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THE RICHEST COLLEGE IN AMERICA.

By Mary Dawson.

WE are so accustomed to assigning first place among our educational institutions to Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, or whatever one of the great colleges happens to be our choice, that it may be an interesting surprise to many of our readers to know that the richest college in the country is none of these, nor even the richly endowed Leland Stanford, of California, but is one not much talked about and to which our rich men's sons are not sent, Girard College, of Philadelphia. Its property, in round numbers, amounts to three millions more than Harvard's and five millions more than Yale's, and even this amount is so well cared for that it is rapidly becoming larger year by year.

Entrance to Girard College

Public attention has recently been turned to Girard College and its work by the unveiling in Philadelphia of a statue of "Stephen Girard, Merchant and Mariner," in memory of this great philanthropist, who should be honored by every American because of his invaluable services to the national credit in the stormy years of 1812–1814, and because of the hosts of good men trained for American citizenship within the famous school which bears his name.

The college incloses forty-one acres of ground in the northwestern part of Philadelphia. Fifty years ago it consisted of six buildings, but since that time eight more have been added. In January of 1847 one hundred boys were admitted, and to-day the number is fourteen hundred and seventy-four, with seventy-five more to be entered in a few days. This remarkable institution may be best understood through the story of Girard himself. He was not an American born, although few men have loved the United States with as sturdy a patriotism. Girard was the son of a French naval officer, and was born in Bordeaux in 1750. As a very young child he showed a

THE PLAY-GROUNDS.

restless, energetic temperament, and at the age of thirteen was shipped off to sea in the remarkable capacity of "half owner and cabin boy,"—his father having purchased a half interest in the cargo. At twenty-three, although the French requirements of age and service did not sanction so young a commander, he was in charge of the ship.

After three years of trading he entered upon an extraordinarily successful mercantile career in Philadelphia. He married there a Philadelphia girl of great beauty, Mary Lum, the daughter of a shipbuilder, but enjoyed only a short married life. Mrs. Girard was stricken with insanity a few years after their union,—having brought him no children. This sorrow only served to increase his naturally unsocial and retiring disposition. He was regarded by his fellow-citizens with distrust if not open dislike, and as a man he had few friends.

But a good friend he proved himself to humanity in the yellow fever epidemic of 1793, which swept away about one-sixth of the population of Philadelphia. A hospital was established, of which Girard became manager. He devoted himself, fearless of all risks, to the sick and dying, performing for them the most lowly offices, and assisting in the burial of the dead. He also cared for some two hundred children rendered orphans by the ravages of the plague. Later on he became connected with municipal affairs and was at one time Warden of the Port, and director of some of the various city institutions of Philadelphia.

On the dissolution of the Bank of the United States, Girard instituted a private bank bearing his own name, and through it, in 1812, rendered the most valuable services to his adopted country. To quote his biographer: "Girard's bank was the very right hand of the national credit: for when the other banks were contracting, it was Girard who stayed the panic by a timely and liberal

A CLASS OF THE YOUNGER BOYS.

expansion. And frequent were the calls made upon him by the Government for temporary loans, which were invariably responded to at once."

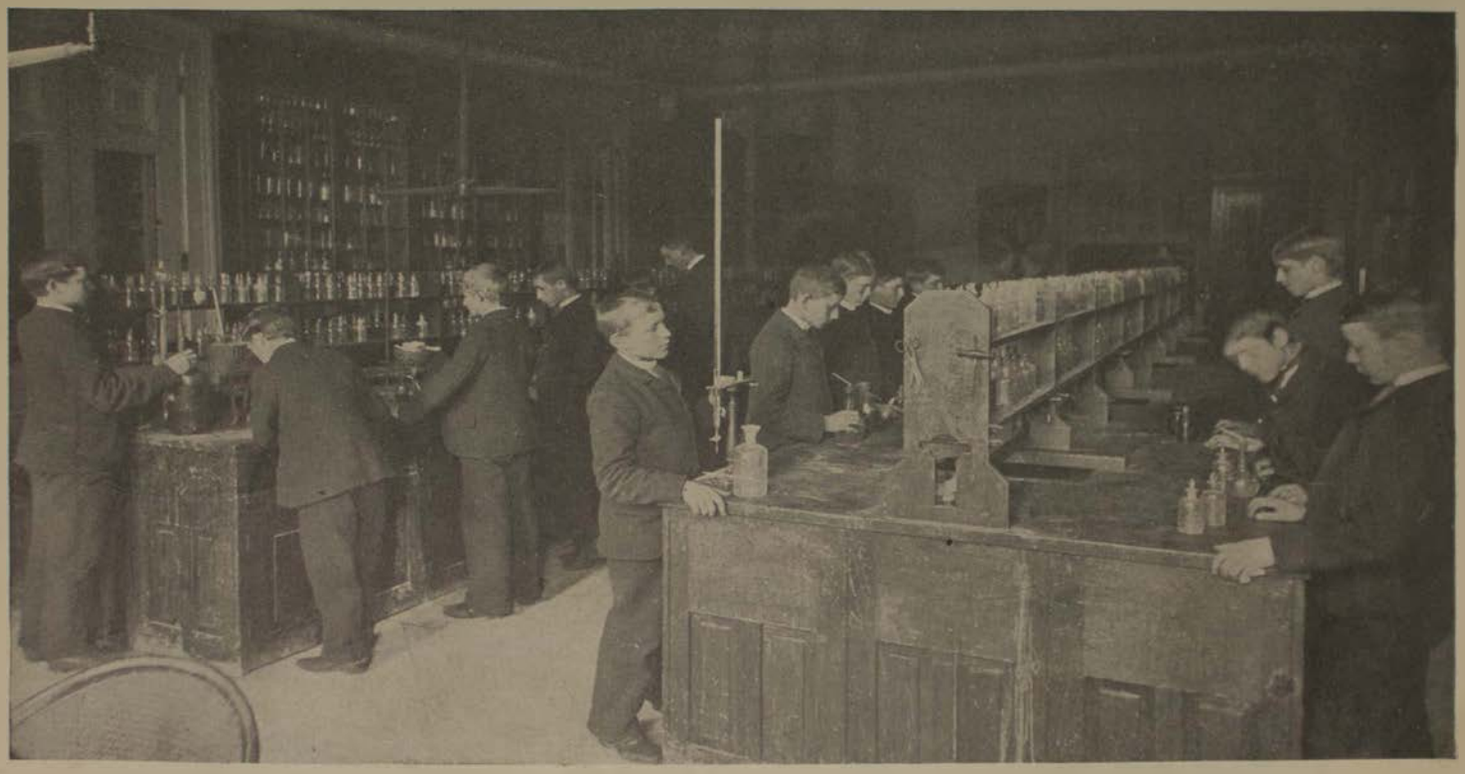
When Girard died in December, 1831, his wealth amounted to some seven and a half millions of dollars. Two millions were allotted for the erection and endowment of the college for "poor white male orphans," $116,000 to various public charities, $300,000 to the State for internal improvements, and $500,000 to the city of Philadelphia. The remainder of his estate was to be used for the improvement and enlargement of the college.

The total expended upon the original college buildings was $1,933,821. There was also a college fund of $2,000,000, which has been so well and judiciously administered that to-day the endowment is increased to $15,210,471, which is the largest endowment held by any college in America. The college grounds and buildings are cited at present at $3,250,000. The dwellings, shops, wharves, farms, banking houses, etc., belonging to the institution were assessed in 1896 for $5,090,400. Real estate in Pennsylvania counties is valued at $1,708,928. The stocks, bonds and mortgages reach $5,161,143. This brings the capital in the residuary fund to more than fifteen millions.

The will of the philanthropist contained page upon page of the most minute directions concerning the erection of the buildings and the children to be received within their walls. With regard to the children themselves, the founder drew up a code of rules which, as a system, is almost flawless, and which governs their exits and their entrances to-day as it did fifty years ago, the most complete school constitution that has ever been drafted.

A boy to be admitted to the college must be between the ages of six and ten. No application is considered for a child before the age first named; nor can he be admitted after ten years, even though the application has been previously made. Preference is given, in case of more applications than can be granted, to children of Pennsylvania, New York and New Orleans. The institution is for children of the white race exclusively. An attempt was made in 1891 to bring about the admission of colored children, but it was a failure. The Court decided that Girard had an "absolute right to stipulate as to his beneficiaries" and that "'poor white male orphans' meant white and not black." Boys with father dead and mother living are received as well as those who have lost both parents; orphan, in the legal sense, being defined as "a fatherless child." The boys remain at college until the age of eighteen.

The government of the institution has executive heads in the President and Vice-President. These, in turn, are controlled by the Board of City Trusts, twelve in number. The members hold their positions for life, and are appointed from the Courts. The faculty is represented by sixty-seven professors and teachers. The course of study is that outlined by Girard's will. It comprises Algebra, Trigonometry, Surveying, Navigation, Chemistry, Natural History, French, Spanish, Bookkeeping, Drawing, Writing, English Literature, Elocution, and Phonography. Training is also given in Wood-turning and Carpentry, Electrical Mechanics, Foundry and Forge, Vocal Music, and Gymnastics.



BOYS AT WORK IN THE LABORATORY.

With the gymnastics comes thorough military training. In 1869 a cadet corps with "fife and drum" attachment was instituted. This corps boasts six companies of eighty members each, a total of five hundred and thirty, including the band. This is known as the Battalion of Girard Cadets. On parade the boys wear a uniform of federal blue. It is said that no other boy-soldiers outside of the Government military academies present as fine an appearance and drill. Once a week in the afternoon the Battalion turns out for full-dress parade opposite the main building. In winter, drill is carried on in the large armory. This military training has done wonders for the carriage and physical development of the lads. A sense of personal pride most needful to boys of this age is also cultivated by the drill.

LIBRARY OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

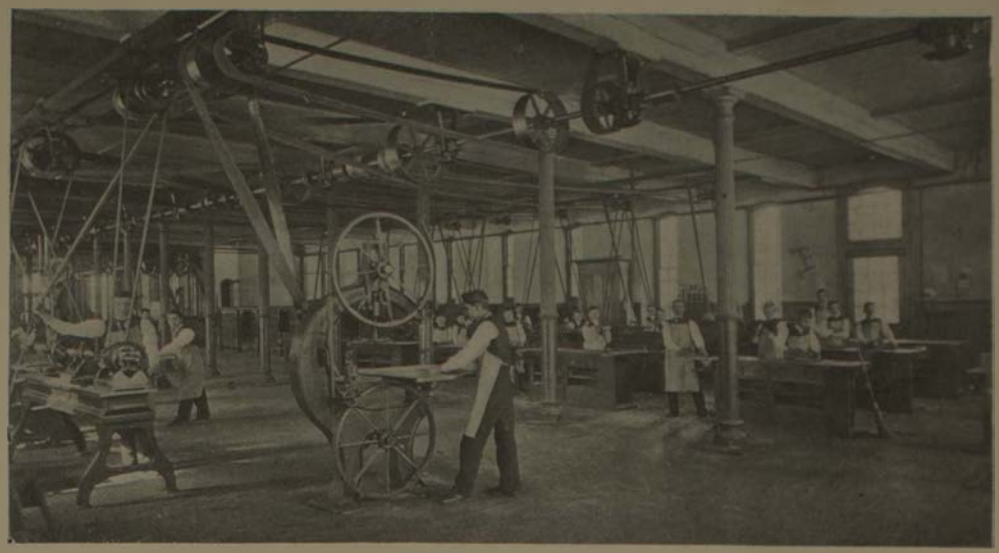
To cover the expenses of home and school life for each little fellow the average amount spent from the college fund is $350 per year. And, as materials are bought on a wholesale scale, it is plain that each boy is well provided for. In the year 1896 the money expended in household and school departments alone amounted to more than four hundred thousand dollars.

There is nothing of "Dotheboys Hall" about Girard College, as the hearty-looking culinary items go to show. The great kitchens with their rows upon rows of puffing tea and coffee urns, their long tables scrubbed to snowy whiteness, their troops of cooks and kitchen-maids present as busy a scene as the like apartments of large hotels.

Each day these kitchens receive nine barrels of flour, which produce two thousand seven hundred loaves of bread and are consumed within twelve hours. Milk, too, is used on a gigantic scale: an average of one quart per day for each individual—something like seventeen hundred quarts being taken each morning. This milk, brought especially for the purpose from farms near by, is paid for, wholesale, at the rate of about three cents per quart. In watermelon season it takes something like six hundred and fifty specimens of the luscious fruit to satisfy the appetite of Girard's boys. Last Thanksgiving day, in addition to all that usually makes such a dinner, two tons of turkey were served out to these

BOYS AT DINNER.

young Americans. On Girard's birthday of a past year, the young Girardites celebrated the day by disposing of nine hundred quarts of ice-cream, three thousand four hundred and eighty eggs, three hundred and fifty pounds of lobsters, eighteen boxes of raisins, two hundred and fifty pounds of almonds, fifty bunches of bananas, and eighteen boxes of oranges, with no record of ill effects. Ice-cream, that culmination of delights to the ordinary child, is an old story to the small Girard boy. He has it on an average of twice or thrice a week.



WOOD-WORKING DEPARTMENT.

The household department is administered by a matron, an assistant matron, twenty-four governesses, and sixteen prefects. A division of forty boys is known as "a section," and is under the charge of a governess; a prefect has charge of seventy-two students. Besides these officers there are resident and visiting physicians, a dentist, and a superintendent.

The life of the Girard boy is a busy one, although four hours of it are allotted for body-stretching and play. At six in the morning the great chapel-bell rings an "out-of-bed" signal. At half-past six breakfast appears. From seven to eight o'clock there is recreation or preparation of lessons. Morning chapel-exercises occupy a short time, and after this the lads attend school until the stroke of noon. Then follows a half-hour's play before dinner. From one until two o'clock the boys are dismissed to the play-grounds. From two until four there is school-work again. Chapel-exercises follow, and from that until six o'clock the boys are again on the play-grounds. Supper is at six. From half-past six until half-past nine, according to age, they occupy their sections, after which comes bed-time.

An excellent system of marks prevails, and discipline is regulated largely by them, but also somewhat by reprimand, deprivation of fun, and seclusion. Corporal punishment, although allowed by the rules, is very rare. It can take place only in presence of president and vice-president. Certain averages for scholarship and conduct give to each student a "reward;" and six rewards in one month entitle the boy to a Saturday in town. A demerit mark, on the contrary, must be worked out by twenty minutes' extra service in the delinquent-room in the school department, by extra study, word copying, or some similar task.

LAUNDRY-MAIDS AT WORK.

Other holidays are given galore, in order that the students may visit their homes. The third Wednesday of January, April, July, and October are among these; also Washington's birthday, Decoration day, Independence and Thanksgiving days. In July and August come three set vacation periods making two weeks more. At Christmas and Easter five days are given.

Passing through the domestic parts.

of the college, a visitor is struck by the excellent common sense displayed in all arrangements. It is the life of a small garrison, with military regularity, equality, and order upon every hand. In the refectories, for example, the food served is excellent and plenty of it, while the table appointments are of the simplest. Strong, cheap china is used, with table-linen clean and neat, but chosen like Mrs. Primrose's wedding-gown, to wear well. The stools used are innocent of backs. The endowment of the institution would allow much greater luxury ; but a life of luxury would be to spoil the boys for the part they are afterward to play in a workaday world.

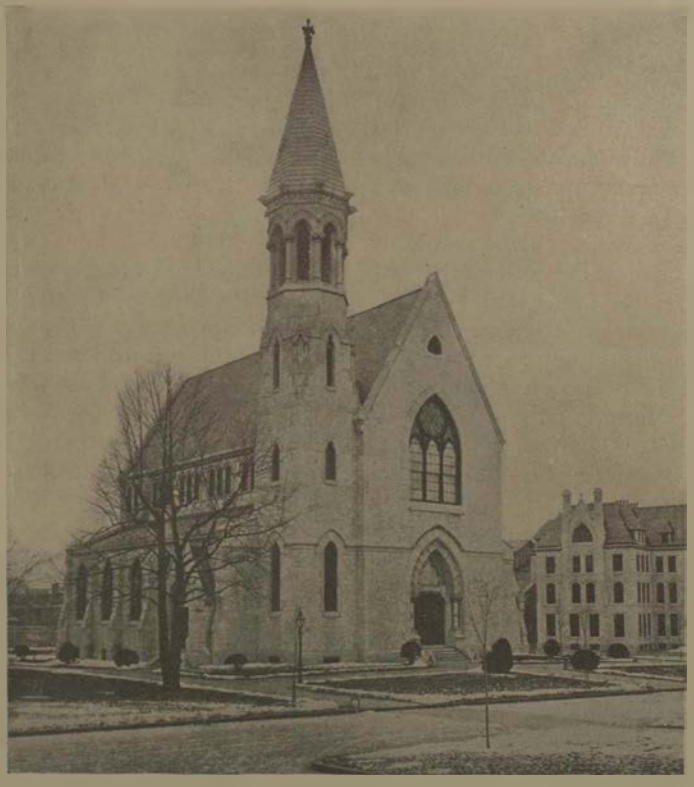
The larger dining-hall seats twelve hundred boys with comfort ; the smaller, about four hundred more. Sleeping-rooms are well aired and lighted, each holding about forty boys. These dormitories also are of Spartan simplicity — white, military-looking cots, without hint of further furniture or curtain.

In the basements of the dormitory buildings are long wash-rooms in which each boy has his allotted space. His tin basin, fresh towel, soap and toilet-brushes are to be found in irreproachable order at any hour of the day. Each student has three suits of clothing : an "everyday" wear, a Sunday suit, and one for visiting. Fresh linen is given out twice per week, and it is interesting to consider that between two and three thousand shirts avalanche the laundry regions each seven days. On leaving the institution at the age of eighteen, every boy receives clothing to the value of fifty dollars.

In the school-room appliances and in the laboratories no expense has been spared. The finest implements and machinery upon the market are provided. The Mechanical Building alone cost about $93,000.

A full corps of gardeners and workmen is employed without-doors. The college has some very fine hot-houses, from which the flower beds are supplied ; and the beautiful grounds, paths, and avenues are kept in wonderful order. It is hard to realize when one looks out over acres and acres of soft, sloping lawns that fourteen hundred healthy boys are at home here. But several large sodless play-grounds explain this apparent phenomenon. Baseball is the favored sport at Girard College. On Saturday afternoons in summer the Girard nine matches itself with the teams of neighboring schools.

The main building of the college, which faces the entrance on Girard Avenue, is, for the visitor, the most interesting of all. It is a great Corinthian temple, one of the purest specimens of Grecian architecture in the United States. It covers one acre, and was fourteen years six months in the course of erection. The design was made by Thomas U. Walters, the architect elected by the Board of Directors February 11, 1833. The design was approved by Councils on April 29th, and on July 4th of the same year the corner-stone was laid with befitting ceremonies. It was not until November 13, 1847, that the main building, with counterpart twin buildings on either side, was transferred to the directors as complete. It has thirty-four marble columns, each sixty-six feet high and six feet through. At the base they are more than nine feet in diameter. They weigh each one hundred and thirteen tons, and cost apiece some thirteen thousand dollars. The decoration at the top of each represents the sole work of one man during twelve entire months.



THE CHAPEL.

Within the vestibule of the main building stands a statue of Girard, and behind this a sarcophagus containing his ashes. A costly sarcophagus intended originally for some Assyrian king, was sent from the East to receive the body ; but the executors of the will decided that a simple tomb of marble would better conform with Girard's ideas and his tastes. The main building also contains the large library, and the well-known Relic Room, into which are gathered Girard's personal effects.

To the left of the main building is a monument erected to the memory of the Girard graduates who died in battle during the Civil War. At the base of the statue is found this inscription :

ERECTED A. D. 1869,

To perpetuate the memory and record the services of pupils of this College who, in the then recent contest for the preservation of the American Union, died that their country might live.

Following this is a quotation from the will of Girard : "Especially I desire that, by every proper means, a pure attachment to our Republican institutions shall be formed and fostered in the minds of the scholars."

This clause of the founder's will is most faithfully carried out in the college. On Decoration day the Battalion honors duly the memory of the Girard dead who died in the service of their country. The monument is draped and is decorated with flowers. The Battalion forms a square about it, and some prominent military man is called upon for an address. In fact a spirit of sturdy patriotism is instilled into the minds of the young citizens in every direction.

Perhaps no clause in Girard's famous will is less understood than that which excludes clergy of all denominations from the grounds. At the time of its opening, the college was regarded widely as an anti-religious institution. Much of the same feeling remains to-day in the minds of those who have not taken the trouble to investigate the charge. But in reality nothing could be further from the truth than that Girard wished to bar out or discourage religious life. The words of his will show that it was an anti-sectarian rather than an anti-religious spirit which dominated him when he wrote :

"My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their

entrance into active life they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting, at the same time, such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

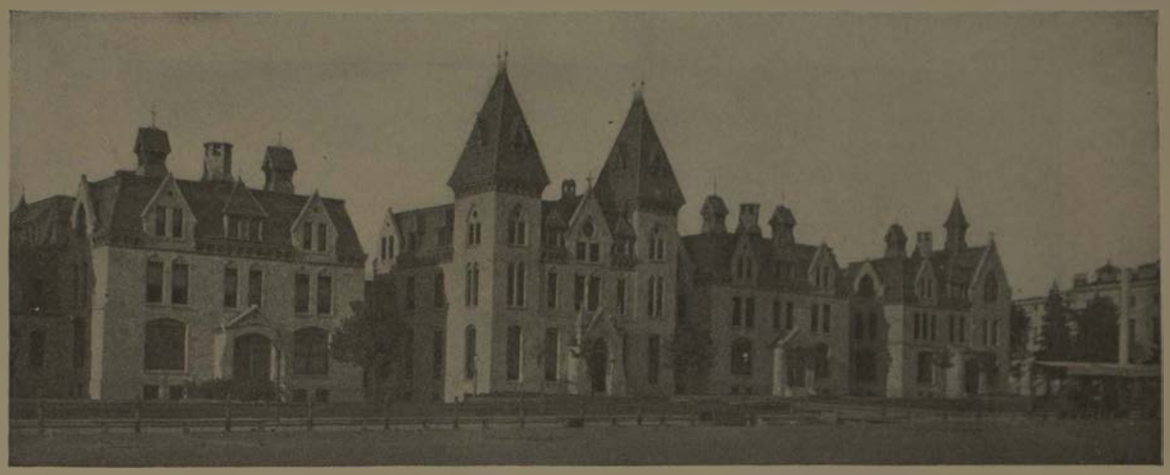
So that, although no priest or minister has ever entered its gates, the college inculcates and upholds Christian life and devotion. There is a chapel upon the grounds where a short service is held twice each day. The president or vice-president offers a prayer, which is followed by a hymn from fourteen hundred young throats. On Sundays there is a brief sermon or address delivered by some prominent layman from the city, or by a distinguished guest.

The present officers of Girard College are: President, Dr. A. H. Feterolf; Vice-President, Dr. Winthrop D. Sheldon; Matron, Miss Anna M. Shreve; Assistant-Matron, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Thomson; Senior Prefect, William H. Kilpatrick; Steward, Thomas Perrins.

It is an interesting bit of college history to note that, until within a year, some of the faculty, as Professor George J. Becker, Dr. Warren Holden, and Miss Mary Lynch, have had charge of departments since the school opened. The former president, Dr. William H. Allen, stood at the college helm for twenty-seven years. He gained himself the enviable reputation of Arnold at Rugby. He loved his work devotedly and the young natures about him; and a beautiful memorial window in the chapel, erected by the alumni, shows how the boys of his day loved "Father Allen." The present president, Dr. Feterolf, was chosen in 1882. He has since filled the position with marked ability, and gained the respect and trust of his young charges.

In fact, with all his foresight, Girard builded better than he knew. And if he could return to-day to the land of his adoption and the college which he built, the philanthropist might well feel a glow of fatherly pleasure in this, his brotherly love, increased and multiplied.

One is well justified in repeating the words of an address made in 1833 at the laying of the corner-stone: "Long may this structure stand in its majestic simplicity, the pride and admiration of our latest posterity; long may it continue to yield its annual harvest of educated moral citizens to adorn and defend our country. Long may each successive age enjoy its still increasing benefit, when time shall have filled its halls with the memory of the mighty dead who have been reared within them, and shed over its outward beauty the mellow hues of a thousand years of renown."



THE NEW BUILDINGS.

THE KINGFISHER.

A FLASH of blue and a guttural cry,
And I see a kingfisher dashing by;
A sudden splash and a surge of foam,
And he bears a fish to his sand-bank home.

Listen again for that loud, harsh noise,
And watch him over a calm pool poise;
Then with a weird, enticing scream,
Beckoning on for a race up stream.

Through the mists where the cascades fall
The halcyon lures with his fearless call,
And then he laughs from a willow bough,
As much as to say, "Where are you now?"

With his breast of white and his belt of blue,
He waits an admiring glance from you;
Then off and away with a mocking cry—
A flash of blue on an April sky.

HENRY KALLOCH ROWE.

A WOMAN OF FASHION.

By Robert C. V. Meyers.

Illustrated by Abby E. Underwood.

HASBROUK'S story began five years before he had any idea that it was a story at all. It began in Rome. He would have said that it began here in America this past winter, when he met Miss Orton.

Hasbrouk was the artist who, after years of toil and unrecognition, had painted that picture which made him famous for audacity, and the founder of a "school." This winter—the fourth after his great success, and when he had fulfilled so many orders that his physician advised him to go for rest to his native land—he met Miss Orton. He was attracted by her as by no other woman he had ever seen. To-night, at Mrs. Hanover's musicale, the violin-playing of Miss Orton was another link that bound him to her.

He picked up the instrument she had laid aside when he brought her to this room, where there was less glare than in the apartment beyond.

"A Cremona?" he asked, looking at it in the uncertain light.

"I was told so," she answered in that low voice that is so often the violiniste's. "But it may not be, — it was sold for one in Italy." She laughed.

Hasbrouk puckered his brow,—*was* she another of those people who prefer a pessimistic view of life, and who flippantly dispose of the intrinsic principles one is taught from childhood to revere? He had met many such this winter, but from the first he had singled out this woman as possessing too much individuality to descend to platitudes which had been made a fashion. He had denied over and over to himself that she was one of the people who had sprung up of late who depreciate any and every thing in a foolish, *blasé* way. To-night he had not wanted her, while he had her all to himself, to speak in this way. He had come early in order to watch for her coming, to get her away from others, that he might tell her—what? That he loved her? How would she regard that confession?

"It is odd," he said, "that you have always refused to play for me. Do you know that this is the first time I have ever heard you?"

"I have practically given it up," she replied, arranging the vivid rose resting against her white neck.

"'GIVEN IT UP!'" HE ECHOED. "SURELY, MUSIC HAS NEVER BEEN A FAD WITH YOU."

"'Given it up!'" he echoed. "Surely, music has never been a fad with you."

