COLLEGE-BRED WOMEN

To the Front with a Rush in Practical Affairs.

WHEREIN THEY NOW EXCEL.

With Added Intelligence They Are Yet Model Mothers.

Some Recent Schemes Evolved from the Brain of the Girl Graduate—Unique Charities and Practical Methods of Benevolence—New Avenues of Employment Discovered—Should Young Women be as Thoroughly Educated as Young Men?

In the tremendous momentum of the movement for woman's advancement in place and power it is the hand of the college-bred woman that controls the lever. It is not in her value as a leader, but in her virtue as a moderator that her greatness lies.

The importance of the college woman's influence in this question is not in the matter of superior scholarship, even though Phillippa Fawcett has written her name above that of the senior wrangler of England's great university. Of greater value is it to the woman's cause that she has taken off her corset and built her gymnasium, and comes out of college a stronger woman than when she went in, with a better chance for the future in what she has learned of hygiene rather than of Greek.

Statistics show that while the proportion of marages among graduates not only compares favorably with that among other women, and is constantly increasing, divorce is a thing unknown. It is not that her degrees equal those of men in importance, but that a greater proportion of the children of the educated women survive infancy than do those of other mothers lacking the college training which has been popularly believed to unfit women for motherhood. It is that she is bringing to bear upon the smallest details of the practical interests of life the discipline and enlightenment of scientific thought, thus refuting at every turn the time-honored traditions that college life and business training unfit women for the greater responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood.

Down on Hudson street, in the heart of the great factory region, there is as the outcome of one college woman's idea a New England kitchen, where, for small amounts, working men and women can obtain well-cooked and nourishing food. This woman, Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, conceived the idea of supplying food which was nutritious and healthful, easily served, and kept hot without loss of flavor, and moderate in price to people of small means. To illustrate the difficulties attendant upon such an undertaking, twenty experiments were made upon the simplest stock which forms the basis of the soups to determine the cheapest, most scientific, and healthful method of preparing it. With the aid of a college woman, Mrs. Abel, the scheme was scientifically developed, and proved so successful that two kitchens were opened in Boston, and through the kindness of Mr. Havemeyer the New York kitchen has been established. Two-thirds of the customers are working people, sewing women who live in lodgings and eat at cheap restaurants; men and women who work in shops and factories, who otherwise could have no warm food at noon; and families where the mother is a wage earner, and, coming home from her work late, has little time or strength to prepare a warm dinner or to provide food for the children through the next day. Indirectly it is believed that the serving of the warm soups and stews will modify the beer and tea drinking habits so prevalent in workingmen's families. It is believed, too, that the kitchens will be educators to the people in the economical buying of nutritious foot, in cooking, and in cleanliness, for every part of the kitchen is open to customers, and all the cooking process is accomplished before them.

Over in Rivington street has been demonstrated most successfully the college woman's idea of practical philanthropy, which is not of the almsgiving or fancy fair fashionable kind. The philanthropists of the college settlement invite the little children in to swing in the big swings and play in the sand heaps of their yard. They ask the tired women over for a cup of tea in a nice, neighborly way in the afternoon. They coax the boys and girls into their bright parlor in the evenings and give them games to play and books to read. They have clubs for sewing and cooking and dressmaking, lessons in hygiene, history, and science. Six or seven college women are in residence at the settlement, all busy workers in their various callings, and devoting their leisure to brightening the dreary lives in Rivington street. Chicago has a similar settlement called Hull House, where college men and women teach in the classes and enter into the entertainments provided for the people. The graduates of the order of Kings' Daughters take private pupils free of charge and assist them in the university extension work.

Leaving the field of philanthropy for that of industrial pursuits, most unique among them is the Kingwood Farm enterprise, under the management of Frances Fisher Wood. Confronted with the problem of feeding a delicate child, instead of consulting the old woman oracles and experimenting with patent foods, this college woman studied the matter of infant food thoroughly from the best medical books written on the subject. As the result of her scientific experiments has been established the Kingwood Farm, which is the wonder and admiration of the Granite State. In the large, perfectly ventilated buildings are stalled this famous Kingwood herd, each one with a pedigree as long as an English earl's. Canvas cushions are provided in the roomy stable for the sleek beauties to kneel on when they want to rest. So clean and sweet are the big barns that a woman can sit with her needlework in their passageways. And the old farmers are never tired of telling how the milk will keep for years after it is once sterilized and sealed in bottles.

A new departure of college women is in the raising of fruits, large and small, and in flower culture. One of New York's successful teachers has invested the capital accumulated by teaching in a flower farm in the south of France. A professional woman writes from southern California: "I have a small tract of six acres of orchard and garden, where I have filled in all my spare time for the past sixteen years most agreeably and profitably. I am satisfied that women can earn a comfortable living with a few acres of land, and the cultivation of the mind and development of body which an intelligent person can derive from such vocation will be a double compensation." Another New York teacher has invested her savings in real estate, and at its sale is to cut the money in a violet farm near the city.

