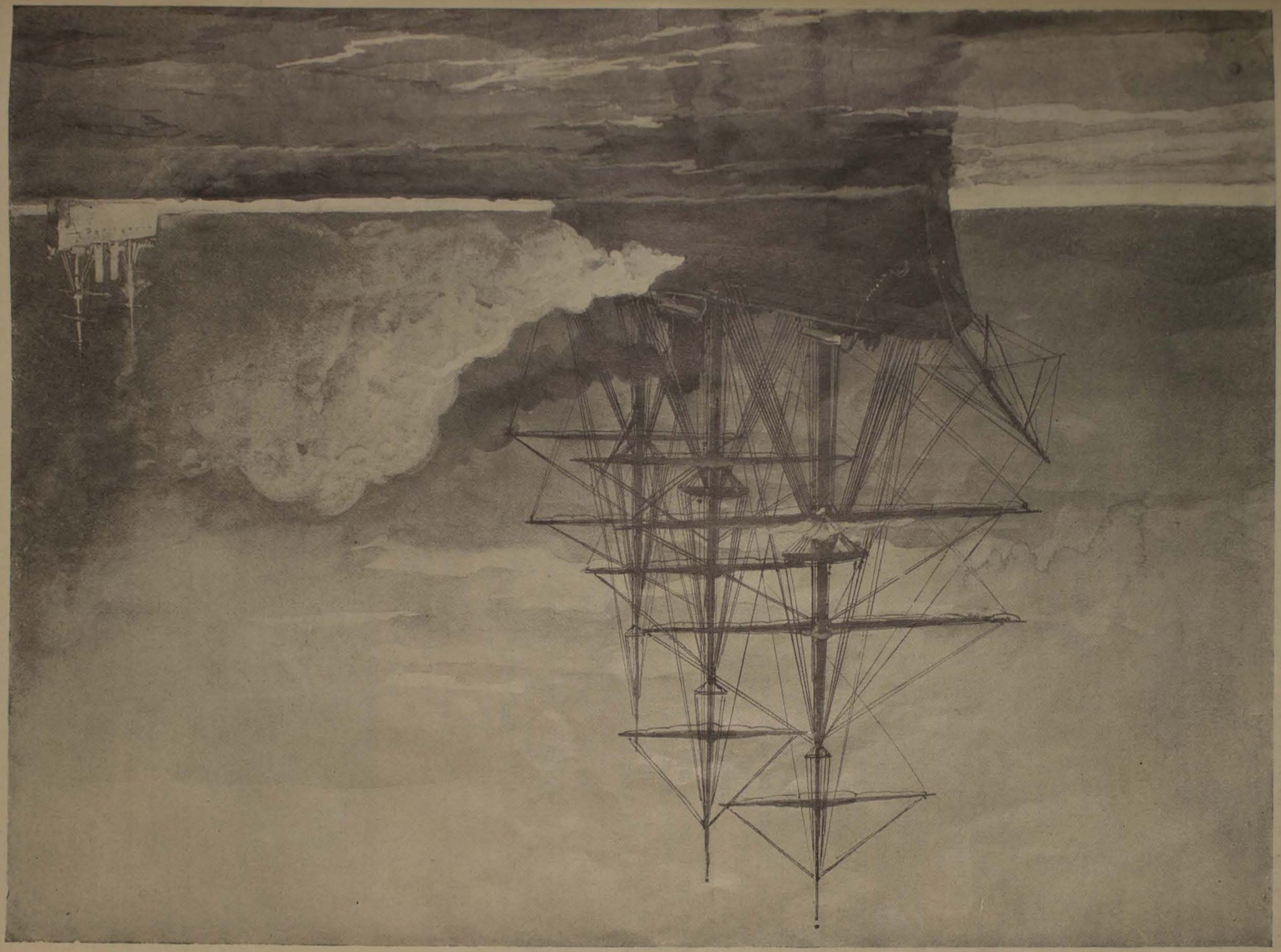
"Whatever he was, he was too big to be anything but kind to a woman, was Ted."

"I remember the day when his resignation was so promptly accepted by the Admiralty. He walked up to the admiral—Farquhar, it was on the Bolingbroke—and said: 'Admiral, if I'd been in your place I should have done as you have. I ought to resign, and I have. Yet if I had to live it over again I'd do the same. I don't repent. I'm out of the navy now, and it doesn't make any difference what I say, so I'll have my preachment out. If I were Admiral Farquhar and you were Edward Debney, ex-commander, I'd say, "Edward Debney, you're a d——d good fellow and a d——d bad officer."' The admiral liked Ted, in spite of his faults, better than any man in the squadron, for Ted's brains were worth any half-dozen of the other officers. He simply choked, and there, before the whole ship, dropped both hands on his shoulders and said: 'Edward Debney, you're a d——d good fellow and a d——d bad officer, and I wish to God you were a d——d bad fellow and a d——d good officer—for then we need not say good-by.' At that they parted, but as Ted was leaving, the admiral came forward again and said: 'Where are you going, Debney?' 'I'm going nowhere, sir,' Ted answered. 'I'm being tossed into strange waters,—a lone corvette of no squadron.' He stopped, smiled, and then said—it was so like him, for with all his wildness he had the tastes of a student: 'You remember that passage in Isaiah, sir: "*He will surely violently turn and toss thee like a ball into a large country?*"' Well, from that day he disappeared, and no one of us has ever seen him since. God knows where he is, but I was thinking, as I looked out there to the setting sun, that his wild spirit would naturally turn to the South, for civilized places had no permanent charm for him."

"Recall to me again the cause of his leaving the navy."

"He opened fire on a French frigate off Tahiti, which was boring holes in an opium smuggler."

THE HORNET OF NO SQUADRON.



Mostyn laughed.

"Of course; and how like Ted it was! An instinctive desire to side with the weakest."

"Yes, coupled with the fact that the Frenchman's act was mere brutality, and had neither sufficient motive nor justification. So Ted pitched into him."

"Did the smuggler fly the British flag?"

"No, the American; and it was only the intervention of the United States which prevented serious trouble, perhaps a bloody war, between France and England."

"Have you never got on track of Ted?"

"Once I thought I had, at Singapore, but nothing came of it. No doubt he changed his name. He never asked for nor got the legacy which my poor father left him."

"What was it that made you think you had come across him at Singapore?"

"Oh, the description of a man who answered to Ted."

"What was the man doing?"

Debney looked at his old friend for a moment debatingly, then said, quietly:

"Slave-dealing, and doing it successfully under the noses of men-of-war of all nations."

"You didn't think it was he, after all?"

"No; for if Ted came to that he would do it in a very big way or not at all. It would appeal to him on some grand scale with real danger, and, say, a few hundred thousand dollars at stake, but not unless."

Mostyn lit a cigar, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, regarded the scene before him with genial meditation,—the creamy wash of the sea at their feet, the surface of the water like corrugated silver stretching to the farther sky, with that long, long lane of golden light crossing it to the sun; the rocky fortresses, the men-of-war in the harbor, on one of which flew the British ensign,—the Cormorant, commanded by Debney.

"Poor Ted!" said Mostyn at last, "he might have been anything."

"Let us get back to the Cormorant, Mostyn," responded Debney, sadly. "And see, old friend, when you reach England again, I wish you'd visit my mother for me, for I shall not see her for another year, and she's alway anxious,—always since Ted left."

Mostyn grasped the other's hand and said:

"It's the second thing I'll do after landing, my boy."

Then they talked of other things, but as they turned at the Presidio for a last look at Golden Gate, Mostyn said, musingly: "I wonder how many million's worth of smuggled opium have come in that open door?"

Debney shrugged a shoulder helplessly:

"Try Nob Hill, Fifth Avenue, and the Champs Elysées. What does a poor man-o'-war's man know of such things?"

An hour later they were aboard the Cormorant, dining with a number of men, asked to come to say good-by to Mostyn, who was starting for England the second day following, after a pleasant visit with Debney.

Meanwhile from far beyond that yellow lane of light running out from Golden Gate there came a vessel sailing straight for harbor. She was an old-fashioned cruiser, carrying guns, and when she passed another vessel she hoisted the British ensign. She looked like a half-obsolete corvette spruced up, made modern by every possible device, and all her appointments were shapely and in order. She was clearly a British man-of-war, as shown in her trim-dressed sailors, her good handful of marines; but her second and third lieutenants seemed little like Englishmen, and indeed one was an American and one was a Hollander. There was gun-drill and there was cutlass-drill every day, and what was also singular, there was boat-drill twice a day, so that the crew of this man-of-war, as they saw Golden Gate ahead of them, were perhaps more expert at boat-drill than any that sailed the sea. They could lower and raise a boat from the davits with a wonderful expertness in a bad sea, and they rowed with a clock-like precision and a machine-like force.

Their general discipline did credit to the British navy. But they were not given to understand that by their commander, Captain Shewell, who had an eye like a spot of steel, and a tongue like aloes or honey, as the mood was on him It was clear that he took his position seriously, for he was as rigid and exact in etiquette as an admiral of the old school, and his eye was as keen for his officers as for his men; and that might have seemed strange, too, if one had seen Captain Carton Shewell two years before, commanding a schooner with a roving commission in the South Seas. Then he was more genial of eye and less professional of face. Here he could never be mistaken for anything else than the commander of a man-of-war,—it was in his legs, in the shoulder he set to the wind, in the tone of his orders, in his austere urbanity to his officers. Yet there was something else in his eye, in his face, which all this professionalism could not hide, even when he was most professional,—some elusive, subterranean force or purpose, which made such contrasts in him as to render him inscrutable.

This was singularly noticeable when he was shut away from the others in his cabin Then his whole body seemed to change. The eye became softer, and yet full of a kind of genial devilry; the body had an easy, careless alertness and elasticity and the athletic grace of a wild animal; and his face had a hearty sort of humor, which the slightly lifting lip, in its general disdain, could not greatly modify. He certainly seemed well-pleased with himself, and more than once as he sat alone he laughed outright; and once he said aloud, as his fingers ran up and down a schedule,—not a man-of-war's schedule,—laughing softly:

"Poor old Farquhar, if he could see me now!" Then, to himself, "Well, as I told him then, I was violently tossed like a ball into the large country, the wide world, in disgrace, and I've had a lot of adventure and sport. But here's something more,—the biggest game ever played between nations by a private person,—with a half million dollars as the end thereof, if all goes well with my lone corvette, Hornet, of no squadron."

The next evening, just before dusk, after having idled about out of sight of the signal-station nearly all day, Captain Shewell entered Golden Gate with the Hornet of no squadron. But the officers at the signal-station did not know that and simply telegraphed to the harbor, in reply to the signals from the corvette, that a British man-of-war was arriving. She came leisurely up the bay, with Captain Shewell on the bridge. He gave a low whistle as he saw the Cormorant in the distance. He knew the harbor well, and he saw that the Cormorant had gone to a new anchorage,—not the same as British men-of-war took formerly. He drew away to the old anchorage,—he need not be supposed to know that a change was expected; besides (and this was important to Captain Shewell), the old anchorage was nearer the docks; and it was clear save for one little life-boat and a schooner which was making out as he came up.

As the Hornet came to anchor the Cormorant saluted her, and she replied instantly. Customs officers, who were watching the craft from the shore, or from their boats, gave up hope of any excitement when they saw and heard the salutes. But two went out to the Hornet, were received graciously by Captain Shewell, who, over a glass of

wine in his cabin—which was appropriately hung with pictures of Nelson and Collingwood—said that he was proceeding to Alaska to rescue a crew shipwrecked on an island, and that he was leaving next day, as soon as he could get some coal. After this, with cheerful compliments, and the perfunctory declaration on his part that there was nothing dutiable on board, the officers left him greatly pleased with his courtesy.

As soon as it was very dark two or three boats pushed out from the Hornet and rowed swiftly to shore, passing a customs boat as they went, which was saluted by the officers in command. After this boats kept passing back and forth for a long time between the Hornet and the shore,—which was natural, seeing that a first night in port is a sort of holiday for officers and men. If these sailors had been watched closely, however, it would have been seen that they visited but few saloons on shore, and drank little, and then evidently as a blind. Then, for the rest of the night, coal was carried out to the Hornet in boats, instead of her coming to dock to load. By daybreak her coal was aboard, and cleaning up and preparations to depart began.

Captain Shewell's eye was now much on the Cormorant. He had escaped one danger,—he had landed half a million dollars' worth of opium in the night, under the very nose of the law, and while customs boats were patroling the bay; but there was another danger,—the inquisitiveness of the Cormorant. It was etiquette for him to call upon her captain, but he dared not run the risk; and yet if the Cormorant discovered that the Hornet was but a bold and splendid imposture, made possible by a daring ex-officer of the British navy, she might open fire. He had got this ex-British man-of-war two years before, purchased in Brazil by two adventurous spirits in San Francisco, had selected his crew carefully, many of them deserters of the British navy, trained them, and at last made this bold venture at the mouth of a warship's guns.

Just as he was lifting anchor to get away he saw a boat shoot out from the side of the Cormorant. Captain Debney, indignant at the lack of etiquette, and a little suspicious also (for there was no Hornet in the Pacific squadron, though there was a Hornet, he knew, in the China squadron), was coming to visit the discourteous commander. He was received according to custom, and was greeted at once by Captain Shewell. As the eyes of the two men met both started, but Captain Debney most. He turned white and put out his hand to the boat-side to steady himself. But Captain Shewell held the hand that had been put out; shook it, pressed it. He made to urge Captain Debney forward, but the other drew back to the gangway.

"Pull yourself together, Dick, or there'll be a mess," said Shewell, softly.

"My God! how could you do it, Ted?" broke out his brother, aghast.

Meanwhile the anchor had been raised, and the Hornet was beginning to move toward the harbor mouth.

"You have ruined us both," said Richard Debney.

"Neither, Dick; I'll save your bacon." He made a sign, the gangway was closed, he gave the word for full steam ahead, and the Hornet began to race through the water before Captain Debney guessed the purpose.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked, sternly, as he saw his own gig falling astern.

"To make it difficult for you to blow me to pieces. You've got to do it, of course, if you can, but I must get a start."

"How far do you intend taking me?"

"As far as the Farallones, perhaps."

Richard Debney's face had a sick look. "Take me to your cabin, Ted," he whispered. What was said behind the closed door no man in this world knows, and it is as well not to listen with too close an ear to those who part knowing that they will never meet again. They had been children in the one mother's arms; there was nothing in common now between them except the old love, and it could only be shown at such hours as this.

Nearing the Farallones, Captain Debney was put off in an open boat. Standing there alone, he was once more a naval officer, and he called out sternly: "Sir, I hope to sink you and your smuggling craft within four and twenty hours!"

Captain Shewell spoke no word, but slowly saluted, and watched his brother's boat recede till it was a speck upon the sea, as it moved toward Golden Gate.

"Good old Dick!" he said at last, as he turned away toward the bridge—"and he'll do it, if he can."

But he never did, for as the Cormorant cleared the harbor that evening there came an accident to her machinery, and with two days' start the Hornet was on her way to be sold again to a South American Republic.

And Edward Debney, once her captain?

What does it matter? His mother believes him dead—let us do likewise; for what joy is there in thinking of a lone corvette of no squadron?

SOCIETY FADS.

THE newest etiquette of engagements is for the head of the family formally, by card, to announce to an interested world that a marriage has been arranged. This is done immediately Edwin and Angela exchange their vows and quite independently of the day fixed for the marriage, of the wedding announcement cards, and of invitations to the ceremony itself. An engagement announcement is engraved on a large, white square of very thick, polished bristol-board, and states simply that "A marriage has been arranged between Edwin Beckwith, fourth son of John H. Hamilton, Esq., of Westwood, Dutchess County, New York, and Angela Dearborn, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Nelson, of East 37th Street, New York City, to take place early in November.' In this case, for example, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson ordered the cards and saw to it that they were distributed thoroughly through the circles of acquaintances on both sides, and those who receive one of these announcement cards need not necessarily expect to be invited to the wedding. This square of pasteboard is only a bit of courtesy, and serves to make the betrothal so binding through the publicity given it that there will be no trifling or discussion after the cards are sent out. In case, however, the engagement after this should be broken, precedent has already been established by one fashionable pair of parents who instantly issued formal cards saying that the arrangement for the marriage of their daughter had been indefinitely postponed

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PEOPLE who insist upon following the dictates of plain common sense and simple reason—and there are plenty of such right in the bosom of society—have been amused and interested at the fancy of late growth for giving what are popularly known as "covered dinners." Now, a "covered dinner" is an elaborate feast at which, by word of mouth

or foot-note in her invitation, the hostess exacts that her women guests shall all come wearing their hats. The dinner, of course, is the ordinary eight-o'clock meal served with state, flowers, many courses, and a vast display of silver. The women are expected to arrive in frocks of the most elaborate description, but every one must wear a hat. Some of them do rather beg the question by donning tiny bonnets, but a strict observance of the fad really demands a hat, and the bigger, more loaded with flowers, more picturesque as to brim and generally daring and flaunting it is, the more one is supposed to cater to the beauty and eccentricity of the function. To do the hats full credit the hostess arranges her lights so as to show off their proportions and colors to the best advantage, and the result of these dinners has been a boon to the milliners, while disastrous have been the effects on many an indulgent husband's pocket.

THE magnificence that doth hedge about the up-to-date baby of social standing and wealth is apt, undoubtedly, to educate in this democratic land a race of young folk, who, from their early surroundings alone, will be sure to receive the impression that they are all princes and princesses by divine right. The fashionable baby as soon as he is able to take airings in public is at once put into possession of at least four carriages all of different patterns, all intended for use during special hours of the day. One of these is sometimes a sumptuous tiny victoria to which are harnessed two small snow white sheep that come from Asia. Every day the long white hair of these animals is brushed and washed, their hoofs and horns tended, and strapped into a silken harness; they carry the proud infant about under the guiding hand of his nurse. Right behind this picturesque procession of baby-coach, meek, white steeds, and Jehu of nursemaid, walks the child's special groom,—a clever boy in livery, who runs errands for the nurse, carries superfluous wraps, a huge *chiffon* parasol, and the baby's bottle. This last is now no longer any ordinary affair. It is of green glass somewhat the color of jade and either richly engraved in pictures of fairy lore or incased in a fret-work of silver. The color of green is chosen because fashionable young mothers are agreed that jade is a lucky stone; and, accordingly, baby shakes a jade rattle, cuts his teeth on a jade ring, and much of his infantile jewelry is set with this mystic stone of the East.

