MUST IT BE DUTCH TREAT?

A NEW QUESTION FOR WOMEN WHO EARN THEIR OWN LIVING.

Does It Keep Their Wages Down if They Permit Men to Pay Their Car Fare, Take Them to the Theatre, and Show Them Attentions?—Code of an Independent Woman.

They were in a knot together at the evening gymnasium class for business women—four bloused, belted, and bloomered girls, grouped Turkish fashion on the floor, waiting until the spirit should move them to fresh exertion.

"I saw something this afternoon that made me think," said the auburn-haired girl, smoothing one instep introspectively.

"Oh, no!" said her next neighbor.

"Of course you got away from it at once," put in the smallest of the group. "It's dangerous to think when you've been at business all day."

"I'm in earnest," announced Miss Auburn Hair. "I saw a girl pay a man's car fare."

"A beggar man?"

"No. Not a beggar man."

"Was he sick? Did she do it by mistake?"

"No, he wasn't sick, and she did it on purpose."

"She knew him then?"

"Of course she knew him. She was going somewhere with him."

"And paid his car fare? A fine man he must be!" and the plump girl's lip curled contemptuously.

"If I had to pay a man's car fare in order to have him escort me I think I'd go it alone," said the brunette, taking the hairpins out of her hair, which romping about the hall had loosened.

"The man is a nice man enough, and the girl did just the right thing," said Miss Auburn Hair. "It was Miss B., that tall girl I introduced you to once. She is a stenographer in an insurance office downtown. This man friend of hers is in the same office, and lives somewhere near her in Brooklyn. They get off at the same hour in the afternoon, and he always goes home with her. She made the stipulation that if he did go with her she should be allowed to pay her own car fare. He kicked at first, but she's got him in training now."

"Does he give his five cents to the conductor and she give hers?" asked the plump girl. "How funny!"

"No. One afternoon he pays for both and the next afternoon she pays for both. That's the way men do, you know, and Miss B. thinks that a girl in business, earning a salary, ought to be exactly like a man."

"And how about the tickets if they go over the bridge?" asked the brunette.

"She buys her share and goes ahead of him and drops two into the box, just as a man does when he is going anywhere with a woman."

"And about the lunches in the restaurants? Does she pay the whole check one day and he the next?"

"Yes, every time they go, but I don't think she goes regularly with him."

"Does she mean to marry this man?"

"I don't know. If she married and stopped work why, of course, she would let him pay the bills. That would be plain enough; but she says that a woman in business ought to insist on being treated purely as an individual and not as a woman. In fact, she argues that these very courtesies that men habitually pay to women are a drawback to women in a business way; and, I think so, too.

"Courtesies paid to women a drawback to them!" repeated the brunette. "Come Ella! I think you have been tumbling about so on that mattress that your ideas have got upside down."

"I don't think it much of a drawback to have a man offer me his seat in the car when I'm tired," said the small girl stoutly.

"Or to have him pass up my fare for me in a shakety 'bus. I think it's very nice of him," said her plump neighbor.

"So it is nice of him, but it is a hindrance to you as a business woman, all the same," said the girl who had been so inconsiderate as to think. "Even the every-day lifting of a man's hat to you and his standing aside for you to pass are stumbling blocks to you in your business advancement."

"She talks in riddles," remarked the brunette to a young woman who had joined them. "Just listen; for a man to take off his hat to a girl is interfering with her business career; for him to be real nice to her and pay her common courtesy is a mortal injury. Did you ever hear the like?"

"You can laugh if you like. I know it sounds like a paradox. That's what Miss B. says, but its true," maintained the auburn-haired girl. "A man takes off his hat in church, and he takes it off to a woman, but that same act of taking it off is one of the many things that put the woman on a different footing from him and that prevent her from standing squarely and exactly on her worth as an individual. Don't you know girls right now," she went on, "who are working for $12 a wee, and if they were men, and of the same intelligence and able to do the same work they would get $18?"

The brunette nodded.

"One or two I can think of," she said, "but what has that got to do with a woman's paying a man's car fare?"

"Not so much to do with her paying the man's car fare perhaps, but everything to do with her paying her own car fare. As long as we business women go on letting men treat us as though we were different, observing all the little usages and customs that are practiced in social life toward women who are not business women, we will be set apart in the matter of standing and wages also. When a woman starts out in business she must uphold her independence. When she stops excepting these little courtesies, which had their source in an entirely different order of things when there were no business women to consider at all, men will consent to treat her as an individual and acknowledge her worth on its merits, paying her just the same for her services as a man is paid.

