# WOMAN'S REALM

OUT OF THE ORDINARY MODES OF THE DAY.
—(The Ladies' Field.

## MENTALLY DEFICIENT.

### *Schools for Them Said to Produce Remarkable Results.*

That simple happiness makes for mental progress and that "children will not be sick if they laugh" is perhaps the keynote of the successful treatment of children of arrested mental development in schools devoted to them exclusively. The playtime of these little unfortunates, it is said, is as carefully supervised as are their so-called "study hours." It is recognized that when a child is engaged in what it wants to do and enjoys doing, its mental as well as physical growth is appreciably accelerated. The acquisition of a single idea is for some of the little charges a work of weeks. The ability to connect the playing of the national anthem with the American flag, for instance, marks the mental effort sometimes of months. This, however, is only in the case of the most backward. There are others who show marked progress after a few weeks, learning readily to dance and play the piano, to take intelligent part in simple games, dress and undress themselves, etc.

It is believed by Dr. Seguin, who founded the Seguin School, that an incalculable amount of benefit could be gained by those mentally deficient from simple contact with healthy magnetic people, that each different personality imperceptibly affected the patient or pupil, and that the best results were gained from a variety of such impressions or emotions, especially when the work required necessitated in itself a degree of routine or monotony as do "number work" (arithmetic) and "letter work," the herculean accomplishment of learning to read and write. Botany and natural history do not present such difficulties, as even mentally deficient little people—most of them—take naturally to trees, seed planting and flower gathering, and rambles in the woods after new bugs and birds. Deficiency in some cases is marked by an utter lack of imagination and individual mental initiative.

In the Seguin School one little fellow of five, a beautiful boy physically, with big blue eyes, golden curls and a roseleaf complexion, has never asked a question in the whole of his short life. He does what he is told, apparently remembers what he hears and sees, but so far as any other mental effort is concerned he might as well be a sponge. Another, a little girl of the so-called "Mongolian type," a term designating a phase of mental disorder marked principally by abnormal abilities for imitativeness and mischief, a distressingly coarse voice, poorly shaped head and somewhat distorted features, is, it seems, blessed with something more than her share of the inventive faculty. Having been an interested but unsuccessful member of numerous excursions whose object it was to find new kinds of birds, this small romancer gravely informed her teachers and companions one dinner-time that she had just heard a whippoorwill cackle, and seen a bird "with two tails and one eye." She added that it was hardly worth while for any of them to look for the latter creature, as it had flown instantly away, and also that, no matter what new birds they discovered, they would certainly never be able to see anything like this, as it had told her it was never coming back again.

Even perverted mental effort, however, is better than none in such cases, and the mere repetition of phrases heard also, when aptly applied, marks distinct gain. Thus while eating strawberries one little girl asked her teacher if she liked the fruit. "Then this is a delicious opportunity for you," replied the mite, on being answered in the affirmative, and the teacher recalled having used that expression in reference to something else not long before.

The room in which arithmetic is studied for twenty minutes twice a day was for this reason called the "number room," but later, when it was also used for basketry by another twenty minute class and for crocheting, etc., by still another, it in this way acquired such a multiplicity of names that even experts might readily have been puzzled. One day at dinner Mrs. Seguin suggested that some single name be chosen and the others dropped. As the children were present there was a variety of more or less remarkable suggestions made. Presently a small boy said: "I call it the 'stunt' room, for I do my writing there and I make stunts of it." Under the circumstances the bit of slang was welcomed with an enthusiasm that can scarcely be imagined by parents of little people who pick up a new word hourly perhaps and revel in new ideas. Another little fellow who had previously confined himself to yes and no was especially backward one morning in "letter work," and in answer to the teacher's question as to whether he were ill replied: "No, just miserable." It was the first time he had used the word, and the "sinner that repenteth" could not have caused greater rejoicing than did this intelligent use of a single new sound. A small boy who had received a light, flaky cereal for the first time was asked how he liked it. After some patience an opinion was secured: "Its good, but I feel like I'd eaten snow."

The school numbers among its pupils two so-called "Cretins," a type marked outwardly by smallness of stature and skull measurement and the absence of the thyroid gland. Of late years this last defect is partially supplied by a regimen of tablets consisting of the thyroid secretion taken from sheep. A marked mental improvement is noticed when these are administered in connection with the proper training.