An owner of a twenty-acre orange farm in the South claims for her occupation that it is not only remunerative, but in all its tendencies highly refining and preferable to any indoor employment.

Lucy P. Salmon of Vassar College is collecting statistics on the great problem of domestic service, in the hope that some way out of the difficulty may be found. She urges that domestic labor, while having features peculiar to itself is amenable to the laws which control other forms of industry, and that in the laws which underlie it a trained mind is essential. And she argues wisely that the great question for women to study is how homes may be retained without the friction and waste of material and nerve force that attends housekeeping at the present time.

Emma P. Ewing, professor of domestic economy in the Iowa Agricultural College, has established a school of domestic economy similar in scope and character to the other schools composing the college. Mrs. Ewing is the [illegible] of this school, where the course of study [illegible] based upon the assumption that a pleasant home is an essential element of broad culture and one of the surest safeguards of morality and virtue.

In Chicago a college woman and a wife has devoted her time to the study of sanitary science and has built for her family a model home perfect in every sanitary detail.

Among unusual professions taken up by college women is that of civil engineer, adopted by Grace Hubbard, a graduate of Iowa College, employed by the United States Government Survey in Montana in the making of maps.

A woman graduate of the University of Pennsylvania has lucrative employment as the assayer of metals in a large watch factory.

Several of the graduates of the University of California are engaged in fruit raising, and Kansas includes ranch owners among her alumni.

One of Vassar's graduates is a printer, one a graduate in mercantile business, and one conducts a chemical laboratory in the institution, of which she is the only woman instructor. A dentist, a sanitary expert, and several librarians are also included among the professions outside of teaching, which is, as it ever has been, a favorite occupation for women and one which meets with least resistance. Beside this, many graduates are pursuing scientific or professional studies with their husbands or assisting the husbands in their work, as only zealous and capable helpmeets may assist. One college woman in New York, wife of a busy physician, does all her husband's reading for him, both of current literature and medical publications. With the trained intelligence peculiar to the thoroughly educated woman, she grasps the salient points of the articles, and in few words gives them to him at dinner or in the afternoon drive. Many college women enter into most intelligent partnership with their husbands. One of the post-graduate students at Barnard has, with her husband, opened a school where she teaches during the morning hours, devoting the afternoons to the Barnard lectures. A university woman on one of the Brooklyn papers has entered into a unique co-partnership with her husband. He is a salaried man, and at her request puts the entire amount of his salary into the bank in her name, while she supports the family, consisting of two small children, a maid, her husband, and herself, with her pen, besides attending to her household and doing much of her sewing.

Of special value is the college training to mothers of children in the city schools, for unless she is capable of helping the children with their work, a tutor is an essential and expensive luxury.

Prejudice against the college training of women is breaking down, and though fathers are still more inclined to educate their sons than their daughters, a man of broad culture said recently: "If I haven't enough money to educate both my sons and daughters I shall send the girls to college, because they need it more than the boys. Not that they are less bright than their brothers, for I think intellectually they are more clever, but because the world demands greater skill and better preparation in a girl than in a boy. The girl is more sharply criticised, meets with greater obstacles, and is treated with less confidence in her ability than a boy, consequently she needs the best start. Besides, physically, she is at a disadvantage and needs the discipline of the college training to enable her to work with less expenditure of nervous force than the untrained woman knows how to work."

IN THE WORLD OF FASHION.

The Bride's Wedding Gown and Going-away Dress—New Things in Tea Gowns—Bright Effects Promised in the Gay Season.

All womankind loves a wedding gown—the maiden, who sees in it the fruition of her fondest dream; the wife, who counts it among her dearest memories; even the unappropriated Peggoties, for whom no Barkis is willin', stifle the pangs of envy in tender interest. This year the bridal white has lost something of its traditional simplicity. It is festooned with flounces and draped with folds of rare and costly lace. Jewelled coronets have, in some cases, supplanted the fragrance of the orange blossom wreath. The little god of love seems to have replaced his bow and quiver of arrows with a gun loaded with golden eagles, and the fellow that can supply him with most ammunition wins the prize. Heavy white satin and brocaded silk have been the season's chosen materials for bridal wear, but at a recent wedding an innovation was made in a gown of heavy, gleaming moiré. The dress was severely princess in style, the long train falling in