"You see, it's this way," went on the thinker; "When a man clerk has a sweetheart, he's so much out, so far as expense is concerned, unless his sweetheart is like Miss B. Now, if a woman clerk has a sweetheart, she's so much in. The sweetheart buys her theatre tickets, pays her car fare, very likely supplies her with gloves, perfumery, flowers and candy. He is really a source of income to her. Business men and business women (I'm not talking of the other kind of women) can't stand on the same plane as long as that sort of thing holds. That is the outcome of the etiquette established for men and women when there were no women wage earners. It is properly because more is expected of a man, because usually there are more demands on his purse, that the business firms pay him more and pay the woman less. When it comes to pass that no more is expected of a man than of a woman, then either his wages will be lowered to the woman's standard or her wages will be brought up to his. Both will fare alike."

"You think, then, that business women ought to regard themselves as beyond the pale of ordinary social observance?" asked the small girl.

"Not beyond the pale exactly, but not affected by it at all," was the answer. "The social dictums and regulations that hold good for women of leisure were made to fit an entirely different order of living. For instance, in the matter of acquaintances: In social life a girl's acquaintances are made for her; she meets only those men whom her father or brother or other relative elects to introduce to her. The girl or the woman in business is in a different atmosphere. Her business absorbs the greater portion of her time and cuts her off from nearly all opportunity of making social acquaintances. In a business way she sometimes makes them but she has to judge for herself of their fitness or unfitness for her friendship. The old code of etiquette would prohibit her from accepting any attention from an acquaintance formed in that manner, so if she accepts such attentions she must run counter to the code and strike out for herself. If she is independent and meets such advances just as a comrade, insisting upon reciprocating them, she will avoid embarrassment."

"Reciprocating them! You mean if a man asks her to go to a play she must ask him afterward to go to another?"

"Yes. If she likes him well enough and he proves on further acquaintance to be a reputable, pleasant fellow. Of course the woman who had a social experience before she became a business woman and was brought up in all that sort of stereotyped atmosphere, with the old-fashioned notions, will never be able to get rid of her prejudices; but there is no reason why a girl who go right from the schoolroom into business should be hampered with a lot of regulations that never in any case apply to them or to anything that they have to do with. To my mind the business woman should have social acquaintances, even if she has to make them herself formally. It is not natural that she should have no genial influences in her life at all, and her business occupies nearly all her days. If she accepts attentions from acquaintances made in a business way, just as though she were a man, then she must at some time or other return them, just as a man does. As it stands now, with the average man getting higher wages than the average woman, the man will go on taking the initiative because he has more income. The code of social relation as it exists now is responsible for this state of things; and as long as social pleasures have to be paid for, and the men have to do all the paying, the girls will have more or less of a dull time according as their male acquaintances are well off and generous or the reverse. When the new régime comes in and men and women share alike and treat each other as comrades, even give and take, things will be on a much easier and less embarrassing footing."

"You believe we would all have more beaux if men and women came to be exactly equal and the women paid for part of the fun?" asked the plump girl, handing round the caramels.

"Not more beaux, more men companions," said the thinker. "Business women must not have beaux. They must make their business their life work. At least that's what Miss B. says, and she knows a good deal."

"She certainly does," said the brunette; "and, now I come to think of it, I'm going to pay two fares every time I get into a car with a man, so as to advance the cause of business women."

"And every time a seat is offered to me I shall decline it sternly in the name of the individual," said the plump girl.

"But it is just as well to let the men keep on taking off their hats, isn't it, girls?" said Miss Auburn Hair, and the party dispersed to the dressing rooms.

MONTANA'S COUNTERPANES.

An Incident of the Early Days in the West; Pillow Shams Followed.

From the Helena Independent.

New light is being thrown on the early history of Montana day by day, for the making of history and the recording of it in times when there were no newspapers and when the rush for gold left little time for attention then to the desires of generations to come were altogether different matters. Just now there is in Helena a man who did more, perhaps, to advance the early community in a social way than any other man who came to the Territory. He is Gen. Rod D. Leggat of Butte, and the distinction he earned in those days of struggling for gold and of sordid barter and trade was the pioneership in the importation of counterpanes into the new country. In the beginning of the history of the Territory there were few of the little comforts of home that make the difference between a cabin and a house. The huts of the seekers for the golden fleece were rude affairs, and their interior arrangements did not bespeak a taste for articles of vertu. The minds of men then were warped by the prevailing sentiment, and the introduction of the counterpane, while it was not in itself a seemingly important event at that time, was really the beginning of an epoch. White tablecloths and napkins and lace curtains followed, as a matter of course when the dormant finer feelings of the people had been awakened from their lethargy by the introduction of the counterpane, and it can be said without exaggeration that the day when the first one was disposed of was the beginning of the period that now finds the homes of the people of the Treasure State as comfortably appointed and as artistically arranged as the homes of any people in the land. Such is the moving force of a little thing in history, and of the importance of little things many a volume has been written by profound students of sociology.