MADAME LA MODE.

MAUDE ADAMS.

OUR YOUNGEST LEADING LADY.

THE curtain fell upon the last act of "Christopher, Jr.," hiding the colorful interior of the Indian bungalow, the warm, blue haze seen beyond the big windows, and the figures of the reunited lovers.

What a pretty story had scintillated there in a dreamy, opulent setting that might well make the cynic in the audience dream of love and sigh for youth. And what a rare, lovable girl Maude Adams had portrayed with delicacy and passion, fun and spirit!

Nothing could have been truer. By the subtlest touches, flashes of unguessed force, bits of brilliant comedy, and a delicate, volatile beauty, the young American actress had created an ideal girl in the best sense,—not saintly nor oversweet, with a *penchant* for epigrammatic moralizing,—but just a girl, full of alluring perversities.

I went to see her behind the scenes. It was rather a shock to an unprepared imagination to find the bungalow vanished quite, the place in possession of scene-shifters, the piano, from which the sad, languorous notes of Tosti's "Good-bye" had been struck, pushed flat against a painted flap that had only a few moments earlier been the impressive, blue atmosphere I mentioned before.

Would Dora be as changed? Would she be something quite different from the fascinating contradiction of one afternoon's acquaintance?

But she wasn't. As Miss Adams came toward me under the raw gaslight, she was in manner, smile, and style the girl of the play, save that India mull was replaced by a walking-gown suitable for cold weather. Even the easy, swinging step was the same. And, by the way, one of the best and strongest points about Maude Adams is her way of moving about the stage.

MAUDE ADAMS.

She enters a room and leaves it naturally; no pausing in a stereotyped way on the threshold with a backward glance before an "exit," no effective "entrance" in a manner to insinuate the appropriateness of slow music. She comes in and goes out just as any graceful Miss Jones or Robinson in real life might do. Often her words as she disappears are spoken with her face completely from the audience, and in emphasizing some word without turning to extend a hand or fling up her head, she gives an impetuous backward motion with her arm.

In appearance and dress she might stand as a type of the well-bred American girl,—dainty of feature, pale, with composed, direct, unchallenging eyes, clear blue and wide apart; her figure is all supple slenderness and grace, head superbly poised, and she is no more able to keep gentle self-reliance from speaking in every look and tone than a Spaniard can quench the melancholy in his eyes.

She is sensibly fashionable, and has the well-groomed touch which long and profitable subjection to the labors of a good maid alone can give a woman,—the complete daintiness more insinuated than displayed by the sheen of the banded hair, the correctness in every detail of dress,

from whisper of hidden silk to the glisten on a little boot.

"Come into my room and we'll have a chat," she said, and soon we were seated in a room impossible not to grow confidential in,—it was so very small.

It was a very fastidiously arranged little place, though less confessedly theatrical than any dressing-room I had ever seen. Stage cosmetics were hidden in silver boxes,—you could scarcely believe they were really there,—the stage gowns were curtained discreetly somewhere, and the big bunch of long-stemmed daisies Dora carries in her arms against the white *chiffon* of her ball-gown made a snowy,

THREE INTERESTING PICTURES OF MISS ADAMS.

MAUDE ADAMS IN "CHRISTOPHER, JR."

yellow-dotted curtain for the marble basin they drooped languidly over.

"You want me to talk of myself?"

"If you will."

"How very trying,—" with a puzzled, pretty smile. "It's like asking a person to be witty, or to smile, when she has a toothache. Let me see—what shall I say?" and she dropped her hands in real perplexity.

"Well, to begin I've made up my

MAUDE ADAMS AS "DOT," IN "THE MIDNIGHT BELL."

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

MAUDE ADAMS AS "NELL," IN "THE LOST PARADISE."

mind you are an American girl. You were born here, weren't you?"

"Oh, yes. I was born in Salt Lake City in 1872."

"Were you stage-struck very early?"

"Well, really, it was always a foregone conclusion that I should go upon the stage. My mother, whose stage name is Adams, was leading woman of a stock company in the principal theatre of Salt Lake City. My father's name was Kiskadden."

"Aren't you very happy, having made such a success so young?"

At the question a flicker of sadness came into Miss Adams's frank, intensely earnest eyes, more expressive of a thoughtful nature than the weightiest words.

"Should I be?" she questioned, softly, as if addressing herself. "Is it always well, do you think? It seems to me early success in anything gives one such a tremendous burden to sustain. You must not falter nor rest; you may not dream. The public, so kind to success, is intolerant when disappointed. Isn't it so? Having once achieved approval to a happy degree, you must be continually reaching beyond the best you have done."

"But to an ambitious heart this is delightful"

"So it is"—and the contralto voice had a rich, acute note in it—"if only the little fear of one's self did not creep in that sometime, somehow, a false note might be struck and discord be the result."

"Don't you think this little fear may be the chief ingredient in greatness?"

"Yes, that is true. I suppose self-satisfaction is the surest weapon against achievement. Don't fancy, from what I say, I consider I have accomplished much," Miss Adams interposed, hastily, her eyes glowing. "I have been so fortunate, have had such generous praise for what I have done,—but what tremendous possibilities I want to fulfill, and how I mean to work!"

Her whole attitude was eloquent of strenuous purpose.

MISS ADAMS AS "ADELINE DENNANT," IN "THE SQUIRE OF DAMES."

"You like the part of Dora, don't you?"

"Oh, very much I almost feared once I would be impossible in comedy, I played so many tearful heroines. Oh, I was so tired crying! and I longed to try to sparkle. Yes, I love this part. There is such a gamut of emotions from grave to gay in it, from the confession she makes to herself of her love for Christopher to the broad comedy of the situation, where she has to feign hysteria, seize Glibb by the arm and cry: 'Were *you* ever in Trinidad?'"

"This play gives you a chance to wear pretty clothes, too."

"I don't care a pin about pretty clothes!" was the impetuous interruption. "I mean they don't enhance the value of a part to me at all. Indeed, I'd rather appear in rags. I did once as Nell in 'The Lost Paradise.' I liked myself as that forlorn, consumptive little bread-earner. I seemed to get thousands of miles away from my own personality then,—I was so uninterestingly comfortable and well-fed, you see."

"What part do you long some day to play? You must have one. Every actress does."

"Then I am an exception. I have never vowed to myself that one day I would be a Juliet or a Lady Macbeth—still"—and she hesitated, a laugh breaking over her face—"I must be perfectly truthful and confess to a longing which fulfills the old line, 'The hills are green that are far away.' I have a dormant longing to play something tragic—something with—er—daggers in it, you know," and she made an ineffectual thrust with her little fist at the air; "something fierce—with daggers—yes, I want to play that sometime."

"You love being an actress, I suppose?"

"MR. KILROY" AND "ADELINE DENNANT."

MISS ADAMS AS "JESSIE KEBER" IN "THE BAUBLE SHOP."

MR. DREW AND MISS ADAMS IN "THE BAUBLE SHOP."

"I do love it. I love the work. It is what I was meant to be, I am sure, for I cannot fancy myself following another profession."

There was an interesting professional history in the sound of the names of the plays which left her lips when I asked her what parts she had played in. New Yorkers remember her well as Dot, in "The Midnight Bell,"—the part of a school-girl, played by one who was scarcely more in looks and age.

Since then she has created the parts of Evangeline, in "All the Comforts of Home," Dora in "Men and Women," and Dora in "Diplomacy," Nell, in "The Lost Paradise," Suzanne, in "The Masked Ball," Miriam, in "The Butterflies," Jessie Keber, in "The Bauble Shop," and Marion, in "That Imprudent Young Couple."

Besides these she has played in some one-act plays for benefits,—"A Pair of Lunatics," "Chums," "Sweet Will," and Lady Vavir, in Gilbert's "Broken Hearts."

As Suzanne, in "The Masked Ball," she made her first emphatic success; it was not an easy part—not easy in the most conspicuous incident—to show a young French woman pretending intoxication, without giving it more than a suggestion of coarseness. Yet a many-minded public, metropolitan, sophisticated, decided that, while the portrayal was realistic, there was nothing in it to offend; rather it was pathetic as the ruse of an unhappy wife to punish an unreasonable husband.

Miss Adams's performance of Jessie Keber has moved one dramatic critic very justly to say of her: "She has one of those rare and sympathetic natures which shine out like planets upon the stage. Anything more purely innocent and maidenly than her scene in 'The Bauble Shop,' with Clivebrooke I cannot remember. I think it is the backbone of the play's success She not only plays with strength, but tenderness. It is a rare piece of work."

In many ways Miss Adams suggests Ellen Terry; they are both buoyant, spiritual, forceful as light is forceful, nothing robust in accent, glance, expression, yet their fragility embalming a heart-stirring strength.

As I said good-bye to her at the stage-door she reminded me of a story I had heard a traveler tell. He had chanced upon a flower in Africa whose petals are as bodiless as cobwebs, but the fine, glistening fibres which run through the moonlight texture are as strong as fish-hooks, and with the force of iron weld the blossom to the stem.

KATE JORDAN.

A VISIT WITH HELEN KELLER.

THE hundreds of personal friends of Helen Keller, the totally blind and totally deaf girl, whose development and whose attainment are nothing short of marvelous, and the tens of thousands who have become interested in her, will be pleased to learn of the remarkable progress she has been making within the last year. Not only does she use her voice constantly in communicating with those about her, but she has reached that stage where those who wish to talk with her speak to her as they would to any one in full possession of all his senses. Miss Keller no longer uses her fingers to talk to others. She uses them now in conversation simply to listen to others who speak to her. By placing her fingers on the lips and throat of those who are talking to her she not only almost instantly "hears" words that are difficult to pronounce clearly, but she is also enabled to detect the various shadings of vowel sounds that many persons, even with a keenly developed ear, cannot pronounce after a teacher.

MISS KELLER. MISS SULLIVAN, TEACHER OF MISS KELLER PROF. A. G. BELL.

MISS KELLER READING THE LIPS OF HER TEACHER.

Miss Keller has been an inmate of the Wright-Humaston School for the oral instruction of the deaf, in New York, for more than a year. She is now over fifteen years old, and very far advanced for her age. She is to enter a preparatory school at Cambridge this autumn, and it is her ambition to take her degree at Radcliffe. Those who know of her wonderful work in acquiring knowledge, and the literary ability she possesses, which would be remarkable for any one of her age, are looking forward to the time when she will make a conquest in her college career that will surpass her

achievements of the last eight years. Her devoted companion and teacher, Miss Sullivan, will accompany her through the entire course. She was seven years old when the first attempt was made to unlock for her the great world and its mysteries. Her family up to that time could communicate with her only in crude signs. She knew nothing until then, except that around her were persons who were kind to her. Although she had been able to hear and see up to the time she was eighteen months old, she had forgotten that there was such a thing as speech; and, for aught she knew, every one in this world was as she was. Aside from the instincts she inherited, she was a barbarian.

When Miss Sullivan came, the process of development was at first slow; little by little the signs that she made on the palm of her pupil's hand were understood by her, and in a few months she had grasped the meaning of words and had learned to use some of them. Her mind was afire. It was difficult to restrain her in study. She became as happy as any child in America. She had known what it was to be deprived of speech, and its possession by means of signs was a boon that others who have all their senses could not appreciate. She began to read and to "see." Undoubtedly she idealized the things she "saw," and she became, as she is to-day, an optimist of the extremest type. Her mind sought for the causes of things.

The first word that Miss Keller learned to speak was "it." She placed her fingers on the lips and throat of her teacher and by slow study mastered the sound. When she learned that she had made the sound properly she was beside herself with joy. Almost every word in the language with "i-t" in it she hunted for and tried to pronounce. Gradually she began to speak other words, and in a few years was able to make herself understood to some extent. She had that thickness of expression that nearly all mutes use when they begin to talk, and even to-day it is difficult to follow her for the first few minutes of conversation with her. Gradually one becomes used to her voice and to her methods of enunciation, and it is easy to understand her.

I had an hour's talk with this remarkable girl in her school recently. I found her to be winning, sincere, and open-hearted. Her oval face, with its winsome features and thoughtful aspect, was a study as she passed from mood to mood. She is simply "terribly in earnest," as the expression goes. She was willing to talk on any subject that came up, and the burden of her talk was that the world is a bright place in which to live, and that she is confident that some time, in some way, every one must be good and true and happy. Her mental capabilities have won for her the personal friendship of some of the brightest men and women of America, the chief of whom, perhaps, was Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom Helen knew for several years in Boston.

"What is your favorite study?" I asked her. She smiled, hesitated a bit, and with a hearty laugh replied:

"I think I like to study people best. I want to find out all about them. I like to know about how they live and what they think and do. If you want to know what I am studying now I will say that I am reading in my books all that I can, and I am learning to understand what is said to me by placing my fingers on the lips and throats of others. I am making progress in that and it makes me happy. I am also studying German. And, I am studying mathematics. Do you like mathematics?"

I told her I did not and never did. She replied with the heartiest kind of a laugh as she turned to her teacher with a roguish look on her face:

"Neither do I."

Then she asked if I would not like to hear her read. She went up-stairs and got a volume of Whittier's poems. Whittier was also one of her friends. She ran her fingers over the raised letters of the index and soon found "Barbara Frietchie." She passed her fingers along from line to line and read as she went. She was so earnest that she made an attempt to throw some spirit into her rendering. It was a little difficult to follow her at times, but her intensity and earnestness of expression showed me that she was thrilled by what she was reading.

Miss Keller was born and spent her early childhood at her father's home in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Her father was in the Confederate army and naturally is a Democrat. I asked Miss Keller, in a spirit of fun merely, what were her politics. She answered:

"Oh, I am on the fence" (her laugh rang out as she said it). "I used to be a Democrat, but now I think I am inclined toward the Republicans."

Perhaps one of her remarks will illustrate the sense of humor she has better than anything else I could tell. She had been talking about her studies in geography and I asked her if she was interested in Africa and the discoveries made there. She replied at once that she was. Knowing that she had been born in the South and possibly might have shared some of the keen prejudice against the negro race, I said:

"Are you interested at all in the natives of Africa?"

Quick as a flash came this reply:

"Oh, very much indeed, if they will only stay there."

It should be explained that Miss Keller has no strong race prejudice, but she studied thoughtfully the race problem in the South and sought to find some solution. She has always been a true friend of the Southern negro, and when she is at home no one is more energetic in caring for the negroes, and in suggesting this or that plan for the improvement of heir condition and surroundings. That flash of humor— if they will only stay there"— came into her mind, and she could not resist the temptation to say it.

Miss Keller is of a poetic temperament. Her own writings have been astonishing. When she was twelve years old she wrote for a weekly paper in Boston, the story of her life. Its style was superb, and would have done credit to a literary artist. There were touches of fine writing in it which seemed far beyond any child. Her sentiment was so delicate and her rhetoric so excellent that it was difficult to believe that she could have written it, but the publication made special mention of the fact that the article was printed without the slightest change or correction. I cannot better give an example of her unusual literary ability, and at the same time give the reader an insight into this lovable girl's real nature and soul, than by closing with an extract from her diary, taken almost at haphazard. This extract reveals her philosophy, her range and facility of thought and expression, her humor, her happiness—in short, herself; and, for a fifteen-year-old girl, is fascinating and—to my mind—simply marvelous. Here it is, exactly as she wrote it:

"October 23, 1894—This century—the wonderful nineteenth century—is nearing its end, and right in front of us stands the closed gate of the new century, on which, in letters of light, God has written these words, 'Here is the way to wisdom, virtue, and happiness' What do you think this means, diary? Shall I tell you what I think it means? Why, these words, written on the gate of the new century, are a prophecy. They foretell that in the beautiful sometime all wrong will be made right, and all the sorrows of life will find their fulfillment in perfect hap-

piness. Do you not see now, diary, that the noblest dreams of the greatest and wisest men are to be the realities of the future? So we must look forward to this glad sometime; we must trust in God securely; we must not doubt Him because of the great mystery of pain and sin and death. Hope is our privilege and our duty; for hope is the sweet content that grows out of trust and perfect happiness.

"Bless you, diary! I have been preaching you quite a sermon, and it is not Sunday, either. I hope you have not been asleep in your pew! That would be so ill-mannered, and very unkind, too; for I have been speaking to you right out of my heart.

"Hope makes me glad and content with my life; for I know that in God's beautiful sometime I shall have the things for which I pray now so earnestly,—fullness of life, like the sea and the sun, mind equal and beyond all fullness; greatness and goodness of soul higher than all things. Yes! I know that they will all come sometime, perhaps in the beautiful new century."

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

SEVERAL WOMEN WHO ARE TAKING AN ACTIVE PART IN THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN TELL DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

THE WORK OF DEMOCRATIC WOMEN.

DR. CAMERON, SECRETARY OF THE WOMAN'S BRYAN AND SEWALL CLUB OF NEW YORK, OUTLINES ITS PURPOSE.

WE have appreciated the growing activity and influence of women in politics, and since the Republican party is receiving the benefits of the work of women we have felt that our own party ought to have the same advantage. Our club has been organized only about two months, but the membership has already become quite large, and our campaign work is being actively carried on. We believe that the Democratic party is the one which upholds the weak against the strong, the individual against the collection of individuals or the corporation; and we think that it is more liberally disposed toward women than any other party. Hence we desire to promote its success. Our methods are very similar to those of other clubs. By discussions at meetings and by study we acquire an understanding of the grave questions at issue, notably the money question; and then we endeavor to teach others, with the special aim of helping to bring about the triumph of democratic principles.

A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

MRS. CORNELIA S. ROBINSON, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE NEW YORK COLLEGE OF ECONOMICS, SAYS THAT WOMEN SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO USE THEIR POLITICAL INFLUENCE.

THIS will be chiefly a campaign of education as far as the women are concerned. The average woman has no training in political thinking and knows but little about the important questions of government; but she has suddenly acquired a great thirst for learning upon the subject. The interest in politics that women have evinced within the last two or three years and are giving special expression to just now is so great and widespread as to cause astonishment. Through discussions at the women's political clubs and reading they are very rapidly acquiring a mastery of the important political issues of the day, and are increasing more and more in political influence. In the East this is only an indirect influence, but it is very powerful, nevertheless. The mother has a strong influence on her son, and if she possesses sound political opinions the young man will become imbued with them; and in most cases the wife's word goes a long way with the husband. I don't believe the times are ripe for woman's suffrage. Women, as I say, are as yet unlearned in economic and political questions. As it is, there are too many ignorant voters, and a multitude more would only make the condition worse. It is not necessary that women should vote, because they already have an influence which, though indirect, is vast and potent.