beautifully arranged Watteau folds. About the skirt was a sash of chiffon, trimmed with orange flowers into a soft rope, and extending entirely around the train. The long, close sleeves were of chiffon, gathered on the inside of the arm, and wrinkled from the shoulder to the wrist. The joining of the bodice and skirt in front was hidden beneath a dainty girdle of orange blossoms, edging a broad, folded belt of chiffon. Above this the rich silk was exquisitely draped to the collar—a band of orange buds. The long, full veil of tulle fell from the bridal wreath, far down the train, completing a quaintly pleasing toilet, made unusual by the richness of its material in combination with great simplicity of decoration and worn by an extremely youthful bride. A tiny little maid in a pale green silk muslin frock, very full, and tied about under the armpits with a broad silk sash. On the child's blond hair was fitted a tiny cap of gold embroidered green velvet, edged all about with a roll of ermine and copied after some old painting. The little maid carried with an air of amusing importance the bridal bouquet of white orchids and green vines, and held the bride's prayer book of white ivory with silver clasps during the ring ceremony.

The going-away dress belonging to this trousseau was one of English make in English serge of blue. The skirt was simply stitched about the botton and just long enough to need holding up every minute. The smart little

military coat was edged about with black rough braid with a gold edge, and the military decorations up the front were also of black and gold. The coat was faced back with black corded silk and opened over a double-breasted waistcoat closed with small gold coin buttons, and revealing a smart collar and tie at the throat. The hat of blue felt had black loops at the side and a gold buckle in front.

Another gown belonging to the bakers' dozen that came over in the Paris trunks for

the wedding was of the new pelisse wool, a fabric which has tucks of silk in a contrasting color on a wool background. Some of the materials have raised cords of the silk on wool, the cords being about three quarters of an inch apart. This particular gown, however, was of a soft tan shade with quarter-inch tucks or plaits (whence its name) of green, and the skirt was of course made up on the cross. About the bottom of the skirt was a double plaiting of green satin ribbon, which is the spring substitute for the fur and feather borders of the winter. The bodice is cut in graceful lines about a yoke of heavily corded green silk, and the sleeve puffs are also of silk. The plaiting edges the yoke, but the pointed waist is finished with a rich trimming of passementerie, which is sewn thick with shimmering green spangles. This edges the bottom of the waist and extends down either side the width of green silk which is let into the fulness at the back.

In the new changeable or chameleon China silks and twills, black and old rose is one of the most effective combinations. A black silk of this kind, brocaded with rose-tinted carnations, is made up with a petticoat of rose-colored taffeta silk. The outer skirt has a tiny ruffle on its edge set on with a black beading run through with old rose ribbon, and above this ruffle three broad black lace insertions are let into the skirt, showing the color of the petticoat beneath. The sleeves have huge puffs of silk strapped lengthwise with rose-lined bands of insertion to the elbow where they are met by deep cuffs of lace lined with rose. The yoke is also of lace with its bright lining, and the bodice, which is very full, is gathered to the yoke in an upstanding frill fastened beneath the ribbon-threaded beading. A deep corselet of strips of insertion, each one revealing through its meshes the rose-tinted silk, completes a very pretty gown within the possibilities of the home dressmaker. Flowered challies and brocaded crépons are equally pretty made after this model with point de Gène insertions over linings matching the flowers in the material.

Such a gay season as it promises to be, with huge flowered challies, silks, and grenadines, such gay striped taffetas and changeable twills and brocaded crépons. Such a season for laces of all kinds—point gaze, point d'Alençon, point de Genet, applique point, Oriental and Geneva laces. Even novelty goods in wool come with a lace border, white on dark blue or gray, and all manner of bright stripes. Sometimes the material is cut on the edge in a pattern and appliqued down into the lace, or a little cord covers the jointure. All kinds of rough wool goods have a bit of the lace introduced somewhere with happy effect. And gold, too, brightens the plainest of wool gowns and enriches the handsome ones as only gold can. Such glistening, spangled galloons and edges! The chiffon frills that were embroidered last year must be beaded and spangled and wrought with gold edges now.

The old-fashioned, comfortable, seamless sacque of our grandmothers is the latest and most approved London importation. It is ugly in length, it hasn't any fit, it conceals all the

pretty lines of a slender woman's figure, but it is the thing to buy in spite of all these disadvantages. It is of drab or tan covert coating, with two seams only, those under the arms, and two rows of horn buttons down the front. Its edges and turned-over collar are simply stitched. The Watteau plait

has been promoted from being the distinguishing feature of the négligé to doing duty on cloaks and mantles. Most of the spring long coats are ornamented with it at the back, and even short coats of rich material have full widths gathered to a yoke at the back. Such a coat of black velvet has a yoke of black cloth jetted in a pattern and a cape-like fulness gathered at the back beneath a band of jet. The sleeves are of velvet; the front of the coat is of cloth, covered handsomely with jet and folded away from a velvet close-fitting under-

jacket or waistcoat. In fitted coats the lengths run from thirty to thirty-eight inches. The material is rough cloth, fitted to the waist line with rather full skirts, and the coats fasten over at one side with loops and small oblong buttons. Very pretty travelling cloaks come now in rough gray-blue cloth with a yoke finish of passementerie in black brightened with a little gold and a girdle of the same, the ends of which overlap in front.