Gen. Leggat built the first building on what is now Rodney street, in Helena. It was in the spring of 1865, when there was no Rodney street and the city itself was located far below what is now that avenue in Last Chance Gulch. He had brought to the Territory from St. Louis a large stock of staple merchandise, and after unloading it at Fort Benton had come on ahead, while the ox teams plodded over the trail, to arrange for its disposition here, anticipating that if he would lay it by there would come a day when there would be a large demand for it, in which he was subsequently not disappointed. He found the storage rates were $1.50 a ton a month, and as he had 100 tons of goods it was a considerable item. There were with him several Michigan men who knew a thing or two about log houses and their construction, and he furnished them with oxen and had them build on the corner of Rodney street and Fifth avenue, opposite on Rodney street the present place of business of William J. Dinges, a large log structure, where he stored his stock, building a tent for himself and his men. The tent was comfortably arranged, with cloth and white walls and a new paulin on the floor, and after it had been done Gen. Leggat bethought himself of the counterpanes in the warehouse. So he procured three, and they were placed on the bunks within.

The weather was warm and the tent flap was open. It was not long before that locality, remote as it was, began to be the centre of attraction for many of the ladies who then lived here and who sadly missed many of the little comforts they had been accustomed to in their homes across the plains. The counterpanes were the objects of their curiosity, it soon afterward developed, and those on the bunks in the little tent were the foundation of more business than many a lavish window display would be in the modern store of to-day.

Mrs. James King, who was one of the first women to live in Helena, some time afterward received as a gift the first counterpane ever taken out of the stock. Requests for more came in rapidly, and they were taken out of the warehouse and placed on sale. Several hundred were promptly disposed of at a profit, and the demand did not cease even when the last one had been sold, for the news had gone abroad and the orders were by no means confined to the camp itself.

WOMAN AS AN ARBITRATOR.

Miss Clara Fisher Succeeded in Settling a Factory Trouble Where Men Had Failed.

From the Boston Globe.

That Miss Clara J. Fisher of Milford, the first woman ever chosen to act as expert assistant to the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation, was able in the recent difficulty between the B. H. Spaulding Company of Milford and its employees to fulfill her duties to the satisfaction of both sides testifies to her freedom from petty prejudices as well as to her large-minded sense of justice.

Miss Fisher is a pleasant-faced young woman, something over 30, who lives with her aged aunt in the pretty little manufacturing town of Milford, the picturesque name of which makes one hark back to the days when a rushing stream rather than a roaring steam turned the wheels of the mills.

Graduated from the town high school, Miss Fisher came out into the world with a pretty clear notion that she would like to be a teacher, and the fact that just at that time a friend was entering upon work at the Knowlton straw factory, in a neighboring town, decided her to enter mill life.

In a year or two her duty to her aged aunt, for whom she now tenderly cares, called her back to Milford, and she entered upon work in a village dry goods store she accepted the position of overseer in the straw factory of B. H. Spaulding. For nine years she acceptably filled the place, having charge of a room in which sixty women were employed. During these nine years she became conversant with every detail of the work of making straw hats, and although it is now two years and a half since she left the work, no one could have more thoroughly understood the employees' side of the question than she does.

Miss Fisher is a young woman of far more than ordinary girl determination and ambition. During the latter part of her service as forewoman she studied to fit herself to become a stenographer, and ultimately secured a good position in Milford at this work, whereupon she resigned at Spaulding's.

With the man appointed by the board at the suggestion of Spaulding and employer, Miss Fisher visited, besides Spaulding's factory, six other similar mills, comparing the work and the conditions with those at the factory under consideration. At all six the investigators were received with courtesy, only two out of the six refusing to give information. They withdrew as politely as possible.

Miss Fisher found the surroundings in the factories inspected all that could be desired and the relations between employers and employed extremely pleasant. In no factory visited had there ever been a strike, difficulties been settled quietly to the satisfaction of both parties.

In two weeks the Board of Arbitration, with the assistance of Miss Fisher and the other expert, settled the Spaulding difficulty satisfactorily, the women and 100 yard-of straw being the unit adopted for payment. For her services to the board Miss Fisher and her coworker received each $7 a day and expenses.

DEBORAH GANNETT, SOLDIER.

Another New England Woman Who Served in the War of the Revolution.

From the Washington Post.