It is believed by teachers that in the majority of cases mental deficiency will succumb to persistent personal effort when it would probably become confirmed and hopeless if the child were allowed to take its chances in the ordinary routine of family or school life. It is also contended that a single teacher for a child is an injurious expedient, as both teacher and child weary and exhaust each other. To secure the best results those who have to work with mentally deficient children must keep themselves in the best spirits, best health and happiest frame of mind. Health and happiness are contagious, can literally be radiated and are absorbed by the mentally starved little folks, to whom their teachers are all the world.

In sense training such simple devices as beanbag throwing, ball rolling, lacing and unlacing shoes, stringing buttons and picking up coins are employed. There are articulation teachers, many children being backward in the expression of ideas in words, though otherwise normally active. In "number work" buying and selling takes an important place, the change being made with "real money."

In one school it is the aim to reach the imprisoned brain through the hand, the eye, etc. During the daily exercises "bell ringing music" is accompanied by swinging arms, and when the pupil, as is usually the case at the beginning, shows a marked distaste to any personal effort the little arms are gently moved in unison by the teachers, and after months, perhaps, of this patient practice the instructor is rewarded by seeing a feeble flutter of hands when the wonted chords are struck. Some of the children who have been in the care of the school for years are now almost normal; they can read, write and converse, ride wheels, play the piano, etc. One distressing case was that of a girl who when only fourteen years of age weighed over 170 pounds, and never of her own volition moved a muscle, being unable to say more than yes and no. After three years' training her weight was by exercise alone reduced to 130 pounds, she took an intelligent interest in events and conversed and corresponded readily with her parents. Saturday and Sunday are almost wholly spent out of doors whenever the weather allows. In addition to nine separate classrooms, the gymnasium, 35 by 55 feet, is a source of great pleasure and profit as the pupils come into the use of their faculties. A pony cart, with a pair of ponies, is also an adjunct of the school, and many a dawning intelligence has struggled into expression in its efforts to assure itself and other people that its possessor's turn for a drive had come.

## WOMEN'S PHILANTHROPIES.

### Three New Buildings of Haekley School Dedicated Yesterday.

If any one is curious regarding what women can do and actually are doing toward the education of boys, or curious about women's taste in architecture or women's ability to provide domestic comforts, discipline and wholesome influences for boys away from home, let him visit the Haekley School, at Tarrytown, where three new and handsome buildings were dedicated with formal ceremonies yesterday.

The group of houses comprising the Haekley School stand on the hills overlooking the Hudson, and are a fitting testimony to the broad minded liberality of two New-York women—Mrs. C. B. Haekley and Mrs. C. C. Goodhue. Mrs. Haekley's first gift was her own home, with grounds, at Tarrytown, which is now the lower school. Later she gave the Waldheim Park estate of seventy-eight acres, on which is the upper school.

The three new buildings dedicated yesterday are the Minot J. Savage House, the Philip Savage House and the Goodhue Memorial Hall. The first is a tribute to Dr. Minot J. Savage, of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, of this city, and contains a large dining hall, living rooms, billiard room, hospital, kitchen, baths and sleeping rooms. This building is the gift of Mrs. Haekley, as is also the Philip Savage House, named in memory of Dr. Savage's eldest son, who died very suddenly four years ago. The Goodhue Memorial Hall, the gift of Mrs. C. C. Goodhue, consists of a large hall, at present used for a chapel and all general exercises, and several classrooms. Mrs. Goodhue will give a memorial chapel, the work on which will be started soon. A fund is being raised to erect a house to be named the Edward Everett Hale House.

The school is under the care of the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, formerly pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church, of this city. The board of trustees is made up of well known men and women, and includes Carroll D. Wright, Rockwood Hoar, William A. Keener, Mrs. Edward R. Hewitt, Professor Horatio S. White, the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, secretary, and William H. Baldwin, jr., treasurer.

India sandwiches are a pretty addition to the afternoon tea table or for Sunday night suppers. Chop fine half a cupful of cold boiled ham and one of cold chicken. Moisten with white sauce, and add one tablespoonful of curry powder. Toast bread cut thin, spread with the filling, and press two slices together. Serve cold.


