NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

A SMART COSTUME FOR THE LINKS.

ASKS WOMEN TO AID.

Municipal League Appealed to for Help in Civic Matters.

John H. Behrmann, alderman of the XLIVth Assembly District, talked to the Woman's Municipal League yesterday afternoon, and told the members some of the things connected with future improvements in Williamsbridge and the neighborhood that he would like to see them, as an organization of women, lend their support to.

For the first time in the history of the league the regular monthly meeting was held out of town. It met with the Chester branch at the house of Mrs. L. W. How, South Chestnut Drive, Bronxwood Park, Williamsbridge. Most of those present were Williamsbridge women, but Miss Margaret Astor Chanler, the president, came down from her summer home at Barrytown to attend, and Miss Margaret Rhodes, the assistant secretary, also went out.

"I am gratified at the progress of the Chester Woman's Municipal League," said Mr. Behrmann. "About a year ago the women assisted in carrying through the gas question here to a successful issue, and I am glad they have organized to extend their influence to other civic movements.

"You have asked me to come and suggest some improvements which Williamsbridge needs and in which you can assist. I have seven suggestions to make.

"First—Educational facilities. There are to-day 216 children in this district below the ages of ten who are not in school. A little stirring up on the part of the women might give us a new school.

"Second—Development of the sewer system in this district. What Williamsbridge needs is a complete sewer system, with trunk sewers in the three main streets.

"Third—Every one knows that when sewers are placed in a fine street the roadway is torn up, and not much attention is paid to putting the street back into the same condition. We want to macadamize those streets already sewered. Look at the Boston Post Road. It is the oldest road in these parts, and is macadamized to Four Corners, but from that point on it is nothing but a mud hole. What a shame to let an historic street like that get into such a condition!

"Fourth—The extension of the water main system. The city now owns our water supply, whereas a few years ago we were at the mercy of the New-York and West Chester Water Company. When the city finally acquired its plant the water rates were cut in two. Where a family formerly paid $12, it now pays $6. The saving has amounted to thousands of dollars each year. But I am assured that under the new appropriation all houses will be connected with lateral mains.

"Fifth—Extension of the gas mains.

"Sixth—Extending the switches on the White Plains street railway. This is perhaps the most important of my suggestions.

"Seventh—Putting electric wires underground wherever conditions permit.

"It will be my pleasure to co-operate with you along these lines in any way possible."

"I never knew a city official to treat the Woman's Municipal League more seriously and respectfully," remarked Miss Chanler, when Mr. Behrmann had finished and gone on to his next meeting. "He didn't talk down to us. We might have been a body of engineers."

"There are some departments of municipal government," she continued, "that women seem to have little connection with—the Department of Bridges, for example, and the Tax Department. Others, like the Department of Street Cleaning, they are intimately concerned with. There are people who say that a thing of this sort is not a woman's business. But a woman is naturally interested in seeing that her fence is not out of repair, and that her front steps do not fall down; and what the Municipal League is trying to do is simply to co-ordinate and harmonize and extend each individual woman's interest of this sort."

The Chester Woman's Municipal League was organized about three months ago with Mrs. J. T. Dougine as president. The league is divided into standing committees on sanitation, lighting, parks, schools, libraries, press and publication. Already it has done some sanitary work in connection with cesspools. In the fall it will take up the work of procuring a Carnegie library, will extend the work of the Mothers' Social Club, and will bend its efforts toward getting a new park.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

An English physician, writing in "The Gentleman's Magazine," says it is a mistake to suppose that to drink with meals is injurious or that it makes people stout. In the case of the Germans the stoutness, he thinks, is probably caused by the drinking of great quantities of thin beer both at and between meals; and beer, it appears to be admitted on all hands, is fattening. Regarding the yearly exodus to foreign watering places, the physician quotes the dictum of a celebrated French physician at one of these places, who said, pointing to a crowd at the well: "These people would do just as well at home if they would get up at 7 in the morning, drink the same amount of water and walk as many miles a day as they do here."

Camphorated chalk is one of the simple dentifrices that never go out. One can prepare it at home just as well as to pay a druggist to do it. All that is necessary is an ounce of powdered camphor and fifteen ounces of prepared chalk. If it is desired to have the dentifrice foam, add a little powdered castile soap. Mix thoroughly by sifting through coarse cambric a number of times.

An excellent liquid dentifrice can be made by putting into a quart of hot water one teaspoonful each of spirits of camphor and tincture of myrrh and two ounces of borax. Add the borax first. When the water is nearly cold add the other ingredients. Use a wineglassful night and morning in a mug of lukewarm water to brush the teeth.