She patted the rose tenderly, coaxing it into the position from which it had been displaced when she had played her violin selection. "How do you know?" she asked. "Haven't I as much right as the rest of the world to have a fad?"

He took in her beauty, the elegance of her costume. She was altogether a society woman. And yet—he loved her.

"Oh," he said, fingering the violin, "perhaps we who go in for any form of art learn something not always disclosed to the mere looker-on. Don't you think we dig into the meaning of things and so get an understanding of much which might otherwise pass unnoticed?"

"I fear that is too deep for me," she returned. "I believe it is Browning who says, 'it is we musicians know,' but I know very little, indeed. But then, I am scarcely a musician. How lovely that little Miss Garvin recited the end of that poem!"

"Yes," he replied; "the end of every recitation is lovely."

She laughed. On the instant Hasbrouk wondered if he had not unconsciously fallen into the tone he so much deprecated in others. But then, what business had a recitation to be mentioned just now?

"Though," she went on, bowing to an elderly man with one arm, who made a most elaborate acknowledgment, "you have not told me why music is not a fad with me."

"Because you have the artistic temperament," he told her. "You could not have played that Chopin thing as you did without feeling it."

"That Chopin thing! That is the saddest of all nocturnes. Could you not detect the upreaching for hope in it?"

Hasbrouk laid down the violin.

"You have proved that your music is not a fad," he said, triumphantly.

Miss Orton bit her lip; she had meant to concede nothing to this man.

"I like music, if that is what you mean," she said, "as you like painting."

"Like painting!" Hasbrouk was again thrown back upon himself. "Like painting!" Did she know of his years of struggle and almost despair?

Then his face cleared. Why was this woman concealing herself from him? He knew that she did more than like music. Yet she was a woman of fashion, and to be artistic to a professional degree was not "good form"; a lady's gifts are only accomplishments, and must not be too perfect. But Miss Orton!

He brought himself up in a hurry; was it possible she had seen how much she had become to him, and was this depreciation of art meant to tell him that his suit was not acceptable to her? This woman with so much money to her credit probably regarded him as little more than a failure in these days when money-getting is the battle that engages energies which, in more heroic times, were turned to the betterment and the urging to high attainment of man. This was a shock to him; for the first time he thought thus of her. And yet, to think thus was to belittle himself. What was this woman's wealth to him? If he detected in her but a spark of reciprocation of the feeling he had for her he would possess her, money or no money. Let her get rid of her money,—give it away, throw it away,—he was a man and could win a way for his wife. For was not an artist of as much account as the millionaire who fights for his canvases? "Sit down and paint, and pity the rich," some one had said. Oh, the new world, the new idea of riches, the new woman! Heartless,—heartless! And yet,—he loved her.

Aloud he said, with a little rasp in his voice, "You do yourself an injustice in hiding your real appreciation of what you most admire."

Her head went up. He felt that he had gone too far.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Be careful!" she cried. He had dropped his hand upon the violin and made a jangling. "That is the

"'YOU COULD NOT HAVE PLAYED THAT CHOPIN THING AS YOU DID WITHOUT FEELING IT.'"

E string—my sentimental string ; it is a little tender from long dallying with it."

Hasbrouk, strangely enough, felt furious.

"Miss Orton," he said, bitterly, "you women in society would make us believe that sincerity has gone out of fashion."

"Because we do not take life as tragically as some other people?" she asked, placidly. "You do not believe there can be heroism or sacrifice in gentle life?"

"In gentle life, yes," he acknowledged.

"And not in fashionable life?" she took him up. "And yet I have known one or two fashionable women do good deeds, make eminently devoted daughters, wives, mothers, friends. Of course all this has not been done in an artistic fashion. Are the great crises of life done so? You painters make them so ; but art is not always true to nature in these particulars."

"Hear! hear!" cried a clear-cut voice.

Their hostess had come up.

"Mrs. Hanover," cried Miss Orton, fanning herself as though she had suddenly become warm, "you have prevented a catastrophe Mr. Hasbrouk calls us Philistines, and all that sort of thing. You love music and art, don't you?"

"I would rather," answered Mrs. Hanover, impressively, "have art than—than old Venetian *pointe*. That is, if the lace belonged to a woman who could not be cajoled into selling it to me. There is such a woman here to-night, my dear,—two flounces, eighteen inches deep, and simply flawless. But come, we are to be favored by Madame Alleni. Her real name is Sally Allen, Mr. Hasbrouk, only art has mitigated it. She is going to sing Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' and Miss Orton has promised to do the obligato."

Miss Orton rose and picked up her violin.

"You may hold my fan," she said to Hasbrouk.

He flushed—so she meant him to join her after the song was sung. How could he understand this woman?

"THE GENERAL BEGGED FOR AN ORCHID FROM THE MASS SHE CARRIED."

He watched her going along the polished floor to the drawing-room beyond. Her satin gown trailed after her and touched the shrubbery that lined the way. The jewels in her comb scintillated even in that soft light.

Two or three couples were in the cozy corners Mrs. Hanover had thoughtfully arranged for such of her guests as preferred to set words to the music she had provided for them.

Hasbrouk withdrew into the alcove in which he and Miss Orton had been sitting. He could go to her with her fan when the song was done. Now he would think of her and try to understand her.

In a little while the strains of the violin were borne in to him. Such pathos, such passion, to come from a woman who was seemingly cold and irresponsive! Ah, the reserve power in that touch and tone! Such music a fad? No; he would not believe that the hearts of society women

were other than those of women whom circumstances had placed in a different station of life Yet would a society woman have done as a woman had done five years ago,—that woman to whom he owed so much?

The one-armed man entered the boudoir. A faultlessly-dressed young fellow issued from a corner shaded by curtains and lamps.

"How do, Jack?" said the older man.

"General," responded the other, "I have saved this place for you. Edith wants to speak to you?"

"How do, Miss Garvin?"

The general dropped into the vacant seat. His voice was apparently unaccustomed to a low pitch, so Hasbrouk heard pretty much all he said.

In the airiest badinage the general addressed the recitationist of the evening regarding her late performance. The girl laughed and chatted. The general begged for an orchid from the mass she carried. She demurred in an extravagant fashion.

"Jack will not object," pleaded the general, "if he never hears anything about it. One small flower, that is scarcely a flower, after all. Ah, thanks so much; I will keep it forever."

"Which will be till to-morrow," said the girl.

"Its image will be found photographed on my heart when I die of unreciprocated attachment," retorted the general. "By the way, I heard that Jack's father made a quarter of a million in that last deal of his. Ah, these fellows of voluminous financial prospects!"

"General," pouted Miss Garvin, "you say that as though it were all my fault."

"So it is; he might have been content with the riches of the earth, and left me those of——"

"Heaven? That is very sweet of you. I had to make it heaven, you know,—I know my worth. But, general, if you despise the other sort of riches, what is your opinion——"

"I have none," interrupted the general. "Only *young* men keep their opinions on tap for just such 'pinky porcelain trifles' as you."

This elephantine playfulness crossed Hasbrouk. He frowned. What had he to do with this sort of life? And Miss Orton belonged to such life, was an important part of it, thought and spoke as these people,—even old men like this grizzled general were primed with the persiflage of it.

But for that episode of five years back he would believe that "society" was made up entirely of "pinky porcelain trifles" and men with "voluminous financial prospects." Where was art, where were the serious questions of life, in an existence such as this?

He had mistaken,—he had nothing in common with a votary of such an existence. He would baffle his feeling for a woman who was irresponsive to depth and sincerity because "society," of which she was an integral part, did not foster such; he would no longer believe, as the woman of five years ago had made him believe, that station in the polite world did not rob the heart of its softer and gentler parts. He still had his art; let him go work at that, and send out to the world pictures to line the galleries of such people as these who purchase the efforts of successful men, not because they admire them, but because they make a surface beauty, the same as rich hangings and gorgeous flowers.

"'I HAVE AN EXCRUCIATING HEADACHE.'"

He rose to his feet. He would take Miss Orton's fan to Mrs. Hanover. Why should he care if Miss Orton thought him rude? Rude? It was evidently unpleasant for these fashionable people to feel annoyance, even if they were not above it, when occasioned by such as he. Miss Orton might excuse the rudeness as an unconventionality of the artistic temperament. A smile curled his lip.

"Now, general," Miss Garvin said, "that we have done with our nonsense, you must tell me why you are going back into the army. I should think that your losing an arm ought to be sufficient excuse for your retiring."

"Excuse!" repeated the general, in quite a new tone of voice. "My dear young lady, is that quite the word you would choose? In one of our corps was a man who had lost both legs in an engagement. One day he came down to see me,—strolled down on his hands, I presume,"

he laughed hoarsely, "though I believe, as a matter of fact, that a couple of his comrades carried him. He cried like a child when I told him it was impossible to keep him with us. Excuse! Surely that is not the best word to employ."

Hasbrouk paused. This flippant old man was hurt at the girl's supposition that he should make the loss of an arm a reason for leaving his post. The *frou-frou* of satin sounded in the alcove.

"How good of you to keep my fan so long," said Miss Orton, as she came in "Madame Alleni had to repeat

of woman capable of the sacrifice made by that other? That other woman had been a woman of position, it is true; but she had been a poor one, an artistic one. Yes; let him get away. He saw the fallacy of it all, his caring for a mere woman of fashion. And yet——

"You are still standing," Miss Orton broke in. "You are evidently wishing to go. Pray do not let me detain you. I am keeping in this corner to-night because I have an excruciating headache."

Then she had not let him bring her here because she wished to be with him?

"'MY LANDLADY RAN TO HER AND REPORTED THAT THE AMERICAN ARTIST IN THE HOUSE WAS ILL.'"

the 'Ave Maria.'" She had her violin with her. She loved it as the true violinist loves his instrument, thought Hasbrouk. He looked at her, wondering if she had not expected him to follow her with her fan.

"There is a delightful man out there," she went on, 'who is going to recite something humorous. Isn't it a pity?"

Thus she came from the glorious music she had made and took up her flippancy again.

Then in a mighty sweep there came to Hasbrouk the thought of his episode of five years ago. Was this sort

"And still you have played and talked as though nothing were the matter. Is that another part of the self-control fashion bestows upon its votaries?"

He knew he was brutal,—he wished to be so.

"It is the control a woman places upon herself," quietly answered Miss Orton, "when anything is expected of her. You are going?"

"Yes," he answered; "and—I may not see you again."

"Ah!"

"I—I believe I will return to Europe in a week or so."

"A sudden determination, I should say."

"Yes," he answered, savagely. I find I am out of place here. I—Miss Orton," he said, impulsively, "will you let me tell you a story? It may help to excuse my liking for violin music."

"Excuse!" she said, gently—and he thought of the difference from the tone of voice of the old general in saying the word. "And you speak of *liking* violin music. Did not some one call me to account a little while ago for *liking* artistic matters?"

"Five years ago, he said, stumbling in his speech, "I was in Rome. In the house where I had my studio and room in one—you know I was very poor then."—He had a satisfaction in avowing so much to her; had she not placed him in an impossible position?—"Away up under the eaves of the house, where the pigeons were, was a violinist. The violin seemed to be always sounding. I was struggling against many disappointments, not caring to see any one, going nowhere. Day and night I heard the

"HE CAUGHT HER TO HIM."

"My excuse," he said, ignoring the latter part of her speech. "The word is chosen. I have your permission to tell the story?" She did not answer. He looked down at her. He wished the antique brass lamp above their heads had cast a more brilliant light; he would like to have seen her face better. She was fondling her violin, making little staccato whispers of tone on it. "I knew little of violin music till five years ago," Hasbrouk went on, rapidly. "It was hearing that you were a violinist that——." He could not finish that, for he dared not say that the knowledge of her accomplishment had anything to do with her fascinating him after the first attraction. music; it grew upon me, it grew into me. You know people are beginning to say I have founded a 'school' of painting. The 'school' was founded by that violin. I came out of my driveling prettiness of canvas to the style I do now. The violin did it. The persistence of the player, the pure tones,—these made me turn from hopelessness and trivialities to determination and serious thought. I began a new canvas. I painted like mad. All day the violin spurred me on. At night, when I thought of my work and might have feared I was too unprepared to break away from tradition, the violin spoke to me and told me to go on. To make a long story short, I finished

my picture one day and the next lay sick of brain fever. I was ill a long while. When I began to realize life again I wondered where the money came from to pay for nurse, doctor, and all the expensive needfuls that I found employed for me. I was told that 'the lady' had done all. For the first time I learned that the violinist was a woman. She was a poor woman, yet with social standing. She was in Rome, and with little money. How did she supply me with all that I had? She had sold her one valuable possession, her violin, and placed the money in the hands of my physician for my benefit. All that I could learn was that her name was Earl, and that she had been called away from Rome. How did I know she was a woman of social position? My landlady said she had a crest on her writing-paper, received letters with similar crests on them, and——"

"How interesting!" exclaimed Miss Orton. "Did not some original man say that truth is stranger than fiction? We look for these things in novels of the old-fashioned sort, but in real life, never." She was picking at the violin. "Listen to these modulations on the E string—the sentimental string, you know. They are by Joachim. What else did this lady do?"

Hasbrouk was angry with himself for telling the story, and perhaps telling it in the "old-fashioned" way of fiction. Yet he stubbornly went on:

"She had written to dealers regarding my picture, which she saw on its easel the day my landlady ran to her and reported that the American artist in the house was ill and must be sent to a hospital. The dealers came and—that is all; you know the rest about the picture. Here was a woman who might have been a woman of fashion had she cared to follow in the ruts of her kind, and she had made the greatest sacrifice that she could,—don't I know how she must have loved that violin?"

"And she is where?"

"I have looked for her, and looked in vain."

He felt that he had been a fool in telling all this romantic tale to a woman who must regard romance as food for youths and maidens in a lesser sphere than hers. For her modulations on the E string continued, and there was a half-smile on her lips. For what had he told the story? Was it because of her own violin-playing and the excuse he wished to make of that, in connection with his Roman episode, for loving her?

"And the violin?" asked Miss Orton.

Hasbrouk looked at her.

"Did you know to whom she sold her violin?" she queried.

Hasbrouk frowned at such irrelevancy. But, "Yes," he answered, "it was to a dealer."

"Why did you not buy it," she asked, "with the proceeds of the sale of your picture? It might have proved an impetus to later work, done up in ribbons and hung up in your studio."

"Shall I take you into the drawing-room?" Hasbrouk asked her, icily.

"No," answered she, picking at the E string of her violin.

Feeling less reluctant than an hour ago he would have thought was possible, Hasbrouk said: "Good-night,—good-bye!"

Yet why did he hold out his hand? She did not notice his hand, however, but kept picking at the modulations on the E string. The old general, with Miss Garvin, passed by.

"He was a great beau once," said Miss Orton. "He was all through the war. Now he is fighting Indians for a change. Miss Garvin's *fiancé* is one of the richest young men in town. He saved two girls from drowning at Lenox last summer."

Hasbrouk did not now care that she seemed to understand him pretty well, and that she was trying to refute some of his strictures regarding fashionable life and its vacuity. It was a personal issue now; she cared nothing for him,—she had not the depth to see how dear to him was that episode of five years ago.

He had stepped out of the alcove and let its curtains fall behind him.

"Mr. Hasbrouk!"

He could not help himself; he turned back to her.

"I knew something of that Roman story before to-night," she said. "Miss Earl is now a woman of means and can have all the violins she wishes. Thus your ideal is shattered. It is really an old-fashioned story."

"You know her?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I can tell you considerable about her," she answered. "But you know you regard many things from a purely artistic standpoint. She is very practical; she knew a good deal about fashionable society, you know. What she did for you was eminently practical. She found you ill and incompetent. The picture on your easel would be a mere dreamer's performance but for a practical mind. Hers was the practical mind."

"Where is Miss Earl?" asked Hasbrouk. He did not wish her to analyze him thus,—she a mere woman of fashion! "You know how anxious I must be to meet her."

"You love her?"

She said the words softly, the E string of the violin making them sound like the words of a song.

Love her! Hasbrouk, with a surge of feeling, knew whom he loved,—a woman who would never understand him. Those words addressed to him by her, the violin tone sounding through them as the violin in Rome used to sound through his days of solitary labor!

"Love her!" he cried out. "Love her!"

"Hush!" The E string of the violin sounded sweeter than ever. "Some one may hear you. You must be conventional. You will not avow your love in your present spirit. A woman must be loved not for what she does, but for what she is."

"You think," he said, passionately, "that I have a romantic attachment for a woman I have never seen."

"Tell me, why did you not get the violin from the dealer to whom Miss Earl sold it?"

"I left it with him," he answered, "because I thought that the easier way for her to get it again."

"But she was poor at the time, and sold it as her only valuable possession."

"I know what violinists think of their instruments. I thought it possible she would write to the man and ask its fate. Then he was to send me her address and send her the violin. I paid him the sum he had given her for it."

Miss Orton burst into a musical laugh.

"Oh, the honesty of the descendant of the Cæsars!" she said. "Then he had two prices for it. Miss Earl bought it back from him a year ago."

Hasbrouk made an exclamation.

"What must she have thought of me?" he said.

"Not very kindly, I will confess," answered Miss Orton.

"And she is——"

"A woman of fashion now. A distant relative died and left her his fortune on condition of her taking his name."

"And that name?"

Her finger still touched the E string.

"You love her," she said.

"I do not," Hasbrouk cried, angrily, "and you know it!"

There was a moment's pause.

"She—she has often thought of you," said Miss Orton's voice, and it was scarcely louder than the modulation she made on the E string. "I knew you from the first, of course. Miss Earl never allows any one to play on the violin except herself. It is said to be a Cremona. This is it."

With a queer cry Hasbrouk looked at her.

"You!" he said. "You!" He caught her to him. He knew there were tears in her eyes. "You!" He pressed her to his heart.

"My E string," she said, half laughing, "it is the sentimental string; it is very tender——"

The E string snapped.

LUMBERING IN THE NORTHWEST.

(See Full-page Picture.)

IN the past sixty years the forests of America have produced the enormous quantity of eight hundred and twenty-four billion feet of lumber, and the value of the forest products in that period is estimated at more than twenty-five billion dollars. It is a curious reflection that the forests, once regarded as an impediment to the country's settlement and growth, to be felled and burned as rapidly as possible, should so soon become one of its chief sources of wealth, to be conserved and protected by every means known to modern science and law.

The white-pine lumber supply half a century ago came principally from Maine, the "Pine Tree State," but its centre has now moved fifteen hundred miles westward, where only a comparatively small area of the virgin forest remains, and this is being rapidly exhausted. If we study the map of the United States for a few moments we will see what an important factor the pine forests have been in the settlement of the country. First, we may note that the whole Atlantic coast was covered with magnificent forests along the shores of rivers running two or three hundred miles into the country. These forests supplied material for the houses and ships of the growing population. Westward along the shores of the great lakes, and all through the country bordering upon the broad prairies of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, spread the great forests of white pine. Thus, as by a providential agency, there were provided the richest agricultural lands, material for buildings, fences, etc., and water-courses for transportation—conditions which have made possible the wonderful development of the great West.

In the panic year of 1873, the white-pine product of the Northwest was less than four billion feet, and so remained for six years, until specie payment was declared. The cut then ran up to four billion eight hundred million feet, and crept steadily upward until eight billion feet was reached in 1884. Then came the business depression, and the cut fell off one-eighth. A renewal of activity called for more buildings, more manufacturing, the enlargement of plants, etc., and the output was gradually increased, the lost ground was regained, and in 1892 the cut was nearly nine billion feet. Then came hard times again, and the cut of last year fell to seven billion five hundred million feet, the lowest figure since 1885.

It was supposed that the burned area in Wisconsin would supply an extra large amount, as the greater part of the standing timber was practically uninjured if cut the ensuing winter. The paralysis of the lumber industry in that region was so complete, however, that little has been done to save the timber from total loss. Said a member of one of the largest lumber firms: "We have no mills, no lumber, no business, no money, no credit, no debts. We were wiped out of everything by the fire of last year."

Nevertheless, the Northwestern lumber region, including Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Manitoba, furnished employment last winter for thirty thousand men, and distributed some fifty million dollars in wages and subsistence. The system of wages, by the way, is in curious contrast to that adopted by some American companies (not lumber) in Mexico, where wages are paid daily, so that the men will not be demoralized by the possession of a large amount of money Saturday night. In the lumber-camps, for a similar reason, wages are paid in a lump at the close of the season; and although the lumbermen are as sober and honest a class of men as is to be found between the two oceans, the scenes in the neighboring towns, upon the break-up of the camps, after months devoted to unremitting toil and privation in a rigorous climate, are not encouraging to the moralist.

Lumbermen as a class are straight-grained and soundhearted, and though perhaps not the wisest of men, they show their appreciation of a little nonsense now and then in their order of "Hoo-Hoos," which was established three years ago in Arkansas, and now boasts a membership of about three thousand. Its officers are: Snark, Senior Hoo-Hoo, Junior ditto, Bojum, Scrivenoter, Bandersnatch, Castocatian, Arcanoper, and Gurdon, and the meetings are styled concatenations. At these amusing gatherings a black cat takes the place of the goat.

Despite the progress of steel and other metals, the day of wood has not passed, and in fact its uses are more varied than ever. In one form or another it is being used in the manufacture of a thousand different articles even to car-wheels and guns, in paper and in clothing, in powder and in food. And the end is not yet.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

QUATRAINS.

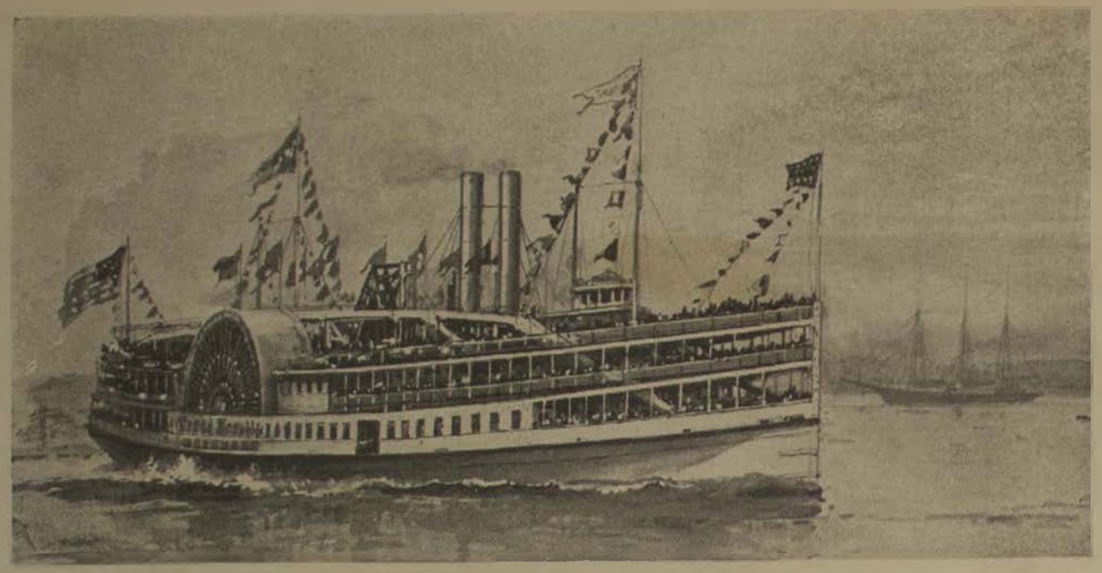
A CYNIC.

He is a man whom I would truly call
One who holdeth all love's grace within his heart,
For, granting that love's grace be given to all,
He's ne'er conferred upon the world a part.

THE FAIRIES' PATHWAY.

When ripples, as of waters, go
Over the meadow grass,
And winds are silent, then below
The woodland fairies pass.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.



AN EAST RIVER EXCURSION BOAT.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE, CONNECTING NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN, FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE.

THE MEANING OF GREATER NEW YORK.

By Mary Annable Fanton.

THE exultant voice of the great American eagle is once more heard in the land. The present tuneful lay celebrates a bloodless victory, and draws its inspiration from the signing of the Greater New York Charter, May 14th, 1897.

The burden of the strain is the established fact that Governor Black's signature has given to America the second largest city in the world, boasting an aggregate wealth of $4,560,000,000.

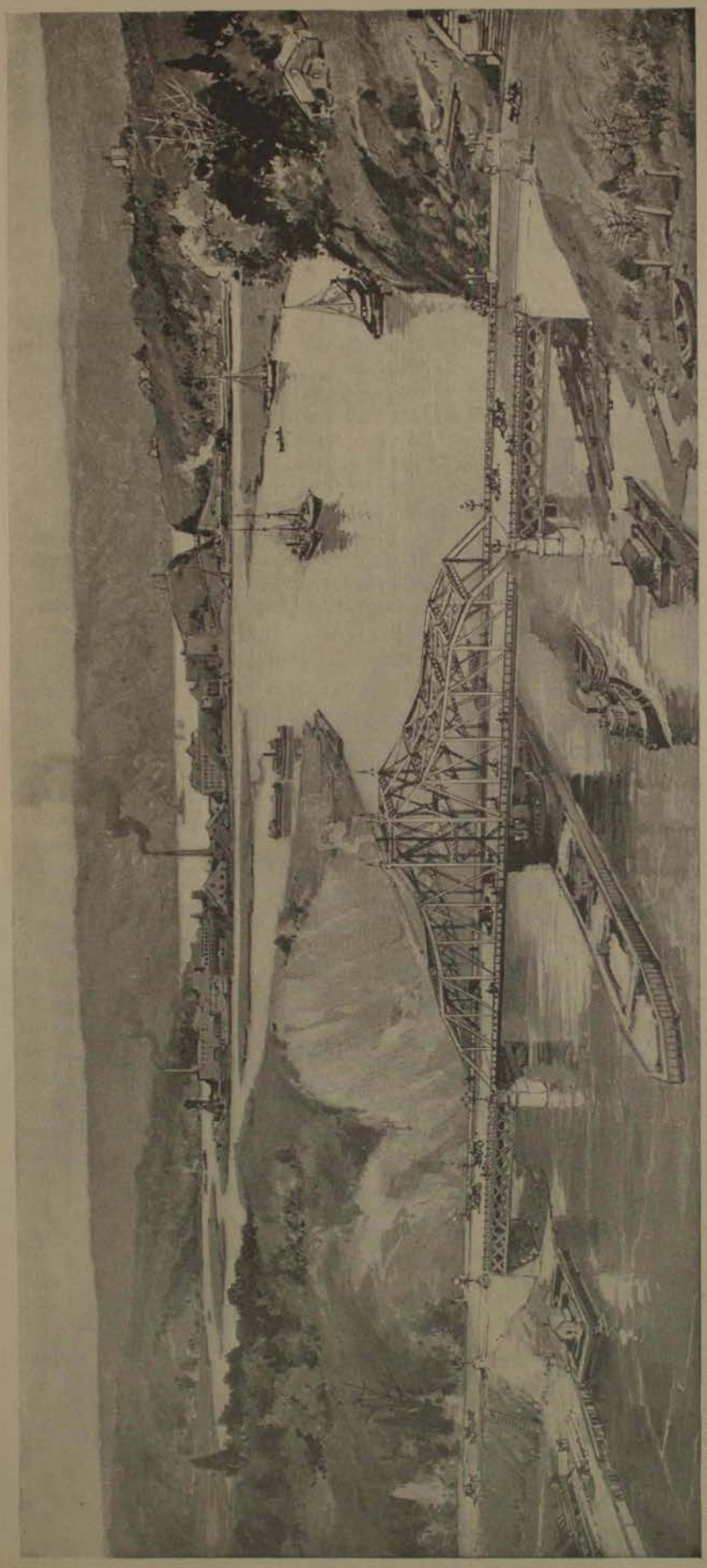
The signing of the charter for this great twin city was an act of almost international importance. It meant the grouping together of 3,312,000 people under one controlling force, the placing in the hands of one man, the mayor of the new city, the power to appoint twenty-three thousand office-holders, who would draw yearly salaries in excess of $25,000,000. It meant the bringing together under one mayor and one municipal government fifty-six cities and towns, scattered over an area of three hundred and sixty-eight square miles. It meant the giving to one city the finest harbor in the world, the finest system of public parks, valued at $200,000,000, and an available water-front of five hundred and sixty miles.