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—SEASON 1903—


## ADVENTURES OF HARRY REVEL.

Continued from first page.

him that justice—says the same. Symonds says"—

But at this point a young woman—and pretty, too, but daubed with paint—thrust her hat and head out of a window, three carriages away, and demanded to know what in the name of Moses they were waiting for.

"Signals, my dear. The flagship's forrad, and keep your eye lifting that way, if you please! I'm main glad you fell in with us," he went on affably, turning to me; "because you round it up nicely. Barring the sharks in black weepers, you're the only mourning card in the bunch, and I'll see you get a good position at the grave."

"Thank you, sir," said I, feeling pretty desperate.

"Don't mention it. We're doin' our best. When poor Bill dropped down in Symonds's"—he jerked his thumb toward the boarding house door—"Symonds himself was for turning every one out. Very nice feeling he showed, I will say. 'Damn it, here's a go!' he says; 'and the man looked healthy enough for another ten year, with proper care!'—and went off at once to stop the fiddlers and put up the shutters. But of course it meant a loss to him, the place being full; and I felt a sort of responsibility for having introduced Bill. So I went after him and says I: 'This is a most unforeseen occurrence.' 'Not a bit,' says he; 'accidents will happen.' I told him that the corpse had never been a wet blanket, it wasn't his nature; and I felt sure he wouldn't like the thought. 'If that's the case,' says Symonds, 'I've a little room at the back where he'd go very comfortable—quite shut off, as you might say. We must send for the doctor, of course, and the coroner can sit on him to-morrow—that is, if you feel sure deceased wouldn't think it any disrespect.' 'Disrespect?' says I. 'You didn't know Bill. Why, it's what he'd arsk for!' So then we carried him, and I sent for the undertaker same time as the doctor and ordered it of oak; and next morning down I tramped to Dock and chose out a grave, brick-lined, having heard him say often 'Plymouth folk for wasting, but Dock folk for lasting.' I won't say but what, between whiles, we've been pretty lively at Symonds's; and I won't say—Hullo! here's more luck! Your servant, sir!"

He stepped forward—leaving me shielded and half hidden by the coach door—and accosted a stranger walking briskly up the pavement toward us with a small valise in his hand; a gentlemanly person of about thirty-five or forty, in clerical suit and bands.

"Eh? Good morning!" nodded the clergyman affably.

"Might I arsk where you're bound?" Then, after a pause, "My name's Jope, sir—Benjamin Jope, of the Bedford, seventy-four bo'sun's mate—now paid off."

The clergyman, at first taken aback—as I could see—by the sudden question, recovered his smile. "And mine, sir, is Whitmore—the Rev. John Whitmore—bound just now in the direction of the Dock. Can I serve you thereabouts?"

Mr. Jope waved his hand toward the coach door. "Jump inside, and I'll take you along. Oh, you needn't be ashamed to ride behind Bill!"

"But who is Bill?" The Rev. Mr. Whitmore showed some natural hesitation, and advanced to the coach door like a man in two minds. "Ah, I see—a funeral!" he exclaimed, as a mute advanced—assailed from each coach window, as he passed, with indecorous obloquy—to announce that the cortége was ready to start. For the last two minutes heads had been popping out at these windows—heads with dyed ringlets and heads with artistically colored noses—and their owners demanding, with brisk and various profanity, if Ben Jope meant to keep them there all day, if the corpse was expected to lead off the ball, and so on; and I, cowering by the coach step, had shrunk from their gaze as I flinched now under Mr. Whitmore's.

"Hullo!" said he, and gave me (as I thought) a searching look. "What's this? A chimney sweep?"

"If your reverence will not object to his company?"

I turned my eyes away, but felt that this clergyman was studying me. "Not at all," said he, quietly, after a moment's pause. "Is he bound for Dock, too?"

"He said so."

"Eh? Did he? Then we'll see that he gets there. After you, youngster—jump in!" To my terror the words seemed charged with meaning, but I dared not look him in the face. I clambered in and dropped into a seat with my back to the driver. He placed himself opposite, nursing the valise on his knees. Ben Jope came last and slammed to the door after him. "Way-oh!" he shouted; "easy canvas!" and with that plunged down beside me, took off his tarpaulin hat, extracted a handkerchief from its crown, and carefully wiped his brow and the back of his neck.

"Well!" he sighed. "Bill's launched, anyhow."

"Shipmate?" asked the clergyman.