When the gums are so tender that the morning cleansing makes them bleed, the following powder will be found good for hardening the gums: One-quarter of a pound each of powdered myrrh and powdered orris root, one-half ounce of powdered borax, one ounce of prepared chalk. Such a formula is much cheaper if the ingredients are bought separately and mixed by one's self.

"I think the British upper classes must be made of iron or zinc, or some especially durable material, for in pursuit of pleasure they never seem to know the meaning of fatigue," says a London society scribe. "Why else should they wait for the dog days to give their most brilliant parties, and want to dine, lunch and sup continually in each other's society when the thermometer registers 84 in the shade? It is the 'climbers' who first show the signs of wear, to use an American phrase. In spite of late hours and deleterious food, the hardy British aristocrats can get along through a London season without any special indication of lassitude, but the 'climbers,' to whom the social treadmill brings much anxiety and wear and tear from which those to the manner born are exempt, cannot help looking worried and harassed after a few months of it."

"Don't pin your faith to lemon juice as a panacea for harshness of voice," says a certain girl who ascribes her social success not a little to her voice. It is a melodious voice, and accompanied by the merriest, tinkling laugh. Where she got it and how she got it she won't tell, but some of the things she says about the care of the voice when you do ask her are: "Don't tire your voice. When you are fatigued, your vocal chords are tired along with the rest of you. Give them a rest. Don't wear flowers in your dress if you are going to read or sing in public. They often cause hoarseness. Don't rely on black coffee to clear your throat. A tablespoonful of water in twice that amount of brandy relieves the voice better. Don't take life too seriously. Relax the strained muscles of your face and neck and forget yourself. Nervous tension tells in the voice as surely as on the face. Don't croak or whine or drawl. Don't despair if your voice is flat or dead or thin or nasal. With care, time and patience it may become velvety, round, caressing and alive with delicate inflections."

MRS. DOREMUS'S LONG LIFE.

She Will Reach the Century Mark Next Thursday—Her Splendid Health.

Orange, N. J., Aug. 6 (Special).—New-Jersey will claim another centenarian if Mrs. Sarah Hall Doremus, who lives with her aged son, Abram Doremus, at Parsippany, lives until Thursday next. Mrs. Doremus, in spite of her great age, is hale and hearty, talks in a firm tone of voice, takes

MRS. SARAH HALL DOREMUS.
Of Parsippany, N. J., who will be one hundred years old next Thursday.

an active interest in her surroundings, hears distinctly, and can see as far as the average person. At a time of life when most women do little but sit around the house, she has her daily routine of work, "tidies" up her room, and keeps her small garden at the rear of her home in perfect order. Notwithstanding all this, however, it is deemed unwise to have a special celebration, as she is susceptible to excitement of any kind, and wants to take an active interest in everything that is going on.

She has never been very far from home, but can remember when stage coaches traversed the highways. When she first came from Paramus, where she was born, to become the wife of John Doremus, she prepared and carded the flax from which all their clothes were made, and, like all farmers' wives of that day, helped to carry the heavy burdens of farm work.

Though most of her family lived to a ripe old age, Mrs. Doremus cannot remember any of them that reached the century mark. Her father was of English stock, and both he and his wife died when they were less than eighty years of age.

The husband of Mrs. Doremus was born in the house where the aged woman lives—a typical old Colonial home filled with interesting relics. Trees planted by her husband on their wedding day still shade her windows, and he, dead a score of years, lies in the family burying plot on a hill a few hundred feet away.

Aunt Sallie, as she is affectionately called, drives out frequently, and until five years ago, attended regularly at the Boonton Reformed Church. She says she believes that her long life is due to the fact that she has always been industrious and "ambitious." She has only two children living, a son, Abram Doremus, with whom she lives, and a daughter, Mrs. John Broadwell, of Newark. She has eight grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren, besides many relatives scattered all over the State.

HANDBOOK ON HOME ARTS.

Interesting Facts About Embroidery and Dressmaking.

"Needlework" is the title of a comprehensive and well written little volume which has recently been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New-York. As the title suggests, it is a book for women, by women, and, as a matter of fact, six women have collaborated in its making—Ruth M. Day, who writes on embroidery; J. E. Davis, who conducts the novice through the intricacies of dressmaking; Clara Hill, who elucidates millinery; Mrs. Turnbull and Miss Turnbull, who take knitting and crochet as their province, and Ethel M. M. McKenna, the editor. This book is second in the series known as "The Woman's Library," and is amply illustrated.

While the effort is apparent throughout these useful pages to make the subjects handled as transparent as possible to the reader, there is one difficulty, from the American point of view, with the book. It has been written by English women for English readers, and some of the facts as stated do not tally with American experience. The American girl, for example, who should pick up this book in the hope of learning how to set about becoming a milliner would be mystified at the start by allusions to "court," "high class," "middle class" and "low class" milliners' establishments, while her mystification would gradually pass into a state of stupefaction as she read about Factory acts, H. M. inspectors, "living in," etc. Further on she would find herself adjured to "live in," as "there is nothing so advantageous to a steady, well balanced girl as going right away to live in a respectable, high toned establishment, where proper rules regulate the house."