Add to these advantages one thousand two hundred miles of railway in operation within the city limits, three thousand miles of streets and roadways, and twenty-five colleges and academies; and then it is possible to begin to grasp the enormous significance of the Governor's signature, the vast financial responsibilities, and the immense possibilities in public improvement and municipal reform which are involved in the development of this new city, which, according to a provision of the charter, shall be called "The City of New York."

"The responsibility is too vast, the power too great to be placed under the control of one municipal government," was the argument advanced by the men who opposed the bill. "How is it possible," they said, "to pour together two corrupt, badly-governed cities, and expect the residuum to be an ideal government on a home-rule basis?" And strange to say the consolidation was opposed by five ex-mayors of New York besides the present incumbent, Mayor Strong. The six mayors all held the same view of the bill: that it was preparing the way for unlimited corruption, that it would be impossible to get together a body of men who could collect and distribute the sum of $50,000,000 annually for city expenses, and close their eyes to the ever-increasing fascination of the almighty dollar.

Drawn by E. J. Meeker.

THE HARLEM RIVER SPEEDWAY, AS IT CROSSES UNDER HIGH BRIDGE.



VIEW OF THE NEW HARLEM SHIP-CANAL, CONNECTING THE NAVIGATION OF THE NORTH AND EAST RIVERS.

Drawn by W. L. Stoddy, Jr.

Conservative old New Yorkers opposed the consolidation because the charter provides that New York shall assume the city, county, town, village and district debts of the annexed portions; and as Brooklyn has already almost reached its debt limit—ten per cent. of her real estate—and New York has still the right of increasing its debt to the extent of $90,000,000, it seemed to them it was not exactly a fair exchange and, if not precisely robbery, was certainly very injudicious benevolence.

But the promoters of the scheme were not to be discouraged by a half-dozen mayors or the dismay of a group of conservatives, who could not overcome their youthful habit of regarding Fourteenth street as the proper city limit.

The facts, according to the charter commissioners, were these: the time had arrived when the congested condition of business in New York must be relieved; the city had already extended as far north as was practicable for business enterprise; business quarters had encroached upon the residential portion of the city to the last degree; an immediate outlet was a necessity, and such outlet must be in close proximity to the congested districts.

The annexation of Queens County and Kings County, on Long Island, and Richmond County, which is virtually all of Staten Island, certainly met a long-felt want so far as growing room for lower New York was concerned. It was substantially substituting a pair of seven-league boots for a pair of No. 2 dancing slippers, in which the poor old city had been mincing along for a decade past—buying a new collar or necktie whenever her feet hurt, with never a thought that the slippers might be pinching.

In dividing the land for political purposes the charter commissioners reverted to the English system of boroughs. New York proper is divided into two boroughs, Manhattan and Bronx. The borough of Brooklyn comprises all of Kings County; the borough of Queens adds to the area of Greater New York one hundred and twenty-four square miles from Queens County, while the borough of Richmond is Staten Island from end to end. The president of each borough is to be chosen in the November election by the electors of each borough respectively, for a term of four years.

And just here a word is in order as to the method of government which the charter has prepared for the new city. Instead of being largely under the control of the State government at Albany, as in the past, the new charter provides that the city of New York shall become almost wholly a law unto itself.

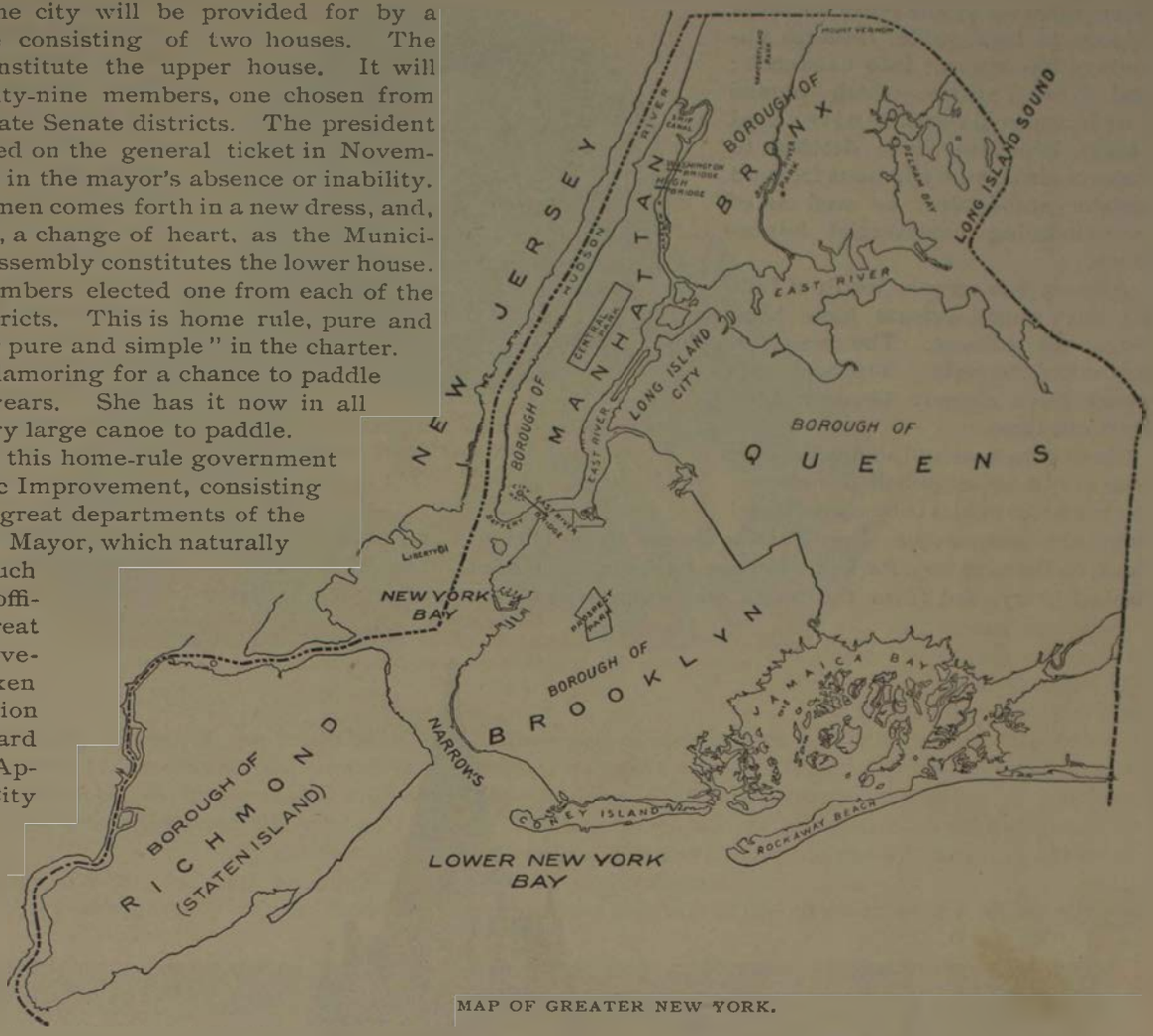
There will be two great elective offices, the Mayoralty and the Comptrollership, each four years in duration. The ordi-

nary legislation of the city will be provided for by a municipal legislature consisting of two houses. The City Council will constitute the upper house. It will be composed of twenty-nine members, one chosen from each of the present State Senate districts. The president of the Council is elected on the general ticket in November and acts as mayor in the mayor's absence or inability.

The Board of Aldermen comes forth in a new dress, and, it has been suggested, a change of heart, as the Municipal Assembly. This assembly constitutes the lower house. It consists of sixty members elected one from each of the present Assembly districts. This is home rule, pure and simple; at least it is "pure and simple" in the charter. New York has been clamoring for a chance to paddle her own canoe, for years. She has it now in all earnestness, and a very large canoe to paddle.

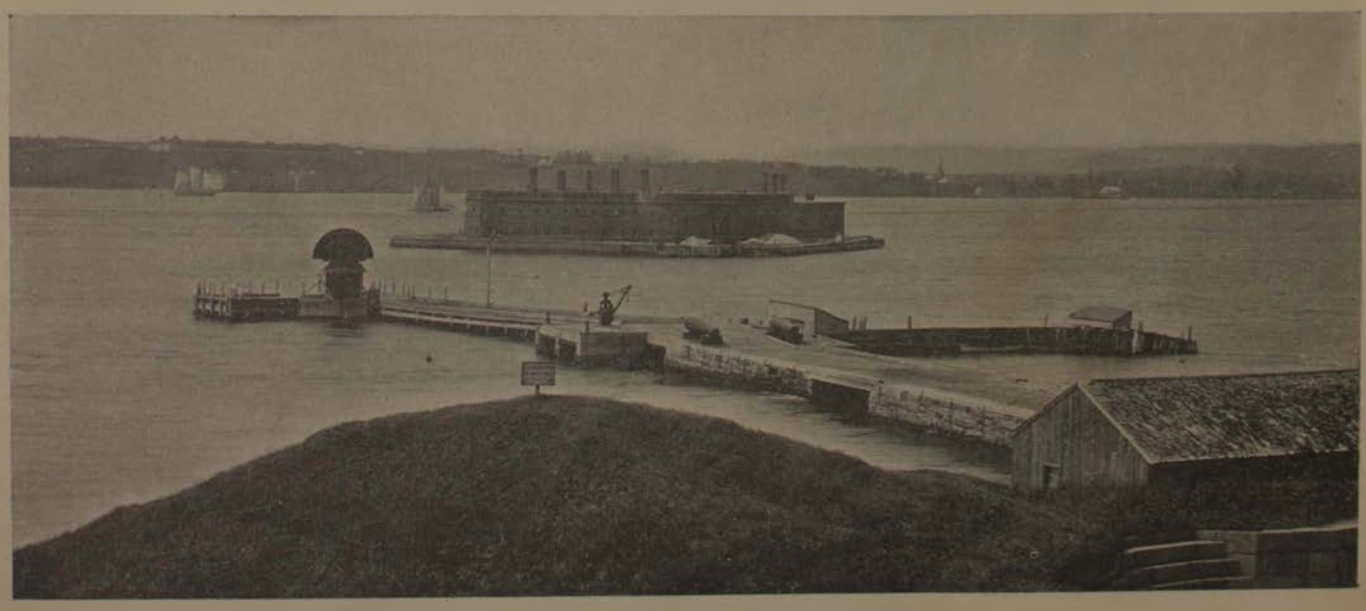
A special feature of this home-rule government is the Board of Public Improvement, consisting of the heads of all the great departments of the city, appointed by the Mayor, which naturally are associated with such work, and the chief officers of the city. No great scheme of public improvement can be undertaken without the co-operation of this board, the Board of Estimates and Apportionment, the City Legislature, and the Mayor. The various departments of city endeavor, such as the Police, Park, and Health Boards, will be under the control of from one to five commissioners. The present educational system of each borough will be temporarily retained, until sufficient thorough, comprehensive study can be given to a plan of complete reorganization.

The various post-offices will also remain as they are for the present, each one doing its own work. If they are ever consolidated into one large city post-office, the reorganization will be planned when the need for it is shown.



MAP OF GREATER NEW YORK.

Under the old régime New York was pre-eminently a commercial city. Business was her watchword. Improvements were sanctioned only where they were estimated to be profitable from a financial or sanitary standpoint. The City Fathers were not of an artistic temperament. City improvements meant to them higher buildings, more "L" roads and banks; never more parks, boulevards, and museums. With the splendid opportuni-



THE NARROWS FROM FORT HAMILTON, BROOKLYN.

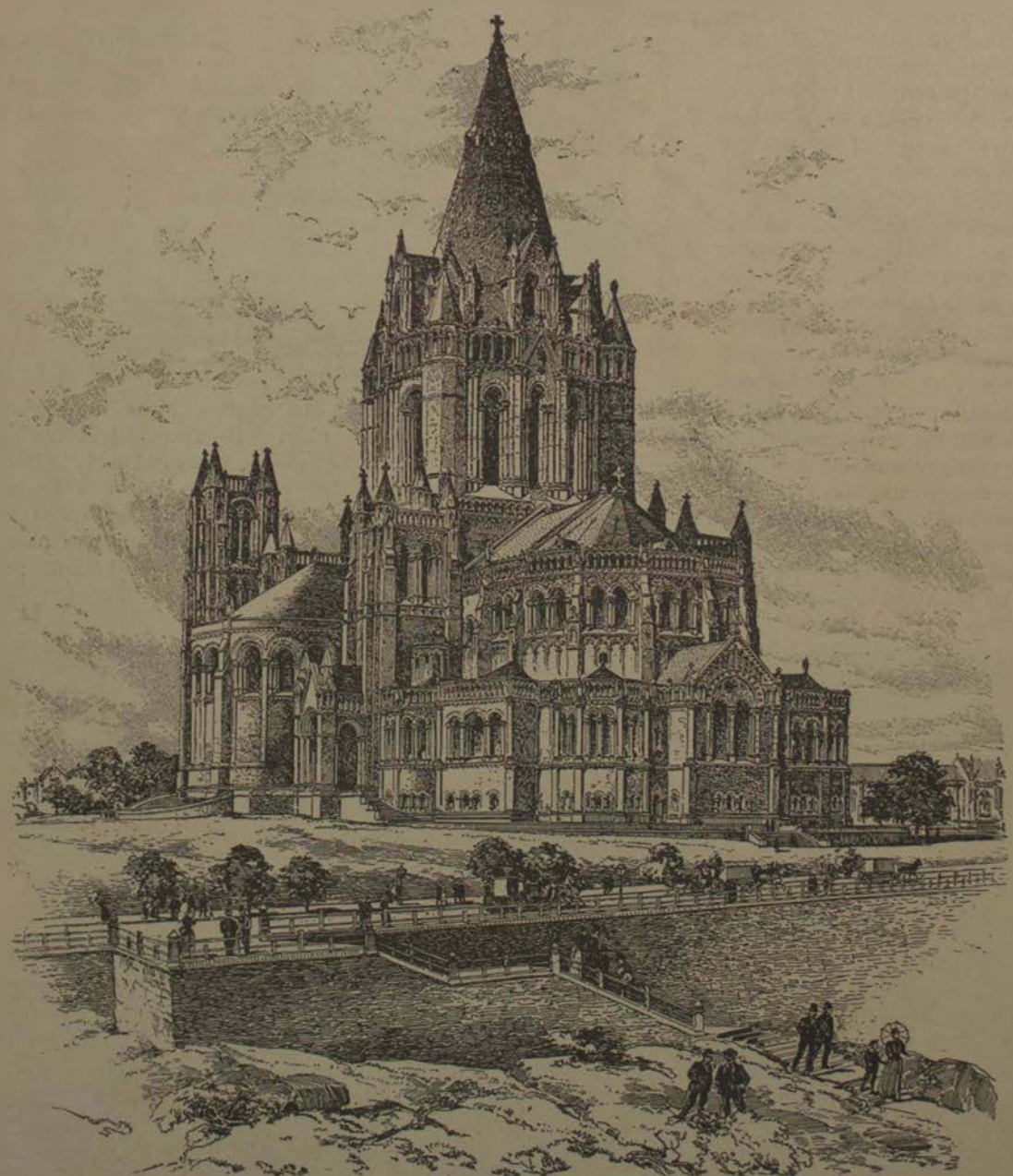
ties opened up by the new charter, a degree of local pride, hitherto unknown, has sprung into existence; and New Yorkers, which phrase now includes Brooklynites and Staten Islanders, have decided to make their new city famous from an artistic standpoint, as well as of overwhelming commercial importance.

Already $40,000,000 worth of bills for city improvements have been lodged at Albany. The most important of the public improvements which have already been decided upon are these:

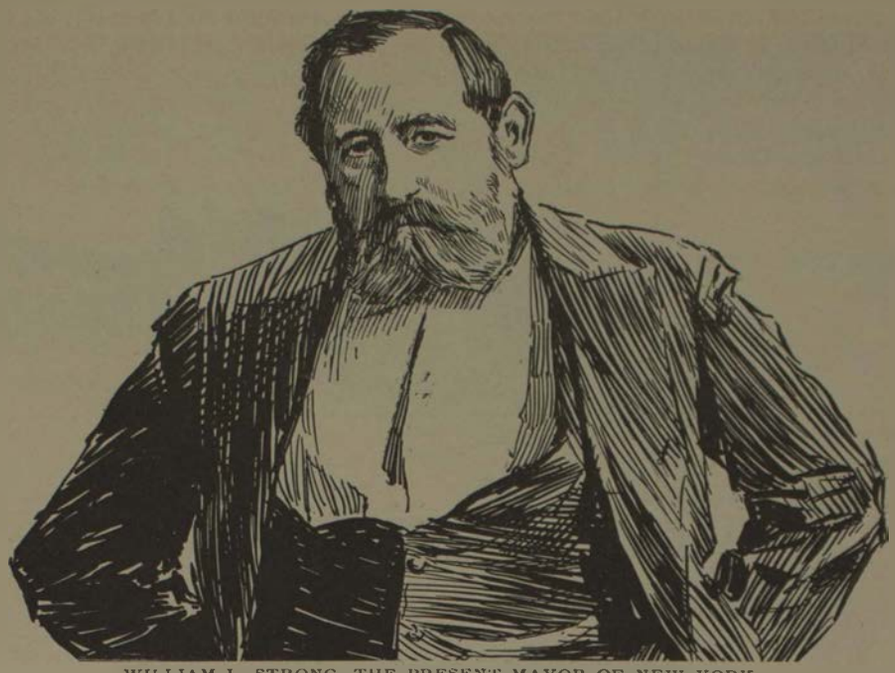
SETH LOW, ONE OF THE PROBABLE CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK.

Great botanical and zoological gardens are to be established in Bronx Park; a boulevard is to be constructed along the picturesque shores of the Sound from Throg's Neck to Pelham Bay Park; in Bryant Park a magnificent public library, fed from the funds and collections of the Lenox, Astor, and Tilden libraries, will be established; on Morningside Ridge Barnard College, the Horace Mann School, and the Columbia University buildings will be erected on a scale of unsurpassed magnificence; nearby the massive Episcopal Cathedral, St. John's, will be reared, the finest religious structure in the United States, the crown of the new city, a fitting embodiment of the newly awakened art impulse and an inspiration for future generations.

There are several new bridges already in process of construction, and bills for others, one across the Harlem, one at 177th street on the east side, and one over the Bronx River, are now at Albany. There is also an earnest attempt to improve the public library system, which is at present some fifty years behind that of any other great city in the world. New York has, irrespective of



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, MORNINGSIDE PARK.



WILLIAM L. STRONG, THE PRESENT MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

Brooklyn and Staten Island, an endowment fund for her libraries of over $5,000,000, the income of which judiciously expended should enable her to at least begin to struggle toward the high standard established in Boston.

The grand boulevard which is to be built on the crest of land extending for five miles along the Harlem River through the borough of Bronx, is undoubtedly the most gigantic enterprise yet undertaken. Ten millions of dollars will be expended in making it one of the most beautiful boulevards in the world. The course will extend the entire length of the ridge, will be one hundred and eighty-two feet wide, and divided into driveways, bicycle paths and walks.

In Brooklyn a well-planned system of park improvement is now under way. There are already fifteen hundred acres of park land, which, with her numerous driveways, are valued at $50,437,000. The finest roadway, "Shore Drive," will, when completed, extend to the Narrows. On the borderland of Prospect Park the famous Brooklyn Institute, that centre of widespread culture, will find a permanent abiding-place in buildings of great architectural beauty.

The value of Staten Island, stretching as it does across the very threshold of the new city, can scarcely be overestimated. With its acres of primeval forests, its miles of water-front, its rolling meadows, and commanding views it commends itself alike for residential or business purposes, as a beautiful, healthy suburb or a convenient railway centre, as the future development of the city shall demand.

Since the signing of the charter the following question

THE NEW LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, ON MORNINGSIDE RIDGE.

ELEVATED-RAILWAY CURVE, ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET, LOOKING WEST.

nas been asked repeatedly: "In what relation do we now stand to London as to comparative wealth and general civic prosperity?" There are many pros and cons in connection with the foregoing question interesting alike to Britishers and Americans. London still has the advantage of us in size, but in making the general comparison we have no need to falter, since in many important respects we can make as good and even a better showing than that made by the largest city in the world. In spite of the fame of London's banking system, she has but ninety-nine banks,

THE FAMOUS BOWERY AT CANAL STREET.

while New York boasts one hundred and sixty-six. London, however, still has three hundred and twenty more square miles within her boundaries than is contained in all the boroughs of the new city. But, again, New York has seven hundred newspapers and periodicals, as opposed to the four hundred published in London. London scores a point with her free ferries; while the ferries in New York charge fares varying from two to ten cents.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

In the matter of personal wealth New York comes off with flying colors. London, with a population of 5,500,000, has but thirty citizens whose wealth is estimated as reaching the ten-million dollar mark. New York, with more than a million less inhabitants, boasts five respected, most highly respected, members of society whose individual wealth is $100,000,000, and in excess of that. Six other very popular men are worth $50,000,000 each. There are fifteen men who draw incomes from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000 investments, and three hundred lesser financial lights whose wealth is variously estimated to be from $2,000,000 to $12,000,000.

But the vital question that is agitating the public mind at present is not so much the matter of how much money we have, or how many improvements we are going to have, as who is to control the money and superintend the improvements on and after January 1st, 1898, when the charter goes into effect and the first Mayor of Greater New York will be installed?

In other words, who will the people choose at the election next November to assume the enormous responsibility of guiding the ponderous canoe and paddling it into waters of peace and prosperity? The Honorable Seth Low, president of Columbia College and former Mayor of Brooklyn, is probably the most talked-of man for the office; although Mayor Gleason of Long Island City and Mayor Strong of New York, who vetoed the charter, are both popular men with vigorous working supporters. No one candidate has, however, come prominently before the people, and a decisive situation has not as yet crystallized out of the small-talk of the various political clubs.

Every art-loving American will rejoice to know that the beautiful, truly artistic municipal buildings on City Hall Square are to be reserved as headquarters for the new city government. The Mayor of Greater New York will administer justice, appoint office-holders, and wed bashful lovers in the old City Hall, one of the finest pieces of architecture in this country.

It is an instance where the putting of new wine into old bottles meets with very general approval. If there is any doubt in the mind of the loyal New Yorker it is not of the old bottles; but whether or no the new wine will prove a tonic or an intoxicant to the ambitious crew of the new canoe. In other words, is Greater New York great enough morally to administer an honest home-rule government? The mass of business men are outspoken in their expression of confidence in the winning powers of the new charter. The "chronic kicker," the conservative man, and the six mayors insist that time will verify their most melancholy prophecies.

In the meantime America is very proud of her new honors, and even the Old World, hereby shorn of some of her glory, sends over the water a cordial

"Vive The City of New York."

MISS PARKE'S LOAN.

By John J. A Becket.

HOWARD AMORY was in a torturing frame of mind as he feverishly stalked up Madison Avenue that October evening at a quarter past one. The cool air which refreshed his throbbing temples also awakened the goading conviction of what a tremendous ass he had been. Three hundred and sixty dollars wasted in the extravagance of one evening's entertainment of a lot of young fellows with so much more money than himself. This was pretty high rolling on his modest income and he must put a stop to it.

But that was not the worst of it. He had paid sixty dollars down and given his cheque to the Chicago man for three hundred. And he now remembered that he had only twenty dollars balance at the bank! He had heard somebody say that the Chicago man was to leave town the next afternoon. He didn't know his address, so he could make no arrangement with him. To give a cheque that would not be honored, in order to pay "a debt of honor," was a fine way of living up to the ideal of a gentleman. How could he have been such a colossal idiot? What with being heated and excited over the play, he had lost sight of these things. They were in view now, and loomed so big that he could see nothing else.

Amory had only recently transferred his residence from Boston to New York. He did not know a man well enough to borrow the money of him, and he must have it at the bank in the morning, or else—the deluge! What could he do?

While his brain was getting sore from the reiterated question and his benumbed inability to find any answer to it, he saw the door of a house, several doors ahead of him, open. A young woman, wrapped in a white silk cloak, and with a white lace scarf wound around her head, came out, and after a quick, laughing "Good-night," gathered her pink skirt up, tripped down the steps, and walked hurriedly up the street.

It struck Amory as strange that she would be without an escort at that time of night. He concluded that she probably lived only a few doors away. This supposition was correct, for she ran up the steps of a house only two or three away from the corner of the next block. Moreover, as she disappeared within the storm-door, Amory heard the door of the house below close. Some one had evidently stood watching her until she got home.

She had walked rapidly, and Amory was moving along with thoughtful slowness. When he reached the house she had entered he looked up carelessly. She had gone in, for he saw nothing of her through the plate-glass panels. But something white showed beneath the door. Thinking she had dropped her glove or handkerchief, and that it would be better to put it fully inside, where it could not attract the attention of some one not as honest as himself, he tip-toed up the steps.

He opened the door and saw the young woman lying in a heap on the floor! She must have fallen in a faint. His first impulse was to ring the bell. He was on the point of doing so when his eyes caught sight of the flashing splendor of a magnificent sunburst of diamonds on her corsage. He also noted on her plump wrist a bracelet thickly set with rubies and diamonds. Suddenly an idea darted into his mind and held him breathless by the audacity of its inspiration. If he had those he could save himself. Not to *steal* them! Perish the thought. The devil would only have wasted his time by suggesting that to Howard Amory. He was too innately a gentleman to prefer theft to misery, or to spare himself a conventional public dishonor by incurring a far greater secret one. But if he took them, pawned them, paid this pressing "debt of honor," and later, when he had his next remittance, redeemed and secretly restored them, what would it be, in fact, but an unconventional borrowing of the gems?