"Messmate," answered Mr. Jope; and, being hurried in his explanations, opened his mouth and pointed down it with his forefinger. "Not that a better fellow ever lived," he made haste to explain.

"I can quite believe it," said Mr. Whitmore, sympathetically. He had a pleasant voice, but somehow I did not want to catch his eye. Instead, I kept my gaze fastened upon the knees of his well fitting pantaloons, and they gave me (I cannot say why) a notion that he must be a sportsman as well as a divine. No divine could have been more correctly attired, and yet there was a latent horsiness about his cut. I set him down for a sporting parson from the country, and wondered why he wore clothes so much superior to those of the Plymouth parsons known to me by sight.

"Just listen to that, now!" exclaimed Mr. Jope. A chorus in one of the coaches ahead had struck up "Tom Bowling," and before we reached the head of the street, from coach after coach the funeral party broke into song:

"Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of his crew-ew;
No more he'll hear the te-empest how-wow-ling
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the-e ma-hanliest beau-eau-ty"—

"I wouldn't say that, quite," observed Mr. Jope, pensively. "To begin with, he'd had the smallpox."

"De gustibus nil nisi bonum," Mr. Whitmore soothed him.

"What's that?"

"Latin."

"Wonderful! Would ye mind saying it again?" The words were obligingly repeated.

"Wonderful! And what might be the meaning of it, making so bold?"

"It means 'Speak well of the dead.'"

"Well, we're doing of it, anyway. Hark to 'em, ahead there!"

The cortège, in fact, was attracting general attention. Folks on the pavement halted to watch and grin as we went by; one or two, catching sight of familiar faces within the coaches, waved their handkerchiefs or shouted back salutations, and as we crawled out of Old Town-st. and past St. Andrew's Church a small crowd raised three cheers for us. And still above it the chorus blared and the mourners' voices rose uproarous:

His friends were many and truehearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy—
For Tom is gone aloft.

"Bill couldn't sing a note," Mr. Jope murmured, "but as you say, sir—would you oblige us again?" Again the Latin was repeated, and he swung round upon me. "Think of that, now! Be you a scholar, hey?—read, write and cipher? How would you spell 'sojer,' for instance?"

The question knocked the wind out of me, and I felt my face whitening under the clergyman's eyes.

"Soldier—s-o-l-d-j-e-r." I managed to answer, but scarcely above a whisper.

"Very good; now make a rhyme to it."

"I—please, sir, I don't know any rhymes."

"Well, that's honest, anyway. Now, I'll tell you why I asked." He turned and addressed Mr. Whitmore. "I'm Cornish born, sir—from Saltash, up across the river. Afore I went to sea there was a maid living next door to us that wanted to marry me. She didn't say it in so many words, you understand, but she showed herself conformable. Well, when she found I wasn't to be had, she picked up with a fellow from the Victualling Yard and married he, and came down to Dock to live. Man's name was Babbage, and they hadn't been married six months afore he tumbled into a brine vat and was drowned. 'That's one narra escape to me,' I said. Next news I had was a letter telling me she'd a boy born, and please would I stand godfather? A bit too close sailing, thought I to myself, but I didn't like to say no, out of respect to her family. So I wrote home from Gibraltar that I was agreeable, only it must be done by proxy and she mustn't make it no precedent. That must be ten years back, and what with one thing and another I never set eyes 'pon mother or child till yesterday, when—having to run down to Dock to order Bill's grave, and my thoughts runnin' on the life of the man, and how we're here one moment and gone the next—I thought 'twould be neighborly to drop 'em a visit. I found the boy growed to be a terrible plain child, about the size of this youngster. I didn't like the boy at all. So I says to his mother, 'I s'pose he's clever?'—for, dang it! thinks *I*, he must be clever to make up for being so plain featured as all that. 'Benjy'—she'd a-called him Benjamin after me—'Benjy's the cleverest child for his age that ever you see,' she says. 'Come, that's something!' says I, consoling like. 'Why,' says she, 'he'll pitch to and make up a rhyme 'pon anything!' 'Can he so?' I says, pulling a great crown piece out of my pocket (not that I liked the cut of his jib, but the woman had been hinting about my being his godfather): 'Now, my lad, let's see if you're so gifted as your mother makes out.' 'Aw, that's easy,' says he:

Five shillin',
Benjy's willin'.