The fact that there was another New England woman besides Molly Pitcher who won fame at the cannon's mouth, that served in the Revolution, has recently been brought to light as the result of an inquiry at the Pension Bureau. There is a lady, Mrs. Hettie Russell Littlefield, living in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who is anxious to be one a Daughter of the Revolution. She believed that her genealogy could be traced back to revolutionary times through the records of the Interior Department. With a view to proving this fact she addressed a communication to the Secretary of the Interior asking information as to the alleged military service of Deborah Gannett, her ancestor, who was said to have served as an enlisted soldier in the Revolutionary War as a member of the Massachusetts infantry. Her belief was confirmed by the receipt of the following letter:

MADAM: In response to your recent inquiry, referred to this bureau by the Hon. Webster Davis, Acting Secretary of the Interior, I have the honor to advise you that Deborah Gannett, a woman who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War under the name of Robert Shurtleff, made an application for pension on Sept. 4, 1818, at which time she was 59 years of age, and residing at Sharon, Mass., and that she was allowed for two years' actual service as a private in the Massachusetts Troops, Revolutionary War. It appears that she enlisted in the month of April, 1781, and served in Captain George Weld's company in the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Col. Shepherd, afterward by Col. Jackson, until about the month of November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged. During the time of her service she was wounded at Tarrytown, probably in the second battle of that place, and was also present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Very respectfully,

H. CLAY EVANS, Commissioner.

MISS BEATRIX JONES'S VOCATION.

She Does Landscape Gardening of All Kinds, from the Ground Up.

Miss Beatrix Cadwallader Jones of this city has mastered landscape gardening. She has mastered it in all its branches, architecture, road-building, drainage, arboriculture, and horticulture, and is putting her knowledge to practical use. There are women gardeners in charge of private grounds, both in Europe and in this country. One English woman has laid out lately a city park or two, so limited in area and conventional in design, that she could not have made a mistake if she had tried, but this young American has the distinction of being the only woman who can take hold of wholly unimproved land and convert it to order and symmetry.

Last summer Miss Jones laid out a cemetery for a Maine town, and built the lych-gate, the tool house, and other buildings on the grounds. She has drained a twenty-five-acre swamp and put it in trim for cultivation, cleared a forty-acre forest lot in Bar Harbor of superfluous trees and made it into a pleasing grove, and, besides, has submitted designs and suggestions to the New York Park Department on the work which it has under consideration. The fact that men many years her senior, and eminently qualified to judge of such matters, speak in high terms of her fitness for her work and predict great things of her, is significant, but there is another way of judging her success, and that is by the cold, unbiased dollars that her work yields her.

"If I remained just an amateur, I might have studied and worked for years and never have had the least standing in my profession," said Miss Jones. "No matter how good my designs might have been, they would have received little attention. Things are on a different footing when stamped with a recognized value.

"I was always fond of gardening. As a child in Bar Harbor, where we spent the summer, I was continually digging up things in the woods and planting them out in the house yard. Possibly what first led me to think seriously of landscape gardening was a trip to the World's Fair, taken in company with Prof. and Mrs. Sargent, of Boston. The professor became interested in me because I loved trees and flowers, and afterward I took a course of study in arboriculture under his direction in Boston. I got so enthusiastic, after looking into architecture abroad and coming in contact with the English, French, and German models, that I made up my mind to go in regularly for landscape gardening, which combined all the things I liked best."

"And then you had to study soils and drainage and all that?" she was asked.

"Yes. After we returned from a stay in Europe I had private tutors supplied me from Columbia University in such branches of civil engineering as I should need. I don't suppose I realized, when I began, quite how much hard study I should have to tackle, but it has all been of great benefit, and I do feel that I am thorough as far as I have gone. Of course, landscape gardening is an endless study. There will be always something more for me to learn about it, I take to be sighty. What I think of it as a practical profession for women? I should advise no woman to go into landscape gardening unless she really cared more about that than anything else in the world. If she felt that way about it, she would succeed; but even then she must have good health, for she has to pick up at a moment's notice and go here, there, and everywhere, and has to stand on her feet for hours outdoors. There are many aggravations to be counted on, aggravations that don't appear on the surface. Maybe she can't get the right kind of material the right time or the right kind of plants, or perhaps the workingmen misconstrue orders that seem to her to have been made quite plain.

"I give orders to my men in person nearly always. I find it best to come in touch with them. I am at work now on grounds up on the West Shore road. I have been up there three times this week. It will be a charming place when done. See, here is the plan of the grounds. I have made some changes in the entrance gate since this was drafted, and am going to arrange for lanterns in place of those ornaments, but the boundary wall is to have just those panels, and there will be large trees where those dark spots are, and shrubbery in the lighter places. I always wear my bicycle suit for business. It is unconventional, quiet looking, and is not in the way.