It did not take long to think all this. But perhaps she had rung the bell before she fainted. He waited a moment, which seemed five. No one came. He wondered if the sunburst came off easily. One good way to find out was to try. He did, and the jewel was detached without difficulty. The bracelet was also taken from her wrist with little effort.

Then a panic seized him. What a criminating position he was in, if any one were to see him! Some people would not believe in that quixotic way of borrowing. But it would be more difficult to get them on again than taking them off had been. She might revive and scream, and there he would be, ruined! He knew he would return them later. There was really no sophistry or self-deception in that. If he left them there, without fastening them upon her, some thief might steal them. The material side of his action could not be discriminated from larceny, but he knew it was not that. These gems would be his salvation, and their brief absence from their owner could hardly cause her inconvenience. She couldn't catch cold or lose flesh from not wearing a diamond sunburst for a few days.

He slipped them into his pocket. It was enforcing his position by burning his bridges behind him. Then he gave a strong push on the annunciator-button, ran lightly down the steps, and, darting a glance up and down the street to see if any one was in sight, crossed hastily to the opposite side and stood in the dark shadow of a basement.

He could not go away without affording what assistance he could to his unconscious benefactress.

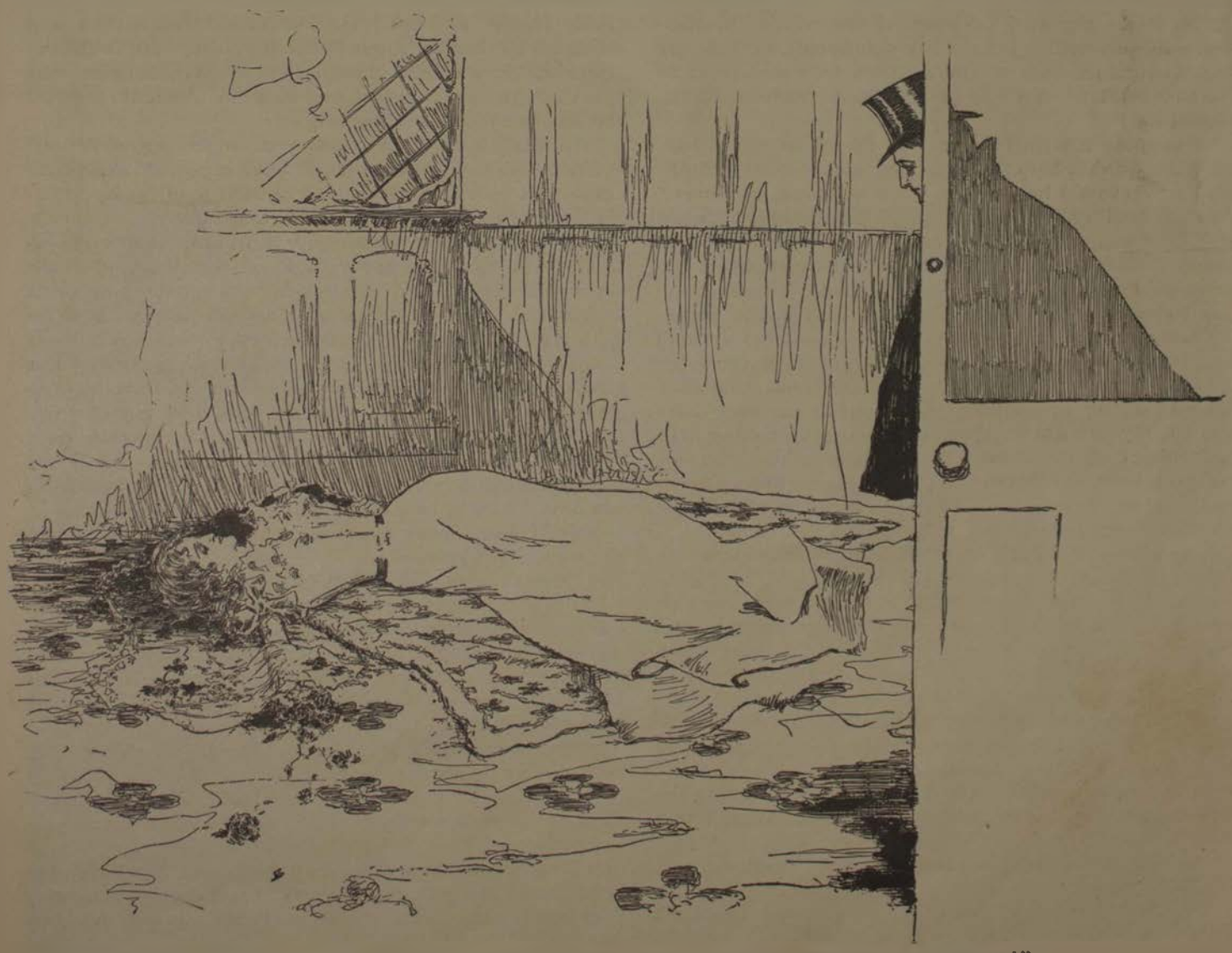
In a moment the light was turned up in the hall and the door opened. The servant gave a start, then lifted the young woman, bore her into the house, and closed the door.

Amory sprang out from the basement and walked hurriedly toward his rooms. Prudence and the humiliating consciousness of how like he looked to a thief made him turn down the next corner. The servant might notice the loss of the jewels and come out to see if any one was in sight. They were in his pocket, and if they were found there nobody would question that he was a thief. The "Back Bay" would tremble with the shock, and his friends would congratulate Boston on his having gone to New York to practice his new profession. However, there they were, and he would have the difficulty of getting them back to their owner in any case. He might as well, now, reap the benefit of this peculiar accommodation Providence had thrust on him, pawn them, pay his debt, and redeem and restore them as soon as his remittance arrived.

Early the next morning he feverishly read the papers to see if there was any account of the unprecedented borrowing of the night before. Of course there was not. But it might be in the evening papers, and, at all events, the loser would let the police know, and it would not then be safe to take the jewels to a pawnbroker. He hurried at once to a Bowery shop with the three golden balls emblazoned on its windows, and raised four hundred and fifty dollars on the two pieces. It was a small part even of what the pawnbroker was willing to advance, but Amory wished to "borrow" only what he needed, and would not jeopardize a certainty of being able to get them out when his money came.

He rushed to the bank and deposited four hundred dollars. The Chicago man, happily, had not presented the cheque. So that was all right. He drew a long breath of relief. But now that he had warded off this immediate danger, the "loan" began to weigh on his mind. "His honor rooted in dishonor stood." If he should lose the pawn-ticket! Or if some one should see it! Then he would have the loathsome consciousness of being a thief. He wasn't that. He knew he wasn't. It was a most peculiar "loan," he would admit, inasmuch as there was only one consenting party to the transfer. Amory reflected that even that one was not as consenting as he might be. His logic was not all comforting, and he was miserably worried. What if he should die? Then he would have to betray himself to somebody in order that the jewels might be returned. He had written down the number of the house, so that he could not possibly forget it.

The next afternoon he received a note from a wealthy cousin of his. He and she had always been the warmest friends. The note told him that Miss Weathersbee had just returned from Europe and was going to give a small



"HE OPENED THE DOOR AND SAW THE YOUNG WOMAN LYING IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR!"

dinner at the Waldorf the next evening. He must not fail her.

Amory was glad of any distraction, and felt particularly pleased to meet his cousin. He was paying an "interest" of shame on his "loan" which made the pawnbroker's money rate ridiculously petty. He sent an acceptance.

Imagine his delight at the dinner to find opposite him Miss Parke, a charming, vivacious girl, and—the young woman who had so kindly "lent" him her jewels! She made such a pleasant impression on him that if he had suffered tortures before he underwent torment now.

It gave him a grim feeling of satisfaction to see that she wore a large crescent of particularly fine diamonds. He had not, then, put her to any great inconvenience in the matter of precious stones for her adornment. Probably she had two or three more sunbursts lying round at home. Perhaps a tiara or two.

In the course of the dinner the same sort of fascination that leads a murderer to return to the scene of his crime made Amory comment on the exquisite quality of the stones in Miss Parke's crescent.

"Yes," she said, lightly, "it is rather handsome. The stones were so carefully selected. I am glad I did not have this on night before last, for I was robbed in the most ridiculous manner."

"Robbed!" cried Miss Weathersbee, while all the guests looked astonished and interested. At least Amory devoutly hoped that all did. He could not see his own face.

Miss Parke narrated the event of the evening in question, naturally telling it from her standpoint, to Amory's deep discomfort. He wondered if his face could look as red as it felt hot. Talk of the ingenious tortures of the Inquisition!

"I suppose the thief"—Amory winced as the girl uttered the word in her clear, carrying voice—"was frightened or he would have taken my watch and my rings," she said, smiling. "Can you imagine anything so absurd as to faint in that way after I got inside the vestibule and before I rang the bell? When I disappeared inside the storm-door the Van Dorns, who watched me home, supposed everything was all right, and went in the house. If I had rung before I fainted, the thief"—Amory drained his glass of ice-water feverishly—"couldn't have stolen the things before the servant would have come. There is one odd thing about this: the Van Dorns say there was nobody in sight except quite an elegant-looking man in evening clothes. It must have been some one who saw me go in, because otherwise who would have known I was up there inside the door in a faint? So I am wondering whether it could have been he."

Miss Parke brought her bright, clear eyes to bear on Amory as if to consult him on the point.

"In Boston we don't commit burglary in evening clothes, as a rule," he observed, with a somewhat forced smile. "But we are provincial. Of course there is no intrinsic repugnance in a thief's being in a gentleman's clothes. The reverse I should suppose impossible."

"Well, the thief"—Amory winced and wondered how such a pretty girl should seem to like to use that horrid word—"wasn't altogether bad; for, although he couldn't stop to steal any more, he had the politeness to ring the bell so I shouldn't lie there and catch cold. Wasn't that nice in him?"

"A gentleman could hardly do less," said Amory, thoughtlessly.

"A gentleman? No. But I thought you said it couldn't have been a gentleman?"

"How do you know that the man rang the bell?" asked one of the guests, a lawyer in the district attorney's office.

"Why, Thomas said he came as soon as he heard the bell, and I was there in a faint and with my brooch and bracelet stolen. Who else could it have been?"

"Why not Thomas?" inquired the lawyer, quietly.

"Oh, I never thought of such a thing," cried Miss Parke. "I won't think it now. He has been with us for ten years, and is the most faithful soul in the world. Pray don't anybody think it was Thomas."

"We couldn't think it was Thomas if we wanted to," said Amory. "I would go on the stand and swear it wasn't Thomas," he said, with mock fervor, but a real desire to shield the poor servant from even a shadow of suspicion.

"Thanks! I feel that you know it wasn't that dear old soul," replied Miss Parke, with a gay laugh.

It was a distressing dinner-party for Amory. He realized that his mind was slightly tottering when he discovered that he was helping himself to an olive with his fork. That lovely, jolly girl, who had so kindly loaned him her jewels, seemed to have turned the pawn-ticket (he had it in his waistcoat pocket, of course) into a hot plate of metal over his heart. He was afraid it would burn itself out and betray him to everybody, like the "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*" of the old Babylonian's feast. What an irony of fate, that this souvenir of his benefactress's bounty should be such an awful wall between them.

The next morning at half-past ten he called on his cousin at the Waldorf. He had tossed and turned and rolled on his bed all night like a porpoise. He could not stand it. It was unendurable. Miss Weathersbee was just through her breakfast, and in a few moments entered the Moorish room, smiling brightly.

"Howard, I am glad to see you so prompt with your *visite de digestion*. I shouldn't have expected such punctiliousness in a man who helped himself to olives by spearing them with a fork," she added, teasingly.

"Amy," he said, solemnly, "if I didn't take my oysters with a spoon, or put walnuts on the floor and crack them with my heel, it proves my marvelous powers of self-control. How do you think a strait-jacket would go with my style of beauty? My dearest girl, this is a *visite d'indigestion*. I am in a dreadful hole, suffering the torments of the what-you-may-call-'ems. I have an obligation to meet—a debt of honor—and I've got to raise five hundred dollars, or else practice pistol-shooting with myself for the target. Can you let me have it? I can pay you when I get my remittance, which will be within ten days. It will be a tremendous favor."

Miss Weathersbee's brow went into little puckers and she pursed her lips.

"Howard, you come at a bad time," she said, slowly. "I've spent a lot of money in Europe and was going to economize so as to make it up. But still you wouldn't ask it if you didn't need it, and I can let you have it. Wait a minute, till I put on my things, and we'll go up to the Fifth Avenue Bank and get it. That will be nicer than giving you a cheque."

"You are a darling!" cried Amory, gratefully. "I will give you a short note for it."

"Oh, that isn't necessary," she said, rising. "It's a debt of honor, and I know that is quite enough where you are concerned."

"Bless her!" thought Amory to himself. "I wonder if she and I are both mistaken, for I feel that way myself,—or shall, as soon as I get Miss Parke's jewels back to her."

That afternoon Miss Parke was called by the servant to

see a messenger-boy who had a package which he had been told to deliver into her own hands, and she was to give him a receipt for it. Somewhat surprised, she did so. She imagined it was a present. It was far more of a surprise than that, for it contained her jewels and a letter. It was typewritten and ran as follows:

"DEAR LADY:—That your jewels are hereby returned is proof of the statement they were taken only as a 'loan.' That you were an unconscious party to this most grateful accommodation does not prevent the deep thankfulness of the borrower. You may be pleased to know that your precious stones, during this brief vacation, have saved a good name from dishonor. Yet if it should ever be my melancholy fate to steal anything, I doubt if I can feel much more like a thief than I have since I so unconventionally borrowed these baubles. Pray believe that the satisfaction of knowing that these beautiful gems are restored to their happy lot of lying close to charms which dim their radiance, is far greater than that which their temporary use brought to the writer.

"Like that noble Queen of Spain who bestowed her jewels on one who wished to discover an unknown world, you, by this 'loan' of yours, have enabled one reared in a world of honor not to lose his native land.

"If, in your heart, you will regard this unique transaction as a 'loan,' as I have done from the beginning, you will add one last touch to the irredeemable indebtedness of

THE BORROWER."

"Why, how perfectly charming!" cried Miss Parke, rippling into a smile. "He doesn't write a bit like a—— But he wasn't. I 'lent' them to you, as you say—of course I did—and you are so delightfully original I wish I could meet you some time—when I wasn't in a faint."

Of course she did meet him. But it was several weeks later before she knew that he was Howard Amory. It was not so long after that she met him again, at the end of a short walk with her father up the centre aisle of St. Thomas's Church. The sunburst she wore on that occasion was a wedding present from Mr Amory, and was really more beautiful than the one he had "borrowed."

FACTS ABOUT MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

By KATHERINE RAYMOND.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS is again looming up on the horizon of the explorer, and two fresh expeditions are about to make an attempt to reach its snow-capped peak, not discouraged by the fact that already four large, well-organized parties have attempted the difficult feat and failed.

As was mentioned in "The World's Progress," in this magazine last month, the two new expeditions are to be made, one under the management of an American, Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, and the other in the charge of Europeans, Prince Luigi, of Italy, and Signor Vittorio Sella, a member of the English Alpine Club. The American expedition will start with the avowed intention of reaching the very summit of the peak, not only for the purpose of general exploration, but in order to carefully estimate the exact height of the great Alaskan mountain, and to furnish the world with an accurate map of a heretofore unexplored region. The party expects to have at its

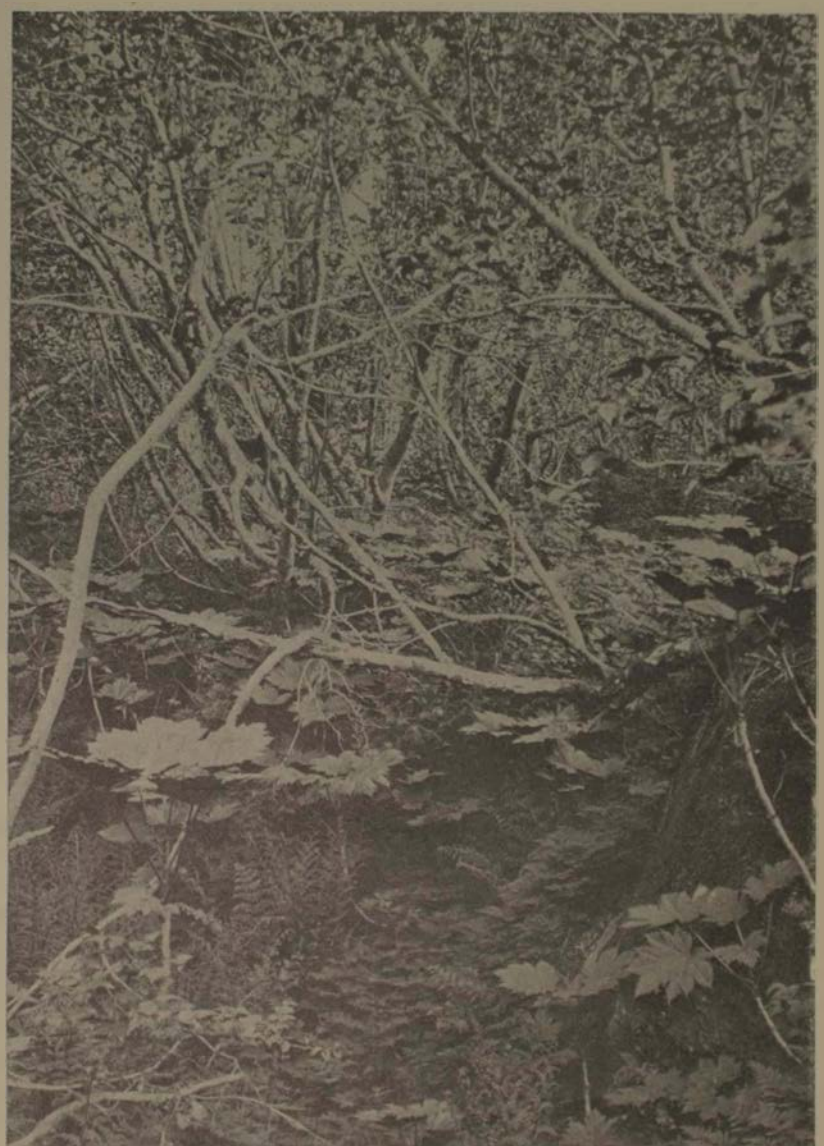
Photograph by I. C. Russell. MOUNT ST. ELIAS, ALASKA.

From a Sketch by E. J. Glave

MOUNT ST. ELIAS, AS SEEN FROM A HILL NEAR YAKUTAT.

command trained Alpine guides, who cannot fail to be of great assistance when the icy slopes of the glaciers have once been reached.

Mount St. Elias has long been a point of interest to the explorer and ambitious mountain-climber, and there are many natural as well as scientific reasons why to unfurl the American flag on its utmost crag would be one of the exploring triumphs of the age: It is the highest peak in the territory of the United States, having been accredited with a height of eighteen thousand one hundred feet, by L. C. Russell who led the third expedition; it is so situated on the Alaskan coast that it can be seen throughout its entire height from the Pacific Ocean; it is one of a chain of five thousand glaciers, extending through a single range of Alaskan mountains; it completely overcaps this entire wildnerness of glaciers, which cover an area of thousands of square miles, a single glacier sometimes reaching the dimensions of two hundred miles in width; and it has thus far been found absolutely impregnable beyond the altitude of fourteen thousand feet, in spite of the most ingenious methods that have been employed in an effort to scale its mighty wall of ice.



Photograph by I. C. Russell.

ALDER-BUSH THICKET GROWING ON GLACIER.

The entire chain of Alaskan mountains is a continuation of the Rockies and Cascade Mountains, and culminates in the Mount St. Elias Alps, which vary in height from fourteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet, and are the greatest mountains north of Mexico. This vast line of black, rocky ledges runs north to the rampart of Yukon, then southwest through Alaska, dropping lower and lower as it reaches the Aleutian Isles, and thence gradually sinking to the level of the ocean. Besides the five thousand glaciers in the chain of the Mount St. Elias Alps, there are ten volcanoes warranted in good running order, and dozens of crater-capped peaks that may be exhausted or may be merely smoldering and ready to throw out a shower of molten rocks as a greeting to the too ambitious explorer.

To picture this extensive range, over five hundred miles from the lower pass, called Dixon's Entrance, to the great peak itself, as one jagged colorless wall, broken only by perilous streams of water flowing from the glacier's sides, devoid of life, offering only discomfort and danger to the traveler, is a distinct injustice to one of the most interesting tracts of land in the great Northwest. The approach to Mount St. Elias, along the foot-hills of the range, is through an almost limitless forest of tall spruce and stately hemlock, whose thickly interwoven branches, sometimes for miles at a stretch, form an almost impenetrable wall, through which the explorer must hew his own pathway notch by notch. Above the forests and often for thousands of feet up the mountain-side, the slopes are covered with luxurious underbrush, low-growing shrubs, huge-leaved plants that grow in dusky nooks, with ferns of every size and variety, from the tall forest brakes that send their plumy tips higher than the traveler's head, to the maidenhair hidden in the deep shadows.

'Way below the forests, at the very edge of the hills, the growth includes alder bushes, cottonwood trees, berry-bushes of many varieties, and the most marvelous wild flowers: such masses of yellow flowers as miners say are only found in gold regions, blue flowers, from forget-me-nots to blue-bells five inches long, and mammoth violets pale and sweet. And over the dead spruce and hemlocks are trailing vines with blossoms of scarlet and white and deep orange.

But the incomparable beauty of the vegetation is a matter of less astonishment to the traveler than the fact that the rich soil in which the roots of the flowers, shrubs and forests are bedded is on a foundation of ice, and the almost tropical luxury of foliage rests on the side of a glacier. Naturally it is the oldest among these ice mountains, where for centuries the soil has been accumulating first in crevice and fissure, and gradually extending, that are thus in verdure clad; yet many ancient and time-worn glaciers, because of their shifting and uncertain habits, are bare of vegetation from their hoary heads to the sloping hills that dip and disappear in the ocean.

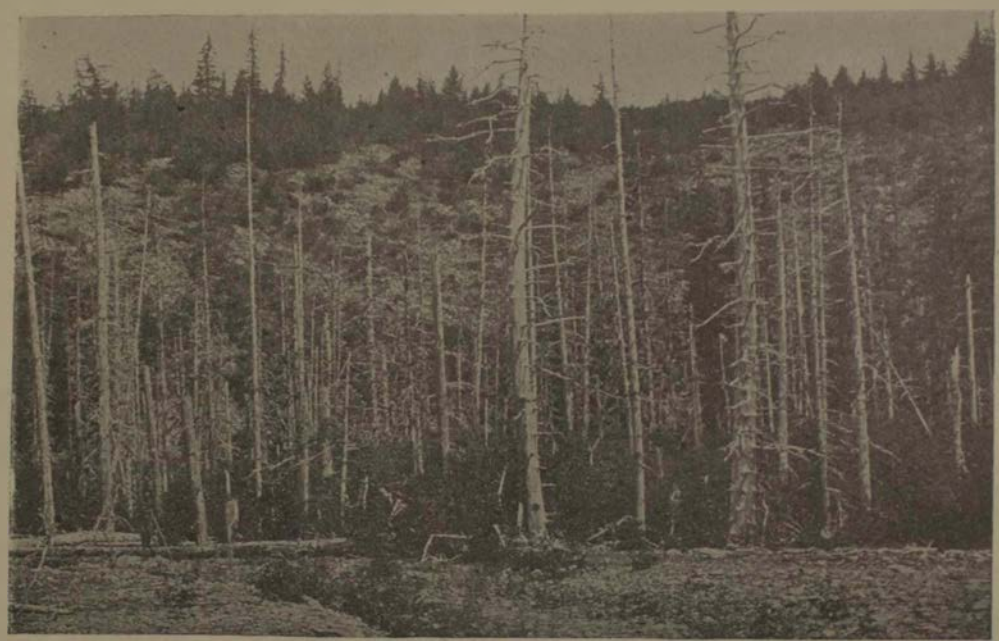
The approach to the foot-hills of the great peak is

difficult in the extreme, as it lies two hundred and fifty miles northwest from Sitka, the nearest city, fifty-five miles from Yakutat, and forty-five miles from Icy Bay. In order to get to that part of the coast where Mount St. Elias lies, it is customary to go three hundred miles in a second-rate coasting steamer, (but the outgoing exploring party should be wise enough to arrange to have a government vessel placed at their disposal), and then from Yakutat to Icy Bay, a distance of sixty miles, it is necessary to travel in sea-going canoes; and paddling sixty miles in a heavy swell, with cargo-burdened crafts, and finally landing through the surf, is an undertaking full of discomfort and actual peril. The full danger of this landing at Icy Bay is shown by the fact that six lives were lost in the surf when the members of the second Russell expedition made their landing.

Before the actual climbing of the glaciers, which is the most difficult feat of all, is begun, there are many obstacles to be overcome: The wading of the many glacial streams, frequently five feet in depth, is both dangerous and uncomfortable; and the cutting through the tangled underbrush, and the climbing of steep ascents, over slippery pine needles and moist forest growth, requires a vast amount of patience and perseverance, as well as great muscular strength, and the sort of bravery that enables a man to bear physical suffering for a principle.

Notwithstanding its latitude and the nearness of the glaciers, the climate of the country through which these men must travel before they begin the ascent is not unlike that of New York and vicinity, an average temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, with the summers shorter and the winters longer in proportion than those of the Middle Atlantic States.

The animal and vegetable kingdoms through the region extending from Sitka to Mount St. Elias also bear a marked resemblance to those of the northern part of the United States. Ducks, geese, grouse, heron, robins, and swans are found through the lower lands, together with every variety of small fruits. Both gold and silver have been discovered about the base of Mount St. Elias, but not in sufficient quantities to inaugurate a "gold craze" in that part of the country, such as is now raging East of the great peak in British Columbia.



Photograph by I. C. Russell. FOREST GROWING ON GLACIER.

As yet the interest in this highest peak of one of the most remarkable mountain-ranges in the world is wholly from a scientific standpoint. An unexplored country is always a fairy land of undiscovered marvels to the intelligent portion of the community; and the adventurous spirit is always to be found, as in the case of Mr. Bryant, to go forth valiantly to face the dangers of the situation for the sake of the manifold trophies which he hopes to bear back to civilization—trophies that will bring to the old world of science new messages from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms.

THE NEW STEAM PILOT-BOAT.