"'Here, hold hard!' I says, 'if I'm to pay the piper, leave me call the tune. Five shillin' it is, and likewise there's a sojer now passin' the window. Make up a rhyme 'pon he, and you shall have the money.' What d'ye think that ghastly boy did? 'That's easier still,' he says:

Sojer, sojer,
Diddy, diddy, dodger!

'Now, hand me over the money,' he says. I could have slapped his ear."

Almost as he ended his simple story the procession came to a halt; the strains of "Tom Bowling" ceased abruptly and changed into noisy—and, on the part of the ladies, very unladylike—expostulations. "Hullo!" Mr. Jope started forward and leaned out of the window.

"I think," said the Rev. Mr. Whitmore, "we have arrived at the toll-gate."

"D'ye mean to say the sharks want to take toll on Bill?"

"Likely enough."

"On him? And him a-going to his long home? Here—hold hard!" Mr. Jope leapt out into the roadway and disappeared, slamming the door behind him.

Upon us two, left alone in the coach, there fell a dreadful silence. Mr. Whitmore leaned forward and touched my knee; and, horribly compelled by a stronger will, I met his eye.

The face I looked into was thin and refined, clean-shaven and a trifle pale, as if with the habit of study. A slight baldness by the temples gave the brow unusual height. About his whole appearance there was a daintiness—I know not how otherwise to describe it—which expressed itself in his deliberate way of choosing his words, as well as in his clean linen, and hinted itself in the fine lines of the mouth, now drawn back in a smile and displaying a well-kept cage of teeth. His eyes I did not like at all; instead of soothing the terror in mine they seemed to be drinking it in, and tasting it, and calculating the while; and he kept them half-closed, as a man might while sipping wine and rolling it on his tongue before he comes to an opinion on it.

"I passed by the Barbican just now," said he, "and heard some inquiries about a small chimney-sweep."

He paused, as if waiting. But I had no speech in me.

"It was a strange story they were telling—a very dreadful and strange story; still, when I came upon you, I saw, of course, it was an incredible one. Boys of your size——" He hesitated and left the sentence unfinished. "Still, you may have seen something—hey?"

Again I could not answer.

"At any rate," he went on, "putting two and two together, I gave you the benefit of the doubt—and resolved to warn you. It was a mistake to run away; but the mischief's done. How were you proposing to make off?"

"I hadn't thought, sir. You—you won't give me up?"

"No, for I think you must be innocent—of what they told me, at least. I feel so certain of it that, as you see, my conscience allows me to warn you. In the first place, avoid the Torpoint Ferry. It will be watched, as sure's a gun; that is"—he pulled up and corrected himself—"it will without doubt be watched. I should make for the docks, hide until night, and try to stow myself away on shipboard. Secondly"—he put out a hand and softly unfastened the coach door—"I am going to leave you. Our friend, Mr. Jope, is engaged, I see, in an altercation with the toll-keeper. Your wisest course will be to enlist his sympathies; he seems a good natured fellow. The driver (it may help you to know) is drunk. Of course, if by ill luck they trace me out to question me I shall be obliged to tell what I know. It amounts to very little; still, I have no wish to tell it. One word more: Get a wash as soon as you can, and by some means acquire a clean suit of clothes. I may then be unable to swear to you; may be able to say that your face is as unfamiliar to me as it was—or as mine was to you—when Mr. Jope introduced us. Understand?"

"Thank you, sir."

He picked up the valise, which had been resting between his feet, nodded "good-day!" and after a swift glance up the street and around at the driver, to make sure that his head was turned, stepped briskly out upon the pavement and disappeared around the back of the coach.

(To be continued.)

If the conclusions of Professor Herdman are correct, pearl diving is not necessarily injurious to those following it, and humanitarians who have girded at women for adorning themselves with these lovely gems at the expense of human life must withdraw or modify their criticism. Professor Herdman, at the request of the British Government, investigated the conditions of the Ceylon pearl fisheries, which are controlled by the British Government and worked only at long intervals and under the sanction of the government. The prosperity of pearl fisheries is said to fluctuate extremely. There may be three or four good years, and then will follow a long interval, even to thirty years, when the reverse will be the case. Townships spring up along the coast when a fishing is in progress, quite in American fashion, and as many as twenty-six thousand natives will assemble at one of these. It is customary for the diver to enter the water feet first, with a forty-pound stone attached to one foot and his basket in the other. He remains under water from one to two minutes at the outside, and within this short period he may gather as many as a hundred oysters.