"It is interesting to look over the young gardener's plans with her and hear her talk about them. She has a long box full of drafted plans of the grounds she has finished. Of books she has over 1,000 volumes bearing on her art. Asked if landscape gardening was profitable, she said she would not a vise any one to go into it who had no other means of support.

"For the first few years," she said, "the expense would certainly exceed the profits, and it has been demonstrated that a young man just starting out in landscape gardening could not afford to marry on it." Asked if a young woman could afford to marry on it, she laughed and said that she did not think a young woman dedicated to her profession could afford to marry at all.

"My friends looked upon my studies at first as a sort of mild mania" she said, "but they have learned now to regard them seriously."

Miss Jones is tall and comely. She is tall and slight, and her beauty is of the majestic kind that defies description. Although fond of tennis and golf, and in love with her profession, she yet finds time for society. Her office is a large sunny room in her mother's house, not a stone's throw from downtown Fifth avenue.

FIGURED ON MOURNING GOODS.

The Mountaineer's Wife Wanted to Be Ready for Any Emergency.

From the Washington Star.

The best-looking married woman in that particular locality of the Cumberland Mountains was Bill Magee's wife, and it was the constant wonder of the entire section why so much sweetness had wasted itself on such an ornery and doless desert as was Bill. In line with this was another wonder why Bill's wife, Susan Martin, hadn't married Jim Ferguson, as everybody thought she should have done. But that had all happened a year before I came into the mountains, and it gave me no concern whatever. Like any gentleman of taste, I admired Mrs. Magee and felt especially happy when, as it happened sometimes, the clerks in the company's store were busy and I could wait upon her. It was thus one day that as she entered the store I hopped around behind the counter like a youngster of 20.

"What can I do for you to-day, ma'am?" I said, with a fine bow.

"I want some mournin' goods!" she inquired with a delightful lisp.

"Anybody dead?" I asked, forgetting that it wasn't my business to be asking questions.

"No," she hesitated, "they ain't exzackly yit, but I thought I might as well be sorter lookin' 'round."

"What do you want to see particularly?" I inquired, very curious to know what she was after.

"I reckon I might as well see the whole shootin' match, fer ef I want part I'll be wantin' all thar is."

I threw down two or three pieces of mourning stuff and piled black ribbon and all the other habiliments of woe in the shop down alongside.

"Them's right nice," she said, after taking a good look at the display, "but I ain't quite ready to take anything yit. You see it's this a-way, Colonel. Last night Bill and Jim had words caze Jim helped me acrost the footlog comin' from meetin', and this mornin' Bill he took his gun and went huntin' for Jim. You know Jim and you know Bill, Colonel, and ef they run acrost each other you know what's goin' to happen. Thar's a chance they won't meet up with each other, and I reckon I'd better wait."

"Probably it might be better," I ventured.

"I reckon it would," she concluded, moving slowly toward the door, "but you kin kinder hold back a dress pattern for three er four days, can't you?"

When I heard from there last she was Mrs. Jim Ferguson.

The Mrs. McKinley Coiffure.

From the Washington Star.

All the femininity of any consequence in Washington are wearing their hair cropped, curled, and held at either side of the parting by tiny combs. This is because Mrs. McKinley, as the first lady of the land, wears her hair that way, and, of course, should be copied. The curls have come to be known as "Administration curls." At the various summer resorts these dames from the capital were gazed at in horror at first, because the fashion is certainly unbecoming to almost every one, but when the "why and wherefore" was learned, maids and matrons rushed to their rooms, combed out their Merole curls and cut them off. Now the McKinley curls have made their way from Maine to the Rio Grande and from Key West to Klondike, and will doubtless hold their own until the arrival of some new social or theatrical star.

Why women should change the fashion of wearing their hair is incomprehensible, because to every face some one style is absolutely suited and all other modes are more or less unbecoming. But let a professional beauty or a French music hall dancer adopt some curious and wonderful method of arranging her hair, and women the world over will make this method "the fashion." It is many years since Mrs. Langtry started the fashion of chopping off all the hair on the top of the head, curling the short ends into little rings and waves and producing what was known as a "bang." The much abused tresses have had time to grow long, and now women are looking out at the world from between straight bands of hair drawn down over the ears, because Cleo de Merode, Parisian music hall dancer and favorite of a king, has set the fashion for so doing.

MRS. MANSFIELD'S OFFICE.

SHE'S A PRESIDENT AND A MANAGER, YET LIVES IN PEACE.