THE PRACTICAL WORK OF SOCIETY WOMEN.

MRS. CLARENCE BURNS, PRESIDENT OF THE WEST END REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, TELLS OF THE CLUB'S RISE AND THE WORK IT IS DOING.

WE formed our club two years ago, when there was such a general uprising in New York against Tammany Hall and its corrupt domination in municipal affairs. Women joined who had never given a thought to politics before; and they became conversant with the issues and enthusiastic in the work. We have about two hundred and fifty members now, many of whom are fashionable young women who are active in society. We have adopted the policy of giving the club a pronounced social aspect, and it has proved quite successful. It has drawn into the club many desirable women who otherwise might not have joined, for the majority of women, you must remember, are not very business-like. If pleasure can be combined with our serious work, so much the better. It must not be imagined, however, that because many of the members belong to what is termed the leisure class of women, we are not earnest and energetic in our political work. We wade into it, so to speak. We go into the tenements and talk to the women there, many of whom send money to foreign countries. We explain to them how, if there should be a free-silver victory this November, they would be compelled to send nearly twice as much money to the other side as they do at present to enable their relatives to change it into the same amount of the money of their own country.

This sort of argument appeals directly to the pocketbook, you see, and is very effective. For the people who do not understand the English language we have bright women of their own nationality who explain to them the true situation and the personal loss they would suffer in the event of a silver victory. I have found that the women of the tenements are more intelligent than the men, and have much influence with the latter, whose minds are confused on the political questions by random reading of the daily papers. We go to the tenements because there are fifty voters on Cherry Hill to one on Murray Hill, and the fifty need instruction and are glad to receive it if given with womanly tact.

BUSINESS WOMEN IN POLITICS.

MRS. KATHERINE LANE, PRESIDENT OF THE BUSINESS WOMAN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK, DESCRIBES THE AIMS AND WORK OF THE ORGANIZATION.

OUR club is only about a year old, but it is a thriving youngster which is already strong and influential. One of the chief reasons for this is that we are all working women. We are not rainbow chasers. We know the world from actual contact with it. Most of the sentiment has been eliminated from our dispositions and has left us practical women who know how to work. We realize that women will not get the franchise in New York for a good while; therefore we do the next best thing to voting ourselves; we influence the vote of the men. We educate ourselves and then educate them to see the issues in their true light. In this way we have an influence in affairs of state in spite of laws that would render us political nonentities. We hold meetings once a week at which every political question is discussed and elucidated; and from no narrow partisan standpoint, moreover, but from the broad point of view of economics. We issue campaign literature for the enlightenment of men and women; by word of mouth, by pamphlet, and by letter we give political information and instruction. We think we are doing important work. Whether we are or not will be shown by the future.

THE DAUGHTERS OF OUR FATHERS.

MRS. MARY ELLEN LEASE, THE FAMOUS ORATOR AND POLITICIAN, OF KANSAS, DOES NOT ADVOCATE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

I HAVE never directly advocated the giving of the ballot to women. I think that there are more important issues. When I first became politically active there was a very urgent need for a new party. I resolved to organize one, and despite the discouragement of my friends I did form one. That shows what a woman of determination can accomplish in politics. It is not true that women are politically incorruptible. We are the daughters of our fathers, and are but little nearer perfection. That women, most of whom spend most of their time in trying to please the men, are influenced in their vote by the latter has been amply proved in some of the Western States where they have the suffrage. Still, the ballot is woman's right as a citizen subject to the laws, and she will without doubt eventually receive it, but the urgent and sometimes almost hysterical pushing forward of her claims will not avail much. I remember a gentleman saying to me after one of my speeches, "Mrs. Lease, you have done more to convert me to woman's suffrage than all the suffrage advocates I have ever listened to." Yet I had not said a word on the subject. I desire greatly the success of Bryan, and I believe that he will be elected.

WOMEN NEEDED IN POLITICS.

DR. ELLA A. JENNINGS, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S BRYAN AND SEWALL CLUB OF NEW YORK, BELIEVES THAT WOMAN'S POLITICAL INFLUENCE IS AN ELEVATING AND NECESSARY ONE.

I AM using every energy and every power both of tongue and pen in aid of Bryan, because I believe that the policy for which he stands so firmly is the only one that will save the wage-earners and farmers from utter misery,—from abject dependence upon capital which is grinding them down and crushing out their life blood. I tell you that this country will be the scene of the greatest revolution the world has ever known if our government continues on its present down grade, allowing the rich to grow constantly richer and more powerful and the poor poorer and more and more dependent. Because women as well as men are vitally affected by evil political conditions I am glad that they are taking a hand in the guidance of the ship of state. Woman's aid is required, and it is high time that she steps to the front and lends her superior morality and intuition and conscience to the affairs of government.

WOMAN'S ORGANIZED EFFORT.

MRS. FOSTER, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION TELLS OF THE WORK OF THE ORGANIZATION.

OUR Association is represented by clubs in most of the States in the Union. The women are most enthusiastic and active in the cause of Republicanism, and will beyond a doubt exert a very material influence upon the election despite the fact that the great majority of us are not allowed to vote ourselves. When we get the suffrage, for which I have been working a good many years, we will, of course, be much more potent politically than now, but meantime our women are making a study of the parties and the issues, and will exert their personal influence. The headquarters of our Association are in Chicago, whence we send our literature for the Study Clubs, appoint speakers to explain the money question to women, and work in many other ways for the cause.

OUR GIRLS

A GLIMPSE OF SMITH COLLEGE.

UNLIKE her sister colleges, Wellesley, Holyoke, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr, Smith College is located in the heart of a city,—a very small and provincial city, it is true, but nevertheless a city, as population counts. Instead of ample grounds and flowery fields, the Smith student who is so fortunate as to have a room in one of the college dormitories is surrounded by broad streets, with lamp-posts, letter-boxes, electric cars, and other evidences of an advanced civilization. There is a little row of shops from which to choose when she would gratify her desire for the traditionally feminine amusement to be found in shopping. Churches of various denominations are close at hand, and two liberally-endowed libraries.

THE LIBRARY.

Propinquity between town and gown has its advantages and its disadvantages; but in this instance the college had no room for choice, since its location in the heart of Northampton, Massachusetts, was selected by its wise founder and benefactor Miss Sophia Smith, of Hatfield. To a far greater extent than in the other large colleges for women in this country, the life of the college mingles with that of the town. More than one half of the students live outside the college grounds, either from preference or necessity, and it happens not infrequently that a Smith senior, or sometimes even an under-classwoman, accepts a life position in a Northampton home, regardless of the scholastic degree, the original goal of her ambition.

Smith College was the first to adopt the cottage plan for housing students. Hitherto the comprehensive dormitory system had prevailed in institutions of the sort, but in order to preserve for the college girl as much as possible of the sentiment of home life, handsome houses called cottages were built, and each of these accommodates from twenty-five to eighty students. With the exception of the Dewey House,—a fine old colonial residence which some good man builded here once upon a time, long before Miss Sophia Smith had thought of a college for women,—the cottages are all new, and all are handsome, with tasteful modern furnishings. Hubbard and Hatfield are among the older houses of the group of eight, while Morris and Lawrence are sister cottages, and were the finest until the ninth elegant structure was completed; and so numerous are the applications for admission that an addition to Hatfield is talked of. The choice of rooms in the cottages belongs to the classes in order of grade.

The campus looks with evident disfavor on these encroachments upon its limited space, but as the years go

MUSIC AND COLLEGE HALLS.

AT WORK IN THE ART GALLERY.

on and each sees so great an increase in numbers, the necessity for greater provision becomes imperative.

Each cottage has its own dining-room, kitchen, and parlor, and a certain pleasant community of interest. Each has its own dramatic club—for Smith is devoted to dramatics—and each shares in the social duties of the college.

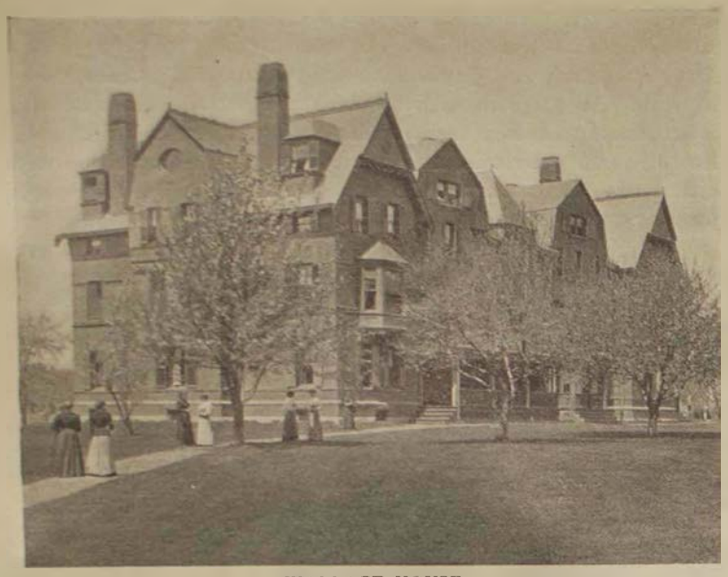
There is for every cottage a house-mother, the lady in charge, who combines the functions suggested by her title, having her own dainty parlor opposite the general reception-room ; and she is ready to counsel or warn the young collegian, who is, perhaps, leaving the home nest for the first time. The lady's position is an honored one, and education, refinement, kindliness, tact, and familiarity with the usages of good society are some of the requirements of her position.

In certain other respects Smith is unlike her sister colleges. At Bryn Mawr academic studies only are offered ; at Vassar candidates for admission to the schools of music and of art enter by the same examination doors as the students seeking a degree for academic studies ; but at Smith the schools of music and art are somewhat apart, and admit to their privileges those who do not choose to pursue collegiate studies but prefer the less severe branches.

Again, Smith admits to her faculty both men and women, though she does not dignify the latter with the title of professor, even when she fills a position at the head of a department as responsible and onerous as those held by men who are called professors. With eight hundred and seventy-five students enrolled the past year, there has been a teaching force of forty-nine, fourteen of whom are men, beside a half-dozen non-resident lecturers, also men. The numerical proportion between students and teachers is less favorable than at most of the large colleges for women.

College life centres around the handsome college hall, which faces the main street of Northampton from a slight elevation and looks off toward the beautiful purple range of Holyoke Mountains. A fine large pipe organ in the assembly hall summons the collegians to morning prayers, and from Wallace and Washburn, from Hatfield and Dewey, from the Stoddard House, from up Elm Street, and from down in the town, a brave little audience of nine hundred gathers. The solemn chant to the sweet tones of the organ, the responsive reading and words of prayer, are pleasant preparation for the intellectual conflict of the day.

Prayers over, the students flock to the recitation-rooms, nearly all of which are most sensibly and conveniently located in the central college hall, or else in the Lilly Building, or the Music Hall close at hand. Or, perhaps, friendly groups linger for a moment at the post-office in the lower hall, or gather around the bulletin-boards,



WALLACE HOUSE.

where all sorts of wants are made known, from a steamer-chair to a waste-basket; and notices of articles lost and found, engagements for the day, notes for friends, all conveniently arranged on special boards for the different classes and for the faculty, are eagerly examined. Then we are off and away for the serious work of the hour.

Smith offers three paths to the degree scholastic: the scientific, the literary, and the classical, with special work for graduate students. Scientific students reap the advantages of the Lilly Hall of Science, with its chemical, physical, and biological laboratories, of the astronomical observatory, well fitted with instruments, and also of several valuable collections and special instruments in other institutions of learning in the surrounding towns. A fine botanical garden has been planned by the Olmsteads, and a generous supply of seeds and shrubs is already in the ground to fulfill the purpose of the designer. A large conservatory has been erected, containing a palm house, tropical and temperate houses and other interesting equipment.

THE GYMNASIUM.

The literary course at Smith College is especially strong and well-officered, and the classical had its special day of glory when the "Electra" of Sophocles was presented, several years ago, with costumes, music, and other accessories developed within the circles of student and faculty.

Physical culture at Smith is under the supervision of competent instructors, and the new gymnasium, the gift of the alumnæ, is in every way beautiful and adapted for its purpose. The spacious practice-room is easily transformed into a theatre, or serves for a dancing-party or reception. There is a fine swimming-pool, and abundant appliances are provided for light and heavy gymnastics. But the Smith student, like her college sisters elsewhere, is strongly in favor of out-of-door athletics, and is more than willing to discard dumb-bells and wands and Indian clubs in favor of long walks across country to the Holyoke Mountains or to Amherst; or for ball and racket on the beautiful tennis-courts under the trees, as soon as the weather permits; for tennis holds a place in the hearts of Smith College girls second only to dramatic performances. As she lives in a cottage her chances for pure air and for freedom from the excitements of large numbers under one roof are excellent; and as she has no wearisome stairs or remote recitation-halls to tax her strength when she is indisposed, she is generally a very healthy and a very happy girl. "Mountain Day" finds her quite equal to a prolonged pedestrian tour, and by a recent purchase of the new athletic society, members have the privilege of testing their strength in rowing on a smooth bit of that fierce little Mill River which made itself famous by a flood, not many years ago. But in its haunts among the foliage of that wooded region known as "Paradise," in the rear of the college grounds, the river shows no disposition to repeat its dangerous ebullition.

The Smith girl is a rarely good tennis-player. Her tennis-court, out beyond the campus, has the same inviting glimpses of picturesque mountain-tops which fill out a beautiful landscape view from all parts of the grounds. Class spirit rises high when a tennis tournament is on; the faculty wear colors of their favorite classes; matrons come from the various houses to watch the fortunes of their particular charges; enthusiastic brothers and friends are proudly escorted to seats under the apple-trees, and the game is called in the presence of an audience so intelligent in tennis matters, and so thoroughly appreciative of good playing, that lofty ambitions are at once awakened in the hearts of contestants.

But the drama is the life and soul of the Smith College girl's recreation. She displays much literary and executive ability in her adaptation of means to end, and prepares a libretto, transforms the pretty gymnasium stage, and evokes all sorts of properties in a most ingenious manner. The senior class presented "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the last commencement, and so great is the fame of the Smith

WASHBURN HOUSE.

College theatricals that two productions were given in the new opera-house of Northampton.

The Biological Society is fond of giving jolly spreads to members and friends, and serving up quaint pantomimes in which pasteboard crustaceæ and marvelous prehistoric animals harrow up the emotions of the non-scientific guest.

Among the diversions of the last term of senior year is the "senior auction." On the bulletin-board one reads, some day, a note like this: "Take Notice: Grand Sale of Senior Effects at No. 00, Hatfield, at Seven P. M Come all! This means *you!!*" The notice generally brings a crowd to the room of some senior group, and a bright girl-auctioneer richly enjoys pointing out the merits of "mouse-proof" waste-baskets, radiant student-lamps, draperies, screens, desks, and general properties of a student's room.

THE CHAPEL.

Basket-ball is another favored diversion of Smith College, and fairly divides the honors with tennis. The great game of 1894, played in the gymnasium before an audience of nearly one thousand, was an occasion to be long remembered, at least by the participants. The freshman yellow and sophomore lavender draped the running track, and the two teams from these classes played a brilliant game resulting in favor of the sophomores. The captain was carried to the stage to receive the college banner from the victorious captain of the preceding year, while college songs were sung with such jubilant energy as to leave no doubt of the popular interest in basket-ball.

Among the numerous special social occasions for which the college is noted may be mentioned the very pretty party given by the juniors to the graduating class, early in June. With praiseworthy forethought the class acting as hostess prepares invitations and programmes during the fall term previous, and even fills out the dancing card with a list of partners. On the grand occasion the ever-popular gymnasium is handsomely decorated by the juniors, whose rooms are swept clear of all that could add beauty and brightness to the ball. An orchestra is engaged and refreshments are provided by the class receiving, while freshmen act as waitresses, and in dainty white caps and aprons form a pretty addition to the scene. Each senior is escorted to the hall and gallantly cared for by a junior. Men are not present, except by chance, and all spectators agree, as pretty girls in sweet summer gowns fill the floor with graceful movement, that nothing could be added to the scene.

Among the societies at Smith beside the Biological and Athletic already mentioned, are two prominent Greek letter societies; the Colloquium, open to students in chemistry and physics; the Glee and Banjo Club, and the Smith College Association for Christian Work with branches for "Home Culture" work; the College Settlement Association; a Current Events, a Biblical, a Greek, and a Philosophical Club.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

THE HUNTER'S MOON.

A frosty presage fills the air,
The hills are lost in haze, and soon
High in the heaven, full and fair,
Will rise the hunter's moon.

And with the moonrise she will come
Down garden paths we knew of old,
Where summer's fairest flowers lie numb
With withered red and gold:

All save the flower of love—confessed
The bloom that holds us most in thrall,
And this within her faithful breast
Doth spring perennial.

Then rise, oh, hunter's moon, and grace
The dark earth with thy silvery boon,
A dearer light thou bring'st—her face—
To me, oh, hunter's moon!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A LULLABY

I.

My wee bird rocks in a poppy's cup
That the south wind swingeth slow.
He heareth not even my mother song,
Lulling and crooning low.

II.

The poppy-cup teemeth with wee, tiny dreams
Of fairy land glimpses and rockabybys.
There's a rockaby song for each little ear,
And dreams for the wonder eyes.

III.

My wee one's restless, dancing feet,
That totter round my knee,
And hands that yearn for the warm sunbeams,
Sleep so silently.

IV.

For my wee bird rocks in a poppy-cup
That the south wind swingeth slow.
He heareth not even my mother song,
Lulling and crooning low.