Dresses for little girls are made after modified models of older maids' gowns, but always much looser in fit than the originals. A navy

blue serge dress has a Grecian border in blue braid outlined on a band of cardinal cloth. This braided band trims the bottom of the pointed waist, and edges the square neck, which is cut out over a guimpe of cardinal surah. Another little dress in cinnamon brown is braided with black around the skirt and on the pocket lids, and has an Eton jacket braided all over with the black braid. The jacket opens over a

pale blue surah plastron and sash belt. Very picturesque are the little close gowns made according to the Directoire idea. The long coat-like dress is of green cloth, with turned back revers of white braided with gold opening over a lighter green silk plastron and showing a glimpse of a petticoat in the same shade and material. The waist closes with three gold buttons, and has a little sash belt of the silk.

When you can't think of anything else to do with your "bargains" make a tea gown. There never was a woman who had too many tea gowns any more than too many lovers or enough hairpins.

A very pretty one recently made by a woman gifted with divine inspiration in the matter of dress represented one bargain and the remains of two party dresses. The

bargain was some lengths of golden brown silk crépon which she cut into a graceful Watteau train and jacket front, fitting loosely and comfortably. That exhausted the material, and an old cream white party dress was sent to the cleaner and made to do duty for the sleeves and petticoat. They were accordion plaited, the sleeves caught down in tucks to the lining, leaving puffs at the wrist, elbow, and houlder. And from another evening gown some pearl galloon was filched to edge the jacket and form the girdle.

Round waists promise to be worn in all kinds of material. They are belted in closely or curve with the taper of the waist, and have plastrons or vests, whichever are most becoming. Felix makes handsome camel's hair gowns with bengaline gathered into the front of the waist, which opens in a narrow oval shape over the bust, and is drawn together at the neck and waist.

The French swallow-tail coat of the winter mode will reappear during the spring with the coat tails considerably elongated and pointed. It is particularly becoming to slender women, as are all the modes now popular.

Plain shawl-shaped talliers, or those with shorter points at either side, have been made by two or three of the leading Paris dressmakers and may find favor for dressy spring toilets.

The young man of promise who is seen with five or six rings on his third finger is following a fashion for which the German Emperor is responsible. A man who can crowd six rings upon his finger and still be able to shut his hand is looked upon in aristocratic circles as one of the nobility, for it is said that such a length of lower joint indicates high birth.

The London Vanity Fair, now in compulsory mourning for the Duke of Clarence, writes its letters and notes upon stationery having one black corner, instead of the usual band of black. This corner is of uniform size, and is not varied to indicate the depth of grief experi- enced by those who use it.

The changes have been rung so long upon all the delicate colors and combinations of colors that it was as refreshing as novel to see not long ago a bevy of attendant maidens marching up a church aisle two and two in gowns of soft rose color made chic and Frenchy with a touch of black. The hats were of black satin, with diamond buckles and rose plumes. Black is considered unlucky at weddings, but evidently that bride was not superstitious.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

The Education of Girls in France—An English Beauty's Method of Preserving Her Freshness—A Women's Bucket Shop.

The Chicago girl is, according to a recent analysis, a young woman of varied gifts and accomplishments. She reads Browning and plays the banjo, chatters French and teaches cooking in Hull House, trips the measure of the mazy dance and feeds the hungry; studies Emerson and Browning in the morning, gallops along the boulevard in the afternoon, and keeps up the endless round of teas, dinners, and balls later in the day. And yet she is the girl that is supposed to have nothing to do.

The French maiden is educated after a very different plan from that which governs the American girl's instruction. She enters at five years the school, where she remains for six, ten, or twelve years, until her education is finished. The schools open in September and continue until August, with no vacations except a few days at Christmas and Easter, and no Saturday holidays. Under this system the teachers thoroughly understand their pupils, and lay out for them a course of study in which there is gradual and constant development, but no hurry or cramming for promotion into higher schools or colleges.