Her Responsibilities Not So Heavy as They Seem—Her Den, Her Hobbies, and Her Opinions of "The Devil's Disciple" and Judith—A Day in the Theatrical Routine.

When Mrs. Richard Mansfield became the President of the Mansfield company people thought and thought. The wiseacres saw trouble ahead. Actors have a fatal propensity for getting into trouble with their managers, as all wiseacres and a good many other people know. No wonder, therefore, that the Mansfields' matrimonial future looked dark to outsiders.

According to Mrs. Mansfield's story, however, the wiseacres were unnecessarily alarmed—or hopeful, as the case may be. Mrs. Mansfield is both a President and a manager, but in very different spheres. She is the President of her husband's business company, but she says she is only a figurehead. By this you are to understand—well, whatever you wish to understand. Mrs. Mansfield will give you no further satisfaction. Naturally one cannot expect a mere figurehead to explain the problem of its existence.

But it is a different matter when you touch upon her managerial career. How her face lights up, and what a convincing little nod she gives to her head! This head, by the way, is covered with soft, blond hair, so much prettier and more becoming than her present stage coiffure. If her nod corresponded with the great big chair of old black oak, in which she is sitting, it would be fairly Olympic. The chair is of monumental proportions, and, together with the sombre tone of the room, forms a fine background for her delicate coloring.

The apartment is a nondescript affair, neither exactly reception room, drawing room, nor library, but a sort of thin slice of them all. It is on the first floor of Mr. Mansfield's house, and is a mirror of his personality. Not, to be sure, in the most striking feature of the room. That is its narrowness. It may be ten feet wide, but inasmuch as it is five or six times as long, it appears to be much narrower; a kind of residential cañon. The panelled woodwork is dark and massive; half a dozen vases of great yellow chrysanthemums are high up against the dark mantelpiece and carved cabinets; a polished suit of armor gleams in the corner; dozens of good old prints hang on the walls; there are enough sofa pillows upon the divan to cover the whole floor, almost. This, then, is the room where Mrs. Mansfield, slender, delicate, courteous, nods from her throne in one of the monumental chairs. Unfortunately, conditions like these cannot be kept in the present tense. It all happened the other day.

"So you're only a figurehead? And you don't manage your husband?" asked the reporter.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield, starting up and leaning forward upon the big black oak arms of her throne, "I manage my husband. Yes, indeed I do! But only in the domestic circle—if you can call it a circle when there are only two of us. He and Mr. Palmer manage the affairs of the company, and there is always plenty for them to do apparently. But at home——" There was another nod, which left nothing more to be said.

"Of course I can help a little, and when he was so ill I took charge of everything, rehearsed the company, attended to all the thousand and one details—why, I was everything," smoothing or recrutping herself, "how hard Mr. Mansfield works! Some people were dining here the other evening and they said to him:

"'Oh, you! You have such an easy time! Nothing to do until after dinner at night!'

"'Why, you don't know what time we rehearsal every morning at 11. All day he is the prey of scene painters, and costumers, and carpenters, and anybody that ever had or ever hopes to have anything to do with a theatre. He gets home in time to have a little dinner, and then is back at the theatre until 11 o'clock at night! That is an easy life, isn't it?' And yet he is never happy. I do believe, unless he is hard at work, or growling around after rare books or old prints."

"Do you share your husband's enthusiasm in that direction?"

"Do I share it? Humph!" with another emphatic nod. "There is one particular old book shop in St. Louis where I am sure I spend half my time when we are in the city. I have ruined more gloves there and lengthened more gowns. Old books and prints are always dusty, you know. It seems to be an unwritten law of old book shops, never to dust. Come upstairs into my own den and let me show you some of my pictures."

The den looked as if it were chuckling to itself at such a name. It was a large, irregular apartment, full of light and flowers and pictures. Oh, yes, some articles of furniture, too! But one mostly sat on those and thought of other things.

Apparently Mr. Richard Mansfield has no warmer admirer than his own wife. She has reminders of him at every turn—pencil drawings, water-color sketches, and a multitude of photographs in a variety of attitudes. At first, however, the first impression is rather startling. It seems, at that glance, as if the room were full of pictures of men in all ages and in all possible classes of life. One has to take them in detail and recognize *Shylock, Richard III, Beau Brummel, Prince Karl, Monsieur Lecoq*, and other familiar phases of Mr. Mansfield before one is quite reassured. The photographs turned the conversation to the new play.

"I like my part in 'The Devil's Disciple,'" said Mrs. Mansfield in reply to a question. "I don't like to talk about my own work—it isn't good enough for that. But I like best a sort of an every-day character. For instance, take *Porto*. I have studied over that part, and I cannot succeed in making it seem to me anything but unnatural, artificial. Do you know how many women are finding fault with *Judith* in 'The Devil's Disciple?' They say she is an impossible woman."