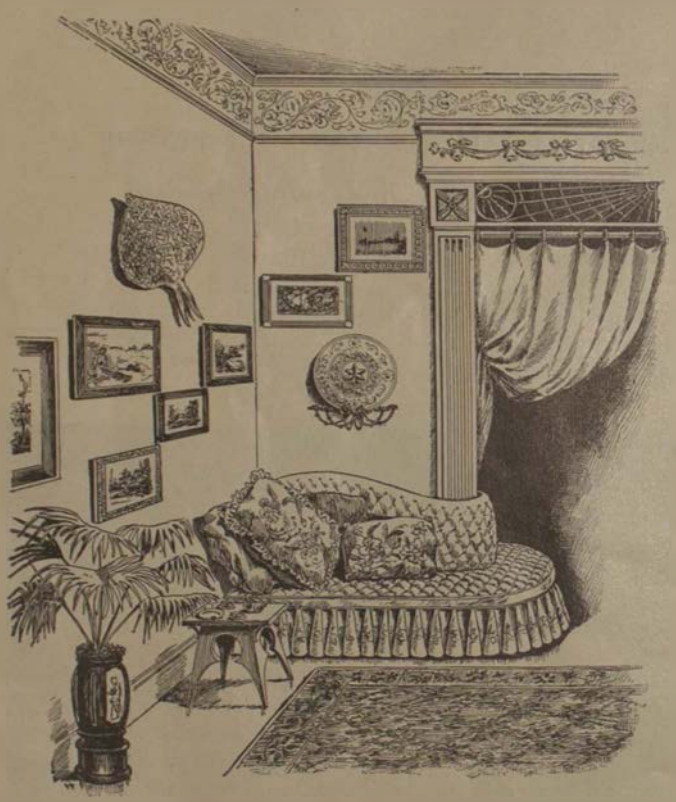
Berenice Francis.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

THE HANGING OF PICTURES.

UPON nothing in her home does the up-to-date woman more strongly impress her individuality than upon the selection and arrangement of the pictures on the walls. Manifold and varied are the changes and improvements which a decade has wrought both in the exteriors and interiors of our homes, but it is doubtful if there has been a greater revolution in any part of the furnishing and decorating of a house than in the hanging of pictures.

The first glance at the walls of a house discloses whether the house-mistress is walking reverently in the paths of her forbears, dutifully clinging to time-honored customs,



A DRAWING-ROOM CORNER.

or whether she is keeping abreast of the culture of the day, which, with equal reverence for all that is good in the old ways, boldly discusses pros and cons, and is ever eager to accept any change which is a step upward and onward, adding either to material comfort or gratifying our love of beauty and ornament.

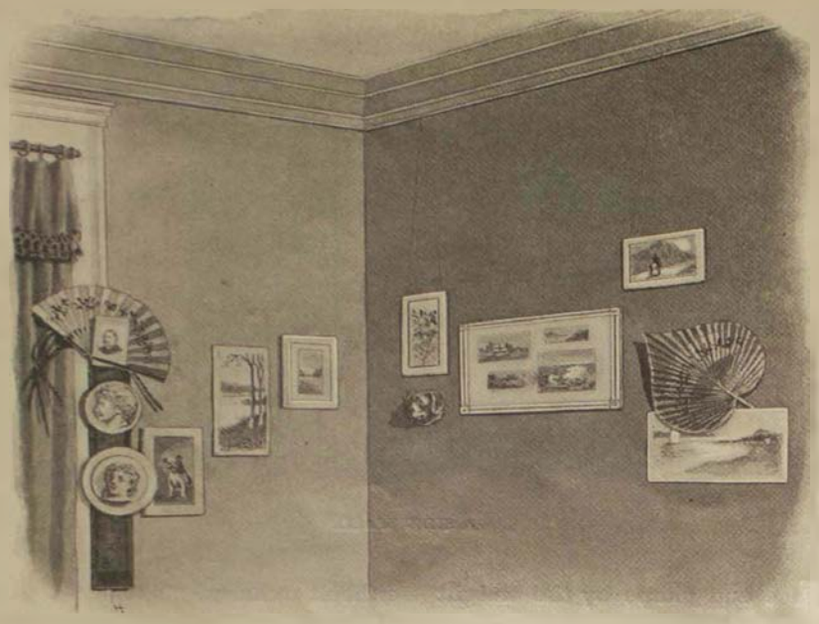
The artistic eye has discovered that rectangular and balanced arrangements of pictures in even groups and straight lines about the walls of a room is an offense to the æsthetic sense. Following the example of the Japanese, who have such quaintly interesting ways of distorting nature, and yet at the same time study her so reverently, we have found that nature abhors regularity, and that a harmonious diversity underlies every free and unrestrained effort. By this study we have grown much keener in our appreciation of all that harmony requires in the association of things,—of kinds, shape, and size, as well as color. We know, for instance, that cat-tails are not suited to a sumptuous Sèvres vase, but find their natural setting in a great brown jug or in a jar of reddish Tokonabi ware; and that in a white-and-gold drawing-room heavy portières and hangings of dark plush strike a jarring note; we have found, too, that culture and improved taste guide us to many beautiful and appropriate uses for homely things.

The same refinement of instinct teaches us that a delicate water-color picture should not be framed in dark wood, and that a broad, richly cut gilt frame kills a dainty etching. Frames should always be subordinated to the picture, and do for them what a woman's bonnet should for her face,—bring out the best points. Never buy your picture for the frame, but the frame for your picture; and be as careful in the selection of the latter as you are in the choice of your friends. For you must remember that whether you will or not, a very close degree of intimacy with the picture that looks at you every day in the year, is forced upon you. It is to know you in your bad moods as well as your good, so its morals should be above suspicion; it should carry no suggestion of evil human passion, or of depressing sorrow, but be uplifting in its influence.

The vivid imagination of childhood is greatly influenced by pictured life, and in the formative days that are determining what the child shall be or do of good, no stronger forces for the development of what is best and highest can be wielded than the silent teaching of the pictures on the nursery walls. For these an excellent idea is to have a deep dado of plain denim or burlap upon which can be temporarily fastened with brass-headed tacks any of the fine lithographic reproductions of oils or water-colors or large black-and-white photogravures and engravings

OVER A MANTEL.

with which the magazines, illustrated weeklies, and Sunday papers literally flood our homes in these days. Very many of these pictures are so beautiful as to deserve framing and a permanent place on our walls, but the great majority—from the very embarrassment of riches which their multitude and rapid accumulation causes—must be treated as we are forced to treat too large a circle of acquaintances,—given courteous attention for a time. They can be arranged in many happily irregular groups on such a dado, the plain stuff in any dull, soft color, as terra cotta, blue, or *écru*, furnishing a very pleasing background which supplies the want of a frame. A white margin should be left around the black-and-whites when possible; and, if the edge of a colored picture chances to be inharmonious with the background and seems to need defining, a very pretty effect is given by passing a narrow ribbon around it—the tacks at the four corners will hold it in place—and tying it at one corner with a bow and ends. A gold-colored satin ribbon, an inch wide, in this way, does almost as much for a picture as a narrow gilt molding would.



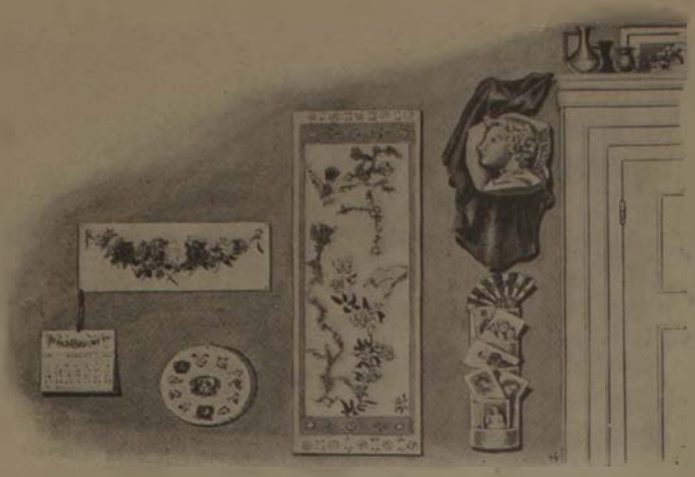
A CORNER IN A BACHELOR GIRL'S DEN.

If, unfortunately, the nursery walls are covered with a gayly flowered paper, the task of hanging any pictures upon it seems at first a hopeless one, for no pictures look well on such a ground, and it is imperative that a wide, plain border intervene. For this, very simple and effective mats can be made from rough water-color paper, gray or white, and from common brown card-board; the picture needs only to be tacked upon the wall, and the mat placed over it. A collection of seven pictures of varying sizes, all of prize dogs in black-and-white, was arranged most effectively on a sheet of Bristol-board twenty-four by nineteen inches in size. In the lower right-hand corner was one of the largest pictures, circular in shape, seven inches in diameter; above it were two small ones, an oblong and a square, and in the upper left-hand corner was another large picture, seven by nine inches; below it were three small square ones, slightly varying in size. The pictures were pasted on the Bristol-board, and a mat of the roughest water-color paper put over them. Round the openings an irregular light line of gold paint was put on with a large water-color brush; and the whole was fastened to the wall with brass-headed tacks, placed only at the four corners. This formed the nucleus, in a bachelor girl's room, of a corner which eventually, from the pictures of dogs of high degree there assembled, became known as a bench show. In a nursery it would be a source of endless amusement to littlefolk; they could have a cat show in another corner and a menagerie along one side of the room.

But animal pictures should not be the only ones in a nursery; there should be also story-telling or story-suggesting pictures which give food for the imagination, and others of ideal beauty that will train the eye to appreciation of perfection in form. No lovelier type of child beauty could be hung where little folk's eyes would see it the first thing in the morning and the last at night, than a large autotype or photograph of the favorite "St. John." The doors in a nursery or in bedrooms offer an attractive

PICTURES ON THE STAIRWAY.

field for a constantly varying picture show. A little mucilage or paste on the corners only of the pictures suffices to fasten them for temporary display, and slight moisture or steam will remove them without injury. On the door illustrated a lithograph in oil of a refreshing bit of woodland, good for tired eyes, is stretched across the upper panel, and below two flower pieces in water-colors seem to have been made for the long panels, as does also the Japanese *kakemono* which is hung from a small tack in the centre, and is kept in place and shape by the weight of its own tiny roller in the lower end.



A SIDE WALL.

These Japanese *kakemono*, whether of paper, silk, or *crêpe*, are very useful and effective decorations to hang where a special bit of bright color is needed in a dark corner, or a long, large, or bold object is required to break up or give character to a varied group of smaller things, the detail of which *en masse* is a weariness to the eye. In the living-room there should be bright and cheerful pictures, and especially is it the place for colored ones. It should be a familiar, off-state room, so to speak, where we can take the liberty of tacking up the last new poster if we have the whim. Many fanciful home-made frames can be hung on its walls, and one that just suggests itself is made by covering a thin panel of wood with sail-cloth or Russian crash; the stuff must be stretched tautly over and tacked on the back and the edge of the board finished with heavy hemp rope. The panel should be from three to five inches larger all around than the picture to be mounted on it, which is stretched smoothly in the centre and fastened with flour paste. It is especially effective for long floral panels like Demorest's famous "Yard of Pansies," and the last December picture, by De Longpré, "Chrysanthemums."

In the hall, pictures are essentially subordinated to all the other furnishings; engravings, etchings, and photographs are most suitable; and, unless a hall be very well lighted, the subjects should be of a bold and decided character, with little detail; they should be pictures we can see at a glance, though that does not imply that they should not be worthy of many glances. In the illustration of a stairway an arrangement is shown of a set of photographs, souvenirs of foreign travel, which attracts every visitor. For the convenience of occasional changes, the frames are all of a size, and those of narrow, flat moldings in light woods, or picked out with gilt and with a tiny gilt beading against the picture, have the best effect. Sets of photographs illustrating some world-famous building or group of buildings associated with one another, as those on the Acropolis, or the Parthenon itself, or a series of Venetian views, preserving a sense of unity, are better suited for carrying out this idea than a miscellaneous collection, in which a Japanese interior hobnobs with a mountain pass in Switzerland.

Where a large picture hangs in the centre of a sidewall, avoid uniformity in the placing of smaller ones each side of it, and never duplicate any one arrangement in other parts of the room. If you have a pair of pictures, break up the regularity by varying the details that surround them,—the smaller pictures, plaques, plaster casts, and fans. In the corner of a bachelor girl's den is shown an attractive group of water-colors, all framed in narrow gilt or ivory-white moldings. The large frame in the centre has a very effective arrangement of large and small pictures under a mat of rough water-color paper. It is a very convenient way of grouping small pictures of different sizes and irregular shapes, which, singly, would be difficult to hang. The panel at the extreme left is a strip of birch bark, whose warm terra-cotta color makes an effective back ground for a plaster plaque of Paderewski and a photograph of one of Thorwaldsen's medallions.

It is one of the pretty and artistic touches of this *fin-de-siècle* period in which we have the privilege of living that very frequently the frame is especially designed to harmonize with the picture it contains. An example of this is the wide, flat molding of quartered oak with a riding-whip in relief above and a steel leash draped about one corner and end which frames the familiar group of noble hounds. Sometimes there are divisions in the frame which set off the end dogs by themselves, and give them the appearance of looking out of their kennel doors. This picture looks well in a hall or dinning-room. Many artists design special frames for their pictures, introducing sometimes a *motif* from the picture, and always contriving to give to it an individuality which distinctly marks it as a setting for that picture alone. We no longer "sky" our pictures, but endeavor as far as possible to hang them on a level with the eye, so that one can enjoy them without an effort.

A NURSERY DOOR.

Pictures give the finishing touch and an interest that nothing else imparts to every room, and a little study and care, with wise forethought in buying and careful utilizing of all resources, will help any woman to impart to every room in her house its special and appropriate charm.

E. A. FLETCHER.

SANITARIAN

TWO AFTERNOONS WITH PHYSICAL CULTURE.

II.

"I WISH," said the everyday woman, as the woman who teaches physical culture came in, "I wish you'd take time to tell us how to be graceful. There! I've said it. I suppose it's a tremendously hard thing to ask; but I've asked it."

"It's not at all hard, my dear," replied the woman who teaches physical culture, as she seated herself with grace so unobtrusive that she immediately became the most noticeable woman in the room. "It isn't hard to be graceful."

"It isn't hard to turn handsprings," remarked the business woman, "when you know how."

"It isn't so much the knowing how that makes one graceful," said the woman who teaches physical culture. "Everybody knows how, as far as that goes. It's merely a determination to be graceful that one needs."

"That's beyond me!" sighed the everyday woman. "I've determined to be graceful these ten years, just as I've determined to be charitable; but I'm afraid I'm neither one."

"It's perfectly simple," went on the teacher. "It makes me think of Horace Greeley's famous saying about the resumption of specie payment,—I like to say that, by the way, it makes one feel such a financier. The way to be graceful is to be graceful."

The business woman looked politely incredulous; but the woman who teaches physical culture merely settled herself so that every line of her body was a curve of beauty, and went on:

"In the first place," said she, "you are all entirely too unconscious of yourselves. I told you the other day, I think, about the three stages of consciousness. You are—I beg your pardons—in the first stage, the unconsciousness of ignorance. You may some day arrive at the happy state in which your bodies are so perfectly the instruments of your minds that every graceful thought will find an unconscious expression in them. Till you do reach that stage of development, if you wish to be graceful, you must take heed for it."

"What's that verse about the impossibility of adding to one s stature by taking heed for it?" asked the well-read woman, vaguely.

"Yes, I know," resumed the oracle, "but it doesn't say anything about making the best of the stature you have. Now, to begin with, take your faces. The face of a woman under thirty is the one Nature gives her. The face of a woman of forty is the one she gives herself."

"You can't mean paint," said the everyday woman.

"No, I don't mean paint. Now, I'll begin with you women right here, and I'll turn my eyes to the ceiling so you won't think I'm being personal. There's one of you who lets her mouth droop at the corners whenever her face is in repose. I saw her in a street-car yesterday, and she looked bored. At forty she will look sullen. It isn't graceful; it is merely the result of thoughtlessness. At forty there will be a heavy line at each side of her mouth that neither steaming nor massage will take away."

"Well, what shall I do about it?" the bride asked, and then blushed furiously.

"Look pleasant," suggested the newspaper woman.

"No," the teacher resumed, "be pleasant; be interested. Hold your mouth up at the corners by sheer muscular force, if you must. Wrinkles are bound to come; but when they do come don't let them be wrinkles of discontent, or boredom, or worry. There's another of you who raises her eyebrows constantly. She is making herself an ugly forehead to wear the last half of her life. There's another of you who distorts her face unbecomingly when she smiles. Let her practice before a glass till she finds her pretty, natural smile again; else at forty she will find she has given herself a hideous grimace instead of a happy smile.

"Next, my dears, let us consider your voices. Not one of you has any obstruction in her air passages. Yet most of you—I am staring hard at the ceiling, please remember—have unpleasant voices."

"It's the American misfortune," said the newspaper woman.

"The American fault, you mean," the teacher replied. "When a voice is not the result of some form of disease, it is the fault of the woman who owns it if it is unpleasant."

"That sounds well," put in the business woman, "but ——"

"Oh, it's easy, too," went on the teacher. "You must let go of your voices. Watch me."

She dropped her lower jaw blankly, and shaking her head, wagged the jaw to and fro as if it were hardly fastened to her skull at all. Everybody tried it.

"I call that a devitalizing exercise," went on the teacher. "The object of it is to let go the vise-like hold most of you have on your voices. Then open your throats. No, not your mouths, your throats. Say over that verse of Byron's: 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.' Anything big like that will do. Try to imagine that your throat is ten times as big and round and open as it really is."

"Oh!" interrupted the everyday woman. "It makes me yawn."

"That's splendid!" said the teacher. "The throat in a yawn is wide open, but rigid. When you can open it that wide not by forcing it open as a yawn does, but by dropping it open, your voices will come clear out as they should, and not be muffled by muscles that ought to be doing something else. Then deliberately pitch your voices lower. Don't talk so loud; don't talk so fast; and try to articulate clearly without being stilted in your utterance. I don't know of any better sentence for teaching you control of your tongue and teeth than, 'She sells sea-shells,' repeated rapidly."

Every woman in the room promptly tangled herself up with it, and in the midst of the sibilant uproar, the teacher broke in: "Next, your necks. The expression of a neck lies in its back. Hauteur, meekness, coquetry lie in the nape. Now half of you try to save your spines. Carry your head on it, well back, too, with the chin well in air."

"I can't," said the well-read woman, forlornly, "my head will lop forward."

"Then, my dear, do this as often as you can." The exponent of physical perfection stretched her head as far forward as possible, and then drew it suddenly far back with the chin in.

"Good gracious!" said the literary woman trying the exercise. "It will break my neck."

"Not at all," laughed the teacher. "It will merely break something which is almost as hard to break, a bad habit. You may roll your heads about on your shoulders, if you like, to make them supple and plump; but the important thing is to make the spine do its work of holding the head erect, unless you want that ugly bend at the base of the neck behind, which is the common forty-year mark. Then I want to say a word to you about the way you seat yourselves. It is simply this: Never forget the active chest. Sit down; don't collapse. And when you are seated remember the maxim Virginia mothers used to have of old, 'Keep your hands still; your knees near together.' But now that we've come to hands, I want to stop long enough to explain to you that you have souls."