"LIVING IN" SYSTEM.

"At the present day, though only the head hand—except where but few are kept—may or can expect to have a bedroom to herself, the assistants may fairly reckon on having only one other bedfellow, though, possibly, if the bed chamber be very large and airy, or the establishment a city house, the rent high and economy of space a necessity, the bedroom may be divided into two parts, a double bed in each, or it may take cubicle form. But then there is not the slighest danger of her being called upon to sleep with her bed head underneath a water tap, with the possibility of it dribbling on her pillow, as was the case with a girl in a very high class house thirty-five years ago."

All of which is or may be highly misleading to the American girl who, like Rosa Dartle, is looking for information.

"Embroidery," says Miss Day, in the opening chapter, "though one of the very early occupations of women, is a craft which of late has fallen into an evil plight."

Then follows a valuable demonstration of the various embroidery stitches that the amateur may hope to master, with an explanation of their uses and decorative effects. Tent stitch, the most elementary of the stitches whose structure depends primarily on the mesh of the material upon which they are worked, is simply a little diagonal stitch taken from one thread of the canvas or linen on which it is worked to the next. Cross stitch is composed of two diagonal stitches crossing one another, and covering, as a rule, a little square of nine threads (three in each direction). The reason why tent stitch is used so little and cross stitch so much is because the latter is just about twice as effective as the former, as Miss Day proves by a picture of two specimen animals in sampler style.

Another very common and effective stitch worked on the lines of the mesh is "cushion" or "Florentine" stitch. It is worked in diagonal rows. Make a straight stitch extending over, say, six threads of canvas, then bring your needle out beyond the next thread three holes higher up than you put it in, and continue in the same way. This is the stitch in which many of the zigzag patterns on old Italian chairs, etc., are worked.

USEFUL STITCHES.

Other useful stitches of this type are "plaited stitch," or "Spanish stitch," and a rather more elaborate stitch, sometimes called "fishbone," which is rather like a herringbone stitch worked on its side.

Then there is darning, "a kind of first cousin" to the foregoing stitches, and the family of satin stitches; the crewel group, chain, tambour, knot, rope and fancy stitches, like herringbone, feather, Oriental, etc., all of which come in for a share of Miss Day's attention. The diagrams should prove illuminating to any woman desirous of becoming expert in embroidery.

From the nineties of gold thread appliques and ribbon work to the technique of dressmaking may seem a far cry. Still, the explicit directions given for the cutting, fitting, finishing and pressing of skirts and bodices cannot but be useful to any woman who tries to do this sort of thing for herself.

As an instance of the sort of practical instruction which the author of this treatise gives, read the following hints on the right and wrong use of materials: "The material should be looked over for faults or flaws before use, and the right side and the right way up and down of the face decided upon. Cloth looks best if cut with the nap to smooth downwards; the pile of velvet should smooth upward. Twills, whether fine or coarse diagonals, are cut to run from left to right downward, and the pattern must be arranged so that on all pieces the twill runs the same way, meeting at the seams and making the garment look as if it had never been cut at all, but had been moulded on the body from an uncut piece of the stuff.

DISPOSAL OF STRIPES AND CHECKS.

"Stripes and checks are planned to run into Vs at the waist; figures, spots, plaids, flowers, cords, ribs, etc., must be carefully watched to complete the design over the seams."

Anent the painful topic of wrinkles, Miss Davis writes: "It may be accepted for general guidance that if slanting wrinkles appear at any seam or on any piece, the fault is one of shape, and the alteration must be made by opening the seam and raising or lowering the wrinkled side upon the other, as may be needed, until both sides lie smoothly together. The wrinkles may show at the front shoulder, where they can usually be rectified by raising or lowering it on the back one, at the first seam; where the run of the waist line may need readjustment, or the back half of the second dart may need deepening; or, in a plain bodice, with all the seams through, into the curved side piece, in which case the wrinkles may usually be removed by making a little extra reduction on the waist line.

"If the seams are to be overcast," she advises, "the worker should do so before pressing, that all the sewing may be flattened; if bound, it is usual to press before binding. In good work all the turnings are scalloped and narrowed off at the ends of all the seams; scalloped seams are usually bound. Both sides of each seam should be pressed firmly. The iron should not be passed above the heads of the darts, or a fold will be pressed into the bodice. The seams should then be laid open and pressed open from the inside on a covered roller, without any stretching down. The points of the darts need to be worked out very finely, and the small piece at the head of each dart must be made to lie flat like a small box pleat, but the bust must not be stretched across above them.