"I know some of them say taat, but I don't agree with them. This is the way I conceive *Judith* to be: Her mother was a romantic girl of narrow experience. She married this old man because he stood for her as the ideal of goodness, nobility, courage. She loved him because she saw this ideal in him. Then the independence of the other man, of *Dick Dudgeon*, stirred her interest, and when, as she thought, her husband proved to be a miserable coward, and *Dick* seemed such a hero, why, he became her ideal in his turn. Finally, when her husband proved to have deserved her love, she had a second revulsion of feeling, increased, probably, by her humiliation at the hands of *Dick*.

"We have had rather interesting experiences with the play. You would be surprised at the way it strikes different people. As a general thing, there are certain features, speeches, situations in a play which are always applauded. Night after night the applause comes at those points and at no others. With this new play it is different. We never can be quite sure what will be applauded. There have been several speeches in this play, I think, which, in recrutping herself, "how hard Mr. Mansfield works! Some people were dining here the other evening and they said to him:

"'Oh, you! You have such an easy time! Nothing to do until after dinner at night!'

"Why, you don't know what time we rehearsal every morning at 11. All day he is the prey of scene painters, and costumers, and carpenters, and anybody that ever had or ever hopes to have anything to do with a theatre. He gets home in time to have a little dinner, and then is back at the theatre until 11 o'clock at night! That is an easy life, isn't it? And yet he is never happy. I do believe, unless he is hard at work, or growling around after rare books or old prints."

"Do you share your husband's enthusiasm in that direction?"

"Do I share it? Humph!" with another emphatic nod. "There is one particular old book shop in St. Louis where I am sure I spend half my time when we are in the city. I have ruined more gloves there and lengthened more gowns. Old books and prints are always dusty, you know. It seems to be an unwritten law of old book shops, never to dust. Come upstairs into my own den and let me show you some of my pictures."

The den looked as if it were chuckling to itself at such a name. It was a large, irregular apartment, full of light and flowers and pictures. Oh, yes, some articles of furniture, too! But one mostly sat on those and thought of other things.

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ing in Paris because one got so quickly into the country, and the roads were perfect. But I don't care to ride in the cities here."

Mrs. Mansfield admits that a great many people say they don't like "The Devil's Disciple." "But," she contended, "they talk about it, and argue and quarrel about it, and then go to see it repeatedly in order to prove themselves in the right. That sort of thing is good for a play, and only a strong play provokes it."

MODERN CORSETS.

Differences Between the French and the English Article—Long Waists and Short Waists.

From Harper's Bazar.

The French corset, most artistic and nearest to the natural form, has very deep bust gores. If the inserted vamps are not there, the gored seams are cut to make that effect. In the special models which claim to be becoming to stout figures the gore runs down to the waist line without any secondary gores, thus forming the peculiar V shape shown in the cut. The fulness comes directly over the base of the lungs, or, rather, solar plexus.

This is the type of a singer's figure. The solar plexus is the mysterious reservoir or centre of nervous strength, and it is a curious fact that no figure looks poor and feeble if it shows a well-rounded fulness at this point, directly beneath the breastbone.

The new models of French corsets have a sudden spring or curve below the waist line, somewhat like the hips of the well-known Mrs. Noah of Dutch Noah's Ark. This springing, vivacious curve is repeated in all of the new dress skirts. It is required by the belted mode.

The athletic corset is a very short corset, in some cases but nine inches deep. It has either a long or short gore. It is worn for riding, evening dress, bicycling, golf, swimming, or any "fatigue uniform." It is well adapted to the lissome shirtwaist because the ends of the whalebone are not too much in evidence.

The third model shown is the English style of corset, which is cut with two short breast gores on either side, setting the bust as high as possible, producing a long, slim waist.

With the exception of the English model, all of the new corsets are built on the lines of the new ideal figure, which is draped with girdle, sash, or belt. All modes now, except the loose jacket, show the waist line in full view. In every gown there is this line, and woe to the figure which by reason of flesh or squareness does not accommodate itself to this *sine qua non!*

The French design, particularly in the shorter corsets, is best for all of the fluffy, frilly French gowns, and, as I said before, it sets nearer to the natural figure. It permits the graceful slope of the bust and shoulder, and by that means throws the head in a pose most serene and dignified. But it does not look quite so well as the English model for trim reefers, jackets, and tailor gowns.

The English model is trim and natty, smart and stylish, but apt to be a little wooden at the same time. This gives square shoulders; it distorts a drooping bust, making it flaccid and shelf like beneath the waist; it threats the arms away from the figure by means of the long whalebones.