Everybody looked bewildered.

"You have souls. You have minds. Every thought is from within, and when you use your hands to make a gesture, remember that."

Everybody smiled, uncomprehendingly.

"Let every gesture be made, for example, from the *solar plexus* outward. Oh, come, now! don't look so blank. You must know what I mean. Now, suppose I say, 'All this beautiful landscape'—and wave my hand so. Try it, please."

Everybody tried it.

"No, no!" cried the teacher. "Most of you do it stiffly. The finger-tips move first. Your gesture is artificial,—external. See,—" suiting the action to the word, —"my upper arm takes the motion first. Then my elbow is raised, and my forearm. As I wave my hand, the wrist moves first, leading; and last of all the fingers open, and the thought passes out through them."

"That's sheer nonsense!" said the business woman to the bride.

"Indeed it isn't," the younger woman retorted, "it's beautiful."

"I noticed that one of you," the teacher resumed, "let her thumb hang limply in. If that were natural, I should send for a physician at once. The thumb is the life of the hand. Whenever it falls in limply it indicates extreme mental or physical weakness. A hospital or a school for the feeble-minded will tell you that. Let me show you, too, how to open the hand." The teacher held her palm up, the fingers and thumb meeting in the centre.

"Now," said she, "I will open. The motion originates in the centre of the palm, and the fingers open till the hand will support a sphere perfectly."

Everybody tried that, too.

"It isn't nearly so easy as it looks," sighed the everyday woman, "but it is so pretty! It's like the opening of a beautiful lily."

"It ought to be," said the teacher, "for the human hand is the most wonderful thing in all the created world and I only wish I had time to tell you of one tenth the things the hand can express. It has an infinite number of gestures, and every gesture has what we call different textures. See here."

The teacher made a playful little gesture of repulsion. The hand softly lax. She repeated the gesture with the hand tense, the fingers rigid. It became an expression of frenzied attack.

"You see it is the same gesture. I have merely changed the texture."

"Why, are you an elocutionist?" asked the everyday woman.

The teacher laughed. "Thank goodness, no! We had elocutionists in the days when we taught from the outside in. Now we teach from the inside out, and we merely teach expression. And before I go, just a word about walking. Don't walk with your arms, as if, as somebody says, you were but imperfectly evolved from the quadruped. Let your arms hang perfectly free, devitalize them; let them swing naturally, but don't move them as if they were helping you jerk along. Legs were made to walk with. The arms merely swing to preserve the balance."

"Lastly, my dears,—and let my lastly be firstly, and secondly, and all the way along as well,—remember that the body that protects an immortal soul is the most august and beautiful thing in nature. Be proud of living. Lift up your chests, lift up your hearts; and you won't lift the one well unless you lift the other, too. Hold your head as near heaven and as far from earth as you can, and then——"

"And then?" asked everybody.

"And then, my dears, if you are not graceful it will be because grace is not in you."

RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER.

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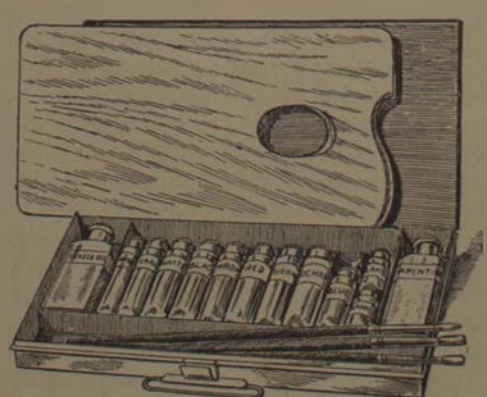
A HANDSOME oil-color outfit, consisting of eleven tubes of colors, three brushes, pallette, and one bottle each of linseed oil and turpentine, all inclosed in a handsome japanned case, will be sent, postpaid, by DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE to any of its readers on receipt of a remittance of $2.50; or it will be sent, postpaid, together with the Magazine for one year for $4.00. The colored plates which are published every month in the Magazine make beautiful studies for art students; they are reproductions of the best works in oil- and water-colors.



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A SAVORY SECRET.

I HAD been wondering for some months since my return to the United States on a visit, why it is that with all the channels for giving out educated methods of cooking—kitchen-literature being now the fashion, as it has never been otherwise in France—the result is so poor in the matter of cooking vegetables that are served on the best American tables.

It is only a chance when one gets pease and potatoes on this side the ocean, whether in home or hotel, so boiled as to retain their spring-garden flavor. Now in France not only is the natural taste and aroma preserved, and increased in the case of fresh vegetables, but scientific cooking imparts the garden perfume and palatableness to the bottled or tinned *légume*.

The prime defect in American cooking is in the use of refined white salt, which should be used only at the table for such as prefer an access of seasoning.

The secret of the savors in French soups and vegetables is the use of "black" or "gray" salt, which is coarse and crystallized. But if this is not easily obtained in America, there is a variety which will give a fascinating result, and that is the sea-salt such as is used in bathing. It can be had at any chemists, and will amply repay the small cost. It is used in moderation, for one does not want the result to be "salty." All seasoning must be added with skillful hands, governed by a wise head, and always with the conscientiousness that a woman who loves her work will give to the humblest kitchen detail. *Toujours fidèle* is a good motto for the kitchen, and whoever follows it will have no mishaps of burning cake or tasteless vegetables. It is all a case of cause and effect,—and, I may add, a sleight of hand. If the true rules are faithfully followed success must ensue. So care and observation are required to insure a perfect result—the delicacy of a vegetable that is not too extravagantly described by the word fascinating—by use of sea-salt.

With pease very little is required. If fresh garden pease are used, put the green pods, carefully washed, in cold water with a little sugar (one coffee lump), and after boiling twenty minutes drain off the liquor, return it to the saucepan, and when boiling again add sea-salt, a dessert-spoonful to a quart, and butter the size of a walnut. *Apropos*, don't thicken this liquid with flour. It is a mistake. If there is more than required to serve with the pease add it to a soup or stew or green-vegetable omelette. With new potatoes, which should be plunged into boiling water, a dessert-spoonful of sea-salt should be used to a quart of boiling water.

Asparagus, the queen of vegetables, is now as prized by the physicians for its curative virtue as by the epicure for its incomparable daintiness of flavor and melting tenderness. Have a shallow, preferably oblong, saucepan into which pour boiling water, adding a lump of coffee sugar, an egg-spoonful of butter, and a table-spoonful of sea-salt. Let the asparagus lie as low as possible and boil from twenty to twenty-two minutes. Take out with tongs or a wire spoon and lay upon a hot wire strainer on the stove, then place it upon toast in the serving-dish with appropriate sauces; appropriate, for many sauces are not at all allied to the asparagus. Asparagus should have no dressing of a distinct flavor except it be sauce Hollandaise or sauce coquette; because the result desired is to preserve the delicious flavor of the vegetable over and above all, and the sauce or dressing must be only a background to it, as would not be the case if any of the highly flavored sauces one sees quoted as being proper to asparagus were served with it.

Permit a hint from the wise, *à la mode de la France*. Do not use flavor with any vegetable that has a flavor of its own. The wise cook will never mix onions with mushrooms or tomatoes, but allow each flavor to be brought out by exactly the right quantity of sea-salt, and in the case of all vegetables but potatoes, a lump of sugar.

Sauce coquette is made thus: Beat two gills of cream almost to a white butter; take out two table-spoonfuls of it and blend it with a teaspoonful of made mustard. Then take out of this quantity a teaspoonful and carefully add to it a dash of paprica and the juice of half a lemon. Then, stirring all the while, add the cream blended with mustard, and lastly, add slowly the rest of the whipped cream, and you will have a peculiarly delicate and piquante mayonnaise. It is assumed that the mustard is French-mixed and thus contains all the added zest of its own and tarragon vinegar.

Asparagus *au gratin* is prepared by the following method: The asparagus is first boiled tender and then laid in a buttered *gratiner* (pan or dish in which it is to be served), and, according to the quantity used, a pint of milk in which two eggs have been beaten poured over it. Then the top is thickly covered with biscuit crumbs and grated Parmesan or Swiss cheese (none other will serve) and baked ten minutes, or till a light brown.

An asparagus omelette in the style of Louis Quinze is as follows: Make an omelette with not less than four eggs, adding a table-spoonful of asparagus or green pea liquor and seasoning to taste. When the omelette is made, a little salt is powdered over it and it is removed to a hot plate; then a filling is put dexterously within its folds of "violettes,"—that is, the tops of the asparagus not more than two inches long, and each dipped in pure sweet oil and lemon-juice in the proportion of three parts of oil to one of lemon-juice. The asparagus filling must be heated before it is added to the omelette. When turned over it is moistened lightly with some asparagus liquid blended with the oil and lemon-juice, heated and decorated with nasturtium leaves.

JEANNE BOULÉ.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Dr. Nansen's Return From the Far North.

The daring attempt of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen to reach the North Pole has already been noted in these columns. He has now returned to civilization after three years of the great dangers and hardships which always attend Arctic explorations, with his purpose more nearly accomplished than has been that of any other venturesome spirits who have sailed north to discover the Pole. On April 7th, 1895, he and Lieut. Hansen, who had left their vessel, the *Fram*, for a journey by sled further north than the ship could penetrate through the ice, reached the latitude of 86 degrees 14 minutes, which was less than 4 degrees and only a little more than two hundred and sixty miles from the Pole. In addition to coming nearer to the great objective point than any other explorer has been able to penetrate, several new islands were discovered by Dr. Nansen and the general knowledge of the geography of the Arctic regions has been materially increased. The *Fram* is just reported returned.

THE FRAM IN THE POLAR SEA.

The Commercial Importance of Japan.

In discussions of the tariff policy of this country reference has almost invariably been made to the low wages of foreign labor and the disadvantages in competition to which this puts American manufacturers. There has always been at least a tacit understanding that these references were to European labor, but in the future it will be necessary to be more specific, since the Japanese manufacturer and laborer are rapidly becoming important factors in the tariff question. During the last few years Japan has developed into a commercial nation of considerable consequence, and the United States will have to reckon with her as such more and more as her industrial progress continues. This is recognized by the Congressional Ways and Means Committee which has recently had the question of Japan as a commercial competitor of the United States under consideration, and has made a report of which the following is an extract:

"The standard of living is so low in Japan that the workingmen of this country would justly regard it as practical starvation. Inasmuch as wages always move with the standard of living of the masses, the pay of the Japanese laborer, who works industriously and patiently twelve hours each day, is as scanty as his clothing and fare. Women work in the fields with the men and do the same work as the men in every industry, although their wages are less by more than half. Even after the uplifting influences of contact with civilization for more than two decades such skilled workmen as blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, compositors, tailors, and plasterers, receive in Japanese cities only from twenty-six to thirty-three cents a day and factory operatives from five to twenty cents in our money, while farm hands receive $1.44 a month. While the committee has not found that any articles of importance made by factory methods in Japan, outside of cheap silks, handkerchiefs. mattings, rugs, etc., have as yet invaded the markets of the United States, most of the articles as yet imported from Japan being hand-made or household-woven goods, yet it is probable that the rapid introduction of machinery into Japan will within a few years make Japanese factory products, especially fine cottons, silks, and other articles in which the labor-cost here is an important element in production, a more serious competitor in our markets than the products of Great Britain, France, and Germany have been; simply for the reason that Japanese wages are lower than European wages, and Japanese labor is likely to soon become as effective with machinery as European labor now is."

The Tunnel Beneath the Hudson.

One of the most difficult engineering feats ever undertaken is the tunneling of the Hudson River from New York to Jersey City. It is not surprising that the work was abandoned after about a quarter of it had been completed. It is now reported, however, that the task is soon to be taken up again by a company which has been organized in London. Nearly four thousand feet of tunnel have already been excavated, leaving about five thousand feet yet to be done. It is estimated that the cost of the completion of the work will be about three and a half million dollars. Preliminary to further excavation it will be necessary to pump the water out of the tunnel and to remove the mud which has accumulated. One of the difficulties encountered in the work is to prevent the water of the river from oozing into the tunnel. When the work was under way before, the novel plan was adopted of filling the tunnel with air compressed to a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. By this means much water was kept out and the walls upheld until the masonry was built in. It is impossible, however, to keep the tunnel entirely free from water, and it is proposed to build a permanent pumping station. The work when completed will greatly facilitate traffic between New York and the West and South. At present there is only one railroad station in the city, despite the large number of lines which terminate nominally in New York.

Germany's Attitude Toward Women.

One of the most conservative countries in the world in its attitude toward the public activities of women is Germany. The Kaiser once declared that the true province of women is expressed in words beginning with three K's, *Küche*, *Kirche*, *und Kinder*, meaning in English, kitchen, church, and children. This reflected very fairly the sentiment of the German people. But now even Germany has been affected by the great broadening of woman's sphere. While women in Germany have as yet little chance to become useful in any but purely domestic life, a crusade has been commenced with aims to gain for women opportunity to be useful in the community at large in such manner and for such purposes as her nature and disposition adapt her. The demand is made that in these spheres she be permitted to act with the same independence and responsibility as do men. It is asked that women be given appointments in the management of the poor and unfortunate, and of public schools. It will be noticed that these demands are very moderate in comparison to what women are claiming in some other countries of the world. But so conservative is Germany that it has been a matter of surprise that, mild as they are, they have been received with the approval and applause that has been meted out to them. Germany's change of attitude toward women is significant because it indicates the breaking down of the conservatism which would fain limit woman's activities to the home, regardless of the great number of women who have no opportunities to be home-makers or who can be more useful in other spheres.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

A Crusade Against the Bicycle.

Much attention has been given to the denunciation by Miss Charlotte Smith of Washington of bicycling on the part of women. Miss Smith's remarks would have attracted no notice were it not for the fact that she is the president of the Woman's Rescue League and claims to base her stand against the bicycle on personal experience. She has said "Bicycling is immoral. How do I know that it is immoral, inasmuch as I do not ride a wheel? I know because I have made a careful study of the matter and have means of obtaining reliable data which are not at the command of the theorist. My mission takes me among wicked women of all grades and I know all about them. They have taken up the bicycle not only as a means of enjoyment, but also for utilitarian purposes. There are, moreover, many evil-minded men abroad who go about seeking whom they may devour. They, too, seek the aid of the wheel as a means to their infamous ends."

Miss Smith's condemnation of the wheel, from which the foregoing remarks are taken, has aroused a storm of protest. It is significant that extremely few persons have come to notice who hold her views, and the great army of bicycle riders disagree with her most emphatically. To say that these men and women are all immoral, or that they cannot judge of the morality or immorality of the wheel, would be an absurdity. It would be a sweeping condemnation of society as a whole, for the reason that persons in fair circumstances who do not ride are exceptions to the general rule. One of Miss Smith's objections is on the score of health. She says that the wheel is not healthful for women. Medical opinion, however, should be given more weight than hers, and it is overwhelming on the other side, with the proviso, of course that one does not go to excess in the exercise.

The Possibilities of Brain Study.

While these last years of the nineteenth century have been marked by wonderful development in many sciences, comparative neglect has been the lot of the greatest science of all, namely, that of the brain. It has been said that the accepted theories as to the brain and intellect have been completely revolutionized within the last five years, and that we are upon the eve of some remarkable discoveries and achievements, which have been rendered possible by the new physiological knowledge of the brain. It is well known that all the special nerves have what are called end-organs, each of which so modifies the ether vibrations as to convey to the brain the various sensations of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. These end-organs bear much the same relation to the nerve which conveys the sensation to the brain as does the transmitter of a telephone to the wire. It is now proposed to create artificial end-organs, or media which will be affected by the vibrations of ether as are the human organs, and then to use wires as nerves. Experiments are being made with a view to transporting colors and shapes over long distances. Thus, as suitable transmitters and receivers are discovered, one will be able to see as well as hear a person talking over a telephone from a distance—it will be possible to smell a rose and feel the grasp of the friend's hand and taste the tidbit which is offered. All that is necessary to achieve these marvelous results is to find the proper medium for the conveyance of the vibrations which affect each of the five senses. The telephone transmitter and its wire are constructed upon the same principle as the ear and the nerve which carries the vibration to the brain. In the same way it is theoretically possible to simulate the eye and the other organs of the senses, and it is obvious that if the centre of sight in the brain can be affected artificially in exactly the same way that waves of light operating on the optic nerve can affect it, the eye may be dispensed with in the phenomenon of seeing. This is the very thing which D. A. Reardon, superintendent of the printing office in the Perkins School for the Blind in Boston, is attempting to accomplish. He began his investigations with the established fact in mind that sight is the result of the generation of electricity, or motion from cell to cell, along the optic nerve to the brain, caused by light waves falling upon the retina of the eye, or ends of the optic nerve. The question was, would not an electric wire perform the same office as the optic nerve, and carry a current to the sight-centre of the brain? An artificial eye was made of a lens, to focus rays of light, and a rare minero-metal, called selenium, whose conductivity to electricity is affected by light. The theory is that the light vibrations, or waves, falling upon the selenium eye will be conveyed by the electric current to the brain, and that those who are without natural eyesight may thus be made to see. The invention is now nearly ready for actual use and its trial is being awaited with much interest.

New Systems of Electric Lighting.