THE PRESSING OF SEAMS.

"The best pressers work by the straight thread, both down and across, and heavy pressing and dragging are both avoided. For stubborn, springy stuffs they slightly dampen each side of the line of stitching before pressing open. A touch of nearly dry yellow soap rubbed down each side of the seam before laying it open will help to make the seam lie flat and smooth, but, unfortunately, inexperienced workers have a very liberal idea of what is meant by a mere touch, and will often rub enough soap on one seam to serve for several dresses. This hardens the seam, and if too damp glazes through to the outside of the garment, sometimes completely spoiling the material. Inside glazing is a thing to avoid, as it makes after alteration (letting out) impossible. In some good, old fashioned workrooms every seam was pressed under tissue paper, that the bodice should not be glazed, if it needed letting out. Velvet turnings should only be pressed just as far as the line of stitching and no further, and the turnings opened by drawing the inside of the seam over the edge of an iron in the same direction as the pile smoothes, or pressed on a thick pad, with a narrow, curved iron. Silk must be very lightly pressed under tissue paper and with a cool iron if glazing is to be avoided."

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Small, new potatoes are nice boiled in their jackets. When done, remove the skin by rubbing in a cloth, drop into boiling fat and brown quickly. Drain and serve very hot.

To remove pastry suddenly from a hot oven to a cold pantry will inevitably make it heavy. It should be cooled off gradually in a warm room.

Boil cauliflower with the head down and quite immersed in water. Cooked so, it will go on to the table much whiter than if exposed to the air while boiling.

If a fishy smell clings to knives and forks after mackerel, bluefish or some other oily fish, try rubbing the silver with a cut lemon. Wash off in hot suds before the lemon juice has a chance to stain it.

During August and September the family that spends more money on vegetables and less for meat will find itself better off when snow flies.

Summer is the season when every sense is languid and the eye is often called on to assist the appetite. It is always essential that things should be served daintily, but in summer the cold effects must predominate over the hot and must be emphasized. A dish of scarlet and white radishes fresh from the icebox will taste as cool and refreshing as the same vegetables nestling among bits of ice, but the former will lack the suggestion of coolness that the latter will possess. Tea is tea, whether served piping hot or iced. But no one doubts which is more acceptable on a 90-degree day—a cup of steaming tea or a glass of the clear brown fluid, half-filled with chopped ice, with segments of lemon floating on the top and a delicate hoar of mist forming on the outside.

Tea and coffee pots are among the kitchen utensils that are never thoroughly cleaned. The ordinary maid will simply rinse them out under the faucet and put them away to dry at their own sweet will. Instead, they should be frequently filled with water, to which several spoonfuls of soda have been added, and set to boil for several hours on the back of the stove. One reason why so much of the tea and coffee one gets around at boarding houses and restaurants is bad is because it is made in dirty utensils.

It is far more important that a wife and mother should understand the chemical values of food and right sanitary conditions than that she should be an immaculate housekeeper or a fine needlewoman. Many a woman who will put in hours tucking a frock for her child will allow that child to run the gravest risks through contaminated milk or sewer gas.

"Why don't people drink iced chocolate in the summer?" asked a young matron whose piazza and lawn teas are unique little entertainments, invitations to which are sought after in the set to which she belongs. "They go in for iced tea and iced coffee, but chocolate is so generally served hot that no one seems to think about drinking it cold. If made and served well it is delicious. This is the way I make it: I put an ounce of unsweetened chocolate into a pan, and slowly pour on it one pint of boiling water, stirring it all the time. Place the pan over the fire and stir till the chocolate is all dissolved, then add one pint of granulated sugar and stir till it boils. Cook for three minutes without stirring, strain and cool. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and put away in a cold place. When ready to serve, get ready the tumblers by putting two tablespoonfuls of cracked ice in each. To two tablespoonfuls of the chocolate syrup add half a gill of carbonic water and one gill of milk. Stir well before pouring into the glasses."

Before using a new sponge, says "The Cooking Club," beat it and shake it well; then let it lie in cold water all night. Next day rinse it through two or three fresh waters to remove all sand and dust. When after being used for some time the sponge becomes sticky, soak it in warm water with ammonia in it, a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia to a pint of water being the correct quantity. Let it lie in this an hour; then rinse in warm and then in cold water. Set it in a current of air to dry. A sponge should always be set where it will dry thoroughly. It is a good plan to hang it in a large meshed net or in one of the netted sponge baskets that are made to fit on the washstand.

A progressive housekeeper, who is all the time experimenting and getting up new things, suggests tossing a small onion and a stalk or two of mint into the water in which peas are cooking. "You can't for the life of you tell what the flavor is, but the peas are delicious, all the same," she says.