Miss Florence Hayward, the only woman commissioner of the St. Louis Exposition, scorns exhibits of women's work such as is generally understood by the term. "Do you think I would waste my time drumming up exclusive exhibits of jams and preserves and embroidery?" asks Miss Hayward, scathingly. "I am after art work, machinery and manufactured products. There is to be no woman's department at the St. Louis Fair in which the work of women will be displayed as such, distinct and apart from the classified groups to which it naturally belongs. I worked against that idea for fourteen months before I succeeded in getting it abandoned, and I am proud of the achievement. The managers of the fair were aghast when I first told them we ought to have no woman's department, but I brought them round to my view of it. A woman's department belongs to the kindergarten stage of woman's development as industrial producers. There was one at Chicago, of course, but women have progressed since then. When women's exhibits are confined to a special department it is really an acknowledgment of woman's industrial inferiority. The best compliment that can be paid women is to have their work displayed side by side with man's and judged on its merits without any allowances on account of sex."

The scarcity of labor saving devices in the realm of domestic work was a point dwelt upon with considerable emphasis by a recent lecturer on sociology. Women, he said, scrub floors and wash windows, dishes, and, to a great extent, clothing, in the same old ways elected by their great-great-grandmothers. They have as a rule, the lecturer thought, little estimate of the value of time, at least as evinced by their efforts to save it. In fact, he recalled one estimable old dame who exclaimed in answer to his protest, "But what's the use of getting done the work so quick? What would we all be doing the rest of the time?" The lecturer suggested that women themselves offer prizes to women for the invention of labor saving devices.

Park College, in Parkville, Mo., is one of the institutions that believes in teaching domestic science by allotting to the students a certain amount of daily housework. The same course seems to be followed in a Southern university, where of each girl student a certain amount of service is required daily in the kitchen, dining room, sewing room or laundry. At Parkville the young women do all the cooking for over three hundred students, no servants being employed, and there is a systematic rotation of work by which each one becomes acquainted with the various lines of work. At Mount Holyoke, in its seminary days, and at Wellesley College, which was modelled largely on Mount Holyoke, a system was at one time in vogue by which the light housework, such as dusting, chamberwork, serving in the dining room and lamp trimming, was done by the students, but the idea involved was less to teach housewifery than to save the wages of servants. There was, all the same, a notion that such duties in some way tended to counterbalance and mitigate the blue-stocking tendencies of Greek and Latin, and their influence was believed to be distinctly feminizing. One young woman would fill salt cellars for a year; another would spend her daily hour of housework trimming German student lamps; still another would be deputed to care for the Browning room, the holy of holies, the shrine, the penetralia, the arcanum of Wellesley College. As it emerged from its earlier traditions and gained in ambition and scope, and as the academic requirements became more onerous, Wellesley sloughed off the domestic hour. Does it still hold at Mount Holyoke?

A monument to a cook sounds a bit incongruous, but if there is any man or woman who ought to be immortalized, it is the artist of the kitchen. Paris, the headquarters of the art of cooking, has at last found this out, and purposes to erect a fountain on one of the chief promenades of the city as a memorial to its great cooks. It will be adorned with medallion portraits of some half a dozen of the most famous French chefs, and surrounding it will be sculptured groups of the lesser ministers to the great art, the fishwives, poultry merchants, oyster women, marketmen, etc., without whom even the greatest chef would be helpless.

There are few departments of life to which the empire of fashion does not extend. There are fashions even in saints, and St. Francis of Assisi happens to be the fashion at present. This is not hard to understand. At the present time, when all thoughtful people are awakening to a new sympathy with dumb animals, it is peculiarly interesting to find away back in the dark and cruel Middle Ages a man who called the larks his "little sisters" and who hid the baby foxes so that they would not be snared. St. Francis was characterized besides by an amazing innocence and ingenuousness, which makes him particularly refreshing to a world that is beginning to weary of shams.