"Violets while you wait" will be one of the inventions of the near future, and all our pretty, preconceived romances about the modest little flower will vanish like the Pocahontas myth and the William Tell legend, for an unpoetical man in Paris has succeeded by means of electricity in forcing violets, and sent a bunch of his first successes, four hours old, to the ex-Empress Eugenie, who was always surrounded by the fragrant blooms in the days of her glory.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton tells an amusing story of how, when she was a young girl, the women of her church raised money to educate a young man for the ministry. When he had finished at the theological school the young divine returned to his native town and preached his first sermon on the text, "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

A famous English beauty, Lady Londonderry, has a peculiar and successful system for keeping her youthful freshness. Although she is perfectly well she lies in bed one day in ten, sleeping in the morning of this day of rest until she wakens naturally. After a hot bath and a light breakfast she goes back to bed and rests quietly in a darkened room until 6 o'clock, when she dresses in a peignoir, dines in her room, and sits about idly until 10 o'clock, when she goes to bed again. No social event is considered of sufficient importance to cause the lady to give up this periodical retirement from the hurry and excitement of modern living.

Chicago has a woman's "bucket shop" where women watch the blackboards with grim, anxious faces and get sharp little lines drawn about eyes that are feverishly bright at times and hopelessly dull when the excitement is over. The women who waste their lives in waiting for a favorable turn in the market are mostly elderly maidens and widows, with an occasional married woman who dabbles in stocks without the knowledge of any one but her broker. A few of these women make a living out of the precarious business by being cautious about taking small losses and are satisfied with reasonable profits. The shrewd women average better than men, for they are impressionable and feel the pulse of the market much quicker than men. As to the effect upon the women themselves, speculating acts as a mental and moral leprosy, making them oblivious to sentiment and careless of personal appearance, and absurdly superstitious. The fascination of the business is one from which she never recover, though they admit themselves that it is harder work to preserve their gentle, womanly virtues there than it is to make a living.

The woman's question is the paramount question of the day, and in its varied interpretations is as interesting now as in the days when Dr. J. G. Holland included the theme among his lectures. After his woman lecture in a New England town, where emancipation had been embraced to a considerable extent, a young lady who was engaged in the study of medicine said to him, "Doctor, what you say is very good for women who have husbands and children, but what do you say to those of us who have none?"

"I say get them," answered the Doctor.

Apropos of this woman question it may be pertinent to ask why, in the name of all that is reasonable, is it any more dangerous to society for a woman to neglect certain wifely duties once included within her sphere of action than for a man to shirk all home responsibilities except that of growling about the things the woman leaves undone? Now in the humble homes which the man writer and lecturer extols so eloquently, where the ideal wife looks well to the ways of her household, the husband kindles the fires, sweeps the walks, splits the kindlings, brings up the coal, does the marketing, and lends a hand on Mondays.

Who kindles the fires in the city household?

The maid servant.

Who scrubs the stoop and pavement?

The man servant.

Who mends the broken lock or reduces the refractory hinges?

The locksmith.

Who does the marketing and settles the bills and hears the growling because they are larger than they were last week?

The wife.

What particular use is the city husband in the household anyway?

"Just to pay few things and find fault," one exasperated wife says.

And why is it so much more to be deplored that the wife doesn't do her own cooking if she can earn more money at something else than that the man should not make his own trousers and split the kindlings evenings instead of going to his club?

A writer on medical women claims that there is not an institution of learning, not a woman's club or a woman's art class, not a university law school or woman's annex, not a diploma granted at Barnard or a certificate of proficiency given at Harvard but owes its existence, its toleration and its triumphs to the courage of Emily and Elizabeth Blackwell of England and New York and the other women students of 1850, who demanded recognition and place and honor in the medical world.

The child Queen of Holland, brought up according to the strict etiquette of the Hollandish court, which forbids her playing with any other little boys and girls, said to a refractory wax baby the other day: "If you are so naughty, I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other little children to play with, and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hands whenever you go out driving."

A marked feature of the recent woman suffrage convention was the great number of public men and prominent women in the political world associated actively in its deliberations. Mrs. Stanford of California, Mrs. Warren of Wyoming, Mrs. Greenleaf of New York, and others are on the various committees, or are associated with the different auxiliary State societies.

A branch of the Virginia Legislature has passed a bill authorizing the appointment of women physicians on the staff of all insane hospitals where women are among the patients.

Mrs. Hotchkiss, widow of the inventor and manufacturer of the Hotchkiss gun, has given a tract of land, a building fund of $150,000, and an endowment of $500,000 for the purpose of building a preparatory school for Yale College. It is a singular fact that women of means rarely remember the need of women's schools and colleges in their eagerness to bestow gifts upon well-equipped institutions for men whose doors are resolutely closed to the woman seeker after knowledge.

How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand? That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself. And these ancient worshippers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.

Caroline Eschard, one of the leaders of the movement for school suffrage in Ohio, pays more taxes than any other person in the county where she lives, is a director of a bank, and is connected with nearly all the important things on foot in her locality.

In 1888 the Pennsylvania Medical College, the school which Southern women usually select, graduated but one student from the South. This year there are twenty-five Southern women registered in that college, five of whom intend to go as medical missionaries to foreign countries. The typical Southern medico is a soft-voiced, gentle, winning girl, in a gray serge gown and Tam O'Shanter cap, always daintily booted and gloved.