GLEANINGS.

Apropos of the bravery of women a story comes from China to which it would be difficult to find a parallel. Mrs. William H. Logan is the wife of a medical missionary in China, and when living in the far interior of that vast country, eight hundred miles from the nearest doctor, her husband was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Logan saw that his only chance of recovery lay in an operation, which he asked his wife to perform according to instructions which he gave her. A more appalling position for a human being to be placed in could scarcely be imagined; but this heroic woman, who might, perhaps, have screamed if a mouse had run over her feet, placed her husband under an anæsthetic, and with her unskilled hand successfully removed his appendix. Afterward, when he had rallied sufficiently to be moved, she took him eight hundred miles by wagon and rail to a physician, who completed the cure.

Southern Louisiana has eight more varieties of mosquitoes than any other State in the Union, and yet the people are not worrying as much about the mosquito plague as are their Northern compatriots. The reason is not that they love mosquitoes more, but that they love ants less. In New-Orleans they are having a plague of ants in comparison with which any ordinary mosquito plague would seem a luxury. Ants are nothing new there, and housekeepers have been fighting them for generations. Not only housekeepers, but grocers and dealers in edibles of any kind, suffer from their inroads, and the very houses, which are built mostly of wood, are destroyed by them. People are wakened in the night by swarms of insects crawling over their faces and necks, and it is necessary to exercise great caution in brushing them off, for they are ready to sting if disturbed. The increase of the ants is attributed to the drainage of the city. The insects formerly found difficulty in finding suitable places for their nests, owing to the dampness of the soil, but by draining off the water and raising the grades of the streets with river sand the city has provided them with a perfect breeding ground.

Much fun and considerable profit were derived from a business enterprise carried on last year at a well known seaside resort by two enterprising young women who happened to know something of kindergarten work. They rented a large tent, decorated it with seaweed, kelp and shells, spread a few rugs on the sand with plenty of pillows, and concealed two large trunks with all necessary accessories behind a couple of bamboo screens, and hung out a shingle bearing the legend "Day Nursery." The results more than fulfilled their most sanguine expectations. Parents going for a sail checked their whole family; mothers ready for a morning dip deposited the baby; fathers tired of answering questions shifted their responsibilities onto the willing shoulders of the young women in the tent shelter; young aunts going fishing with their "steadies" checked their little nephews and nieces. The children were much more comfortable in the tent than they would have been with their relatives, the latter were infinitely relieved to get rid of them, and the nurses enjoyed both the work and the money it brought them.

The truth of the old saying that "a guilty conscience needs no accuser" is vividly illustrated by the bad time a woman has been having with a bill for $30 which she ran up for groceries twenty-seven years ago and left town without paying. It seems that one E. B. Gonzales conducted a large grocery business in East Orange, N. J., about thirty years ago. One of his customers was the woman who ran up the $30 debt. Mr. Gonzales died suddenly in 1877, leaving many accounts outstanding. His heirs did not realize much on them. Mrs. Gonzales moved to Illinois. As the years wore on her debt began to haunt her. Dull and morbid fancies afflicted her. She could not sleep. In fact, for twenty-seven years she did not enjoy a single night of sound, unbroken slumber, so much did that $30 get on her nerves. At last she consulted a lawyer, who told her the only way to get a good night's rest was to pay her bill. The check was handed over. A receipt was given, and the woman slept soundly till 10 o'clock the next morning.

"Don't you think the modern woman is in danger of getting so busy she has no time to be kind?" asked a sweet old lady the other day. "We hear so much about making every minute count and always having some work or course of study for spare hours and systematizing our activities that there is no room left for wayside kindnesses. We get so tremendously aborbed in our own affairs, so self-centred, so intent on not missing anything that is going on that we pass by a thousand little gracious acts that, if we had been living fifty years back, instead of now, we should have thought of. It isn't only the lame, the halt and the blind that need our love. There are hundreds who never fall by the way or ask publicly for the cup of cold water, who yet are perishing for lack of it. I think the old fashioned woman had the advantage over the so-called new woman in quickness of sympathy and responsiveness."

At the meeting of the National Association of Charities and Corrections in Atlanta, Ga., not long ago, Mrs. Frances G. Curtis, of Boston, said she believed it was more important to prevent men from becoming tramps than to try to make them good citizens after they are tramps. "It is the women of the country," said Mrs. Curtis, "who make the tramps by giving meals. If the women's clubs in all parts of the country would take up this question and discuss it, I believe much good would result."