(*See Full-Page Picture.*)

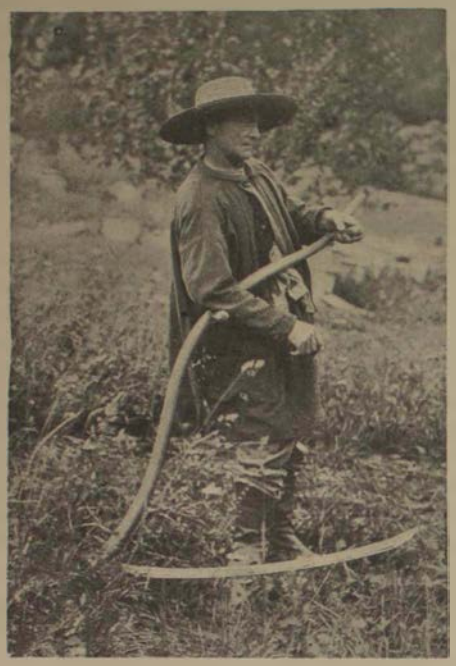
IN June the Association of New York and New Jersey Pilots placed on the station off Sandy Hook the new steam pilot-boat *New York*, of which we give a beautiful illustration on page 603. It is to be used to carry pilots out to incoming steamers whose officers employ them to bring the vessels in safely through the sometimes narrow courses of the channel in the harbor to the docks.

Previous to this, the pilots depended on sail-boats to carry them out, but the lessening of pilot-fees, caused mainly by the rapid change from sail to steam commerce, has made a surer means of quick transportation necessary, and has resulted in the building of the *New York*.

This vessel is the first of her type ever built, and is a craft unique in construction and appearance, neither a yacht nor a cargo ship, but a vessel with a hull of peculiarly able design—built of steel and fitted with the power and requirements to take itself to sea and stay there under any condition of wind or weather, sheltering and making a home for the twenty or thirty pilots, more or less, who will come and go from its decks year in and year out.

THE PICTURESQUE SHAKERS.

WITH the rapid advancement of modern life and civilization, most of the old-time picturesqueness is rapidly disappearing in all parts of the world When we stop to realize how many centuries must pass before our machine-made elegance will have taken on the picturesque beauty which is vanishing so rapidly, we will appreciate the more such a record as we have in the pictures that accompany this article.



AT WORK IN THE FIELD.

The Shakers, because of their peculiar religious belief, have, from the first, maintained an independence and individuality which, combined with the beauty of the natural surroundings of the country where their original settlements were made, produced a quaint and picturesque life, which, until of late, resisted all the changing fashions of the outside world.

Now a discontent has manifested itself in some of the communities, and many of the sisters have discarded the quaint costume which, by its stern simplicity of line and softness of color, expressed so well the characteristics of these peculiar people. There still remain, however, two or three Shaker communities where much of the old-time quaintness and charm survives, with many of the early costumes.

In them the men at work in the fields look like French peasants, with their blue blouses; but as you approach them, the long hair curling up at the back, beneath the wide-brimmed hat, and the absence of the sabot dispel the illusion, but do not lessen the pleasure in the picture.

In passing through a street of one of the villages you will probably see a shy young sister dart into an open doorway like a frightened deer. Glancing up to some window, you are amused to see faces disappearing with astonishing rapidity. This unusual timidity is apt to re-act upon one at first, and you wonder whether or not you would be admitted into the buildings. Before you have gone the length of the street your curiosity has been so sharpened that at last you make bold to enter the gate, arched with great lilac bushes, and, stepping up to the old-fashioned door, lay hold of the heavy brass knocker.

Although you meant to rap lightly, you are startled by the report that breaks the quiet of the large, roomy dwellings, sleeping so peacefully in the shade of the overhanging elms.

Soon a demure little sister appears, and a smile of welcome, inclosed by a queer white cap, assures you that your fears were groundless. You are shown through the rooms of the various buildings, and everywhere perfect order and spotless cleanliness prevail.

You accept with pleasure the invitation to dine, as the fame of a Shaker dinner has reached you long before. But you may be disappointed on finding that you must eat alone, as the Shakers never permit "world's people" to partake of meals at the table with themselves.

You are ushered into a small room off the main dining-room, where the table is already laden with a bountiful meal. The members of this community are vegetarians. So, having made up your mind to adapt yourself to their ways, for this meal at any rate, you can enjoy almost any vegetable the garden affords, cooked with great variety, supplemented by sweet white and Graham bread, good butter, delicious cool milk, preserves, fresh fruit, home-

A TYPE OF SHAKER SIMPLICITY

BEAUTY DIGNIFIES A HOMELY SERVICE.

made cheese, apple and berry pie. The indistinct clatter of dishes in the large dining-room becomes a full sound as the door opens, and a sweet-faced sister advances with a pot of tea and the polite inquiry as to whether your wants are supplied. This done, she quietly returns to her domestic duties, which no longer seem homely as you watch the slight figure moving about in its quaint dress, as picturesque as if she had just stepped from the frame of a genre painting.

There is a sweet simplicity, too, about the Shaker meeting-house. It is a low, square building, painted white—always freshly white—and nes tling in the shadows of a bit of bosky woodland in the heart of the community.

The Shaker's soul knows naught of "art for art's sake," but of the art that nature teaches, the grandeur and simplicity that is revealed in God's world, they know and understand and tell again in their religion, their homes, and even their dress.

Of a Sabbath morning the meeting-house is filled with men, women, and children, all arrayed in clothes of delicate neutral tints, the women's gowns soft, flowing, and immaculate, a gentle symbol of the life of the Shaker maiden. The garb of the men gives expression to an added degree of sternness, a certain repression and awkward shyness. And as they rise up to worship, "to go forth in the dance of them that make merry," the men on one side and the women on the other of a band of singers, bending gently at first, then swaying languorously, clapping the hands, drooping their covered heads, the men always with a certain restrained consciousness, and the women with an ecstasy of emotional enjoyment, it is borne in upon one that the picturesque quality of Shaker life is largely furnished by the women; and then one remembers that Shakerism owes its existence to the religious inspiration of an enthusiastic English maiden, one Ann Lee, of Manchester, whose parents belonged to the Society of Friends.

It was Ann Lee who first inaugurated the custom of dancing at religious meetings. The sterner body of Quakers disapproved of her and what they considered her frivolous behavior, and she was driven from the church and fined and imprisoned; but her fervency of spirit remained unquenched, and as soon as she was liberated she drew about her a body of followers who believed her inspired—thought her, indeed, the second, or the female, re-incarnation of the Christ. After establishing a large company of Shakers in England, who were remarkable for the physical manifestation of their spiritual illumination, Ann Lee, with a chosen few of her adherents, sailed for America, arriving in New York August 6, 1774. She settled in Watervliet, near Albany, where there is still a thriving Shaker community. Although there are at present about a dozen Shaker societies in the United States, offsprings of the first settlement at Watervliet, the communities in England have wholly died out. The spirit of Ann Lee seems to have survived only in the land which sheltered her.

A certain primitiveness that has its poetic aspect, also, prevails among the Shakers in their method of supporting their community. The whirr of machinery, the call to work by the shrill steam-whistle, are unknown in rural Shaker-land. The early-morning sounds that awaken men and women to labor are the gentle lowing of the kine, the bird-calls in the shade-trees, the morning greeting of the chanticleer, and the "ba-a-a" of sheep, impatient to leave their night-shelter and roam over the meadows.

SWEET-FACED MEDITATION.

It is one of the principles of the Shakers that everyone must work. And everyone does work. In the early morning light, children, in quaint attire, flit about, performing their various domestic duties, feeding the fowls out in the barnyard, or arranging the breakfast-table in the long, cool eating-room. By making preserves, churning butter, carding wool, knitting and crochetting various garments for sale, the women aid in meeting the expenses of the community. And the Shaker women are famous as cooks and housekeepers.

The clinging Shaker cloak

in which the women, old and young, are enveloped in winter weather is a garment so graceful, so fine in texture, and so exquisitely made, that its fame has reached the ears of the society woman, and, in spite of its demure color and style, it has been seen of late years in company with *décolleté* gowns and in most worldly places.

It is a mistake to think that the gentle, mild-eyed Shaker maid is unhappy in her life of seclusion, and longs for the mysterious joys of the world's people. Her soul is keenly alive to the pleasures of the natural world; but the artificial joys of men only startle and wound her, and when once permitted a glimpse of city life she is invariably homesick for the peace and quiet routine of her own unconsciously picturesque existence.

Even in the Shaker graveyard is there an air of dignified simplicity, a suggestion of unspeakable rest and peace. There are no stones to carry rhetorical tributes to the Shaker dead; but over each grave, at the head of each mound, is planted a tree, an emblem of immortality, which is permitted to grow undisturbed, shielding the grave from wind and weather and transforming a place of melancholy association into a stately forest, a garden of beauty.

In their simplicity and sincerity, their mode of living and their garb, the Shakers always appeal to the artistic and poetic mind. One is sorry to see them abandoning their quaint ways and dress, as one regrets to see the destruction of any spot of natural beauty to make way for the civilized and the commonplace.

SOCIETY FADS.

WE have evidently got around again to the age of brass, for every second woman in society is collecting objects, small and large, made of this handsome metal. Brass beds, andirons, fenders, and kettles by no means satisfy the fashionable craving for articles made of this most ornamental of materials. Long mirrors, for the stately new houses, are now set in brazen frames of most elaborate design; panels of brass line the walls of the dining-rooms, vases large and small are made of the metal; and, as if extravagance must burst all bounds, one millionaire's wife has had her bath-room fitted with a huge tub that glitters like gold, at the head of which stands a tall, lovely female figure of brass, holding in her arms a water-jar, from the mouth of which, on pressing a lever, issues a hot or cold shower-bath. But brass in house decoration, lavish though it is, invading the toilet-table, writing-desk, and sideboard, where only gold or silver lately reigned, is a fad distinct from brass collecting as an art and interest; many women who for years have been gathering up book-plates, fine china, or jewels, have now got rid of their treasures in order to devote time and money to brasses. Russia, India, and Spain supply the Benares, enameled, and sacred brasses these æsthetes crave; and it is no uncommon incident to have an otherwise sane and charming woman gravely relate that she invested the price of two big opals in a brass candlestick that you feel sure you could duplicate for two dollars and a half, in any Broadway shop.

IF any engaged girl wishes to give her lover a birthday gift that he will prize, and that will be full of the proper sentiment, let her follow the prevailing fashion and make him a sachet from her glove. A delicate pearl gray, snow white, or pale tan *Suède* is the thing. It ought to be a five-button *mousquetaire*, and first of all, directly in the palm, she must cut out a space the shape of a heart, and fill this in with rich red silk. On the silk she must delicately, in gold threads, outline his initials, and then with cotton stuff the fingers, palm, and wrist. The cotton should first be thoroughly impregnated with orris and violet powder. A thin gauze is laid under the spot where the buttons catch over, and the bottom of the glove is neatly finished with silk, pink preferred.

THE very latest, and in many respects one of the most commendable philanthropic pursuits that have yet interested the benevolent hearts of upper-tendom, is being turned just now all in the direction of the hitherto ignored and despised domestic servant. It is no longer considered either kind or proper to have under your roof housemaids or cooks, laundresses or nurses, of whose family and financial condition, spiritual welfare or recreations, you are totally ignorant. A league has been formed, among one hundred society women, not only to make the lives of their serving women more prosperous, but more happy and protected. The proposition is to open a reading and recreation room for girls who have no friends in a big city, no place to spend their free afternoons and evenings, and who are assailed by cruel temptations in a large city. The club is to have dues and fees, well within the compass of any girl's wages; it is to be fitted up comfortably, supplied with piano, books and stationery, plenty of picture papers in all languages, and a lavatory; and privileges are given for any girl to entertain her friends there. Once a month a recreation evening will be held, and one of the members of the league of one hundred must be present; music, or magic-lantern slides, with a talk, games, a little play, or a reading from some romance will provide the amusement, and the evening will wind up with ice-cream, cake, and hot chocolate. Up to date the club has been established in the basement parlor of a handsome home belonging to one of the league members. An ever-increasing club-list, however, has necessitated a larger room, which the league is going to fit up at its own expense, and in which a house warming, with a grand spread, is to be held as soon as it is completed.

MADAME LA MODE.

THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

WE want to call the special attention of our readers to the beautiful full-page picture of the bronze tablet on the monument to Robert Gould Shaw, which we give in this number. The significance of the memorial was spoken of in "The World's Progress" of DEMOREST'S, last month. The design is by Augustus St. Gaudens, and is one of his most striking pieces of work. The reproduction is from one of the artistic Copley prints.

By Haryot Holt Cahoon.

THE flags used by the United States Navy are manufactured at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Building number seven is the headquarters of the equipment department, and is under the supervision of Lieutenant B. T. Walling. Three apartments in this building are occupied by the flag-makers, and there, for more than thirty years, the Stars and Stripes that are flaunted by ocean breezes all over the world have been measured, weighed, tested, constructed, and mounted by the busy workers who have become adepts in the art of flag-craft.

The flags of the United States are not the only patterns produced by this corps of workers, for every craft commissioned by the United States Government must be provided with a full supply of the flags of all nations, and, therefore, there is no recognized government in the world whose insignia at home and abroad are not patterned and sewed by the women who report daily for this service to their country. It is the boast of the flag department that in no place in the world are flags so well made as they are in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Mr. James Crimmins is foreman. He is supposed to know more about flags than anybody in the world. He weighs the bunting, tests the colors, measures the stripes, cuts the cloth, carves out the stars, and inspects the stitches. Year in and year out he is a critic of the patriotic expression embodied in our national banner, and there is not an emblem of this or of any other country displayed over the decks of the vessels of our navy which has not passed under his critical inspection.

One of the apartments is used for the measurement of the flags. The floor reminds one of an interior tennis court, but in place of the regulation chalk-marks it is inlaid with strips and plates of polished brass for the measurement of the flags in length and in width, and this measurement must be rendered as exact as the immortal laws of the Medes and Persians. The width or "hoist" must be exactly ten-nineteenths of the length. The expanse of floor, which accommodates itself so readily to the dimensions of the largest flags in the world, is admirably adapted for the uses of a ball-room, and there are held the semi-monthly dances which are a feature of the social life of the officers

MR. JAMES CRIMMINS TESTING THE BUNTING.

stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The light fantastic toe trips over the brass-mounted floor on such occasions, and perhaps few of the guests are aware that the metrical designs beneath their feet mark the dimensions of the Stars and Stripes that thrill every true American heart, no matter in what part of the world the well-beloved banner may be seen.

There is another apartment, occupied by a score or more of women whose nimble fingers are employed on the emblems of liberty. For fifteen years some of these flag-artisans have worked for Uncle Sam. The time was when the entire flag was made by hand, but machine-work has usurped the prerogatives of hand-labor. Even a greater innovation is soon to be made, for it is intended within a short time to adapt electricity to the machines now operated by foot-power. Thus the work of the operators, as well as their numbers, will be diminished, unless, perchance, a war with Spain, or with some other foreign power, should increase the demand for bunting.

THE OLD SAILOR WHO FINISHES THE FLAGS.

In the third room is the great chopping-block whereon Mr. Crimmins carves out white cotton stars. The cloth is folded twenty times or more, and then a great shining brass star is laid on the material and the pattern marked on the fabric, after which, with chisel and mallet, the grand flag-master hews out a whole constellation at a time. Every star must be the exact counterpart of every other star. These are then dealt out individually to the sewers of stars, to be affixed to their firmament of blue bunting. It is an unswerving rule which admits of no deviation that a certain number of stitches must be employed to each inch of measurement; the flag-master is a stern critic, for in that capacity he acts the part of Uncle Sam himself. In the present year of grace our flag possesses ninety stars, forty-five on each

ONE CORNER OF THE WOMEN'S WORK-ROOM AT THE FLAG DEPARTMENT.

side, back to back and stitch to stitch. There is no right side, in contradistinction to a wrong side, because both sides of the banner are precisely the same. Only expert needle-women are star-sewers. The "device-worker" is one grade in advance of the star-sewer, and her work is done on foreign flags. It is noticeable that the smaller the country the greater and more ostentatious is its flag likely to be. Some of the finest needlework done at the Brooklyn Navy Yard is used in the manufacture of the flags of Costa Rica and San Salvador. The size of a country offers no excuse for a slight to its flag. The most intricate lace-work is not more ambitious in execution than is the work displayed in the creation of many of the flags that come from the hands of these employés of Uncle Sam.

There is but one worker in the finishers' class of flag-makers. He is a sturdy old sailor who sits on a sailmaker's bench and mounts each flag on its ropes, sewing the heavy iron rings in place. He looks a very picturesque apostle of patriotism as he sits in the midst of unnumbered constellations and surrounded by red and white stripes, driving the needle through canvas and hemp by means of a thimble strapped across the palm of his right hand. His hair and mustache are as white as snow, and his florid skin gives evidence of contact with many an ocean breeze. His field of labor has never been intruded upon by feminine workers who sew the stars and stripes together.

There are only two concerns in the United States who compete for the contract of supplying the government with bunting. This is because only two factories manufacture a quality of the required grade.

The flags which are manufactured for the use of the navy float above the decks of our men-of-war, in all sorts of weather, in every clime, and on every sea. They must be exposed to the frosts and hail of the North, to the gales and melting suns of the equator, and it, therefore, becomes necessary that they shall be manufactured of the strongest and most durable material possible to procure. In order to be certain that this necessity is met, the government has invented a series of testing devices which are even more severe than the artifices of nature.

There are stretching-machines, chemicals, and a lot of other things for testing the resistance, colors, etc., of the material used, and if a sample successfully passes these several tests it is regarded as worthy to face any gale and withstand the hot sun's rays, as well as the bullets of the enemy.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE BICYCLE NOVICE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER ON SOME IMPORTANT POINTS IN BICYCLING.

EVERY struggling bicycle beginner has experienced the feeling that riding would be easy enough if only some one would take the scales from her eyes by explaining the points that everyone ought to know, and that it takes so many weary weeks of practice and so many hard tumbles to find out for oneself.

All such beginners will be interested in knowing that Mrs. Axtell, a fine wheelwoman in New York, who has ridden for seven years and has taught with much success for five seasons at one of the largest academies, has a receipt for taking these troublesome scales from the beginner's eyes, and converting the novice, in the fewest possible lessons, into a fearless, graceful, accomplished wheelwoman.

Mrs. Axtell's motto in teaching is that comprehension is quite as necessary as courage. She believes that women as well as children do a thing better if they know why they are doing it.

"In the first place," to quote her exact words, "when a pupil comes to me I always ask her a series of questions: Have you ever ridden before? If so, how do you pedal? Do you know enough of the mechanism of a wheel to understand the instructions? Do you know how to fall off?—which is a very different matter from falling off without knowing how. From the various answers I receive I know how much my pupil does not know, what faults she has to unlearn, whether she is quick-witted, and if she will learn readily. I can sometimes tell by a woman's physique whether she will become an apt pupil. If she has ever ridden horseback, or is in any way athletic, she has a distinct advantage as a pupil over one who has given her muscles no training whatever.

"After telling the beginner to give up all ideas of her own about riding, to do exactly as I say, and even try to think as I think, to give herself up as completely as though she were going to be mesmerized, I begin by getting her on the wheel; not teaching her to mount, but merely getting her in a comfortable position on the saddle. The pedals are arranged almost on a level line, the right one forward and very slightly raised. While I hold the saddle firmly at the back, the mounting is accomplished, and is done at the left of the wheel.

HOW TO FALL OFF.

"The next important move in the first lesson is to acquire the art of falling off. When once a rider can get off, even before learning to dismount, without falling in a heap and letting go of her wheel, she has gotten her first

lesson in confidence. To fall off scientifically, lean whichever way you want to fall, say to the left; keep tight hold of the handle-bars, turn the front wheel slightly to the left, take the left foot off the pedal, straighten out the left leg clear of the pedal, and as the wheel falls you will land on your left foot, and your hold on the bars will keep the wheel up and help you to right yourself. In falling to the right, exactly reverse the order. In my five years of teaching, I have never had a pupil fall to the ground in a lump after once taking this lesson.

HOW TO PEDAL.

"I think it is important to teach a pupil to pedal correctly from the beginning. The toe should be on the pedal, with enough of the ball of the foot back of the rubber to prevent the pedal from slipping up in the in step, which means loss of control over the wheel and possibly a serious fall. At the same time I teach the ankle motion. Many riders ignore the ankle motion entirely, and get all their force from the knees. This is both ungraceful and injurious. Put your force into your pedals from the ankles in the following fashion: When the pedal is at its highest point drop the heel as much as possible, and when the pedal is down keep the heel up. This keeps the heel almost on a level with the pedal-crank, while the toe follows the pedal up and down. The ankle motion is equally helpful on an up or a down grade. It gives double force in controlling the wheel, and prevents a too conspicuous bending of the knee.

"But there is one point I should have mentioned first of all, and that is the height of the saddle. Most women ride with their saddles too high, and when women are injured in riding this is one of the most common causes. Test your saddle in this way." Mrs. Axtell then mounted a wheel and gave a practical illustration. She placed her left pedal at the lowest point and was still able to easily place her foot on it at the instep by straightening the leg. "It is a mistake," she said, "to ride with the saddle so high that when the pedal is at the lowest point you can only reach it with the toe. To avoid injuring certain muscles the saddle should be low enough to permit a very slight bend in the knee when the pedal is nearest the ground.

"I next give a lesson in balancing the body, showing how when the wheel tips to the left the body should incline to the right, and vice versa. Then my pupil is taught not to look at her front wheel, to hold her handle-bars lightly, and to sit erect. I believe in teaching a woman through her mind. I tell her how to do a thing and also why she should do it. By sitting erect I do not mean straight up without life or grace. If a woman has a flexible waist she will naturally bend forward the least bit as she does in walking or in horseback riding.

"In adjusting the handle-bars I always set them low enough, so that when one grasps the handle-bar easily the arms will be extended full length, instead of having the bars so high that the arms curve down and up in an unsightly, prevalent, bow-legged fashion.

DISMOUNTING AND MOUNTING.

"Before permitting a pupil to ride off alone I always teach her to dismount. It is really necessary to know how to get off in order to enjoy staying on. Always ride slowly before attempting to dismount; then, when the left pedal is at its lowest point, throw your weight upon it; rise slowly out of the saddle, holding firmly to the handle-bars and turning them slightly to the right; bring the right foot over to the left side and permit it to touch the ground before taking the left foot off the pedal. To dismount gracefully it is only necessary to dismount slowly. Above all things, never jump or lose your balance in dismounting. Remember if you tip to one side your wheel tips with you. Your safety depends upon 'thinking straight.'

"It is best to lower the saddle in teaching any one to mount. See that the pedals are almost parallel, with the right one slightly raised; then take firm hold of the bars, for there are two times when you should grip your handle-bars: in mounting and in dismounting. Place yourself directly in front of your saddle, so that it catches you straight in the small of the back; divide your skirts, and, leaning forward a little, press on the right pedal slightly; rise slowly and push back into the saddle. It is a good plan to watch some one mount until you get the idea, and then practice until you can do it. In mounting on an up grade have the right pedal several inches higher than the crank. The pressure required to send the pedal down gives the wheel a better start. On an up grade, pedal equally and follow the pedals closely with a firm foot as they go up and down, using the ankle as much as possible for the force required, until you learn later on how to use the whole leg.

"In turning around it is well to take as wide a sweep as possible at first. Do not incline the body too much, or the wheel will slip out from under you; give yourself up to the wheel instead of trying to guide it, and always pedal hardest with the outside foot—that is, if you are turning to the left, pedal hardest with right foot, and hardest with left foot if you are turning to the right.

"A woman who is an equestrian will not only ride her wheel better, but will stand a much better chance of avoiding accidents on the road. She will know better than to dash across the road in front of a skittish horse. If she finds herself in a close quarter with a nervous horse, she will deem it the better part of valor to dismount. On the other hand, she will never ride too close behind a farm-wagon, knowing the tendency of the country steed for a complete rest at most unexpected moments. It is a good thing for a reckless rider to remember that if a horse runs away, it almost invariably runs in the direction of the object which has frightened it.

"A word of advice in regard to the fatal tendency of the novice to invariably run into the very object she seeks to avoid. Always look away from the thing you are afraid of running into. So long as a person is thinking of a certain object, fearing it, giving her entire attention to it, the bend of the body will follow the trend of the mind, and the wheel reflects every movement of the body: thus when the mind is on the ash heap, the wheel is bound to be there in very short time."

Mrs. Axtell advocates a short skirt, one at least eight inches from the ground. "As long as short skirts are both prettier and safer, why should not women wear them?" she exclaimed. "But I do not believe in high boots with them. It is impossible to get a good ankle-motion in boots, and if you strive for it you injure your ankles. I remember trying a century run once in boots. After I had gone about seventy-five miles I took out a penknife and cut off my boot-tops, and found my ankles not only swollen but actually bleeding. Women should ride in low shoes, with gaiters added in cold weather.

"Of course, every woman can learn to ride if she is not lazy. Children naturally learn most readily, sometimes mastering a wheel in a single lesson; while one old lady is on record as being booked for her seventieth lesson in learning to mount. If women are wide awake, intelligent and moderately strong, four or five lessons should make them independent of help and ready for the road."

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

CONCERNING PICTURE-FRAMES.

THE most perfect expression of the modern idea in framing pictures is manifested when the frame not merely harmonizes with the picture but plainly shows in its construction and design that it was made especially for it. In many cases this implies so great expense that the satisfaction of such artistic correspondence is beyond the reach of the majority; but it is very possible to adapt the idea in an unpretentious and inexpensive manner, and with this end in view designs for some simple frames are here given.

The illustrations offer suggestions that may be carried out in a satisfactory manner by anyone who is handy with simple tools, the paint-brush and glue-pot. The services of the picture-frame maker may have to be called into play at times, as perhaps it may not be an easy matter to mitre and glue the angle-joints that must be made in some instances; and when inner moldings of gilt or silver are to be used they will have to be purchased from the frame-maker and cut to fit the picture.

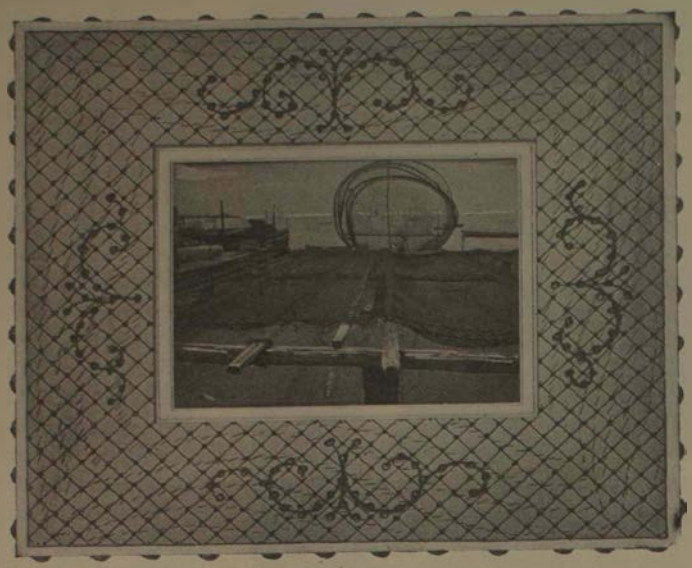
Water-colors, etchings, and prints are the pictures that should be selected for such framing, and many pretty and attractive frames can be made if ingenuity and judgment are shown in the selection of materials and the manner of manipulating them. Although the idea is no longer new, there is almost no limit to the original designs which will occur to one after a little practice in thus suiting frame to picture; and many striking frames can be made that will be appropriate for the decoration of every room in the house.