A woman *comme il faut* will have her corsets made to order or fitted to her figure, for a well fitted, well-fitting corset and shapely petticoat always give an indescribable air of elegance to the simplest gown.

The high bust and long waist or the low bust and short waist, the full figure or the slender figure—these are the chief varieties of ready-made corsets. But in real life no two figures are alike; there are numberless other changes of measurement, such as the curve of the breastbone, the ribs, shape of the shoulder blades, set of the backbone into the pelvis, every part of the trunk, as well as the variegated bone and flesh; in some the waist line is curved, in others straight. The same kinds of ready-made corsets are different each year, so that no special make can be relied on.

A good, up-to-date corset maker adapts his cut more or less to the prevailing mode, but yet fits the figure perfectly. Such corsets wear better, and always look a great deal better.

SHAD AT THE AQUARIUM.

Young Fish of This Season Captured on Their Way Out to the Sea.

There are now in the great pool at the Aquarium half a dozen young shad, each about six inches in length, that were taken in a seine in Gravesend Bay on their way out to sea.

The shad spends the greater part of its life in salt water, and comes into the rivers to spawn. It follows the coast up with the advancing season. Those that spawn in the Hudson River reach here usually early in April and go on up the river to the spawning grounds. Soon after spawning they begin to go out to sea, and the last have gone usually by the latter part of July.

The young shad start out to sea in July. As the water gets cooler they go in greater numbers, and by the last of October they have all gone. As they pass down the river and bay they may meet the spawning fishermen. They go through these nets usually without difficulty, for the nets are not intended to stop fish of this size. Sometimes, however, a few young shad are taken, and occasionally a large number lodge in a net. Then the fisherman, if he knows his business, lifts the net and takes the young shad go free, losing with them, however, whatever other fish he may have taken.

The shad is very rarely seen in aquariums, as it is very difficult to keep it alive in captivity.

BUZZELL'S TAILOR-MADE SUITS.

The Material Cut With a Scythe and Sewed Up With Wrapping Twine.

SUNKHAZE, Me., Oct. 30.—Old Jed Buzzell, who lives in the meadowland near the Greenfield town line, has turned tailor after having passed threescore years on a farm, and is getting rich making suits for a New York wholesale firm, as well as for wealthy visitors who come to Maine every autumn. Though none of the garments which he constructs is made to order, they all give good satisfaction to the purchasers, none of whom complains about the wearing qualities or the fit of Buzzell's clothes. This is all the more remarkable because most of his patrons are rich men, who are accustomed to purchase the best articles in the market. Buzzell made 200 suits last year, and will sell more than 500 this season. He cuts them with a scythe, sews them up with common white wrapping twine, uses manila spun yarns for buttons, and sells a complete suit for 75 cents. Expecting a big trade next year, he has already cut enough to make 1,000 suits, and has the material stacked in a great pile back of his barn.

Mr. Buzzell manufactures grass ducking suits for hunters, and is the only man in New England who is engaged in the business.

Can't Fool a Woman About a Shoe.

From the Boston Traveller.

A nice young man resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and purchased a $2.50 pair. In order to make the present appear more valuable, he marked $6 upon the soles of the shoes, and, at his request, the shopman, who was a friend of his, put a receipted bill for $6 into one of them. The presentation was made and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel: The girl examined the shoes in the daylight, and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change the shoes and obtain a better bargain. The next day she appeared in the shop and selected a pair of shoes, price $4, and politely requested the clerk to take back the shoes for which she said her husband had paid $6. The receipted bill was produced in proof, and the lead man found it impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her $4 pair of shoes and obtained $2 in money and went home happy and satisfied. The boutique sent a bill for $4 to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.

Tallest Woman in America.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Probably the tallest woman in America has just died at the City of Mexico. Her height was 6 feet 9 inches. She was born in the State of Sonora, and was in no way remarkable except for her unusual height. For the last few years she had been a familiar figure on the streets of the capital of Mexico, where she attracted a great deal of attention from all strangers and travellers. She died at the age of 43. Her name was Magdalena Cicute. She was uneducated and spoke the Spanish language with difficulty.

The Enoch Arden Business in Indiana.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 24.—Walter Jamesen, who came here yesterday, after an absence of several years, to find his former wife married to another man named George Babcock, secretly left the city early this morning with her. Their destination is not known. Babcock's intentions are not known.

NEGRO HOUSEWIVES.

Examples of Their Thrift and Ingenuity Under Difficulties.

The most notable economists in this country to-day are the negro women down South, the field workers who keep house