The Mayor of Oneida, N. Y., recently appointed Miss Florence Kirkpatrick to be one of the five library trustees who are to erect and afterward to manage the new Carnegie library in that city. Following his example, the Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, appointed Mrs. Bissell, a prominent clubwoman, a member of the board of library trustees. The appointment has met with opposition, the Attorney General's office even going so far as to declare the appointment illegal under the city charter. Ohio clubwomen are making an earnest effort to have the appointment sustained.

NEW NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Steps are being taken to form a national league which shall have as its object the starting of a crusade against the cigarette habit. The league will cover the entire country, and every woman is asked to send her name to be used in a mammoth petition to Congress asking it to prohibit the sale of cigarettes to minors. A large number of New-York women have received postal cards, asking that they send their names with the postal card received to the Anti-Cigarette League, No. 1,423 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia. Each one is also requested to write a similar postal card to four of her friends, so that the object of the league may not be misunderstood or the chain broken.

Concerning a Poet and His Career.

BY HAROLD OHLSON.

Godfrey Dene leaned against the iron fence that fringed the cliff and gazed over the sea. He would have preferred to sit on the top rail, but the house was not sufficiently far away. Ordinary men might sit on fences; he must always lean gracefully. He was a poet. He had published a book full—as full as the margin would permit—of poetry. It was expensively bound, and the paper of the best quality. It had a book marker of pink silk ribbon.

It was published at his own expense.

On this sunny afternoon he had wished to sleep in a hammock that a farseeing hostess had caused to be hung in a shady part of the grounds. But there had come into his mind the horrible thought that Grace Heathcote might discover him. And he slept with his mouth open. He knew it. He had even written a poem about it; how "the poet's heart forever aches! A random word so often wakes: his secret sorrow." Some people thought he had loved and lost. He was really thinking of sleeping with his mouth open.

So he had resisted the temptation, and now he was confident that Miss Heathcote was watching him from the window of her room and wondering what beautiful thoughts were coursing through his brain as he looked over the sea. If he could have seen that young lady—as, of course, under the circumstances, he could not—he would have been less satisfied, for she was reclining on a couch in the solitude of her chamber, in a costume distinctly neglige, sound asleep.

Her mouth was not open.

It was at this period of his existence that Godfrey Dene realized that at last the grand passion had come to him. He had, of course, been in love before. His heart had been broken—in several verses—many times. Such experiences are the breath of life to a poet. But now—now!

He straightened himself, and hurled the word over the murmuring sea. His eyes flashed. (He had practised this accomplishment.)

It was a thousand pities Miss Heathcote slept. Only the sea observed that superb gesture—the attitude of a man who turns to meet advancing fate. And the sea was so busy filling the rock pools and hurrying up the beach so that it might not be late for high water that it did not notice it.

Presently the sun dropped lower and streamed into his face. He trembled at the thought that it might turn his nose red. So he began to walk slowly back to the house, his eyes bent on the ground. This was his favorite attitude. The poetry that nature writes he did not read. All his ideas welled from his own heart.

He had said so several times.

Before he reached the house he met Mr. Heathcote.

"Hullo, Dene!" said he, "you're the first person I've seen since luncheon. Everybody's asleep. Phew! It is hot."

The poet raised his eyes (large, lustrous and full of fire).

"I have been watching the sea," he said, smiling sadly. He knew how impossible it was for this man to understand him.

"You'll overwork yourself if you're not careful," remarked Mr. Heathcote.

They proceeded to the house together. Mr. Heathcote walked fast. Dene hated walking fast. Besides, perspiration should have no place on that white, lofty forehead.

It was characteristic of Godfrey Dene that he declared his passion while under the influence of a good dinner and the moonlight on the sea. Physical discomfort would have made him postpone it. Wet feet would have driven him from the side of his beloved to change his boots. He was nervous of a cold. Of the love that reigns supreme on a wet seat in a public park under one umbrella he had no understanding. He wanted moonlight.

It was also characteristic of Grace Heathcote that she said "No" when she was not sure that she did not mean "Yes." Dene was not impossible when he did not pose. In himself he was good; only he could not forget he was a poet.

Afterward, when he flung himself into a chair in the smoking room (the thought came into his mind that so he would be glad to fling his body into the sea, and make Grace Heathcote weep), he felt that life was ended for him. He had decided that before. But there was now a difference. He did not at once begin to compose verses descriptive of his sorrow.

The difference was enormous.

Now it is not to be believed that Godfrey Dene was the fool some people thought him, or the wonderful person he thought himself. As a man seeks strong drink to make him merry, he had sought love to make himself poetical. He had loved love; now he loved a woman. And with the genuine passion came the beginning of manhood in him. He resolved to have his hair cut.