The development of the electric light seems to be the phase of electric investigation and experiment which is now engaging the attention of the electrical experts. Thomas A. Edison, Nikola Tesla, and D. McFarlan Moore have announced almost simultaneously, results of experiments in electric lighting which are deemed of much importance in the electrical world. The general purpose of this investigation has been to devise an electric light in which the waste of electrical energy will be reduced to the minimum. Such a lamp would be a great improvement over the incandescent light now in widespread use because in the latter ninety-five per cent. of electrical force is transformed into heat, thus leaving but five per cent. for the production of the light. This great loss of energy makes the incandescent system of electric lighting a costly one. Edison states that a surprisingly small quantity of heat is generated by his new electric lamps, and that on this account they will be very much more economical than any electric light heretofore known. The "fluorescent lamp," as he has named his new illuminating agent, is somewhat similar to the incandescent lamp in appearance. It has, in common with the latter, the glass globe or bulb from which the air has been drawn, creating a vacuum. This vacuum is not so perfect, however, as in the incandescent lamp. Another point of difference is that, instead of the wires in the centre being the source of light, the whole globe glows brilliantly. There are no connecting wires, indeed, in the fluorescent lamp. The light emanates from a metallic crystal called tungstate, with which the sides of the globe on the inside are lined. The slightest rubbing of these crystals will make them glow and the new light is based upon this property of the crystal. Two wires enter the globe, but do not meet. By means of an electric current the molecules of the wires are thrown into motion, and this activity is communicated to the molecules of air within the globe. There being a partial vacuum, the molecules are few and hence dart about, when given the electrical impulse from the wires, with inconceivable rapidity. It is their constant beating against the tungstate crystals which cover the sides of the globe that causes the light. This light is of a brilliant whiteness, and causes the globe, which has the appearance of ground glass, to glow like a miniature sun. Its illuminating power is much stronger than that of the incandescent lamp; its greatly lessened cost, because of its economy in the expenditure of electrical energy, has already been noted. Mr. Edison is now perfecting the fluorescent lamp preparatory to making it an article of commerce. The systems of electric lighting which Tesla and Moore advocate differ from Edison's in detail, but possess a similarity to it in general principle.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

HAVE you provided yourself with a DEMOREST MAGAZINE Portrait Album? If not, why not? By neglecting to do so you are missing one of the greatest opportunities of your life, one you will regret more and more as time passes. Filled with the interesting portraits of celebrities of all eras that are published each month in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, it will prove a treasure-house of pleasure and profit for yourself and future generations.

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

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. A space is provided at the back in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are published in every Magazine to accompany the portraits; and these sketches undoubtedly impart an additional value to the portraits. If you have an album and have mounted in it all the published portraits, it is filled, and you need another. Send your order at once and avoid delay. Or if you have not an album, send for one, and start your collection.

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

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU.

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE.

"FOR the convenience and benefit of the regular subscribers to DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE we have organized the DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU, through which they may obtain anything purchasable,—any and everything needed for utility or ornamentation, for personal or household use, nothing being too small and nothing too large to be beyond its scope."

Since making the foregoing announcement, applications from our subscribers for the purchase of goods have become so numerous, and cover so wide a field, that it has been found impracticable to fill their orders in a manner satisfactory to ourselves, and at prices which would be of real benefit to them.

To obviate this difficulty we shall be obliged to make positive and closer connections with the dealers, and a series of catalogues, which will cover all classes of goods, will be issued by us. This will necessitate great labor and expense, and will take quite a time to accomplish. We are willing to undertake it, however, and ask our friends and subscribers to be patient. Meantime we will serve them as heretofore, and will offer, in each issue, a few articles which we deem seasonable and acceptable.

In the conduct of the Bureau well-defined lines will be strictly adhered to. No goods will be offered or catalogued without minute and accurate description; nothing will be handled which we cannot guarantee, and that will not stand the test of wear and time. What will interest you most, however, is that the prices charged will be as low as it is possible to make them, consistent with the payment of the expenses of the Bureau.

The widening of the scope and usefulness of the Department is undertaken to meet the demands made upon it; and our determination is to serve our subscribers faithfully, and give them, always, the GREATEST VALUE FOR THE SMALLEST AMOUNT OF MONEY.

We call attention to pages 735 and 736, on which will be found announcements of a number of useful articles which can now be obtained through the Bureau.

Address,

THE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PURCHASING BUREAU,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

WITH the November number of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE we begin our thirty-third volume, which we intend shall be one of the best we have published. Several new features will be introduced during the year, and a special effort will be made to make all departments of the Magazine even better than they have been before. To further this end we have already secured material from some of the best writers, many of whom have never yet appeared in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE and whose work will give novelty as well as interest to its pages. With the material already on hand we shall be able to take our readers into many new and interesting fields, and we are constantly adding to our stock from all quarters that seem to us promising. In fiction we are prepared to give the very best work that is done, and some of the most popular and highest-priced authors will contribute to this department. In the art department no expense will be spared to make our illustrations equal to the best, which we think our readers will acknowledge as they follow the succeeding numbers of the new volume.

ABOUT WOMEN.

MISS MAY ABRAHAM, the new English Superintendent of Factory Inspectors, is a beautiful woman of the Semitic type. She began her career as Lady Dilke's private secretary.

MISS ELEANOR A. ORMEROD, the well-known English entomologist, is about to present her fine collection, illustrative of agricultural entomology, to the University of Edinburgh.

MRS. MAUD MASON AUSTIN, the author of "'Cension" and other Mexican stories, resides in Texas, and, like many other Southern women, found her talents under the spur of necessity. It is to the panic of '93 that the reading world is indebted for her charming contributions to real-life stories.

MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT, of Minneapolis, Minn., has for ten years carried on a successful flower seed business, extending it over this country and into Canada as well. She was the pioneer woman seed dealer of the country, and has built up the largest exclusive flower seed business in the United States.

MISS LYDIA BRADLEY, of Peoria, Ill., who has already given that city a hospital, a home for aged women, a church, and a park of one hundred and forty-five acres, has declared her intention of immediately erecting a Polytechnic Institute, which, with its endowments and appurtenances, will represent a cost of $1,000,000.

DR. KATE G. HORNER, of Pender, Neb., was recently elected Coroner of the town. The cowboys call her an angel, because of her self-sacrificing life. Whenever she goes on a trip over the prairie to visit a sick person, some gallant but bashful cowboy follows at a distance to see that no harm overtakes the pretty young doctor.

A DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE has been added to the College of Agriculture at the Ohio State University, in Columbus. Two and four year courses are offered, and the Board of Trustees will spare no effort to provide every facility for the most thorough and advantageous work. Women are admitted to all the privileges of the University on the same basis as men.

THE YOUNG CZARINA OF RUSSIA not only declines to adopt the universal Russian custom of smoking, but dislikes very much to have her ladies-in-waiting smoke, and has requested them never to approach her with the odor of tobacco in their clothes. She entered a room one day where these ladies were smoking, and looking around reprovingly, said, "I consider a cigarette in a woman's mouth as bad as an oath in a man's."

NO YOUNG and ambitious art student in Paris works harder than does Rosa Bonheur, though she is now seventy-three years old, and has gained all possible laurels. Thirty years have passed since Eugénie pinned to her blouse the coveted cross of the Legion of Honor. But Rosa Bonheur is robust and vigorous, her eyes full of fire, though her hair is white, and she is wedded to her art. "It is my husband," she has said. The peasant's blouse, which is always associated with her, is still her favorite attire. It is more than fifty years, some time before the bloomer's day, since she made this new departure in costume.

IN SPEAKING of Miss Elizabeth Gardner, of Exeter, N. H., who was married to M. Bouguereau, the French artist, on June 22d, the Worcester *Gazette* says: "Miss Gardner has been for a long time in Paris, where she went first as a pupil of Bouguereau and subsequently gained much distinction. The engagement was a long and romantic one. It is nineteen years ago since the attention of the great painter was attracted to the talented young woman. They became engaged, but no public announcement was made at the time, because Bouguereau's mother would not consent to her son marrying an American. But the lovers remained constant and the mother died recently. M. Bouguereau himself is seventy-two years old. He is a widower with a daughter and a son, both of whom favor their father's marriage. Miss Gardner has gained much distinction in her art. The Paris Salon presented her a gold medal in 1887. She is the first American woman to have won such an honor."

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—OCTOBER.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 739. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** extra for each additional pattern.

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

IT is still too early to give more than general hints for autumn costumes, but a few features—and those the most important—are well determined. There will be so few changes in cut and general style that the efforts of designers who are looked to for novelty are expended in the direction of trimmings, and ingenious or daring combinations of fabrics and colors in the corsage. Skirt trimmings where introduced are only upon dressy gowns, and, except in very narrow ruffles about the foot, are flat, and in the form of rich embroideries directly upon the fabric, the pattern being shaped to the flutes and undulations of the skirt, or of appliqués of lace, and flat bands.

Street gowns and those for traveling and general wear have plain skirts; the fullness is slightly moderated, and there is an inclination to throw it farther back. A perfectly safe choice at this season is a gown of plain, smooth cloth in gray, brown, or dark green, or of one of the changeable whipcords, made with a coat, basque, or jacket. Some longer coats are seen, but as a rule they are still short, and the full ripples are being displaced by perfectly flat plaits in the back. Revers are moderate, and the best style is that of the regulation coat. The sleeve shows the greatest change, yet even here extremes will probably be confined to dressy gowns. Some importations of street-gowns show perfectly tight sleeves, their hideousness crowned by stiff flaring epaulets to give breadth to the shoulders, but in no way redeeming them; and it is unlikely that women will relinquish so becoming a feature of their gowns as the present prevailing modes which are simply modifications of those recently worn. The newest coats are short and show either plain, whole backs, or are full from the shoulders down; this fullness is added in box-plaits, which hang free from a yoke, or the back is cut in circle fashion, so it is adjusted to the yoke without fullness. This style has a double-breasted front, fits trimly under the arms, and the fullness hangs in two umbrella flutes in the middle of the back. Fawn covert coating and dark green cloths are made in these styles.

For early autumn wear on the bright, hot days which linger so late with us, the lovely summer organdies have been hung over deep-tinted taffeta linings, and trimmed lavishly with ribbons to match; purple, deep rich green, and red are much used, and on hats all these colors are mingled in glowing bouquets of asters, with their foliage. Becoming additions to these gowns are sleeveless boleros of changeable silk, their edges—sometimes cut in scallops, points, or turrets up the fronts—finished with a tiny doubled frill of black *chiffon*, and with ruffles similarly finished falling over the sleeve-tops.

A CHARMING AFTERNOON FROCK.
DORIS SKIRT. PRIMROSE WAIST.
(*For description, see Page* 721.)

The new taffetas show richer and deeper colorings than those worn during the summer, and useful autumn gowns are made of these which can be worn all winter for house and reception gowns. Variety in making these is almost exclusively confined to the corsage, which takes every form that the taste of the wearer or ingenuity of the dressmaker can devise. Skirts of silk gowns can, with comfort, be wider than those of heavy wool, and a quaintly novel gown of brown-and-prune changeable silk has a skirt in which the back breadths are ungored and are gauged to the belt quite across the back; the side breadths also are wider at the top and have little bunches of gauging at the seams with plain, smoothly fitted spaces between. The neck and shoulders of the corsage are of old-rose silk overlaid with Venetian guipure, and the changeable silk forms a sort of peasant's waist, the folds being crossed surplice fashion both in front and back and the ends gauged and held over the shoulder by bands of lace-trimmed silk. Other waists have basque, coat, or jacket effects, and with the latter, invariably, are high girdles of soft folds.

It is noteworthy that waists are no longer of the pipe-stem order, and while seeking the cause for this sensible state of things it is necessary to give Dame Fashion some of the credit. Many people are inclined to think it is due alone to the influence of athletic sports, but the golf-playing, bicycle-riding women are not the only generous-waisted ones, and the voluminous styles of the day, the wide sleeves and expansive skirts, which have accentuated the absurdity of the laced-in waist, have borne no slight part in the reform.

Our thanks are due Messrs. James McCreery & Co. and Stern Bros., for courtesies shown.

THE FAVORITE JACKET.

Some form of the Eton or Bolero jackets seems to be another of the things that, like the shirt-waist, we shall have always with us. So great has been their vogue in Paris during the past season that it is safe to say they have formed part of ten out of twelve modish gowns, being often simulated by trimming when not veritable jackets. Our illustration shows a jacket of silver-gray cloth, worn with a skirt of fancy taffeta and over a shirt waist of changeable silk. The jacket is round in the back and short enough to disclose a glimpse of the folded satin belt. It is fitted trimly by under-arm seams and single darts in the fronts. There is quite a fancy for these short jackets of light and even white cloth to complete skirts of silk or fancy wool. Very youthful-looking gowns for young ladies are made of serge and plain cloths with jackets like the skirts. The pattern is the "Selwyn."

THE FAVORITE JACKET.
THE "SELWYN."

A SMART RECEPTION-GOWN.
NAHANT SKIRT. MYANOTIS CORSAGE.

A SMART RECEPTION-GOWN.

Heliotrope taffeta and velvet of a darker shade are the fabrics used for this charming gown, which is a very desirable model for a bride's "second" gown, and is suitable to wear for any afternoon functions or to the theatre. The skirt is the "Nahant, "which has a wide circle front and four other gored breadths, and measures nearly six yards at the foot. It fits very trimly around the hips, and the slight fullness in the back may be gathered or laid in box-plaits. There is no change in the finish of skirts at the foot, except that the silk *balayeuse* is again frequently seen. A binding of velveteen the color of the fabric is used, and for linings fancy taffeta, ribbon-cloth, or percaline, named in the order of choice. To prevent the very full skirts from falling into an ugly and inconvenient fold in the middle of the front, a strip of ribbon-wire from twelve to eighteen inches in length is sewed across the front at the top of the facing or *balayeuse*, or in the upper edge of the binding. The jacket-waist—the pattern of which is the "Myanotis"—is of velvet. The shoulder-collar forms one deep scallop in the back; it is embroidered with clusters of snowballs, but appliqués of Venetian guipure or Honiton braid would be quite as effective. The edge of the collar is finished with a frill of narrow lace. The full front is of green *mousseline de soie*, and folds of it are used for the girdle and

A SERVICEABLE GOWN.
CARROLL SKIRT. LINVILLE CORSAGE.

stock-collar; over the top of the latter, at the back of the neck, stands a circular collar of the taffeta, finished on the edge like the shoulder-collar. The jacket-fronts are cut in scallops, which are finished with a frill of lace, and in the centre of each is a tiny jeweled button. The sleeve—of silk—illustrates one of the autumn fancies, which is a compromise between the large and the tight sleeves, retaining the fullness at the shoulders, where it is most becoming.

AN AUTUMN WRAP.

THE ever-popular cape never loses its perennial freshness and attractiveness; and as long as the designers succeed in imparting such a *chic* air to them and make them so becoming, it is unlikely that women will relinquish these convenient wraps. Our new pattern—the "Berkshire"—is designed for traveling and street wear and as illustrated is made of tan-colored box-cloth, and trimmed with straps of the same finished with rows of stitching and ornamented with dark pearl buttons. It is lined throughout with Dresden taffeta, and the high collar can be faced with the cloth or with velvet. The pattern can be used also for dressier wraps of silk, satin, or velvet, which still continue to be trimmed with overlapping frills of gauze or lace, and surround the shoulders with a mass of billowy fluffiness.

A SERVICEABLE GOWN.

DARK blue storm-serge is the fabric of this attractively simple gown, which is commended for traveling or street wear. The skirt—the "Carroll"—has five breadths, and is of conservative width, measuring only four yards and a half at the foot, which is as wide as any heavy cloth or woolen stuff skirts should be made. Any excess of this width, except upon very tall women, when in heavy stuffs simply lies in overlapping and cumbersome folds in the back, forming a great burden to carry and adding no beauty to the gown. For directions about lining and finishing skirts see "A Smart Reception-Gown," in another column. Dark green velvet is combined with the serge in the corsage—the "Linville"—being used to face the revers and for the circular frill surmounting the stock-collar, which is of Pekin striped silk like the narrow vest. Black serge is combined in a similar manner with black-and-white plaided silk or velvet or with heliotrope, and grays or browns with brightly plaided stuffs

MOHAIR fabrics are shown in a great variety of weaves and in novel colorings, which are making a strong plea for greater favor. There are rough bourette and shaggy effects, together with diagonal twills in chameleon colors and also richly patterned Persian things, while for hard service there are cravenette mohairs, which are guaranteed to be rain-proof, and therefore very desirable for rainy-day gowns.

THE favorite traveling wrap is still the golf cloak with its capacious and useful, if not graceful, hood showing the brightly plaided silk lining or the reversible plaid of the heavy cloth.

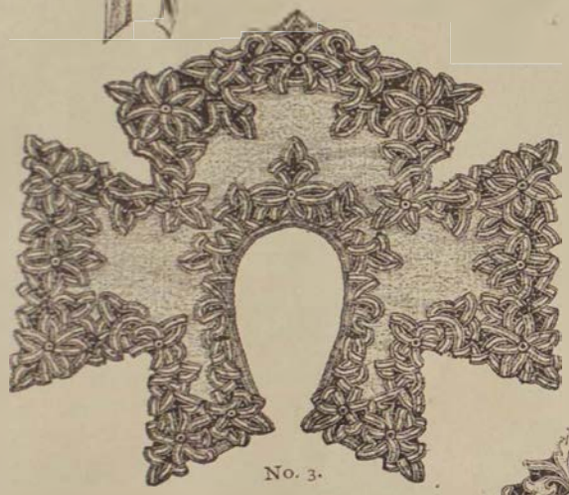
AN AUTUMN WRAP.
THE "BERKSHIRE."

SOME DAINTY NECK-WEAR.

As the corsage continues to be the most important part of the toilette, that upon which the *couturière* lavishes her utmost skill, invention is rife in devising attractive and becoming neck and shoulder trimmings which can be added as occasion requires. Collars are narrower on the shoulders, and not so stiff in shape as those of last season, while very full ruffles of lace and of *chiffon* soften all outlines.

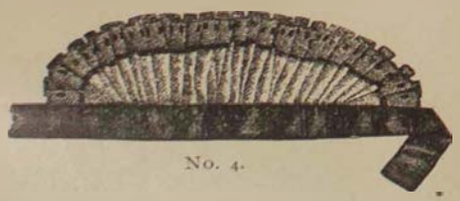
No. 2.

There is a disposition to twist the neck bow round under the chin, but unless full ruches and ruffles or a turreted collar surrounds the throat, the becoming effect of the bow at the back will not be lightly relinquished. Plain-toned, delicate-hued ribbons of taffeta and satin are dividing favor now with the *chiné* and Dresden ones which were all the vogue earlier in the season.



No. 3.

Some very pretty fichu-like arrangements to wear over plain waists have a full blouse front of embroidered or plaited *chiffon*, with two ruffles of seven-inch lace draping the sides from the shoulders to the waist and



No. 4.

forming a deep collar across the back as they fall from the neck over the shoulders. A stock collar of ribbon, or of *chiffon*, with a bow of ribbon in the back finishes the neck.