Ellen Knox, President of the Cuyahoga Falls, O., Suffrage society, has, since the death of her husband, carried on his business as editor of the Cuyahoga Falls *Reporter*, with marked editorial and executive ability.

At Lexington, Miss., Mollie Hoskins has charge of the telegraph office. Emily Wight is the postmistress, and Dixie Cole is the express agent.

Mr. Gladstone intends to interview Mme. Bashkirtseff during his Continental visit for the purpose of writing an article upon Marie Bashkirtseff and her diary.

Annie Jenness Miller, to whom was born not long ago a baby daughter, starts out this week on an extended lecture tour, beginning at Toronto and ending late in the spring at Boston.

The Duchess Bologuine of Milan has realized a large sum of money by the sale of her jewels, furs, and laces, and is devoting the proceeds to the erection of a children's hospital in the suburbs of Milan.

One of the World's Fair Commissioners has discovered in southern Oregon a woman who has been a stone cutter for twenty years.

It was the old Duc de Lauzun who said: "If you want to succeed at court you must treat the duchesses like ladies' maids and the ladies' maids like duchesses."

The New York Woman's Press Club has ninety-five members, each engaged in literary occupation. Its object is to gain for women the advantages arising from unity, fellowship, and coöperation with those engaged in similar pursuits.

THE NOTE ELEGANT.

The Careful Woman is Careful in Her Correspondence—Angular Penmanship.

It takes a poet or a woman to condense into the few brief sentences of the conventional note the comprehensive, graceful message of congratulation or condolence, the elegant acceptance of invitation, or the exquisite refusal which never offends. Some one has called woman "the genius of epistolary communication," and indeed the gift of graceful letter writing is one peculiar to women, handed down from mother to daughter through the mystery of heredity. Certain regulations govern these apparently spontaneous productions, even as a Browning sonnet in all its mysticism conforms to the requirements of verse structure. In the first place, the note elegant is not written upon the convenient "correspondence card," but upon a small sheet of thick cream paper, either glazed or rough, according as the writer's taste inclines. The sheet has at the top the street and number of the lady's address in plain letters, the name of her country home, or the town in which she lives, if it is so small as to be without numbered houses. The sheet is folded once and enclosed in a square envelope, and is more elegant and ceremonial if sealed with wax. As to the chirography, that which is most illegible is most stylish. If a woman cannot correct her unfortunate habit of writing so that people can read it in any other way she uses a quill pen, which generally brings about the desired result. The great feature of the stylish hand is that it has no curves, but is sharply pointed and the letters are closely crowded together. The reason why this style of writing is considered elegant is that it cannot from its formation be written hastily. Any evidence of haste is considered inelegant, whether it manifests itself in a careless toilet or a careless note. The note begins on the first page, skips to the fourth, and finishes up by being written across the sheet on the inside pages. This is one of the things it is well for a man to remember, for sometimes the words of the fourth page are not read at all, as the signature is on the third and complications arise thereby.

One thing for a woman to remember is that she can never afford to write a careless note, for some one is certain to see it and judge her by it just as she is sure to meet the man for whose opinion she most cares when she goes out in her old bonnet.

The woman who wrote in her haste upon her visiting card, "Come with pleasure," in answer to a dinner invitation, found the gates of society closed against her ever afterward as one too busy or too brief for civility. Abbreviations and numerals are as bad form in the note elegant as a derby hat with a dress suit.

Dainty Foods Demand It.

IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder, use the "Royal." Better results will be obtained because it is the purest. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. It is always reliable and uniform in its work.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

C. GORJU, late *Chef*, Delmonico's.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Hunting Incarnated Fury; That Is, a "Rogue" Elephant in India.

Copyright, 1892, by C. B. Lewis.

I had read and heard a great deal of the famous "rogue" elephant of the district of Mysore, province of Madras, before I ever got within 200 miles of his stamping ground. He made his first appearance in 1888, and for years was a veritable terror to an area of country fifty miles long by thirty broad.

A "rogue" elephant, as has often been explained, is a male who has either voluntarily left the herd because of defeat or has been driven into exile by his companions for reasons not known to man. He no sooner takes up this solitary life than he becomes vindictive and reckless, and it goes without dispute that one of these "rogues," especially if past the age of fifty, is more dangerous than a herd of a dozen ordinary elephants.

This fellow was called "The Wicked" by all the natives in that territory, and some of the stories told of his doings were really wonderful, as well as strictly true. His territory was along the Suddar Valley. On the eastern edge of this valley, which is from one to five miles wide, is a dense jungle fifty miles long, and this place was his retreat. He was probably hunted after more than any other "rogue" ever heard of in India. After a year or two the Government offered a reward of £100 for his death, and before he was finally disposed of this reward had been increased to £300. He was hunted on several occasions by bands numbering 400 men, and at least fifty different white hunters journeyed into the district and had a try at him.