Educated English women of gentle birth, instead of taking up the ill paid profession of governess, are now, it is said, going in for the calling of cook. "Lady cooks," they call themselves and are called. The secretary of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, in London, says there is a demand for cooks who are gentlewomen. Other registry offices report the same thing. The difficulty in the way of the popularity of the lady cooks seems to be their unwillingness to associate with the domestics, who are not "ladies," technically speaking. Some "lady cooks," for instance, object to mixing on terms of equality with plain, ordinary housemaids and kitchenmaids. As a rule, they accept positions only in houses where "lady parlormaids," "lady chambermaids," "lady scullions," and so on, are kept. One "lady cook" is said to have refused a really desirable situation because her employer stipulated that she should take the head of the table in the servants' hall.

The woman who purchases an Oriental rug today has this advantage over her sister purchasers of ten years ago—she can know that the conditions under which that rug was woven are vastly improved in that time. The weavers in the Orient are almost exclusively women and girls, and until recently the payment for such work was so meagre that poverty was the weaver's invariable lot, despite her unceasing labor. Now, however, that European and American dealers have taken the direction of much of this work into their hands, the wage, while low compared with rates in other countries, is sufficient to put the weaver, with his frugal needs, on a comfortable economic basis, and yet the price of rugs is not enhanced.


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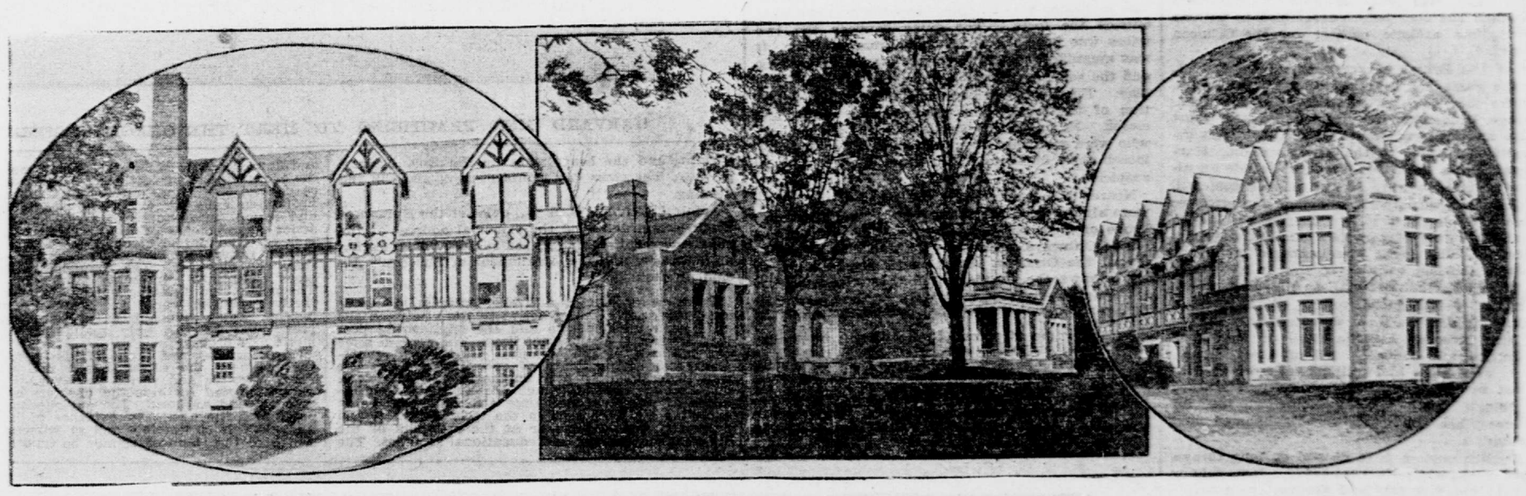

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## THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

### A Tissue Paper Pattern of Child's Pinafore Frock, No. 4,443, for 10 Cents.

Simple little frocks made in pinafore style possess a charm and an attraction that never fail. This dainty one includes all the familiar features and has the merit of being equally satisfactory whether worn with a guimpe or without. On cool days one can easily be added; when it is warm and uncomfortable the childish neck and arms can be left free. The original is made of Persian lawn with trimming of embroidery and fancy stitches, but all white and colored materials used for little folks' dresses are appropriate.

NO. 4,443—CHILD'S PINAFORE FROCK.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (four years) is two and a half yards 27 inches wide, or two yards 36 inches wide, with five and a quarter yards of embroidery to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 4,443, is cut in sizes for children two, four and six years old.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and age distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern, send an extra two-cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.