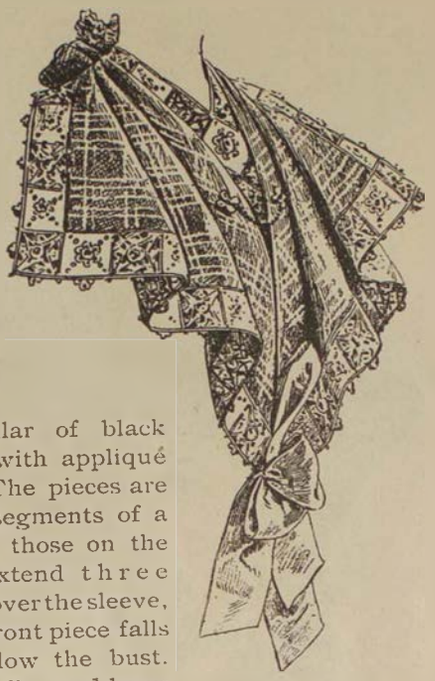
A simple but very effective collar is made of broad jeweled passementerie, straps of which cross the shoulders, making a slight V in the back, but with another strap crossing the front giving a square

No. 6.

effect. A wide ruffle of white embroidered black lace surrounds the edge, forming long draped points at the corners, and a narrower ruffle of the same lace fills in the neck.

No. 1.—Rever corsage drapery of silk-plaided batiste trimmed with Venetian guipure.

No. 2.—Shoulder-collar of black *mousseline de soie* with appliqué of Honiton braids. The pieces are all cut as segments of a circle, and those on the shoulder extend three inches out over the sleeve, while the front piece falls a little below the bust. the stock collar and bows are of green ribbon.



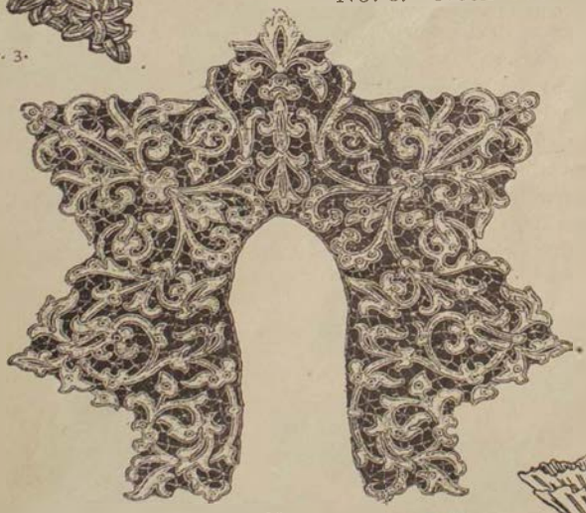
No. 1.

No. 3.—Collar of white *mousseline de soie*, with rich appliqué of Honiton braids upon a ground of black net.

No. 4.—Standing ruff for the neck of Brussels net bordered with Chantilly edging.

No. 5.—Duchesse lace collar.

No. 6.—Neck ruche of polka-dotted ribbon and white gauze.



No. 5.

No. 7.—Yoke-collar of batiste embroidery trimmed with ruffles of lace and bands of black velvet ribbon. This can be easily made at home without a pattern. The foundation is a bit of embroidery or lace four inches in depth shaped upon the shoulders, to which the ruffles are sewed. In the back they cross the yoke, without ends, giving the effect of a square collar. Fancy buttons ornament the velvet band at the neck and on the front ends. In place of them fancy pins may be used which will serve to fasten the collar in place.

No 7.

SEASONABLE HATS.

EARLY importations of autumn hats are marked by quite as vivid coloring as the spring brought us, but colors will, as a rule, be mingled with a more sparing hand. Fancy braids of felt mingled with satin or chenille are shown in all colors, bright apple-green, vivid purple, prune, browns and grays. Birds and feathers are used lavishly, and there is a strong inclination for them all to take on the long curving droop of the bird-of-paradise feathers which have been so unbecomingly and inartistically manipulated during the past season.

No. 1.—Brown rush-straw hat trimmed with rosettes of cream-colored *mousseline de soie*, loops of changeable brown-and-gold satin, white wings, and a black aigrette.

No. 2.—Blue felt hat trimmed with blue-and-green changeable satin and iridescent feathers.

No. 3.—Tam O'Shanter hat of fancy straw with velvet crown, trimmed with ribbon, blackbird's wings, and an aigrette.

No. 4.—Dark green braided felt hat trimmed with *miroir* velvet in green and blue and peacock's feathers.

No. 5.—Gray felt hat trimmed with velvet-striped satin ribbon—black upon white—and mottled coq's feathers.

No. 6.—Round hat of fancy brown braid in chenille and satin, trimmed with green velvet, in irregular leaf-like loops and ends, and silk poppies in shades of browns and greens.

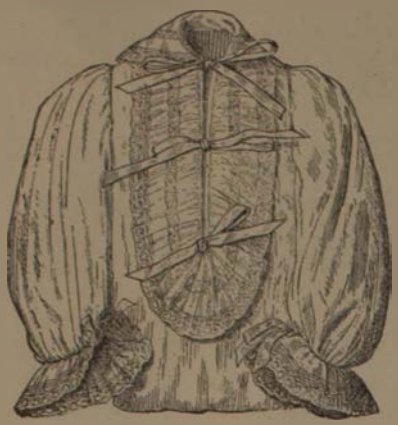
Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(*For Descriptions, See Page 722.*)

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

FRENCH LINGERIE.

No. 1.—Nainsook gown, cut in a simple sacque shape, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and fastened with washable ribbons.



No. 1.

No. 2.—Wide drawers of India lawn, trimmed with insertion and edging of *point de Paris*.

No. 3.—French set of chemise and drawers of white China silk trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

No. 4.—Sacque chemises showing two different styles of trimming. The first one is convent-embroidered, and the fullness in front is drawn up with ribbons run through eyelet-holes. The second is alike in back and front, and the square neck is finished with a full lace ruffle headed by embroidered insertion.

No. 2.

No. 3.

FRENCH UMBRELLA DRAWERS.

THE increasing popularity of these wide drawers is largely due to the fact of the very general use of tights and Union suits which makes the old style of narrow ones inconvenient. They are also in harmony with the wide skirts and the fullness which distinguishes everything about a woman's dress now. The illustration gives a perfect idea of the pattern, which allows a sufficient fullness around the hips for convenience and comfort, and by means of the wide flounce at the bottom gives great width there. Nainsook, cambric, and India lawn are the fabrics most liked for these garments, but India long-cloth is a delightfully soft and fine material which is quite as comfortable a fabric and much more durable. The wide flounce can be made of fine embroidery or of lace, embroidery, and muslin combined. The favorite laces for the purpose are *platte* Valenciennes and *point de Paris*, though the fine torchons are also used. A beading often heads the flounce, and ribbons are drawn through it and tied on the outer seam.

A SENSIBLE SCHOOL WRAP.
THE "FULDA."

A BECOMING JACKET-WAIST.
THE "VINETO."

A BECOMING JACKET-WAIST.

THIS model is intended specially for a young girl's dressy house-waist, but is also suitable for street wear, and can be made to complete a gown. The simple full blouse, with *gigot* sleeves, is of fancy taffeta, and the jacket of velvet or plain, fine cloth. The shoulder collar is square in the back, and it may match the jacket, or be made of silk or lawn, and trimmed with a frill of *beurre* lace or it may be of silk like the waist. The girdle and stock-collar may be of silk or ribbon, contrasting or harmonizing with the blouse as preferred. Very often they are of an entirely different color from the blouse and jacket, and fancy is allowed a wide field of choice in this respect. The pattern—the "Vineto"—is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

No. 4.

UMBRELLA DRAWERS.

A SENSIBLE SCHOOL WRAP.

THIS handsome and becoming cloak is made of rain-proof blue cloth of medium weight which can be worn in all moderate weather, whether it rains or shines. The pattern—the "Fulda"—is a long coat, fitting in the back, and half-loose in front. The cape and its large hood are lined with bright changeable silk, which turns back on the fronts and is trimmed with buttons and cord. The bottom of the cape is finished with several rows of the same cord or with stitching. It is made separate from the long coat, and is a convenient and suitable wrap by itself for mild weather. The rain-proof cravenette, which can now be had in grays and browns as well as blue and black, is a desirable fabric for these cloaks if only a light-weight garment is needed. The pattern is in sizes for eight, ten, and twelve years.

GIRL'S AUTUMN JACKET.
THE "ALDA."

GIRL'S AUTUMN JACKET.

THIS is one of the convenient blazer-like jackets which children and young girls take such thorough comfort in. It has the new sacque back, and the fronts fit easily, so they can be buttoned for greater warmth or left open without being in the way. A neat tailor collar and revers finish the neck and fronts. Plain cloths in warm drab, chestnut brown, and dark blue are the usual choice for these wraps, but occasionally dark red ones are chosen, especially for the very little ones. The pattern is the "Alda" in sizes for ten, twelve, and fourteen years.

A PRETTY COMBINATION.

DARK cashmere or serge and brightly plaided wool or silk are the fabrics used for this pretty frock, which is not too dressy for school or everyday wear, yet is also quite appropriate for an afternoon frock. The *guimpe* effect may be either simulated or real as preferred, the advantage of the latter being that the frock can be varied by wearing with different *guimpes*. The plain fabric is cut half-low in the back, showing the plaided stuff only as a shallow yoke. The entire neck is bordered with passementerie or braiding, and the belt and collar match. The skirt can be lined with percaline or finished with a deep hem, and it should be sewed to the waist in gathers or plaits. It is also quite pretty to shirr the skirt for a depth of two inches; a fashion which is being revived in Paris for grown-up frocks as well. The pattern—the "Myrtie"—is in sizes for eight and ten years.

FOR SMALL GIRLS.
THE "ELFIN."

FOR SMALL GIRLS.

A SUITABLE model for either school or afternoon frocks is shown in this illustration. Cashmeres, challies, serges, and all light-weight wools are appropriate fabrics; and dressier gowns can be made of India silks and white cashmere. The skirt is gored to fit trimly around the hips, and has some fullness in the back, which can be gathered or plaited. Tan-colored cashmere and brown velvet are used for the model frock. The back of the waist is like the front, except the omission of the braiding which trims the front plait. Dark pearl buttons are studded thickly on this plait and up the inner seams of the lower part of the sleeves. The pattern—the "Elfin"—is in sizes for six and eight years.

A CHARMING AFTERNOON-FROCK.

(*See Page* 714.)

CHAMELEON whip-cord, in which the prevailing tone is olive green with changing hues of terra cotta and blue, is the fabric of this simple but very *chic* frock. The skirt is the "Doris," which has six gored breadths, fitting smoothly around the hips and flaring well at the foot. The waist—the "Primrose"—is a simple, slightly full blouse, having a jacket effect. There is, of course, a fitted lining, and the back is without trimming. The vest-front is of brightly plaided surah, and the folded girdle can be of the same or of black satin or velvet. The *gigot* sleeve is one of the newest models. Both patterns—skirt and waist—are in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

A PRETTY COMBINATION.
THE "MYRTIE"

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.—Modish coiffure of waved hair, with spiral coil and loop in the back.

2. Carriage wrap of heliotrope-and-gold changeable silk overlaid with guipure lace and trimmed with plaited ruffles of black *mousseline de soie*.

3.—Traveling-wrap of brown Thibet-cloth.

4.—Dinner-gown of black satin with coat-corsage of cameo satin trimmed with *Lièvre* lace, jeweled buttons, and sprays of roses.

5.—*Matinée* of white cashmere with yoke and cuffs of embroidery and tucks, trimmed with torchon lace.

6.—Young girl's reception-gown of plain and figured taffeta, trimmed with bows of ribbon and frills of lace. Green hat of fancy braid trimmed with rose-and-green satin, and field poppies.

7.—Becoming coiffure showing a novel twist.

8.—Tailor-gown of gray whip-cord; felt hat to match trimmed with heliotrope and black rosettes

9.—Reception-gown of fancy taffeta; shoulder cape of black brocade trimmed with plaited ruffles of French lace.

10.—Dressy wrap of changeable silk—black and gold—overlaid with jetted net and trimmed with a wide plaited frill of Brussels net.

11.—Tan-colored canvas gown, lined with red taffeta. The blouse-bodice is trimmed with Vandykes of spangled passementerie in front, and the shoulder ruffles of red silk veiled with silk batiste are bordered to match.

12.—Young girl's reception-gown of cadet-blue taffeta. The full bodice is embroidered with steel *paillettes*, and the back is like the front, omitting the chemisette of lace-frilled black *mousseline de soie*.

13.—Tailor-gown of navy blue mohair.

14.—Traveling-cloak of rain-proof blue cloth. The cape is lined with changeable silk, and smoked pearl buttons fasten the fronts.

15.—Reception-gown of gray *étamine*, lined with violet-and-green changeable taffeta. The novel jacket-cape, worn over a blouse of brocaded *peau de soie* of harmonizing colors, matches the skin; girdle of black satin; hat of black lace and embroidered gray satin, trimmed with roses and plumes.

16.—Evening gown of corn-colored satin trimmed with embroidered chiffon and black lace.

17.—Boy's kilt and blouse suit of blue serge.

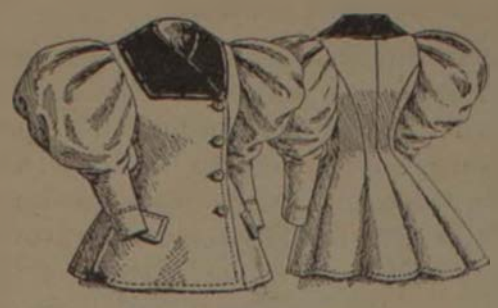
18.—Reefer of rough red cloth, worn with a blouse-suit of white piqué.

19.—Reception-gown of fancy taffeta; vest and girdle of embroidered white satin with jeweled buttons; revers trimmed with narrow white lace.

20.—Heliotrope silk gown, with black satin girdle. Ruffles of *Lièvre* lace trim the corsage, and the close-fitting sleeves are of chiffon and lace veiled at the top with circular ruffles of the silk.

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.



SELKIRK COAT.

ANISETTE WAIST.

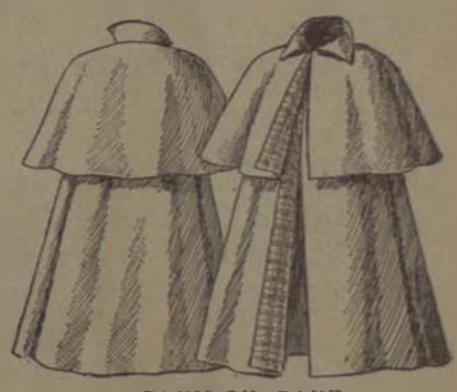
ELSA FROCK.

ROSSMORE HOUSE-GOWN.

GLENGARRY CAPE.

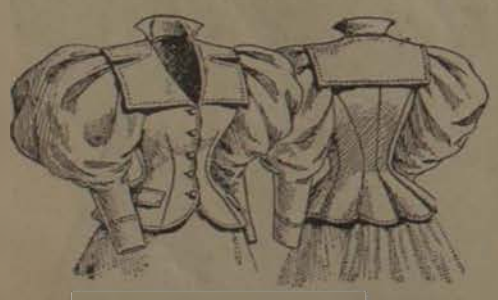
MARINA COAT.

ESELENA FROCK.



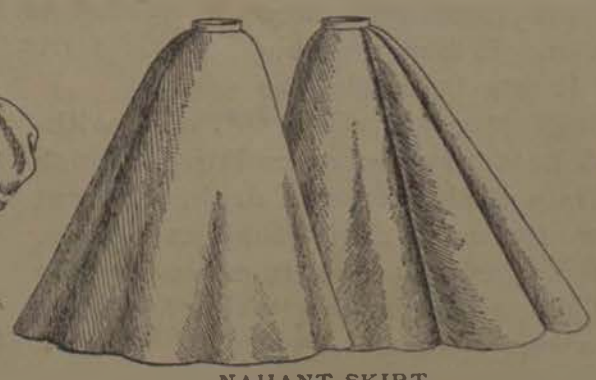
CAWDOR CAPE.

STANDARD PATTERNS.



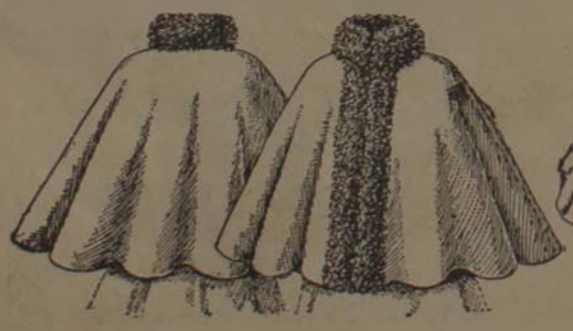
STEPHANIE COAT.

MONTAUK COAT.



NAHANT SKIRT.

MAYNE WAIST.



BENVOLA CIRCLE.

MARILLA WAIST.

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 its back.*

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.*

"M. P."—Your own suggestions of color-scheme for furnishing your house are good, but there is the fault of sameness which makes it impossible to impart a decided character to the different

(Continued on Page 724.)

(*Continued from Page 723.*)

rooms; we therefore submit another, which you may like to follow in whole or in part. With the delicate bird's-eye maple wood-work of your parlor, cream color with pale, cool greens and old-rose will have a charmingly cool effect for the south-and-west exposure. Remember in the selection of tones for every room, that the wood-work is the frame, and walls and floor should deepen in tone from the ceiling down. For the parlor this gradation would be something as follows: ceiling, a pale cream, with a deeper tint in the side walls, and a dado in which cool greens and old-rose riot on a cream ground; and the carpet a ground shading a little lighter than the wood-work, with green mosses trailing all over it, and picked out with a little old-rose. Use either greens or blues for the sitting-room; both would be charming with the southern and eastern exposures, and your own preference should decide the choice. With either color the stained-glass window over the book case could be of palest amber, with a morning-glory vine trailing over it; blue and white blossoms could prevail if you choose blue for the room-color, and as the morning sunlight falls through the window, it would be especially appropriate. Some divan and chair cushions of morning-glory-patterned chintz, cretonne, or silk would be effective. The hearth tiles should be in the ground tone of the carpet or floor, but those in the chimney can be more decorative; as cool greens in the parlor. Story-telling ones are very appropriate for the sitting-room and hall. Let browns and creams in the reception-hall be relieved with old blue and Indian red, using these colors very freely in the cushions, draperies, and rugs. The dining-room would be a delightful Delft room. The ceilings and walls may harmonize with the quartered-oak wood-work, or contrast with it. A plain ingrain or cartridge paper in old blue for the walls, with pale blue on the ceiling, and a dado in which shades of blues mingle with bronze and golden browns, would be very handsome, and make an effective setting for a display of Delft plaques, plates, and vases. The colors of the dado would be more effective for the stained-glass windows than blue and white, unless the design were so artistic as to atone for the absence of variety in color. If olive be used for the room almost any combination of brilliant coloring in the windows would be effective.