Not at first, but after he had had some conversation with Mrs. Heathcote. He had poured his trouble into her ear. It is only the strong man who suffers in silence. He begged her to use her influence with her daughter—not that he wished an unwilling bride, but that he felt there must be some misapprehension, some hidden reason for her refusal that might be explained away. He could not understand it. But Mrs. Heathcote, although she had a strong desire to see the young people in harmony, declined to interfere. Only she recommended Dene to try again when his hair was shorter. She was not laughing at him, but her advice on all subjects was eminently practical. He gathered that Grace had fantastic notions about men (here Mrs. Heathcote smiled), and that the ability to shoot an elephant or ride a horse that had conscientious objections to the process would appeal to her more strongly than the most beautiful verses.

"The fact is, my dear Godfrey," she said, "Grace has an ideal man. She has dug him out of books."

"Which books?" inquired Dene eagerly.

"Works of fiction," said Mrs. Heathcote, "dealing with ideal men."

He went to bed very sorrowful, but with the determination to note the contents of Miss Heathcote's library. He deplored the lack of elephants in the neighborhood.

Next morning he avoided the object of his passion until he saw her leave the house and proceed toward the beach, carrying a book. Then he followed quickly and overtook her, resolved to make a last effort. He begged her pardon for his presence, saying he could not leave her without begging for a little hope on which he might live. It was a very painful subject to Miss Heatchote (she said so), but, privately, she did not deny its fascination. She decided to give him the opportunity of speaking. She was looking charming in her cool, white dress. Dene observed it; it is even possible she was aware of it herself.

"What can I do to make you love me?" cried Dene.

She could make no suggestion.

"I would do anything—brave any danger, endure the greatest hardships—to win your love."

She looked up quickly.

"Would you?" she asked.

Dene thought of Mrs. Heathcote's words on the preceding night.

"Anything!" he cried.

"I—I like you very much, Mr. Dene, but—forgive me if I speak too plainly—I can't—admire you."

At another time such a statement would have been appalling to Dene, but now he scarcely noticed the ruin of the temple he had built round himself.

"What can I do?" he implored again.

She shook her head helplessly.

"Then it's—no good?" he asked.

"I hope you will always think of me as a friend," said Miss Heathcote.

So they parted, Dene walking back alone over the sands. He was determined to do something that would make him a man in her eyes. Of the temple not a stick nor stone remained standing.

As he entered the garden through the door that gave access to the cliffs he heard voices in the summer house. The speakers he recognized as Mr. Heathcote and an old sea captain, a great friend of his, who lived close by. Dene was moving away when his own name caught his ear, and he paused involuntarily.

"Dene?" Mr. Heathcote was saying. "Oh! he's a real good fellow at bottom, but the infernal poetry has spoiled him. He ought to knock about the world a bit."

"Six months before the mast would make a man of him," growled the old captain.

Then Dene walked away, but before he reached the house his mind was made up. He would make Grace Heathcote love him. He would be made into a man (alas, poor temple!). The old sailor's advice was good.

He would go to sea before the mast for six months. It must be remembered that he was very much in love; that he thought only of the romantic side of the venture, and had no knowledge of the life he must lead, and that six months is not a very long time.

To which must be added the fact that when he mentioned his determination to Miss Heathcote she begged him not to go, saying that she felt sure he could not endure the hardships and privations of such a life. The next morning he was gone. . . .

In the neighborhood of the islands of Bermuda nature knows how to manage a hurricane.

The gray sea appeared to boil as the wind whipped the water and made the spindrift fly over it like steam. On the bridge of the little steamer two men clung to the wheel, straining their eyes to see through the thick white mist that came with the rain squalls. In the engine room the aching fingers of an anxious engineer never left the iron rim of the throttle valve. A leap of the screw, a made race, a jam, a break, and he would never see the little home in the North Country again.

The ship's head fell away, and a great, gray mass of water came thundering over the bulwarks. The light flying bridge that spanned the forward well-deck cracked and formed itself into two sides of a triangle. The captain growled an oath. The two men pulled lustily at the kicking wheel. One was a rough Shetland Islander, profane in his conversation, but in whose hands lay the peace of wives and mothers. The other was Godfrey Dene.

He was learning to write poetry.

A hot sun was streaming down on the white houses of a little port in the island of Cuba. In the shade of a wall a group of soldiers were eating bacon and beans and drinking wine.

A gang of convicts was toiling along the dusty road, their chains jangling. Where the wall of the hospital bounded a narrow street and cast it into shadow, sick men were lying, their helpless limbs stretched out on the hot earth. Among the crowd that hung about the door were other feverstricken wretches, distinguished only by the blanket that hung from their shoulders, waiting until the doctor came to minister to their needs. Sickness and death were striking the last blow at the Spanish rule in the seas over which once it had been supreme.