It was wonderful how "The Wicked" managed to escape death so long, but it used to be asserted that he was an elephant only in form. The natives fully believed that he was the Evil One in disguise, and more than 1,000 people moved out of that productive valley on his account. The official records of his doings would make a big book. He began killing as soon as he appeared. One night about midnight he entered a native village containing about seventy huts, penetrated to the centre, and killed five people sleeping in a hut. Even the dogs knew nothing of his presence until he got to work. He put his tusks under the foundation poles of the hut and tipped it over, and then he trampled on the family sleeping in the middle of the mud floor.

Only three or four people caught sight of him as he moved away. A grand hunt was organized, but he was not even discovered. It was hoped that he had been frightened out of the district, but two or three days later, as a native was driving a bullock cart along a road at the edge of the forest, the elephant, who was in hiding behind a clump of bushes, picked the man off his seat with his trunk, and flung him twenty feet into the air. In the same minute he drove his long tusks through the bullock and then disappeared. The native was so badly hurt that he died three days later. This was on a Thursday, about 11 o'clock in the morning. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the elephant appeared at a point up the valley, exactly thirty-two miles away, and killed a ryot, or native farmer, who was at work in his field.

In three years, according to official returns made, "The Wicked" killed upward of 100 people, destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of crops, and caused the death of hundreds of domestic animals. His aim was to kill and destroy, and he went about his work in such a queer and mysterious manner as to keep all the people afraid of him. Wild elephants never leave cover during daylight. This fellow stalked abroad by day as well as by night. He moved as silently and swiftly as a tiger. On one occasion five natives, who had been stacking some grain, sat down to eat their luncheon. It was high noon, and they were half a mile from the edge of the jungle. The elephant came upon them over hard and stony ground, where the footstep of a man would certainly have been heard, and the first known of his presence was when he struck two of the five down. The others escaped him by leaping into a ravine.

When I reached the valley it was half depopulated, and all those remaining were in a state of continual terror. Not a day passed that the elephant did not kill or attempt to kill some one. As one of the precautions against his visits after dark the villages had been surrounded by walls of dry brush. The idea was that in breaking a way through or over, the animal would make noise enough to betray his presence. On two occasions he had removed enough brush to make an opening, and done it so carefully that people sleeping ten feet away had heard no noise. When discovered and shouted at "The Wicked" always made off for the jungle without attempting further mischief, but he generally managed to kill some one before an alarm was raised. At the time I reached his stamping ground there were two British army officers hunting him at the other end of the jungle, but no one had seen the elephant for about a week. He hadn't left the district, however, and neither had he been killed.

I took possession of an abandoned village at the lower end of the valley. Here the elephant had first appeared, and here he had killed over a dozen people. The villagers had at length become so terror-stricken that they had abandoned the fertile spot and moved thirty miles away. There were about forty huts still standing, but instead of occupying any one of them I took up my position for the night in a ravine at the northern edge of the town. I had two native hunters with me, and to lead the elephant to believe that the villagers had returned we tied five or six dogs to as many doorposts. It was looked upon as doubtful if "The Wicked" would show up, and after watching until midnight I turned in for a nap, leaving both natives on guard. It appeared that they dozed off after an hour or so, but an hour before daybreak one of them awoke and found the elephant standing on the bank and looking down upon us.

This bank was twelve feet high and very steep. The man plucked at my sleeve, but the instant I moved the elephant vanished. I would not believe that he had been there, but daylight proved to the contrary. It was soft ground, and the prints of his feet were so deep that both natives declared he had stood in one spot for many minutes, perhaps half an hour. We further found that "The Wicked" had traversed a good part of the village, and that so quietly that no dog had given the alarm.

The natives of this valley had long before resorted to pitfalls, traps, and other practices in vogue, but all to no purpose. The white hunters had set spring guns and even poisoned some of the pools where he was supposed to drink, but "The Wicked" had outwitted every move. I determined to take up his track and follow it until he was found. One of the natives refused to enter the jungle for any price I could pay, but the other had more pluck and agreed to stay with me. We found the elephant had gone straight into the jungle from the ravine, and as the soil was moist from a recent storm the tracker had no difficulty in following him for about five miles. Then all evidences of the trail were lost on rocky ground. A wild elephant moving through a jungle generally leaves a plain path by breaking and trampling. If in retreat it looks as if a troop of cavalry had forced its way along. This fellow had moved as cautiously as a deer, and no white man could have followed him half a mile.