"LAKEPORT."—We do not recall any reference in these columns to a Japanese corn-file, but we have passed your inquiry on to the Demorest Purchasing Bureau, and they will let you know if it can be found. We have no pattern for a tourist hat.

"VOLUMNIA."—If you are calling upon Mrs. C. when Mrs. A. calls, bringing her sister who is a stranger to both of you, Mrs. A. should present her first to the hostess, then to you; if, however, the stranger has met Mrs. C., after exchanging greetings your hostess should present her to you.—It depends entirely upon circumstances whether you should recognize a man to whom you have introduced yourself in order to discuss business matters; if he is a gentleman there is no reason why you should not.—You evidently confound "Afternoon Tea" with "High Tea." For the former people are not seated at tables, and no "extra forks and spoons" are required. The service for a

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high tea would be just the same as for luncheon or a formal breakfast, the extra knives, forks, and spoons being laid beside the plate.

"KATHERINE."—Of course it is quite unusual for a bride to decide that she will wear neither white nor a traveling-gown. If you wish to wear a pretty silk that will be useful afterward, choose something in heliotrope with white and gray, a *clear*, undefined pattern; there would be nothing in the least bride-like or appropriate in a Persian silk. Make with a dressy corsage having a good deal of white *chiffon* in the front.—Gray and brown whip-cord and covert cloth as well as black and dark blue meltons are used for riding-habits. The former, and in quite light shades, are most used in warm weather, and Englishwomen have worn during the past season white piqué coats with gray and dust-colored skirts. There are no new styles of making habits; the skirts are all fitted to the knee as it rests over the pommel; coats or basques with skirts from six to eight inches deep are more worn than the postilion which was so long *de rigueur*.—The furnishings for single beds are the same as for double ones,—sheets, blankets, and spread. Sheets should be one and three quarter yards wide by two and a half long, and pillow-slips forty-five or fifty by thirty-six inches. This is for pillows, twenty-two and a half or twenty-five by thirty inches. Most beds are also provided with round bolsters, but that is a matter of taste and habit.

"L. E. C."—The articles to which you refer, "The Queen of Corea," "The Empress Dowager of China," and "The Empress of Japan," were written by a special correspondent at that time in the Orient. Should a similar opportunity offer for one upon the subject you suggest we shall be glad to grant your request.

"ELSIE."—There is very little work of the kind you mention done nowadays, and we have not in many years had any requests for such patterns. Should the work become popular again we shall be glad to devote some space to it.

"S. A. K."—"A widow of forty" would be correctly and becomingly attired for her second marriage in a gown of pearl-gray or violet-hued moire or silk, with a tiny toque of violets. If she prefers a traveling-gown a smooth-faced cloth in fawn or gray made strictly tailor fashion with a waistcoat of white brocade would be suitable.

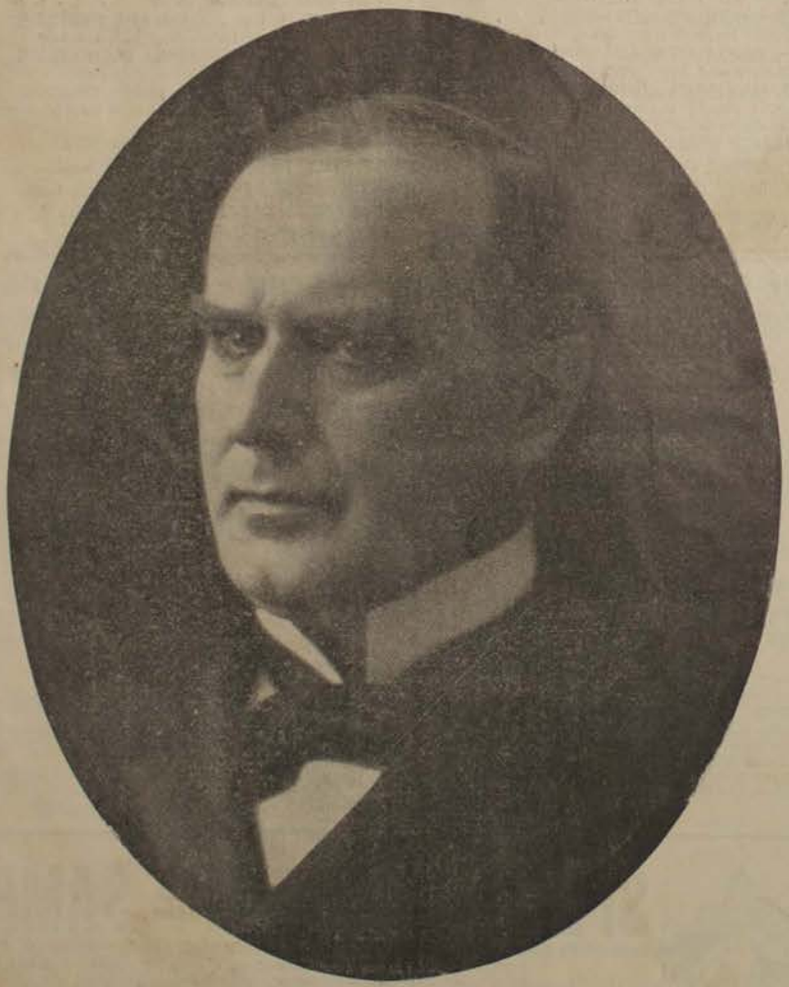
"Mrs. N. R."—The most serviceable fabric you could get for a black dress at the price named—fifty or sixty cents per yard—would be a serge. It should be sponged before making and then will bear exposure to rain perfectly, and it always looks well no matter what newer fabrics are in the market.

"MENETTA."—Your letter was too late for answer in September magazine.—Mourning is entirely a question to be decided by personal taste and feeling. As a young matron you should wear the same mourning for your mother that you would if a young girl at home. The long black veil is omitted by a great many people now, and if you dislike it, do not wear one. Serge is a better fabric for mourning wear than mohair, which is too glossy. Henrietta cloth is the accepted fabric for the best gown, but some of the finely crimped *crépons* are very suitable. In any case the skirts should be plain, and the corsages require no trimming unless folds, facings, or pipings of dull gros-grain silk be used.

"MRS. E. B. E."—All plain cloths and serges should be sponged before making, to prevent being spotted by raindrops. A large table is needed upon which to do it easily at home. If one has not the conveniences it is best to take the fabric to a tailor, who knows perfectly how to do it. Your sample failed to reach us, so we cannot advise you about it. If the color will bear it, try dampening the fabric and pressing it dry.

"VALENCIA."—There are no hard or fixed rules for forming a bridal procession in church. Most brides endeavor to introduce some original feature, and if not too eccentric, the greater the novelty the greater the success. Much also depends upon the arrangement of the church,—whether there be a central aisle or only side aisles. From two to four or six ushers are required, and they take the place of groomsmen. The bridegroom is attended by a best man, and the two enter the church by the vestry, and meet the bride and her attendants at the steps of the chancel. The bridesmaids walk in couples and may precede or follow the bride. They carry flowers.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



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GLEANINGS.

THE VISIT OF LI HUNG CHANG.

The distinguished Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, whose visits to European courts have excited such a ripple of interest, is closing his progression from nation to nation with a visit to our country, and ere long it will be possible to determine whether the underlying purpose of these visits is of so great significance as many suppose. While in England, Li took special pains to do honor to the memory of England's hero, Chinese Gordon. Accompanied by the members of his suite, forming a most quaintly picturesque group, he placed a lovely wreath of violet asters upon General Gordon's statue in Trafalgar Square, all bowing profoundly three times before it with impressive solemnity. At St. Paul's, also, another wreath was placed with like ceremony upon General Gordon's cenotaph in homage to "the soldier and friend of China." Gordon was the only foreigner upon whom the exalted honor of the "yellow jacket" was ever bestowed. The ceremony of investiture was a most imposing one, occupying five hours, during which the beating of drums and tom-toms, the blare of trumpets, clash of gongs, and hissing of fireworks were incessant. The complete "yellow jacket" outfit comprises a whole wardrobe of silk gowns, robes, and jackets, with caps, girdles, fans, boots, and shoes, and an assortment of jade rings and necklaces that would furnish a museum. There is diversity of both opinion and authority as to the proper form and spelling of the distinguished Chinese statesman's name. In England he is called "Li Hung Chang" and "Li Hung Tong," and in addition to this diversity it has been positively stated that the proper spelling of Chang is Tschang, the latter alone preserving the Chinese pronunciation.

SOME MOUNTAIN-GOWNS.

For a trip to the mountains of North Carolina, the plans for which include a good deal of mountain-climbing and "roughing it," some very *chic* gowns have been prepared. One is of blue storm-serge with a narrow skirt like that shown in "A Rainy-Day Gown" in our last number, which just reaches the boot-tops; it is lined with blue-

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and-green changeable taffeta, and there is a blouse of the same silk worn under a coat similar to the "Ogonta." A blouse of green-and-blue-plaided flannel is also provided for cool days. A gown of brown cravenette has accessories of tan and blue, and varies only slightly in cut from the blue one, but the loose coat and bottom of the skirt are bound with tan-colored leather, and the rim of the "Tam" hat is also of leather.

THE COINING OF WORDS.

A barbarous, newly coined word, first seen in a Boston newspaper, is "vacationizing." When we have so good, euphonious, and thoroughly expressive a word as "outing," to express the same thing, it is superfluous, and a vigorous protest should be uttered against its use.

SOME SOCIAL FANCIES.

A most picturesque improvement upon old ways of doing things is the recent introduction at weddings of the throwing of rose leaves and orange blossoms instead of the time-honored rice, whose creeping, tell-tale kernels have caused so much discomfort as well as annoyance. The proper thing now is to have ready large bowls or baskets filled with rose petals and orange blossoms, which are handed to the bridesmaids and ushers, who pelt the departing couple with the fragrant missiles.

At a recent ladies' luncheon the souvenirs were the finger-bowl doileys; these were tiny bits of white bolting-cloth, edged with a fine fringe, and daintily lettered with suitable mottoes and the monogram of the hostess in gold paint.

HONORS TO AN ENGLISH EQUINE HERO.

Lord Roberts's fondness for his old charger is known throughout the English Army, and his particular care of the animal is very much noticed and admired. His eldest daughter superintends the entire arrangements for the comfort of the pony.

The old horse has not yet lost his spirit, and, although now twenty-two years old, and white with age, kicks out lustily when the General mounts him on parade. He accompanied Lord Roberts through the most exciting part of his lordship's military career, and was his mount during his famous [illegible]ed march to the relief of Kandahar.

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Lord Roberts is a particular favorite of Queen Victoria, and when he recently wrote to her Majesty, asking that she should recognize the services of his dear old charger to the country, she gave instructions for the medal and all the clasps given for the Afghan campaign to be dispatched to his lordship for him to affix to the trappings of the equine hero. Lord Roberts was delighted, and is having the decorations fitted, with their ribbons, into a broad browband, with a complete new set of bridle, bits, and saddlery for the adornment of his old campaigner. His lordship in appearance looks like a fine old English gentleman, and not at all like a hard-fighting Indian officer. The pony stands only 14.2 hands high, and when his lordship in civilian attire is riding him, the bystanders learn with surprise that two distinguished heroes are passing by.

SLEEP A PREVENTIVE OF HEADACHE.

A scientific writer says: "Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headache will watch the symptoms of its coming they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time that a sleep of an hour, or even two, as nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then, it will be too late; for, after the attack is fairly under way, it is impossible to get sleep till far into the night perhaps. It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients wakened to take medicine if they are asleep when the hour comes round, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of disease,—better than tonic regulators and stimulants."

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not because it is more important, but because it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from good sleep. Of two men or women otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the more satisfactorily will be the more healthy, moral, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and unhappiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. Indeed a long list might be made of nervous disorders and other maladies that sleep will cure.

THE BAREFOOT FAD.

The latest new fad that has come to town is the barefoot treatment. A Kneipp Verein has been formed in New York, and application has been made to the Park authorities for permission to walk barefoot on the dewy

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turf of Central Park in the early morning hours. Enthusiasts in this cure believe that it is a panacea for most of the ills to which flesh is heir. Father Kneipp, the discoverer and great exponent of the cure, is coming to this country to deliver a course of lectures upon his system this autumn, and in the New Jersey hills there has been established by a Roman Catholic sisterhood a sanitarium, called St. Francis, where the system of Father Kneipp is being as thoroughly put in practice as at Woerishofen.

AN INTERESTING HORTICULTURAL FREAK.

In the garden of Mr. Du Val, on Whitmore Heights, Baltimore, from the crossing of a Jimson weed with the common yellow garden lily a curious flower has been grown, of which the Baltimore Sun gives the following description:

"The 'Jimson' weed, or Jamestown weed, as it is more properly known, receives its name from Jamestown, Va., where it was first known in this country from its growth about refuse heaps. It is of Asiatic origin, is a variety of stramonium, and has a disagreeable odor from the leaves. Its flower is a deep purple in color.

"From this strange admixture of plant life Mr. Du Val yesterday brought to the Sun office the first bloom. The flower is about eight inches long and measures six inches across the bell-shaped corolla, which is indented like both the parent flowers, the points ending in tendril-like twists, as do the 'Jimson' weed flowers. The corolla is purple outside, while the inside is of cream color. Three layers of fleshy petals make up the blossom, the petals being joined with what tailors would call a 'lap seam.' A green calyx supports the flower, which grows on a stout stem. The deep purple color is continued in the stamens and pistil, which form a group deep down in the lily

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cup. The leaves of the plant are like magnified oak leaves, and when pressed emit the true 'Jimson' weed odor."

A LARGE BLOCK OF VIRGIN GOLD.

The second largest block of gold that has ever passed through the New York Assay Office was recently received by the New York branch of the Bank of Montreal. It comes from the Caribou mine, at Kootani, British Columbia, and is in the form of a sugar-loaf. It weighs two thousand four hundred and thirty-five ounces, is of a greenish tint, similar to Australian gold, and is valued at $41,857.

A CYCLIST IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Boers are a very simple folk, easily imposed upon in their intercourse with Uitlanders, and withal extremely superstitious, as the following anecdote will testify:

About three years ago a wandering cyclist threw a whole district of the Transvaal into a paroxysm of terror. Traveling by night, his advent would have been unnoticed if two young Boers, early abroad in search of strayed bullocks, had not seen the "spoor," or track, of the wheelman. With the curiosity of their race they followed it for some miles, being anxious to see "the man who could trundle a wheelbarrow so far without a rest."

After an hour's tracking one remarked: "This fellow must be a thief; let us go and tell the *landdrost*" (magistrate). Accordingly the worthy Dutch "beak" was brought on the scene, and he was accompanied by a score of armed Boers. The whole party followed the path taken by our cyclist. Halting at noon, whilst the horses grazed, the mysterious trail was the object of much scrutiny. Suddenly one farmer exclaimed:

"Look here, *landdrost*, if it was a barrow, where is the 'spoor' of the man who wheeled it?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed that official, "I never thought of that. Let's see; yes, here is the wheel right enough, but where is the footprint? It is, it must be—yes, yes; ride, boys, ride; it's a spook (ghost)!"

To this day that portion of the road is not traversed by any of the Dutch farmers.

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WORK FOR IDLE HOURS.

An article of dainty usefulness that is both original and practical is a metal coat or waist hanger covered with a wad of cotton over each extending arm, in which sachet powder is inclosed, the whole being covered with a pretty but inexpensive silk slip tied with a harmonizing ribbon at the centre, where the hook protrudes. These not only keep a waist in good condition, but the faint odor of violets or roses permeates the garment and preserves a freshness which is often lost when shut up in a tight or badly ventilated closet. Closely allied to this is the bunch of tiny sachet-bags, joined together by narrow ribbon of different lengths and sewed inside the skirt, dispensing a scent of delicate perfume with every motion.

Jeweled work, as it is called, is new in embroidery and very simple. The designs are conventional, the lines broken by rows of graduated dots which are worked solid in shades of silk of different colors, representing rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, etc.

A GREAT DEPARTMENT STORE.

In a great department store soon to be opened in New York every want of humanity seems to have been considered and provided for. But what attracts the most surprise and attention are the novel features introduced for the comfort and advantage of employes as well as customers. In the enormous brigade of employés are many young girls and boys, and for their especial advantage the firm provides teachers and schoolrooms, where they will receive two hours' instruction every day in the regular branches taught in the grammar schools of the city. The sixth floor of the vast establishment is practically given up to the welfare of the employés, containing a restaurant where the best and most wholesome food will be provided at cost, and a pleasant reading room supplied with papers, magazines, and books. There are spacious wardrobes and toilet-rooms, and a hospital with trained nurse in attendance, and a physician within call where sudden cases of illness will receive immediate care.

CYCLING ON SHIPBOARD.

A traveling Englishman has discovered that cycling on board ship is the most extraordinary craze at present in vogue in

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America. He says: "You smile, but I can assure you that I have seen dozens of cyclists scorching round the wide upper decks of the huge whaleback steamer Christopher Columbus, that plies between Chicago and Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan." He hazards the opinion, held by many others, that before long we shall see the upper decks of the great Atlantic liners converted into cycling tracks, so that in fine weather passengers can enjoy their daily "spin."

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

WHEN THE TEETH ARE SENSITIVE from abundant eating of acid fruits, treat them with precipitated chalk, putting it around the teeth when retiring; it counteracts the acid, and hardens the enamel.

TO MAKE BOOTS AND SHOES durable, apply to the soles four or five successive coats of gum-copal varnish, and, to the uppers, a mixture of four parts of lard to one part resin. Apply while warm.

TO KEEP SEEDS FROM THE depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor gum with them. Camphor gum placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them any injury. Air well when garments are needed to be used.

ALMONDS AND ENGLISH WALNUTS may be much improved and freshened by soaking in lukewarm water for a few hours.

NEVER HANG A WAIST or jacket by a loop at the neck. The proper thing, of course, is to use a hanger which will keep the garment in shape; but in lieu of this the next best thing is to place loops in the armholes and in hanging stretch the garment from one hook to another.

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DURING THEIR FIRST TIFF.

MR. CRANBY—"It seems to me that from the cool bow you just gave Mrs. Ackles you forget that she introduced us when we first met."

MRS. CRANBY—"That's the special reason why I bowed so coolly."