POND-LILY FRAME.

A mountain lake or pond scene where the water near the edges of the pond is dotted with lilies finds its fitting setting in the pond-lily frame. It is made of pine or white-wood and treated to several thin coats of yellow shellac, and a gilt beading finishes the inner edge. The pond-lilies decorating the face of the frame can be painted with oil-colors, but the effort will be enhanced if the outlines are first drawn with a hot point. Those who are familiar with pyrography, or poker-work, and who have the necessary tools, can readily trace out the form of the flowers, buds, and leaves; but those who do not possess the platinum points and tools for the work can accomplish similar results by making a tool and heating it over the gas or a small spirit-lamp. An illustration is given of a simple tool that can be made from a stout piece of wire with the end thrust into a file-handle; the tip must be sharpened to a point with a file, and with this little tool heated to a cherry-red the outlines can be traced. The design must be drawn on the frame with a soft lead-pencil, and afterward gone over with the hot point. If a broad and charred line is desired, the wood should be burned before the shellac is applied; but the painting, to be brilliant, must be done over the shellac, which gives lustre to the color. Fields of golden-rod or daisies, or an autumn hillside aglow with purple asters are other subjects for which such floral designs make appropriate frames.

For a fishing scene, where there are nets and boats, the fish-net frame is effective. The foundation is a flat pine frame, which must be treated to several coats of shellac, and then covered with a piece of fine-meshed fish-net that has been stiffened by shellac, and treated to a coat of dead-black paint. At the inner edge the net can be held by small steel-wire nails driven through the knots, and at the outer edge the net is to be lapped over and held in place with narrow strips of wood fastened to the edge of the frame with large oval-headed tacks painted black. These strips may be given several good coats of cream-white enamel paint, or a coat of shellac to match the main framework; and where the nails are driven through them, at regular distances, small holes should first be made with an awl to prevent the nails splitting them. A flat, gilt molding should finish the inner edge, and at each of the four sides a design can be made of heavy painted string held in scroll pattern with oval-headed tacks painted black.

For any rustic scene of forest, mountain, or stream, the birch-bark frame is appropriate and effective. A flat mat-silver molding half an inch in width is surrounded with a crown-faced birch-bark frame, from two to three inches wide, which is ornamented with pine twigs on which the



FISH-NET FRAME.

dried needles and cones are still in position. To form the foundation a strip of pine should be planed to a crowned or oval surface, with a rabbet in the edge,—to explain this fully, a section of the frame is shown in an illustration,—and afterward cut and mitred to form the frame about the silver molding. Some good pieces of white birch-bark can be selected for the covering, and to work it nicely they should be thin and dry. With some good quality of liquid glue, fasten the bark to the surface and edges of the frame. Be careful to get the joints even and well closed, so that no opening or irregular seam will show. Apply the glue thinly to both the back of the bark and face of frame, and allow it to dry for a few minutes before putting together, as they will stick better than if the two wet surfaces are brought into contact as soon as the glue is applied

When selecting the bark, remember that occasional knots and irregular places and even bits of fungi enhance its attractiveness. After the bark has been securely fastened in place, a few twigs of pine may be gracefully arranged at the upper and lower corners as shown.

Dried twigs will be the best, and to give the needles the appearance of life, they can be dipped in or painted with a dye of the proper green shade. The cones, also, may be given a coat of the green if desired, and the twigs may be treated to a coat of brown paint laid on very sparingly. A somewhat similar frame, without the inner molding of silver, can be made from dried birch limbs that are the same diameter as the desired width of frame. Split them in half, and in this manner two pieces of the required length should make the four sides to the frame. The pieces should be mitred and decorated as shown in the illustration ; and if the back is planed smooth, a picture may be tacked to it with or without a glass.

TOOL FOR POKER-WORK.

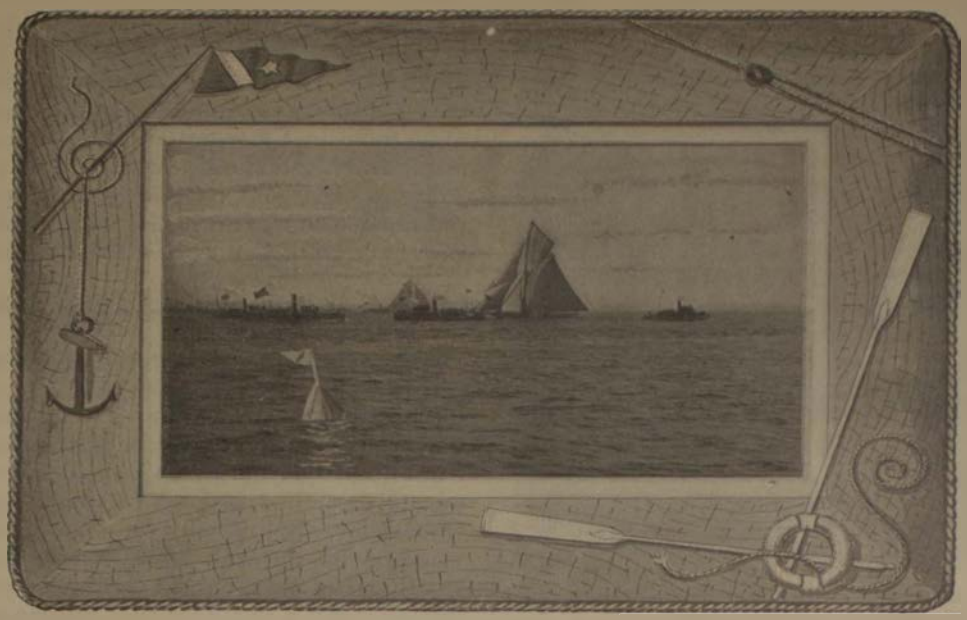
The nautical frame is so plainly intended for a marine view that mention of the pictures for which it is suitable would be superfluous. The woodwork, which is of chestnut, is darkened around the outer edge with a dark oak wood-filler, applied with a rag, and at the inner edge the wood is its natural color. Between the two edges the shading is graduated, in the manner shown by the illustration ; and a rag does this blurring better than a brush

SECTION OF BIRCH-BARK FRAME.

could. Wood-filler, in various shades, can be purchased at hardware or paint shops ; but if it cannot be obtained in small cans purchase a little burnt umber ground in oil, or if you have some oil colors in tubes the burnt umber, cassel earth, or Vandyke brown will answer the same purpose. A gilt molding, having a mat surface, should surround the picture. The corners are rounded as shown, and the outer edge is finished with manilla rope about one inch in diameter, which can be fastened securely in place

FRAME FOR RUSTIC SCENE.

by slim steel-wire nails driven through the strands and into the edge of the frame. Where the ends of the rope come together a neat and invisible joint can be made by binding the ends with strings for the distance of an inch or two, after which apply thin shellac with a small bristle brush, driving it in well between the threads, and allow it to remain for a day or two. The threads will then be tightly stuck together, and the string may be removed, the ends brought opposite each other, so the coil will continue to appear in the same line, and with some of the slim wire nails the joint may be firmly held in place. It is best to make this joint at the top, where it is less liable to show in the event of its not having been made invisible.

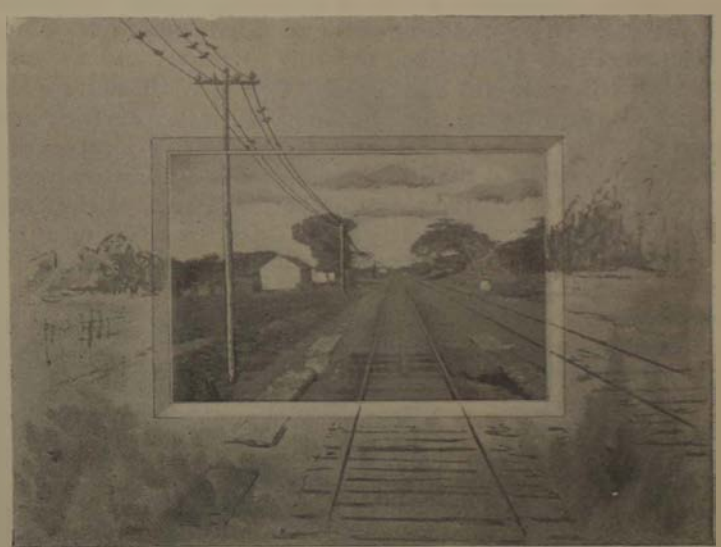


NAUTICAL FRAME.

The nautical emblems, which can be varied to suit individual taste, finish the frame. At the upper right-hand side is fastened a little flag-pole cut from pine with a penknife, and decorated with a small silk flag that can be held in place with a dot of glue here and there, so that it may retain its rippled effect. A small coil of rope and a toy anchor may be attached in the same place, and in the opposite corner a small pulley-block and some guy-ropes can be arranged. In the lower left-hand corner, a life-buoy, a piece of rope, and two oars, cut from pine with a penknife, may be gracefully placed as shown. These little ornaments may have a coat of shellac or be painted any desirable color; and the life-buoy, which can be cut from wood, should be painted white and finished at both inner and outer edges with small rope or white twisted cord. If nicely made, the result will be very satisfactory and pleasing.

The last illustration should be fertile in suggestions to ingenious and artistic workers, for it is not probable they will wish to copy it exactly. The aim is, of course, to show how the details of the picture may be extended upon its setting, blending both together. The frame is of pine, or other soft wood that does not show a prominent grain, and should be fairly wide. The trees and earth, as well as ground shading, can be done with a rag and a little umber paint, but the telegraph pole, wires and rails should be burned on the wood with the hot point as directed for the pond-lily frame.

The inner edge is slightly beveled, but must have no inner strip of gilt or silver molding as it would break the continuity of the design.



ONLY A SUGGESTION.

These suggestions are only for framing photographs and sketches such as we bring home in the autumn as the result of our summer wanderings. Pictures of intrinsic merit need frames of more dignity. J. HARRY ADAMS.

DEMOREST FOR OCTOBER.

THE October number of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE will certainly make good its right to be called one of the best of family Magazines. It will contain a particularly good lot of articles that will be of interest not only to mothers and daughters, but to fathers and sons as well.

The newly discovered ALASKAN GOLD-FIELDS which have recently sent home so many treasure-laden men and to which there is almost as great a rush as to California in '49, will be described and abundantly illustrated; so that whether one wants to try his fortune there himself, or has an interest in friends who have ventured to go, he will be fully informed concerning the place.

THE NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST, also a recent discovery, made by the Egyptian Association, will be gone over, giving the story of their discovery and their probable value and importance in the religious world.

HOW TO POSE CHILDREN for their pictures will be an interesting article for parents, accompanied as it is with many attractive and suggestive pictures.

In Our Girls department suggestions will be made for a unique out-of-door entertainment. In the Sanitarian the care of children will be discussed and the other departments will also be full of useful, helpful, and interesting matter.

SANITARIAN

IMAGINARY DISEASE

JOB, that wise and much-afflicted man of the East, in the extremity of his suffering gave expression to the terse generalization that "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." The truth of this statement will be only too apparent to the student of history and of human life even in its particular aspects. But he will realize at the same time that the most of those troubles have been self-created, and have been less the result of transmitted taints and environment than of mental constitution and disposition. Disregard or ignorance of the conditions essential to health has been responsible for nearly all the ills that have afflicted humanity in all ages. But there is an aspect of this question of trouble which makes it still more subjective. An individual may not be ignorant of the laws of health, nor neglectful of them in regulating his conduct, and yet his fears may induce that condition which his habits of life would tend to avert. As the contagion of panic is communicated from one to another in a crowd, so may the imagination be a potent factor in disseminating disease. When there is a predisposition toward any particular disorder the danger of infection is enormously increased, but even in such a contingency a calm and equable frame of mind will do much to avert trouble.

There is, however, a class of ailments which are purely imaginary in their inception and largely so in their progressive development, such as hypochondria. Some of these cases are the most distressing that the physician meets with in his practice. In dealing with real physical ailments he has something tangible to work upon, but in treating imaginary ones he limits his efforts almost entirely to attempting to divert the patient's attention from his fancied troubles. Unfortunately, imaginary ailments sometimes develop into real ones. Hypochondria may result in serious cerebral lesion, and may end in suicide or madness.

Though the predisposition to this mental malady may be inherited, the active cause of the trouble is a too frequent absorption of the mind in introspection and indulgence in morbid fancies. In consequence of constantly dwelling upon every slight disturbance of mental or bodily function, the individual body or mind may finally seem to the perverted imagination to be really afflicted with what before it only dreaded. Occasionally it may end more seriously—external things may be completely overshadowed or blotted out, environment obliterated, and the deranged egoists left to reign supreme in a world of their own creation.

Fortunately, persons liable to suffer from imaginary ailments are not those in whom humanity is greatly interested. It is almost impossible to conceive of an unselfish, sympathetic nature being so afflicted. It is only when the mind is occupied solely with itself that the individual is liable to be so troubled. But the same self-centred, egoistic habit of mind which prevents the healthful and natural outflow of the sympathies is responsible not only for hypochondria, but also for most of the suicides and cases of insanity in the world. Where there is no inherited tendency to such peculiar mental conditions it is quite certain that an abnegation of self in a sympathetic regard for others would prove in almost every instance a safeguard against them.

In treatment of cases of hypochondria the use of medicine is not, as a rule, much resorted to. Change of scene, congenial society, bicycling, golf, and other healthy exercises, are of the highest value in such cases. It is only within recent years that hypnotism has obtained recognition as a curative agency, and I am not aware that its aid has been invoked in cases of hypochondria. From the peculiar nature of this trouble hypnotic suggestion ought to prove of the highest possible value in diverting the minds of patients from their morbid fancies and delusions.

In cases where there is an inherited predisposition to these or other mental troubles, the children should be reared with the greatest possible care. Those subjects which excite their keenest interest should be permitted them for study, and every effort made to develop the social and sympathetic side of their natures. The study of physiology, or any other subject that directs the attention too exclusively to the body or its functions, should be prohibited in the case of such children, or, in fact, in the case of any boy or girl of tender years. The knowledge acquired by such study may lead to the very danger it was intended to guard against. Certain functions which are peculiarly liable to be affected by the imagination, would probably remain in a perfectly normal condition, were the mind kept in a healthy state. The adage has it that to be forewarned is to be forearmed. This is not invariably so in the domain of morals or matters of conduct.

Though the worst cases of hypochondria are but a short remove from madness, those suffering from the mildest forms may live to an extreme old age, continually complaining of their pains and misfortunes and anticipation of premature death, and persistent in their efforts to make others as miserable as themselves. Such people are entitled to no sympathy whatever. A drastic method of treatment which would inflict real bodily pain, though unsanctioned by therapeutists, would probably approach nearer to being a specific in such cases than any other mode of treatment that has been adopted.

N. MACDONALD.

THERE IS NOTHING so important in all nervous diseases as the exercise of the will power. It is a common habit of nervous people to think that they cannot avoid yielding to the various manifestations of their disease. This is true to a limited degree, but all such manifestations can be greatly modified by a resolute turning to some other subject, not waiting for some one else to work the diversion.

A GOOD HEARTY laugh each day, even if it is at first somewhat forced, will go far toward removing a tendency to morbidness.

PLENTY OF OUTDOOR exercise that will start the blood circulating, the muscles growing, and the mind working, will bring a light heart and a healthy body.

THOUGHTS THAT MOLD THE FEATURES.

THE molding of our features by our thoughts is a never-ceasing process whether we are conscious of it or not; whether consciously controlled or not. If we persistently continue in one line of thought for a given time, the especial features upon which this thought has acted have become accentuated accordingly. It is the thought behind every act, behind every breath, which vitalizes and finally shapes the lineaments of our faces; and any attempt to frustrate thought in its effort to express itself through our countenances, results in a confusion of expression and an uncertainty which is superior to and detracts from otherwise well-formed features.

Nor may we impose upon each other by mere muscular imitation of a feeling or a sympathy which is not genuine; for our thoughts, endeavoring to conceal themselves from our associates for some reason born of the moment or surroundings, mean one thing and try to make the features express another, perhaps a more "polite" thing. In this way, the intangible thought, true at its birth but afraid to show itself naked to the beholder for fear of loss of emolument, of praise, it may be, or friendship or favor, attempts to dissemble, and at once loses its force and mars the truth or true action of eyes, of lips, of brows.

So it follows that the first rule to be observed by the seeker after physical perfection is that brief one, "Be true." As a tree is known by its fruit, so is a mind known by its expression upon the face. A pure trend of thought seen through the free acting muscles of the physiognomy can and must reflect a pure beauty. It is simply a matter of "cause and effect."

The most beautiful face is the perfectly happy one; for happiness brings a shining to the eyes, a new curving to the lips, a rounding of and an uplifting to the cheek. In all the happier and loftier emotions the muscles leap upward. It seems a sacrilege to analyze a smile and make it a mere matter of muscular energy, but perhaps if it is looked at in another way, seeing in the muscles of the face the ready handmaids of the soul or thought, we may at once recognize the importance of the relations existing between the servant muscles and the master mind.

If we made cheerful thoughts our constant companions, the mask of each individual will grow to its fullest perfection as surely as the rose petals unfold their ruddy beauty to the loving sun.

This may not be apparent during youth or early womanhood, for the features then are only forming and except in cases of abnormally developed tendencies are not cast into an unalterable form. But after one has reached middle life, has lost much of the freshness of youth, and must depend mainly on expression for her beauty and attractiveness, then it is the lines of the face that tell the story of her life They are beautiful if her thoughts have been exalted, unattractive if they have been unworthy.

All along the outposts of time has this truth been cried out by the various sentries. Marcus Aurelius emphasized it, men of brawn and brain have echoed it, famous beauties have profited by it. But the search for the best in ourselves, for the perfecting of our bodies must not be made languishingly. It must be carried on with wide-open eyes and minds; by doing "noble deeds, not dreaming all day long." One need not look upon the doing of kind things as a sacrifice or foolish self-repression, for that is seeing it in a false light. In reality, it is true self-protection, and we ourselves are the truest beneficiaries of our cultivated "good nature."

Every smile given is like money put out at usury, and rarely returns a poor interest. Every depressed thought, every angry one, every bitter one leaves a trail behind it as vile as the poisonous footprints of the tarantula. "If the hive is disturbed by rash and foolish hands, instead of honey, it will yield us bees," may certainly be paraphrased to read "If the features are stirred into action by bitter or harsh thoughts, instead of beauty, they will yield us ugliness.'

ADA STERLING.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRA ALBUM.

IF you have not provided yourself with our Portrait Album, prepared especially to contain the portraits which we publish each month, you are missing an opportunity which you will regret more and more as time passes.

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

The pages of the album are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. A space is provided at the back in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are published in each Magazine to accompany the portraits; and these sketches undoubtedly impart an additional value to the portraits. If you have an album and have it filled, send your order for another at once and avoid delay. Or, if you have none, send for one, and start your collection.

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

ASPIC JELLY.

How to Make It, and How to Use It.

A VALUABLE factor in molding dainty cold dishes of meat, poultry, or game, for garnishing various dishes, and in preparing tempting salad, is the savory jelly known as aspic. Being transparent, it allows the food which it covers to be seen through it; and, furthermore, it is a most accommodating bit of edible, for it easily takes on every color of the rainbow—if properly treated—and may appear several times in the course of a meal without exciting surprise or remark.

An idea prevails that the manufacture of good aspic is beyond the possibility of any save the finished chef, but if one will follow these directions carefully, uniform success will be the reward.

Procure four pounds of knuckle of veal, two calves' feet, and one pound of ham. As this meat is to be boiled solely to make stock, cut it into very small pieces, and have the bones all cracked. Place all in a thick saucepan, lined with porcelain; set it over a slow fire to simmer gently—or what is known in the cook's parlance, "to draw down." This process draws out all the juices of the meat. When the gravy ceases to flow add two quarts of cold water. Place it over a gentle fire, so it may heat gradually, and remove the scum when it rises. If this part is entrusted to a negligent person, and the stock is not well skimmed, the jelly will not be so clear, and but indifferent results will be obtained. To obtain a beautifully clear, sparkling and transparent jelly it is requisite to skim the liquor faithfully until not a particle of scum remains. Throw a cup of cold water into the mixture, and as it boils up slowly remove any scum that may remain.

When the stock is well skimmed and begins to boil, add two large carrots divided into quarters, one turnip and two medium-sized onions sliced, the outer leaves of a head of celery cut small, twelve whole pepper-corns, seasoning to taste of salt, the thinly-pared yellow rind of one lemon, a bouquet of herbs, consisting of a sprig each of basil, thyme, and marjoram, and a few sprays of parsley tied in a bunch with a bit of thread. Wait until the stock simmers again (the adding of the vegetables will, to a certain extent, stop the boiling), when draw it to the back of the stove, and let it simmer gently for six hours, keeping the saucepan well covered.

At the end of this time strain the stock through a flannel bag, and place in a cool spot until the next day. It will then be in the form of jelly. Remove every particle of fat, pour a little hot water over it to wash away any fat that remains, and wipe the top with a clean cloth. Remove the sediment, and put the jelly into a clean saucepan. Partly beat the whites of three eggs and stir them into the jelly, cold. Crush the egg-shells and add them also. Place the saucepan over the fire. Do not stir as it begins to warm, or it will make the jelly clouded. Let it boil ten minutes after it begins to froth; throw in a small teacup of cold water, and boil another five minutes; but *do not stir*. Remove the saucepan gently from the fire, cover it closely, and put it in a warm place for half an hour. Dip a flannel jelly-bag in hot water, wring it quite dry, and pour the jelly through. Should it not be clear the first time, wash the bag in hot water, wring dry, and run the jelly through again. Then let it cool.

This is the foundation of good aspic, and it may be varied in innumerable ways, by coloring and flavoring with spices, herbs, or flavored vinegars. This jelly, if put in a cool dry place, will keep in good condition for several weeks. When wanted for use a sufficient quantity is rendered partly liquid by placing the vessel containing it over hot water. Here are a few dainty recipes for using this savory jelly:

Fowl Paté.—Cut the white meat from a boiled or roasted fowl into thin, even slices. Cut a lemon into very thin slices, and slice two hard-boiled eggs. Wet a mold in cold water; have ready some partly melted aspic; line the mold in a fancy way with the rounds of egg and lemon, dipping each slice in the aspic. Fill the center with alternate layers of the chicken, and the aspic beaten to a stiff froth. Set on ice to chill, serve on a dish garnished with plenty of parsley or the blanched leaves of celery.

Fillet of Tongue.—This is a nice method of serving tongue for luncheon or tea. Boil the tongue until tender, remove the skin and allow it to cool. Cut it into neat slices, and coat each slice with partly melted aspic. When the aspic has set, beat more aspic until frothy, coat each slice again, and sprinkle with very finely minced parsley. Set it on ice to chill the jelly. When ready to serve, shred some blanched celery very fine, and arrange the slices on it, or the fillets may lie on a bed of chopped pickled peppers.

Marbled Veal.—Partly melt half a pint of aspic, add to it one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of ground allspice, a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground cloves, and a little black pepper. Beat all these ingredients into the aspic.

Chop some roasted or boiled veal very fine, season with salt, white pepper, and a little chopped onion; to a pint of this mixture add a quarter of a pint of clear aspic, partly liquid. Put a thick layer in an oblong mold, then put in some of the spiced aspic in rough irregular lumps, not to touch each other; press in more veal, another layer of spiced aspic, and fill the mold with veal, press all down close, set on ice, and serve inverted on a dish garnished with cress and hard-boiled eggs.

Cold roast lamb, or beef, or game, may be molded in various styles. For the dark meats, such as beef and game, add to the aspic some currant or wild plum jelly; this gives it a delicious flavor, and colors it as well.

Or serve the cold meats in dainty slices, garnished with lemon and hard-boiled eggs, with an aspic sauce. To make the sauce, put half a pint of aspic into a shallow dish; have it very cold; whisk until it is a white froth; beat in drop by drop a quarter of a pint of pure olive oil alternately with a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar; add salt and pepper, if necessary, beating all the time. When the ingredients are well mixed place on ice until time to serve.

FROZEN TOMATOES.—No daintier dish than tomatoes (when seasonable) molded in frozen aspic may be devised:

Choose firm, ripe tomatoes; peel with a very sharp knife, cut into even slices, and pack in a mold in layers, with aspic between each layer. The aspic must be very clear, or the beauty of the dish is spoiled. The small cherry tomatoes have a pretty effect molded whole in clear, sparkling aspic. Pack the mold in ice and salt, and let it remain for several hours. Remove carefully from the mold and serve on a bed of nasturtium leaves, garnished with nasturtium blossoms. If served without a mayonnaise sauce, add to the aspic before molding a few tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, or its equivalent in lemon juice.

TOMATO ICE.—This is always seasonable, as canned tomatoes may be used. Take a pint of tomatoes, cooked in the usual way, but do not add any butter. Season them with pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Strain through a sieve; whip a pint of aspic until frothy, gradually beating in the tomatoes; pour into a freezer and freeze like any ice. It must be faithfully stirred while freezing, or it will be full of lumps. When frozen the ice may be molded in any fancy form. Small molds in the shape of a tomato, and about the size of that vegetable, are much in favor for this ice.

EGG SALAD.—A pretty egg salad is made in this way: For a small mold holding a pint, use six hard-boiled eggs. Remove the yolks whole. Use an oval mold and very clear aspic. Beat rather less than a pint to a froth, and place half in the mold; on this arrange the yolks in a circle about the sides of mold, and fill with remainder of aspic; set on ice to become firm. Cover a small platter with the white hearts of lettuce; release the jelly from the mold and place in the centre of the lettuce. The effect is very pretty, the yolks shining through the sparkling clear jelly like golden balls.

The whites of the eggs are cut into narrow strips, about one-quarter of an inch wide, and one inch in length. Use these as the petals, arranged in the form of daisies, about the edge of the platter. Place in the centre of each egg daisy a tiny disc of aspic, tinted yellow. Serve with a mayonnaise dressing.

ELEANOR M. LUCAS.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Bicycle in the Army.

For several years General Miles, now the commanding officer of the United States Army, has maintained that the bicycle would come into valuable military use.

His prediction has now been justified, and already many messengers in the State camps ride wheels instead of horses, and there are several bicycle corps attached to the military establishments of the various commonwealths. In the long-distance relay-rides where dispatches have been carried the results have been more than satisfactory.

Photographing the Stomach.