At the spot where the trail was lost there was an immense outcrop of rock, and after looking around for three hours without finding trace of footprints I became heated and exhausted, and sat down for a pull at the water bottle and a bite to eat. The tracker also refreshed himself, and then, while I had a smoke, he started off to search anew on his own account. He had not been out of sight more than five minutes when I heard him shriek. After running a distance of 50 feet I came to a small dell or glade in the jungle. About the centre of this lay the dead body of my tracker. It could hardly be called a body; it was rather a mass of pulp. There was no living thing in sight, but there were footprints to prove that the elephant had been there. "The Wicked" had been in ambush behind a large mass of rock. He had only fifteen feet to go to seize the unfortunate tracker, and he had made short work of him by trampling on him. I ran through the forest in several directions, perfectly reckless of the probability that the elephant was in ambush again, but I got no track or trace of him. He had vanished as silently and swiftly as a startled wolf.

I returned to my quarters fairly beaten, and to learn two days later that the elephant had killed one of the British officers the day after killing my tracker. He had ambushed him in the same fashion and had torn him limb from limb. It had now become utterly impossible to hire native assistance. At least no one would consent to beat up the jungle with me, and I saw that I must depend entirely upon my own resources or leave the field. In this emergency I determined to meet "The Wicked" with his own weapon—trickery. For several nights he had not molested any of the villages, but during each day he had committed some depredations. His last victim was a woman, and she was killed within two miles of where I was stopping. She was working in a field with a heavy fringe of bushes along the north side. The elephant rushed out of cover and killed her with a blow of his trunk, and was gone before the husband, who was working 200 feet away, got the alarm.

That night was dark and rainy, and I hired some of the natives to go with me and prepare the plot. We dressed up a lay figure to represent a ryot's wife in the act of reaping grain. We placed this about forty feet from the bushes. Then at the edge of the bushes and thirty feet away from a straight line to the "dummy" we dug a rifle pit deep enough to hide me. Every care was taken to leave nothing by which the elephant's suspicions might be aroused, and as soon as the natives retired I went to sleep. I neither hoped nor looked for "The Wicked" to appear during the night. If he did, then I should miss having a shot, and he might even find me as I slept and pull me out of the hole.

The night passed without an alarm, and I was awake when daylight came. I had an English elephant gun carrying a two-ounce explosive ball, and I knew that elephant was my mount if he appeared. I was well covered with bushes and branches, but had peepholes through which I could clearly survey the field. It was 9 o'clock in the morning before anything moved, and had I not been watching "The Wicked" would have played me a sharp trick. He came out of the edge of the jungle just where I had hoped he would, but so quietly that but for seeing him I could not have credited his presence. He covered the ground between the jungle and the lay figure at a swift pace, and it was not until he seized the dummy that he suspected anything. He tossed it sky high and wheeled to go back, and I stood up and gave him a ball behind the shoulder. As he received it he wheeled and started across the grain field, but I rolled him over before he had gone ten yards.

The tricky old beast was dead at last, and he had been lured to destruction by one of the simplest plots ever put in practice against him. I had to walk around him three or four times before I could realize that he had actually been downed. Indeed, until the natives began to gather and rejoice over his death I was afraid that I had missed the "rogue" and trapped some beast from a near-by herd. He was soon fully identified, however, as he carried several marks by which he was well known. For instance, he had a deep scar across his forehead, where a bullet had furrowed the hide; there was another on the trunk, where a native had once slashed him with a big knife; he had a peculiar spot on his side, and, in brief, there was no possibility of mistake. The Government paid the reward without hesitation, and it no sooner became known that the dreaded scourge of the valley had met his fate than the people began to return to their homes, and the anniversary of the event has for years been celebrated in the district as a holiday.

The Night of Peace.

It was a bright moonlight night in October. The persimmon trees along the roadside were heavy with fruit just being touched by the first frosts, and now and then we caught the pattering footsteps of coon or 'possum on the dry leaves under the forest trees.

There was war in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley—bitter war, with rough riders scouting the country to burn and pillage and add still further burdens to the old men and the women left at home. We knew this, and yet as we rode softly along the highway growing up to grass, and heard the songs of the crickets and the cries of the whippoorwill, there was no bitterness in any man's heart. It was a night so calm and gentle that one forgot his enemies and remembered only his friends.

There was only a corporal's guard of us—an escort for the mail rider. As we came to the east and west road and halted a moment to listen to the barking of a watch dog afar off, there suddenly came to our ears the clatter of a horse's feet coming west at a gallop. We drew back into the shadow, dressed our line, and every man unslung his carbine.

"Fire at his horse if he refuses to halt," whispered the corporal, and the next minute he had cried "Halt!" to the stranger.

The unknown pulled up so suddenly that his horse reared, wheeled about, and fell