From the side door of the hospital a man staggered out into the blinding sunshine. For several weeks he had lain with death at his bedside—death among an alien race, who could speak no word he could understand; surrounded by horrible sights, cut off from all that was sweet, pleasant and beautiful; a mean, sordid, horrible death. On the sea he had at least been among his own countrymen, rough though they were. But a sick sailor is of no use on a ship; the hospital at the nearest port is the place for him.

Godfrey Dene had never been a coward. To save a life he would have risked his own, especially if any one were watching him. To win a lady's smile he would have chanced a broken limb, and celebrated it in a ballad. But in that Cuban hospital he had been face to face with a death that has no place in ballads. He would have thanked Fortune—or whatever it may be that orders this strange whirligig of a world—for the death of a hero, but now he cursed her for striking him down in that plague stricken island.

He did not recognize the pains that same jade, Fortune, was taking with his education. She had long before seen in him a pupil who might do her credit, but only with much whipping.

. . . . . .

On a gray February morning Grace Heathcote was struggling against a furious wind that tore along the cliffs, beating down the long, rank grass and causing the sea to break itself in clouds of spray against the white walls that faced it stanchly. For a time she revelled in the fight, being a vigorous, healthy young woman who had dwelt by the sea all her life and loved it in all its moods. At last, however, she sought the shelter of a deep ravine that cut into the cliff and afforded a steep descent to the beach. Walking a few paces down into a quieter air, the wind tearing over her head, she seated herself on a rocky projection and began to think.

It was seven months since he had gone away, and no word had come to tell of his wanderings. She did not know even the name of the ship on which he had sailed. Sometimes she thought came into her mind that he had not fulfilled his purpose, but still pursued his former lazy life and was ashamed to confess his weakness. She could not trust him, so she did not love him. But, at least, she had not forgotten.

"Miss Heathcote."

She started and looked up. For a moment he was strange to her. A lean, brown faced man, closely shaven, with cheeks so sunken that the bones stood out in two knobs, over which the brown skin was tightly stretched. Then she knew him.

"You have come home!" she cried. She was not addressing him, but assuring herself.

"That's a good guess," he laughed, and scrambled down the side of the ravine. The old Godfrey Dene had never scrambled. It would have impaired his dignity.

"Where have you been? You're—you're very much altered."

"Oh, knocking about in the world!" he answered, carelessly. "But tell me about yourself."

It seemed a different man who had come back to her on that wild, gray morning from the dreamy eyed lover who had bidden her goodby in the warm July weather. He would not talk of himself; formerly few other subjects had any charm for him. Presently, however, she drew from him an account of his wanderings; but there was no word spoken of any reward for his self-sacrifice.

Godfrey Dene had been Mr. Heathcote's guest for several days, and still the question once asked was not repeated. He would not, he told himself, seek her answer until he was more sure that it would be favorable. The impulsive, eager poet had cooled and hardened.

Grace Heathcote began to think of the beautiful women with the great, passionate eyes that he had described to her. (He thought it could, at least, do no harm to his cause.) She began to avoid him. That is to say, if she had not loved him when he went away (and no one, not even herself, could have decided that), she had come to love him now.

But Dene was looking into his heart, and finding there a state of things that surprised him. He was not sure he wanted to marry Grace Heathcote. He had thought that the old passion still lived, only requiring her presence to burn as fiercely as ever. But this it had not done, and he recognized the possibility of another woman reviving it in him. The risk was great, yet he felt himself bound in honor not to go without speaking. But it was so easy to keep silent—so easy to go, and Dene loved to do that which was easy. He began to write verses again, and he knew they were better verses than he used to write. He would be great and sit on society's lap and be kissed. He liked being kissed. The Heathcotes were not in society.

With the old, comfortable, lazy life came back the old ways and thoughts, so that, when at last he asked Grace Heathcote to be his wife she refused him for the second time—not because she did not love him, but because he did not love her. Honor, he told himself, was satisfied. But how was it that he allowed her to find out that he did not love her?

Well?

He published his verses, but not at his own expense. Society petted him for a time. Then he experienced the grand passion for a lady, and ran away with her. But her husband ran the faster, and severely chastised the disturber of his domestic peace when he caught him. That made society laugh. Then he changed his name and fled into the country, where he married a widow lady who experienced the grand passion for him. Report says his wife is kind to him. She admires his poetry immensely, but has been heard to affirm that it is fortunate for him he has a woman with some sense in her head to look after him.

Grace Heathcote married a worthy gentleman deeply interested in commercial matters, but who at no period of his existence had any taste for poetry.—(The Sketch.

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"Is this a good place for trout?" inquired the angler who had just arrived. "It seems to be," replied the other, who had been fishing there patiently for hours. "They don't appear to be disposed to leave it."—(Philadelphia Ledger.