A new instrument has been invented by Dr. Edward O. Schaaf for photographing the interior of the stomach. The object of the invention is to assist in diagnosing obscure ailments, such as cancer of the stomach, and rendering laparotomy unnecessary. Patients are not required to take narcotics, as this process of photographing is not at all painful. Only from five to eight seconds of exposure to the electric lights is necessary, and during this time it is requisite that respiration should be suspended to render the body absolutely motionless. Dr. Schaaf, in speaking recently of his invention, said: "It has been my belief for some time that if the interior of the stomach could be photographed in a living person, safer, simpler, and more scientific methods of treatment of disease could be instituted, and loss of life from such disease greatly diminished." It seems quite probable that this will be the result of this important invention.

THE BICYCLE IN THE ARMY.

Prof. Andree's Balloon Expedition.

A dispatch from Tromsöe, dated July 11th, announced that on that date Professor Andrée finally sailed away in his balloon for the North Pole. The ascension was made from Dane's Island, and the preparations for getting the balloon under way occupied three hours and a half. A full account of the building of the balloon and the arrangements that were made for the journey, which was to have taken place in August of 1896, was given in the November number of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE in 1896. The balloon in which Andrée hopes to reach the North Pole is called *The Eagle*, and is made of three thicknesses of silk firmly glued together, and finished with five coatings of varnish on the outside. It is 75 feet from the summit to the opening, and 97 feet from the summit to the bottom of the basket. The bedroom of this floating residence is a small apartment five feet deep, with a wicker cover. In it is a single bedstead, for only one man is permitted to sleep at a time, so that there may always be two to watch the balloon and make observations. With Professor Andrée are Dr. Ekholm, an eminent meteorologist of Sweden, and Nils Stringberg, a Stockholm scientific man. Professor Andrée's object in using a balloon for a North Pole expedition is to avoid the difficulties that are always encountered at sea from icebergs and fogs. A still more recent dispatch from Christiania says that on July 21st a carrier pigeon was caught near Soevde with a silver ring on one of its legs, and the following stamped on a wing: "North Pole; 142 W.; 47.62." It is supposed that the pigeon is one of those taken by Andrée, but there is no certainty that this supposition is correct.

The Penny Provident Fund.

The facts contained in the seventh annual report of this remarkable association are interesting as showing the large results that are obtainable from almost microscopic beginnings.

The Fund has already three hundred and twenty-one stations scattered all over the United States. It has over fifty thousand depositors, and more than $30,000 in deposits on hand. The work grew out of the demand that used constantly to be made on the Charity Organization in New York City by poor men, women and children, to lock up small sums for them, lest they should spend the money or it should be stolen from them by dishonest or drunken members of the home circle. Nearly always the sum offered was too small to be presented at a savings bank and was simply wasted because there was no convenient place in which to stow it away. The work is carried on by stations. Anybody anywhere can open a station by establishing his responsibility and depositing money for stamps at the central station. This "stamp system" is somewhat similar to the postal-savings systems of England and France. The deposito buys stamps—not government stamps, of course—for his money pastes them on cards arranged for the purpose, and then as h wants his money he presents the card, and one or many, as the case may be, of the stamps are canceled. The managers do not encourage long accounts or big deposits. The Fund does not pay interest, and depositors are encouraged to draw their savings as soon as it is worth while.

Working girls' societies and boys' clubs have opened stations, and many churches have them in connection with their mission work. In some places the Fund has been made a part of the public-school routine. At least two-thirds of all the money deposited by adults is with a view of having teeth filled or relatives buried. Of course the bicycle figures in many deposits, and children save with a view to buying books and playthings.

A Life-Sized Radiograph.

Dr. William J. Morton, of New York City, one of the earliest X-ray experimenters, has succeeded in making what is, in many respects, a very remarkable radiograph. The negative is a life-sized picture of a woman, five feet four inches in height. The film used was six feet long by three feet wide. The negative shows the framework of bones in the body with all the joints, as well as hairpins and all metallic trimmings on the clothes. This is believed to be the largest radiograph yet made.

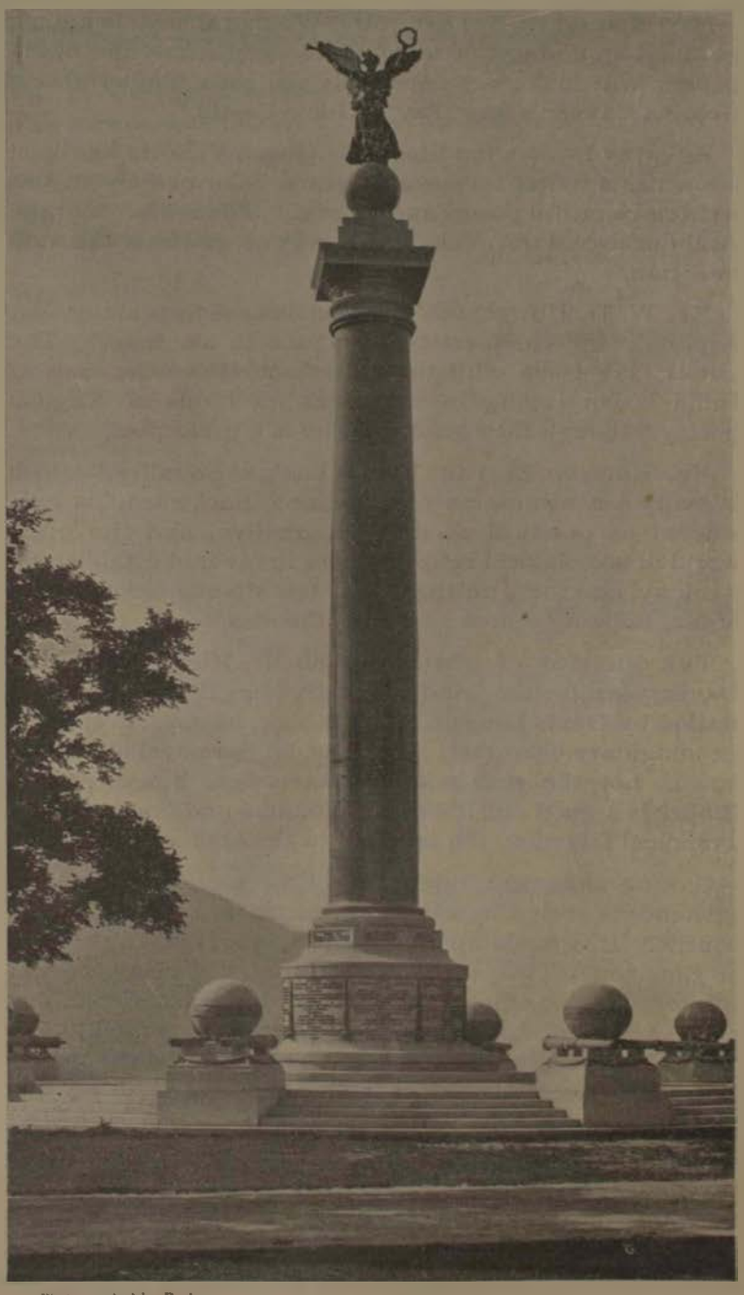
Rare Earths.

"Chemists understand," says *The Scientific American*, "that the laboratory at Cornell has the investigation of the 'rare earths' quite to itself in America. Yet it is doubtful if it is anywhere known what a mass of these costly elements has been accumulated at that institution. A recent inventory disclosed that, of didymium, which sells for $7 an ounce, Cornell has 300 ounces; of cerium, quoted at $6 an ounce, 400 ounces; of lanthanum, worth $35 an ounce, 30 ounces; and considerable quantities of yet costlier 'rare earths' which can not be obtained upon the market at all. Professor Dennis, of Cornell, has made a life study of these elements, and has notably added to scientific knowledge in this field."

West Point Battle Monument.

It is over thirty-three years since the plan for this Battle Monument was first set on foot. It was inaugurated back in 1863 by the officers of the United States Military Academy. Twelve thousand dollars was already subscribed when Secretary Stanton's opposition to the movement was made so manifest that the matter was dropped, and the money invested in United States bonds at compound interest. In 1890 it was discovered that the bonds had acquired a value of some sixty-three thousand dollars. The old idea was revived and it was decided to carry out the original plan, namely, to erect a battle monument on which should be inscribed the names of all officers of the regular army who, during the last war, had been killed or had died of wounds received in the field. The monument should also contain a tablet dedicated to the memory of all enlisted men who had fallen under like circumstances.

A committee, of which Messrs. R. M. Hunt and Augustus St. Gaudens, of New York City, and Mr. Arthur Roach, of Boston, were members, selected the design submitted by McKim, Mead & White, of New York. The figure of Fame surmounting the shaft was designed by Frederick MacMonnies. The monument is now finished and has been formally unveiled.



Photographed by Pach.

WEST POINT BATTLE MONUMENT.

IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

An Englishman defines American literary reviews as "dailies published once a month."

A memoir of Coventry Patmore, written by one of his oldest friends, is soon to be published.

Since Mr. Barrie's return from America he has put aside his ordinary literary work and has devoted himself to the dramatization of "The Little Minister."

Jules Verne is writing a new story of adventure, more thrilling even than "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

It is twelve years since Marie Corelli wrote her first book. She is now the fad in London in both the social and literary sets.

Mme. Blanc, the well-known French writer for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, calls Charles Warren Stoddard the "American Loti."

Charles Dudley Warner answers the question, "Why do we not have better newspapers?" by the very level-headed statement, "The people make the newspaper."

Miss Elizabeth Bisland (Mrs. Wetmore), who is known as an all-around sort of a writer for magazines and newspapers, will make her début this fall as a playwright in Georgia Cayvan's new play, "Goble Castle."

Royalty is growing literary. Queen Victoria has been known as a writer for several years. Carmen Sylva has written beautiful poems and helpful "Thoughts," and the Archduchess Marie Valerie is a poet as well as a talented musician.

Mr. W. D. Howells is being criticised for calling Mr. Kipling "the chief poet of his race in his time." The critics take issue with the statement, that "the man of India is continuing in the great traditions of English poetry," though they grant that he is a great poet.

Mr. Edward Bellamy's new book, "Equality," which is really a continuation of "Looking Backward," is considered as practical as it is progressive, and the great world of sociological reformers are in favor of establishing a colony, and there putting to the test the seeming wisdom of Mr. Bellamy's most advanced theories.

The question of whether or no Mr. Richard Harding Davis posed for the kindly, courtly Van Bibber is at last settled by Davis himself. Van Bibber, he says, is entirely an imaginary character. He may be the novelist's ideal, but is not the real man as Davis sees himself. Van Bibber is a good old Philadelphia name and one borne by a medical friend of the author's in the Quaker City.

One of the most interesting Emersonian volumes in existence is owned by Mr. R. S. Smythe, in far-away Melbourne. It is made up of Carlyle's proofs of the edition of Emerson's Essays which he edited. Mr. Smythe was employed in the office where this edition was printed, and had the wit and far-sightedness to save the proofs, bearing the corrections of the Scotch critic on the margins, when they were thrown away; and afterward he had them bound.

The religious world will be interested to know that the highest price ever offered for a book was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius the Second for an ancient Hebrew bible. The merchants believed the volume to be the original copy of the Septuagint version made from the Hebrew into Greek in 227 B. C. Although Julius was at that time greatly pressed for money he declined the offer of $600,000 and retained the valuable manuscript in the papal library.

Miss Bessie O. Potter, one of the group of Chicago girl sculptors, has been studying the art of working in marble in Rome during the past summer. This fall she will spend in Paris, where she will make a statue of the "Divine Sarah" in a pose from some classic play. Miss Potter achieved her first success in her portrait-statuettes of Chicago belles and babies. These statuettes were modeled in clay, rarely over a foot high, and sometimes colored after the fashion of the early Greek statuary. Miss Potter is a woman with a genius for making friends, and her studio in Chicago, in the Athenæum Building, is a veritable salon, where the great writers and artists of the Windy City meet at least once a week during the winter months.

Stephen Crane has established a new order of things among writers, not only by becoming famous in his literary infancy, but by writing a war story first, and visiting the scene of action afterward. During his recent visit to the Greek frontier, where he was accumulating material for both magazine and newspaper work, his chief interest, so he has said, lay in contrasting the actual battle, the hideous conflict of man to man, with the dream of war with which he won his literary spurs on two continents. Mr. Crane's second war story, based on actual experiences of the battle-field, will be interesting as tending to show which is the more vital inspiration for the novelist, fact or fancy, and the world will await an opportunity to contrast the two books, with eagerness.

Two interesting women are just now meeting daily in one of the most charming studios in the Latin Quarter in Paris. The two women are a French woman of note, the original, the eccentric, the audacious Yvette Guilbert, of the concert hall, and Mrs. Clio Hinton Huneker, the young American sculptor, who did the $10,000 statue of General Fremont. Mrs. Huneker is in Paris studying with MacMonnies and Rodin. She has not seen a quarter of a century, yet is already regarded in the art world of both Paris and New York as one of the coming sculptors. Her bas-relief of Paderewski and the bust of Anton Seidl were the best things she had done before leaving America. Her present ambition is centered in the statue of Guilbert, in which she wishes to embody all that is most remarkable, most unusual in the quaintly interesting French woman who has been said to typify Paris at this end of the century.

The French Government has bestowed the purple ribbon which indicates rank as an officer of the Academy, on three American women. The honored ones are Miss Marie Van Zandt, Miss Kate Field, and this past spring, Miss Elizabeth Marbury. Miss Marbury has established an international reputation as an agent for playwrights. She is known as a keen business woman, and is the only agent in this country through whom the plays of Sardou and like French writers can be obtained. The especial reason for which Miss Marbury was accorded the honor of the purple ribbon was her work as the purveyor of French dramas for the American stage and her zeal in protecting the interests of foreign playwrights. Miss Marbury is now the accredited representative of the French Dramatic Authors' Society, in America, and is the agent for some of the best known English and French actors. Beerbohm Tree, Henry Irving, and Duse are among the names on her books.

ABOUT WOMEN.

WHEN MRS. SALA has finished editing the commonplace book of her late husband, George Augustus Sala, the original volumes are to be sent to the British Museum.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN is a practical farmer. She can harness a horse, plant trees, build fences, and get up early in the morning—an unusual accomplishment for a literary woman, but a necessary one for a farmer.

MRS. JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY, who is considered authority on the musical folk-lore of the South, has set to music some of the quaintest of the old cradle-songs crooned by the black mammies and loved by the white children "befo' de wah."

THE first chess-tournament for women players, held in London during the Queen's jubilee, had as representative of American women players Mrs. Harriet Worrall, of Brooklyn. Mrs. Worrall has played in contests with Captain Mackenzie and Mrs. Showalter.

ON THE SITE recently purchased by her on East Sixty-fourth street the Baroness de Hirsch proposes to erect a model "Home for Working Girls"—not a home for model working girls—which is a very different thing. Special arrangements will be made to teach the girls the most useful of industrial arts.

MISS POND, the interesting daughter of the world-renowned impresario, Major Pond, has profited by her long association with her father in managing tours, and starts out for herself this year. Her first venture takes her to England, where she is to act as business manager for Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet.

KATE GREENAWAY, the quaint little English artist, who set the fashion for children's frocks a few years ago throughout two continents, lives alone in a quiet spot just out of London. She cares nothing for social life, devotes her time to work and study, and invariably dresses after the style of the scant-skirted, short-waisted gowns in her dainty sketches of romance and child-life.

MISS MARTHA MORTON, the woman playwright, whose work as a dramatist nets for her the neat sum of fifty thousand dollars a year, is soon to dramatize John Strange Winter's novel "The Truth Tellers." Miss Morton has acquired the rights for all countries, and has arranged with Charles Frohman for the production of the play next season in both England and America.

MRS. ELI D. GAGE, daughter-in-law of the Secretary of the Treasury, is one of the few women ambitious and courageous enough to try roughing it up on the Yukon River in the vicinity of the gold craze. Mrs. Gage has sailed the entire navigable length of the Yukon, beyond the Arctic Circle, and into the "land of the midnight sun." She returns to the United States about the first of September.

ALTHOUGH there are no women's colleges and schools in China the education of the Chinese maidens is not neglected. Women professors or governesses go from house to house to instruct the "no account" feminine portion of the celestial kingdom, and in spite of the fact that the birth of a girl baby is regarded as a punishment for some crime or fault, the unhappy father makes the best of his misfortune by preparing the girls of his household to become useful, intelligent wives and mothers.

WHEN the well-known Stock Exchange broker, Henry Knickerbocker, died in New York a few weeks ago, his widow, instead of giving all her time and attention to new styles of mourning and remonstrating with Providence, promptly set to work to establish herself at the head of her husband's business. In less than a week's time she had formed a new company, "H. Knickerbocker & Co.," the "Co." representing a confidential clerk of the former office and member of the New York Stock Exchange.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1897.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—SEPTEMBER.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 673. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** for each pattern. Do not fail to write name and address distinctly.

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

THE society girl is always entitled to one fad, and this season it is thin gowns. Crisp organdies, starched linens, lawns that nearly "stand alone," and muslins so fine and sheer and starchy as to almost suggest the adjective brittle, form the mainstay of her wardrobe, not only for the summer months, so-called, but for the hot early part of September.

Crisp is exactly the word with which to express the prevailing style. There is an air of being tailor-made in her fluffiest frocks, which is in sharp contrast with that of the limp maid of æsthetic mold, so popular in seasons past.

This air of crispness is achieved, in the first place, by the style of material selected; as, for instance, she buys organdie instead of mull, and linen instead of challie. In the second place, she no longer scorns starch as an aid to an appearance of dainty freshness in her gowns that are to be laundered. Deep, soft shoulder-puffs have given way to sharp little ruffles, edged with stiff lace; accordion plaits are preferred to soft flounces, and lace insertion has been largely superseded by rows upon rows of tucks. These regiments of tiny tucks that adorn every part of the smart gowns now, are one of the season's novelties, and are a distinctive feature of the tailor-made effect in wash-gowns.

AN AUTUMN OUTING-GOWN.
NAUTICA WAIST. KIRKLAND SKIRT.

An added crispness of style is gained by the particular manner in which the dresses are cut. The effect of many seams in a fitted skirt is always the reverse of flowing, and the reverse of flowing is what these stiff skirts are. If a yoke is used in the waist, it is likely to be square rather than round, and is edged with frills of the material rather than with soft lace.

Narrow sash ribbons, with short bows and long ends, are worn with these stiff frocks, knotted either at the back or the left side. Stock-collars of ribbon will be worn with lawn dresses during early September, but a pretty, comfortable substitute is a bit of fine lace, say about four inches wide, twisted full about the throat and tied at the nape of the neck or under the left ear.

Although the blouse with its unending variations has been in vogue now for several seasons, the early fall styles still show a tendency toward blouse effects with a change in the way of a circular ruffle, or narrow frill below the waist, as though the blouse were cut to wear outside the skirt.

The most dashing, useful, and picturesque of the fall wraps is the scarlet military jacket, a short double-breasted coat of hussar-red broadcloth fastened with large

See Pattern Order on Page 673.

gilt buttons, and with pockets almost at the waist-line. This pretty dash of color is especially designed to wear early in the season with white duck and flannel suits. A white sailor hat with a band of scarlet velvet or an all-red hat is much worn with such a coat.

Shirred skirts are very much used in making up soft materials. Occasionally the shirring is only at the sides and back of the skirt, and again it is in the front and side breadths and curves up into the belt before reaching the back gore.

In spite of the lateness of the season, new thin materials are constantly coming in. Mousseline brilliantine is a recently imported variety of gauze, closely resembling India pineapple gauze. It is especially useful at the seashore, as it is not affected by the humid sea breezes.

AN AUTUMN OUTING-GOWN.

As boating will be one of the most popular fall sports, the new styles of outing-dresses are of especial interest to those who have wisely decided to take their vacation in September. It is rather a sad commentary on the wisdom of the young women that their outing-dresses are unusually elaborate this year. The most fashionable boating-gown will be made with a long full skirt and much-trimmed blouse. One of the prettiest waist-models is the "Nautica," a blouse which is full at the waist-line and full at the shoulders in the front pieces, but almost tight-fitting in the back. This really pretty and easily made waist is of brown cheviot. The front of the blouse, which is all in one piece, is trimmed with four bands of cream satin. The two upper bands are two inches in width, the third an inch and a half, and the fourth is an inch wide. Five inches of very narrow black soutache are placed on the upper bands, one as a finish on either edge and three at equal distances apart on the band. The third band has four strips of braid and the lower band but three, one on either edge and one in the middle. The sleeve is a rather full leg-o'-mutton style, cut very long over the wrist in the prevailing fashion, and edged with a half-inch band of cream satin with the black soutache finish. A broad band of brown velvet ribbon is worn at the neck, and a white seal belt at the waist.

The "Kirkland" pattern may be used for the skirt, which can be made to correspond with the waist by fitting on a three-inch white satin yoke, which should be strapped with the black soutache braid as in the waist.

The small brown straw hat is worn well back from the face. Brown feathers adorn the crown, and loops of cream satin ribbon and clusters of deep blue corn-flowers rest under the edge of the brim on the right side. Truly an unusual hat for an outing-suit; but all hats are elaborate this fall. The English walking-hat, the sailor, and the Tam o' Shanter, though persons of good taste will always use them, are rarely seen, except for bicycling or with riding-habits on the most fashionable women.

A CALLING-COSTUME.
LEO WAIST. KIRKLAND SKIRT.

A CALLING-COSTUME.

In spite of the variety of new wool goods already displayed for the fall trade, cashmere, soft, rich and durable, continues a favorite for handsome toilets for both home and street. It is especially in favor this fall in combination with silk or satin.

The Leo waist is a very attractive model for a combination suit of cashmere and silk. The waist is tight-fitting in the back and under the arms, with a full front which droops a little over the belt. This body can be made of silk, either plain or fancy. From the shoulders a yoke of passementerie is laid on, which may extend across the back if so desired. These passementerie pieces, either of silk or jet, can be purchased ready-made in all colors. Both girdle and crush collar are of velvet, and fasten in the back with rosettes of the velvet.

The sleeves are of the cashmere, and are tucked in inch wide tucks from shoulder to wrist, where they end in a flaring circular ruffle. A very full, rather deep puff of cashmere gives breadth to the shoulders. A frill of fine lace in the sleeves and at the back of the collar gives that last dainty touch of white so necessary in the present fashion for all dressy toilets.

The quaint, pretty bonnet which accompanies this calling gown is something in the style of a poke. It is worn back from the

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face, with brim pressed down on both sides. Chiffon lines the brim, although velvet can be substituted. White wings with loops of ribbon are bunched on the front of the hat a little to the left, and a twist of velvet circles the low, round crown. A frill of accordion-plaited black chiffon, edged with white, droops over the brim at the left side.

FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

THIS very stylish waist for dress occasions for a school-girl is called the "Iris." It can be made of any sort of light-weight woolen goods or of thin silk, and is appropriate for any of the pleasant little outings that gladden the school-girl's heart. It is very pretty made of scarlet and black wool delaine, although any half-inch striped goods in contrasting colors would be equally effective. The body of the Iris waist is gathered on a yoke, and has the alternating red and black stripes showing with equal distinctness. Over the yoke of the body is worn a square Irish point-lace yoke, with four-inch-wide tabs of the lace depending from the yoke, and fastened to the waist-line. Hamburg embroidery is a good substitute for the Irish point, or if it is thought desirable not to use white at all, the yoke and bands can be made of scarlet silk the shade of the stripe in the wool.

The sleeves are made of plain black goods, with a short very full puff at the shoulder, of the striped material, and just below the puff are four rows of narrow soutache braid in red. The cuffs on the sleeves match the yoke, whether of lace, embroidery, or silk. With this waist is worn a full accordion-plaited skirt of the red and black stripes. Such a skirt is made of straight widths of the material, over a separate lining, if desired, but usually without a lining. A pretty ribbon belt of black, or scarlet, is an appropriate finish, or if the yoke is of red silk, a belt to match, with a large bow, is very stylish.

FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.
THE IRIS WAIST.

A pretty way to vary this costume is to have the skirt of some plain material, to be worn with a variety of waists: say, a gray wool skirt to be worn with a navy blue and white waist for afternoons, and a navy blue silk for visiting; or a black skirt to be worn with a red flannel blouse ordinarily, and a black and white silk waist made with a cherry silk yoke and ribbons for special occasions. The pattern is for girls ten and twelve years of age.

THE THREE-CORNERED colonial hat is much worn now, all in white—white straw, white velvet, and white plumes.

A FALL STREET-COSTUME.

ALTHOUGH the absolutely severe tailor-gown will be very much in vogue this fall, heavy materials will also be made up with modifications that will render them becoming to the tall and slender maiden as well as to her more robust sister.

An extremely stylish waist adapted to the heavier wool goods is the "Hasbrouk," which in its style of trimming goes back to the old fashion of slashed edges, or "battlements," as they were called in our grandmothers' days. The waist is made over a fitted lining, and has a slight fullness, which is drawn in at the belt. It opens from neck to belt over a puffed vest. The opening is finished with broad revers, which are slashed in squares or "battlements," and edged with a narrow braid. These squares should be lined with some strong material to hold them in place; a good quality of silk is probably the best. The vest is not made separately, but fastens on the lining, thus lessening the weight of the entire garment. The sleeves are the long, tight, tailor-sleeves, finished at the shoulder with four narrow, very full ruffles, which are partly hidden by a single square jutting out from the arm-hole at front and back of sleeve.

The wrist of the sleeve is cut into small "battlements," edged with braid and filled in with lace. The soft crush collar is of the same material as the vest, and in some color contrasting with the dress-goods. This waist shows the novelty of the fall season in the scant circular ruffle which projects below the waist-line, and is so narrow that it is scarcely more than a finish to the belt.

The "Kirkland" is a good model for a skirt to be worn with this waist. It is made to match the waist by leaving openings in the seams, thus introducing the "battlement" effect in the skirt. The deep squares are lined with silk and edged with braid. The lining, which is made separate from the skirt, is faced with the same material used in the vest, and shows through the slashings at the foot of the skirt about six inches.

A small turban of silk braid trimmed with ribbon and rich fall flowers is worn with this costume.

A GRACEFUL GOWN.

THE slender woman who is fearful of the rigid lines of the tailor-made gown, and who has the good sense to know that tight sleeves and snug waists are not for her, will

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do well to select the soft flowing grace of the Thyra waist and Cumberland skirt for her early fall costume. These styles are equally pretty made up in foulard, China silk or soft woolen goods. The skirt is made separate from the lining, and is shirred four inches down on the front and side breadths; the back breadth is left plain, and is full enough to set out from the band in rather a bouffant fashion. To give this effect the upper part of the back breadth is sometimes lined with crinoline. Bustles are never used. The foot of the Cumberland skirt is usually trimmed with galloon or some narrow braid of a good quality, as the fullness of the skirt inclines it to whip out about the edges, but if the material used is not too soft it may be made plain.

The waist, which is a full blouse, is shirred about the yoke to correspond with the skirt. The jabot, which extends from the left shoulder down to the center of the waist-line, is cut as a part of the blouse, and is trimmed with galloon or braid to match the skirt. The sleeves are shirred all the way down the inner seam, and are extremely bouffant at the shoulder. Over the shoulder-puff is a full ruffle, trimmed with braid. The crush belt and collar are of some dark shade of velvet that harmonizes prettily with the color of the material used. A full frill of lace or chiffon completes the dressy effect of the neck and wrists.

The hat to be worn with this toilet is of the newer style that sets well back from the face; the broad brim is faced with dark velvet to match collar, and belt and the fine rich plumes are also dark. This same hat in black and white is stylish with any costume. The frame should be of black and white silk braid, the facing of black velvet, and the plumes of black or black and white. Rosettes of black velvet ribbon or of white satin are used to trim the right side of the crown.

As THE SEASON progresses "picture hats" increase in size. They vary in style, sometimes rolling back from the face and faced with black velvet in true Gainsborough fashion, and again, where the crowns are high and peaked and the brims stiff *à la* Van Dyke, they are worn forward and a little to the left as by the cavaliers of old.

A FALL STREET-COSTUME.
HASBROUK WAIST. KIRKLAND SKIRT

A GRACEFUL GOWN.
THYRA WAIST. CUMBERLAND SKIRT.

See Pattern Order on Page 673.

THE ORTON WAIST.

THE MELTON TAILOR-WAIST.

THE newest, plainest, and most absolutely chic tailor-waist among the recent importations from London is the "Melton." It is adapted to any of the heavy wool goods already displayed in the shops. It is equally effective in cheviot, tweed, whipcord, and broadcloth. Buttons and machine-stitching form the only trimming. The sleeves are the new, tight tailor-style, with no fullness except at the arm-hole.

A variety is furnished in our pattern of this waist by giving two different styles of making the front and neck, the sides and back being identical. In one style the neck is cut low, with a turn-over collar arranged to show a chemisette and four-in-hand tie, the double-breasted front buttoning up under the collar on the left side. In the second fashion the double-breasted piece slopes from the shoulder into the waist-line; the collar is a plain high band finished with a rolling collar that curves away from the throat in front and stands up in a pretty, flaring way at the back. The neck-band is buttoned with three small buttons, and the waist with three larger buttons. At the head of the darts there is a small lapel to simulate a tailor-pocket, which may be left off if not desired, and the sleeves are finished with a similar lapel. Buttons are used on these waists always in groups, and the pockets are never intended for practical purposes, but merely as a trimming. The waist, which in both the designs extends below the waist-line, is finished about the edge with double rows of machine-stitching a half-inch apart.

THE ORTON WAIST.

A RATHER dashing combination of red, white, blue and gold is given in this really very simple waist. An effective variety of materials can be used, and the style of the waist is especially becoming to a slender face and long thin neck. The body of the waist is made of a rich navy blue taffeta silk plaided with white and cream lines; the same material is employed in cutting the plain coat-sleeve and the full shoulder puff. The blouse-front, which is cut from a single width of goods, is of deep red gauze with fancy cross stripes showing conspicuous gilt threads. This blouse is fulled at the neck and waist, and droops well over the belt. About the throat is a full twist of plain red gauze, finished at the back and sides with a full pleated ruffle of chiffon three inches high. At the edge of the ruffle is a narrow quilling of very fine, almost transparent, gold lace. The finish at the wrist is a full double ruffle, drooping well over the hand, the outer ruffle of silk like the waist, and the inner, deeper one of the red gauze.

A twist of navy blue velvet forms a girdle for the waist, and is finished in a cluster of tiny loops in the back.

THE MELTON TAILOR-WAIST.

See Pattern Order on Page 673.

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(*For Descriptions, see Page 660.*)

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

EARLY AUTUMN HATS.

EARLY AUTUMN HATS.

No. 1.—Panama sailor-hat, trimmed with plaided ribbon in green, black, and white ; brim bound with black velvet.

No. 2.—Blue chip hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, *beurre* lace, and pink roses.

No. 3.—Brown straw hat, with puffed crown of yellow Batavia cloth ; a band of velvet encircles the crown, and a rosette of Batavia with two brown-speckled *coq's* feathers completes the trimming.

No. 4.—Dark blue straw hat, trimmed with field-flowers and green ribbon.

No. 5.—Green chip hat with crown of fine white straw, trimmed with yellow ribbon, ears of wheat, and buttercups.

No. 6.—Hat of fine red chip, trimmed with small double hollyhocks in many shades from pink to maroon, veiled with white lace which is mingled with black velvet.

No. 7.—Pink straw hat with "Tam" crown, trimmed with plaitings of black chiffon, ivory-white ribbon, and black-and-white ostrich-tips.

THE DUVALE WAIST.

Blue and white color-schemes will be popular in the light-weight silk costumes of early fall. A pretty illustration of this Chinese fancy is found in the Duvale waist for girls from fourteen to sixteen. Blue and white Canton silk, or some one of its many American imitations, is employed in making the waist. For a slender girl, it is well to select a silk with a large white figure, such as a dragon or a chrysanthemum, while the stout girl should decide upon some small conventional design, such as a tiny flower or trailing vine.

The waist is fitted snugly under the arms, but has a

A SIMPLE HOME FROCK.
THE "ADMIRAL."

A SIMPLE HOME DRESS

A PRETTY, easily made dress for a child of from six to eight years is the "Admiral." The blouse is made slightly full, opening over a plain vest. The broad sailor collar and close neck collar can be cut either from the same material, say a dark serge or flannel, or from white flannel, or it may be made of white duck with a narrow edging and separate from the waist.

The sleeves are plain and slightly fulled into a narrow band. A bow of ribbon the color of the frock fastens the sailor collar over the bust. A plain full skirt is plaited on the waist-band in clusters of side-plaits.

THE MAYIA FROCK.

THIS dainty study in black and white is a fall street-frock for a little miss of eight or ten years. The body of the frock, which is cream white, may be made of all-wool camel's-hair, cashmere, Henrietta, or the new wool delaine. The skirt is cut with the front breadth gored, and long enough to cover the knees. Above a two-inch hem there are three tucks each an inch deep.

The waist is a double box-plaited blouse, a style particularly becoming to slim children, with a round yoke of black velvet. Rosettes of black velvet baby-ribbon are placed at intervals where the yoke joins the blouse. The lower part of the blouse is allowed to droop over the belt in the prevailing fashion. Two-inch-wide black velvet ribbon is used for the girdle and stock-collar. Long, tight sleeves spreading at the shoulder into a small puff correspond well with the pretty, simple style of the frock.

THE DUVALE WAIST.

THE MAYIA FROCK.

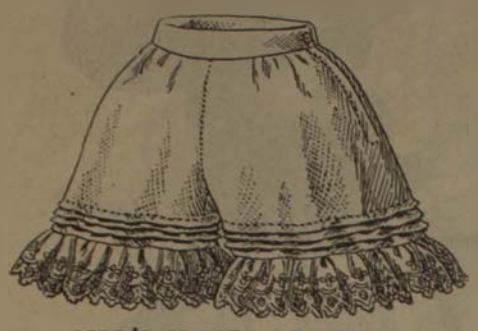
VELVET BANDS of bright scarlet or navy blue will be worn on white sailor hats in the early fall. The girl who is a member of a bicycle club, however, selects her club colors.

A WHITE DUCK bicycle suit—waist, skirt, cap, and shoes, all white—receives the approval of the girl at the summer resort who is not compelled to consider economical problems. The white duck blouse and cap are equally pretty with a blue serge skirt and tan shoes.

See Pattern Order on Page 673.

GIRL'S CLOSED DRAWERS.

A NEW and pretty pattern for girl's closed drawers is given in three pieces: yoke, band, and drawers. The lower portion of the pattern is cut in the full, flowing style which prevails just now in most fashionable *lingerie*, but it is easy to use this model for the scantier style, by merely folding down the pattern on the straight edge to whatever width one desires. When finished, these drawers should reach just to the knee. It is a fact that this shorter style of undergarment is easier to walk in, and wears better because there is no strain of material stretching constantly over the knee. Really fashionable underwear for young girls, although of fine lawns and cambrics, is very simply made, without puffs, elaborate lace or ribbons—just a few tucks and an edging of fine lace or embroidery. The pattern is for girls 12, 14, and 16 years of age.



GIRL'S CLOSED DRAWERS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

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

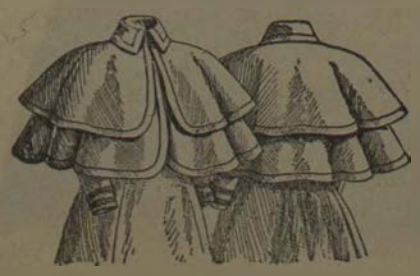
THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.,—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances 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.—Tucked dress of serge for a school girl.
2.—Box-plaited suit for small boy, of dark red flannel, with separate jacket and feather-stitched tabs.
3.—Garden-party gown, for a girl of sixteen, of white china silk; puffed sleeves, finished with accordion-plaited chiffon; rose-colored satin girdle, finished with chiffon rosettes.
4.—Mull frock for little girl; low-necked and short-sleeved; plaited from the neck and fastened under the plaits with satin ribbon. Mull hat, with ribbon run through the lace frill.
5.—Blue and white foulard street-suit, with shirred skirt and waist; lace frills over the shoulders, and blue taffeta collar and rosettes. All-blue hat, with blue and green poppies.
6.—Light and dark green silk costume; skirt trimmed with ruffles of dark green silk; waist trimmed with cream lace and light green chiffon.
7.—Empire gown of Gobelin blue Liberty silk, having yoke of cream satin embroidered with silver.
8.—Gray whip-cord street-suit, with Eton jacket cut to show frill of lace from bust to waist-line. Black straw-hat, trimmed with loops of black satin ribbon and white chrysanthemums.

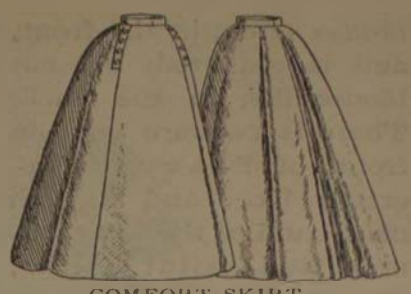
STANDARD PATTERNS.

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

MARITANA CAPE.



SUTRO CAPE.



COMFORT SKIRT.

OGOONTZ COAT.

ALDERSEA JACKET.

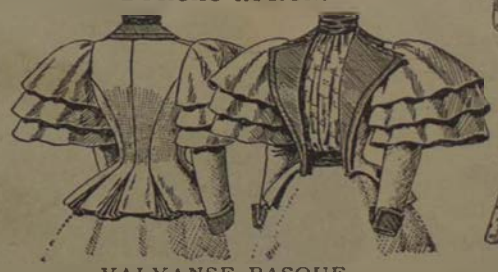
"MOTHER HUBBARD" NIGHT-GOWN.

GRACELYN CORSAGE.

YOKE NIGHT-SHIRT.

DORCAS APRON.

SACQUE, GOWN OR WRAPPER.

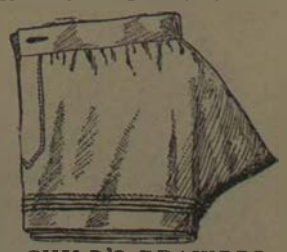


VALYANSE BASQUE.

LYNETTE FROCK.

JEANNETTE FROCK.

NACHITA FROCK.



CHILD'S DRAWERS.

BOLERO CORSET-COVER.

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.

See Pattern Order on Page 673.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The increased 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. S."—A receipt for cleaning sea-shells was published in "Gleanings," October, 1895.

"MRS. C."—It is customary to give verbal invitations to children's parties where the occasion is to be informal and the distances are not too great; but where, for any reasons, notes are preferred, select the smallest size note-paper, and word the invitation as follows:

"Master John Jenkins requests the pleasure of your company from three to six o'clock on the afternoon of September the twentieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. Albany, New York."

—Very simple refreshments are served for a child's party. Ice cream, fancy little cakes and lemonade are quite sufficient for an informal gathering and always find favor with children. Any fruit sherbet can be substituted for lemonade. If the refreshments are in place of the customary six o'clock repast it is well to precede the sweet things with bread and butter sandwiches and sliced tongue or chicken. It is the experience of persons who are particularly successful in entertaining children that most of them enjoy best the old-fashioned games we ourselves played in childhood days, as for instance: "Little Sally Waters," "I Spy," "Hunt the Handker

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chief," "London Bridge is Falling Down," and any number of quaint, singing, children's games that every mother knows and every child loves, for they are all new to children and have never been replaced by anything better for outdoor games.—There is no difference between a teaspoon and an ordinary coffee-spoon. An after-dinner coffee-spoon is about half as large as the usual teaspoon and is only used with an after dinner coffee service, that is, the very small cups and saucers.

"BICYCLE."—Yes, many women prefer to use the diamond frame wheels for long summer trips. A man's wheel is lighter, more substantial and less expensive than a drop frame, and furnishes room for a good sized luggage-carrier, without inconveniencing the rider. Wear an ordinary divided skirt for the diamond-frame, and learn to mount before starting on the trip.

"TEA-TABLE."—Buy your blue and white china at any Japanese shop. Do not attempt to match patterns or even style of ware; all that is necessary is to see to it that your shades of blue harmonize with each other, and that the different qualities of the china are not too unlike. For example, Nankin is not effective with the more delicate bawthorn, and willow ware is out of place with fragile blue and white rice-china. It is not necessary to exclude all ware that is not blue and white from your table. Genuine Mandarin china harmonizes very well with blue and white, as do lava ware and that pretty imitation Satsuma, which is both easy to find and very inexpensive. But beware of mixing Wedgwood with Japanese or Chinese ware; the blue has a peculiar, pinkish hue that it is impossible to combine effectively with any Oriental ware. Wedgwood is pretty with only pure white ware, or with white and olive, or white and brown.

"MINNIE."—Make your boating suit after the outing-gown given in DEMOREST'S for September. You can easily substitute crash for the brown cheviot, white flannel for the satin strips, and a white sailor hat for the brown straw turban. Wear tan ties, and white, undressed kid outing gloves.

"NOVICE."—Make your black and white checked silk by the model in July magazine, "For Receptions." Have the sleeves also of the checked silk, and the full front of embroidered white *chiffon*, or the plain fabric accordion-plaited. Face the revers with violet satin, and trim with guipure; the stock and belt can also be of the satin. A small, round hat of white fancy straw, trimmed with white gauze, violets,—or other flowers of the same color,—and black and white ostrich-plumes will be very handsome with it, and suitable to wear with many other gowns.

"FORMA."—What you have heard about is probably the work done in one of the popular women's gymnasiums in New York, and the story is not exaggerated. There is a special department in charge of a Swedish woman who is an adept in all the exercises required to reduce flesh, taking it off where it is redundant and a trying burden, and putting it on where it is needed. The system consists of fifteen movements which are guaranteed to reduce enlarged abdomens, take jellying flesh off

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Those of our readers who wish to dress well at moderate cost, should see the attractive Fall and Winter catalogue of ladies' dresses and wraps which has just been issued by The National Cloak Co., 119 and 121 West 23d St., New York. This catalogue shows photographs of leading New York society ladies wearing the suits and wraps made for them by the above-named firm. They will mail a catalogue free to any of our readers together with an attractive line of samples of suitings and cloakings to select from. The National Cloak Co. is an old-established firm, and as they have advertised in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for a number of years we know them to be thoroughly reliable.

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the hips, restore lost waist-lines, straighten the shoulders, and strengthen and reduce the bust. One of the exercises, which anyone could try at home in her own room, is to stretch flat upon the back on the hard floor, hold tightly to some fixed object,—like a bed leg,—and lift the legs straight up from the floor till they are as near perpendicular as possible. When this can be done twenty times in succession the muscles of the abdomen will begin to grow firm and throw off superfluous flesh. Bicycle pedaling is the exercise commended for pulling the flesh off the hips, and this, too, can be done in the room—with open windows—on a fixed cycle; a five-mile stint is the prescription, and it is followed by exercises with pulleys fastened to the wall. There are various movements with these, influencing the whole body, but those for reducing the bust are simple: stand with your back to the pulley and let the handles pull your arms out and back as far as they will go; then pull them down over your head, and strike out as if delivering a blow. It is claimed that three weeks of this exercise will reduce the bust to half its size and expand the chest two inches.—Of course there is some dieting, but nothing that could be considered a hardship. Potatoes, white and all hot breads, and pastries are forbidden, and no sweets allowed except a plain pudding; but all the meats desired, green vegetables, fruit, gluten bread, butter, and a little sugar and coffee are permitted.

GLEANINGS.

NEW BLUE LAW IN CONNECTICUT.

It is the general opinion that if the new blue law in Connecticut carries as little weight in the future as on the first Sunday after it went into effect the law will be as much of a dead letter as was the one which preceded it. There was little attempt anywhere throughout the State to enforce it. Newsdealers, barbers, and vendors of drugs, confectionery, and cigars transacted their Sunday business as usual, with the few exceptions where timorous dealers kept up their shutters, or where the officers, placing their own interpretation upon the law, required a suspension of business between 10 A. M. and sunset. In fact, the observance of the law appears to depend largely upon individual interpretation of what is or what is not proper to be done on Sunday. It is universally recognized that public opinion is not back of the law, this feeling being sharply expressed in the attitude of the prosecuting officers,

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who have tacitly agreed to take no action except on a formal complaint. The only value of the law will be as an emergency measure in aggravated instances of Sabbath-breaking. It is more liberal than the old law in exempting "recreations," such as driving or bicyling, from the Sunday prohibitions, but it extends the ban against Sunday business or amusements, making the close season, which was formerly from sunrise to sunset, from midnight of Saturday to midnight of Sunday.

SENATOR HOAR'S BIRD PETITION.

The Anti-Feather bill prohibiting the killing of birds and the use of their feathers for millinery and decorative purposes, which recently became a law in Massachusetts, was introduced to the legislature by a Bird Petition, written by Senator Hoar and signed by thirty-seven of Massachusetts' finest feathered songsters.

Portions of the petition which captured the House and had much to do with the success of the bill are well worth repeating: "*To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:*

"We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this our humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do.

* * * *

"We are Americans just the same as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came across the great sea. But most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and the birds like us welcomed your fathers, when they came here.

* * * *

"Now, we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who, we should think, would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats.

* * * *

"Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and will save us from this sad fate. You have always made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another one that no one shall wear our

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feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them?

* * * *

"We will, in return, show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree, as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your garden and flower beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, oriole and bluebird and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. And when you go home tired after sundown, vesper sparrows will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit down on your porch after dark, fifebird and hermit thrush and wood thrush will sing to you, and even whip-poor-will will cheer you up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you."

The signers are:

Brown thrasher,	Kingbird,
Robert o' Lincoln,	Swallow,
Hermit thrush,	Cedarbird,
Vesper sparrow,	Cowbird,
Robin redbreast,	Martin,
Song sparrow,	Veery,
Scarlet tanager,	Vireo,
Summer redbird.	Oriole,
Blue heron,	Blackbird,
Hummingbird,	Fifebird,
Yellowbird,	Wren,
Whip-poor-will,	Linnet,
Water wagtail,	Peewee,
Woodpecker,	Phœbe,
Pigeon woodpecker,	Yokebird,
Indigo bird,	Lark,
Yellow throat,	Sandpiper,
Wilson's thrush,	Chewink.
Chickadee,	

This document so fired the members of the House and Senate with enthusiasm that the bill went through and was a law before the protesting feather dealers could s caterpillar.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE most popular woman in England today, in almost every grade of society, is undoubtedly the Princess of Wales, the future queen of the Empire. Without being a strictly beautiful woman, or a brilliant woman, or a progressive woman from the modern standpoint, without being a great artist or a famous sportswoman, she is nevertheless the best-beloved, the most sincerely admired and most genuinely respected woman throughout the British Empire.

She is the model for behavior and dress among the women of the gentry, and the idol, because of her character and good works, of the middle and lower classes. And yet her life has been absolutely free from the slightest effort to shine either as a woman or as a princess. She has lived a gentle life, loving her children, remembering the poor, bearing her sorrows bravely, never once forgetting her dignity as the daughter of a royal house and as a future queen.

The early life of the Princess Alexandra was spent among the simplest surroundings. The income of her father during the girlhood days of herself and famous sisters, the Empress Dowager of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland, did not exceed $1,500 a year. The mother of these three great gentlewomen was a woman of rare culture and unusual common-sense, who took advantage of her poverty to rear her daughters in the quietest way. They were taught the humblest household duties, as well as the accomplishments of the higher walks of life. No one is surprised that the Princess of Wales is a musician of taste, or a lover and patron of art; but that she is also an expert needlewoman, a clever milliner, and can fit a gown with the ease and skill of a tailor is an astonishing fact, especially to that class of women who confuse ignorance of domestic life with aristocracy.

The Princess will be fifty-three years old on her next birthday, December 1st, 1897, but, in spite of her large family of children and grandchildren, her face is as attractive, her figure as girlish, and her manner as sweetly winning as when she was first welcomed to England in 1863 as the bride of the young Prince Albert Edward of Wales.

CONDEMNATION OF THE NEW YORK CHARTER.

Dr. Albert Shaw, the authority on questions of municipal reform, finds the Greater New York charter wofully lacking in both uniformity and simplicity. The greatest trouble of the charter, he estimates, will be a perpetuation of the trouble we now have, that is, an instant appeal to Albany whenever an influential politician has an ax to grind.

In spite of his almost overwhelming condemnation of the charter, Dr. Shaw is not without hope for the future, and offers this consolation: "The American people can rise to an emergency, and they can solve their political and social problems."

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THE OLDEST CHURCH IN GREATER NEW YORK.

When the boundaries of New York are extended to Greater New York, Old Trinity will have to concede the dignity of greatest age to St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, of Richmond, Staten Island, which traces a continuous, unbroken organization back two hundred and thirty-six years. After public services had been conducted regularly for forty-eight years the parish was granted a charter by Queen Anne in 1709. With the charter was sent a silver communion service as a gift from the sovereign ; and this is still used regularly in the service of the sacrament.

DEATH OF JEAN INGELOW.

LONDON, July 20.—Miss Jean Ingelow, the distinguished poet and novelist, died in London last night.

Jean Ingelow was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, England, in 1830. Her first collection of poems, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings," was published anonymously in 1850, and in the next year she published the poetic narrative of "Ellerton and Dreux." Among her subsequent works, which were very numerous and which attained a wide popularity, are the following : "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes" (1865), "The Little Wonder-Horn" (1872)," "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571" (1883). Miss Ingelow was also the author of a number of novels, among them "Off the Skelligs" (1872), "Fated to be Free" (1875), "Don Juan" (1876), and "Sarah de Berenger" (1880).

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PICTURE LOAN-COLLECTIONS FOR SCHOOLS.

At the spring meeting of the Colorado State Teachers' Association, held in Denver, there was exhibited a collection of mounted pictures which showed what could be done at trifling cost, united with a little effort on the part of teachers and pupils, to decorate the school-room. The collection comprised black-and-white and color reproductions of oil pictures and water-colors, such as are given in DEMOREST'S and some of the art magazines, together with photographs of well-known pictures and scenery, and was the joint work of the librarian of the Denver Public Library, the principal of the High School, and the supervisor of drawing. The Public Library has a large collection of pictures such as were shown, and is loaning them in sets of fifty to the school districts of Colorado, which seems a very beautiful and interesting supplement to the lending-library scheme which was started in New York State more than two years ago; and all the States might copy both to their great advantage. Miss Miles, the supervisor of drawing in Denver, has issued a pamphlet setting forth in a direct and simple manner the advantages of pictures in school-rooms, both in stimulating the imagination of the children and interesting as well as diverting them, and giving many helpful suggestions on the selection of pictures, and their framing and mounting.

ONLY HIS WAY.

MISS BURTIS—"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Dolly."
MR. DOLLY—"What's that horwid 'longshoreman swearwing in the hall fowr?"
MISS BURTIS—"Do sit down. It's only papa. He stubbed his toe coming in and he's only telling himself how sorry he is."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES FOR THE DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

329. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

Ferdinand Brunetière, French *littérateur* and editor. Born in Toulon, July 19, 1849. On the editorial staff of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* since 1875, and now its editor. He is acknowledged to be the leading literary critic of France. Since 1886 he has been professor of French literature in the *Ecole Normale Supérieure;* is a member of the French Academy, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1887. He delivered a course of lectures before our Eastern colleges last spring.

330. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Alice Stone Blackwell, American journalist. Born at Orange, N. J., Sept. 14, 1857. She is the daughter of the philanthropist, Lucy Stone Blackwell; was graduated from Boston University in 1881, and has been on the staff of the "Woman's Journal" ever since. She is ardently devoted to the principles to which her distinguished mother gave her life.

331. COVENTRY PATMORE.

Coventry Kearsey Deighton Patmore, English poet and art critic. Born at Woodford, Essex, July 23, 1823; died at Lymington, Sussex, Nov. 26, 1896. His earliest work appeared in the first numbers of the pre-Raphaelite journal, "The Germ." His best-known poems, "The Angel in the House" and "The Victories of Love," are symbolic and have a deeply religious meaning which superficial readers miss.

332. ADELAIDE RISTORI.

Adelaide Ristori, Italian tragedienne. Born in Italy, Jan. 29, 1822. Her parents were comedians, and when she was four years of age she made her appearance on the stage. At the age of twenty she had achieved distinction, and afterward gained a world-wide fame. She visited the United States for the first time in 1866.

333. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Ellen Louise Chandler Moulton, American novelist and poet. Born at Pomfret, Conn., April 5, 1835. Her writing began in her girlhood before her schooldays were over. She has lived essentially a literary life, alternating between Boston and London, and her work covers a wide field from journalism to novels and books of travel, but her literary reputation rests upon her charming verse.

334. EDWARD BELLAMY.

Edward Bellamy, American journalist, economist, and novelist. Born at Chicopee Falls, Mass., in 1850. Educated at Union College, Schenectady, and in Germany; studied law and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. His first work was "A Nantucket Idyl," and he has written many charming short stories, but he gained a world-wide fame with "Looking Backward," which was the literary sensation of 1888. His last novel is "Equality."

335. JOHN HARE.

John Hare, English actor. Born in London in 1844. His public life dates since his first appearance on the stage at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Sept., 1865, as *Short* in "Naval Engagements." His artistic creation of *Lord Ptarmigant* in "Society" in the following November won immediate recognition and established his reputation. Since that time he has created many rôles, and is a great favorite with London playgoers. Mr. Hare played an engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York in 1896–97.

336. GEORGIA CAYVAN.

Georgia Cayvan, American actress. Born in Maine in 1858. Educated in Boston; at an early age showed musical and dramatical ability, and she began her stage career with recitations and readings in New England lyceums. She was graduated from the Boston School of Oratory, and made her début on the operatic stage as *Hebe* in "Pinafore" at the Boston Theatre in 1879; became a member of the Madison Square Theatre stock company in 1880, and leading lady of the Lyceum Theatre in 1887, where she remained till she started on a starring tour with her own company in 1896.