A WOMAN WHO LOVES LAW.

HARD WORK OF MISS ROSALIE LOEW, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

She Is at Her Office at 7 A. M. Because She Likes It, and She Stays as Long as the Janitor Will Let Her—Her Work for the Legal Aid Society—Women as Lawyers.

Rosalie Loew, counsellor at law, is one bread-winning woman who has demonstrated that the old couplet,

> Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,

applies to her sex, too. Miss Loew is, perhaps, one of the busiest, hardest-worked women in New York. She says herself that she has a temperament which forces her to be doing five or six things at once; otherwise she is unhappy and feels that she is wasting time. She is acting assistant attorney for Carl L. Schurz, attorney for the Legal Aid Society, and she devotes her whole time and energy to the work of this organization. The offices of the Legal Aid Society are at 239 Broadway, and Miss Loew is at her desk every morning when the clock strikes 7. She had been there a whole hour the other morning when a SUN reporter dropped in to talk to her about her work.

"You'd never have been able to get in here at this early hour," she exclaimed, "if I hadn't ordered the elevator man to let you in. We simply have to keep the doors locked until 9 o'clock, our opening hour, to hold back the rush of applicants eager for legal aid. You know this Legal Aid Society is really a legal dispensary. That's what I call it—a legal dispensary. When a very poor person, one to poor to pay a doctor for his services, falls ill, he goes to a medical dispensary for treatment or medicine. In the same way those too poor to engage counsel come to us to have their moral, physical and financial wrongs righted. The society has been in existence for twenty-two years and its aims and functions should be much better understood than they are. Very few of the members take an active interest in the work. I wish they had it so much at heart that one or more of them would drop in here every day to see what we are doing. The society is not created to compete with lawyers. It relieves them of charity cases, but above all it gives aid to the poor and helpless, when otherwise they could not obtain it."

"But what about your work in connection with the society?" asked the reporter.

"Really, now," she answered, laughing, "I am nothing but Mr. Schurz's assistant, and everybody knows how very unimportant an attorney's assistant is. An assistant is never heard of or from."

"But you do the bulk of the work?" suggested the reporter.

"Yes, I put in from twelve to fourteen hours every day at it," admitted Miss Loew, "and I often feel pressed for time. I gradually got into the work of the society and have it so much at heart that I believe I'm going to have trouble in giving it up, though I do want to become a good and successful lawyer and I have almost no time for study here. Of course, one must study constantly to become a clever lawyer. It all happened this way: I graduated from the New York University Law School, not the woman's class, in June, 1895, and was admitted to the bar the next month. In October I went into my father's office, and remained there until January, 1897. I had very little practical business there, though I did some business of my own, and so I decided to move into the building in which were the offices of the Legal Aid Society and start out on my own hook. I'd already become acquainted with the work of the society, and as soon as I opened my private office I began to give part of my time to its work. I went to court for the society nearly every day all that spring and summer, and became so interested in the work that soon I was giving practically all my time to it. At that time Robert Goeller was attorney for the society and Claude Gignoux his assistant. Mr. Gignoux had entire charge of the District Court work and I assisted him. That fall both Mr. Goeller and Mr. Gignoux decided to resign, and when the latter went away on his vacation I had entire charge of his work. Later Mr. Goeller was absent, too, and so I had entire charge of all the work for a short time. Mr. Schurz was appointed to take Mr. Goeller's place early in September, but he was out of the city until the last of November, so I held the fort alone for nearly three months.

"As I stated, we do not take cases for any persons able to pay a lawyer, and we interrogate applicants on that point very carefully and also make proper investigation. The character of the work placed at our door expands in varying directions, but as 60 per cent. of the relief asked involves the collection of wages and as the great majority of claims are for very small sums, our court work, to a very great extent, is confined to the district courts. The very poor come to us from all parts of New York when anything wrong touches their social condition and they come in remarkable numbers. Our usual number of cases is seven or eight thousand a year, and we see and hear the saddest and most terrible stories. Then we see and hear some very funny things, too. We get letters constantly from all over the Union asking for aid. Only yesterday one came from a distressed man in South Dakota, who said he had heard that the society helped poor people and he'd like a little money. The letter was pathetic in its simplicity."

"Is it true that most of your applicants are Russian Hebrews?"

"No," answered Miss Loew, "though that has been stated. Most of our applicants live in the crowded districts of the east side and fully 50 per cent. of them were born in Germany. When they have been in this country more than five years we call them citizens simply to get an idea how long the people whom we are aiding have been here. About 60 per cent. of the applicants are non-citizens.

"We are a board of arbitration all the time," Miss Loew went on, with a twinkle in her brown eyes. "We are always settling domestic quarrels between husband and wife, parent and child, and relatives by blood and marriage generally. This society is a whip which many a wife holds over her husband's head. Often the men and women who apply to us are really not in need of legal aid but of a word of advice, expostulation, or warning, and we always make an effort to settle all domestic difficulties outside of the courts. Last year a German woman from uptown applied to us for separation from her husband, stating that he was treating her outrageously. We found this to be true, and wrote him a letter telling him what we would do if he didn't treat his wife kindly. We heard no more of the couple until a short time ago, when the wife wrote that our letter had done her man so much good that she'd like us to write him another, as he was beginning to be fractious and mean to her again. We wrote it and have heard no further complaint from her, so I presume the letter had the desired effect.

"We very, very rarely begin an action for divorce for a husband, and, indeed, we do so for wives only in cases of non-support, in which the wife absolutely needs support and is free from guilt. The law has provided a method by which wives whose husbands neglect to support them can obtain support through the police courts. If this fails and we are justified, we begin action for separation or divorce in the Supreme Court. No applicant gets any attention here who wants to be separated or divorced for any sentimental reason, I can tell you.

"Mr. Schurz thought he had the laugh on me about a case not long ago. A wife came here and wanted us to begin an action for separation. I sent for her husband, as I always do in such cases, hoping to bring about a reconciliation. The husband's brother came instead and told me how bad tempered his sister-in-law was, and then I schemed to have the husband and wife meet here. They came, and I sat down on the radiator there between them and Mr. Schurz in front of us and we began to talk. Reconciliation, did you say? In a few minutes we were having the liveliest verbal fight here I have ever listened too. The man was poking me on one side yelling, 'Listen to what she says, will you?' and his wife was punching me on the other, crying, 'Now, will you just listen to him?' That was one time I made a mistake, though very often we adjust matters and send belligerent couples home happy. I call to mind another case where a husband sued his wife for absolute divorce. I went to her home, visited her neighbors in the slums, and secured evidence which prevented him from proving his case. The woman was absolutely innocent and her honor was vindicated. That is an important matter, isn't it?"

"Do you make many personal investigations?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I spend a good deal of spare time in the homes of the applicants and in visiting their neighbors," answered Miss Loew. "People often ask me if a woman is not better fitted to do the work I am doing for the society than a man. I don't believe in this talk of woman's work and man's work. Why make a distinction? A man with the same temperament could do the same work among these people that I am doing, and do it equally well. The only thing is that man's temperament is not like woman's. Few men can go into the homes of the very poor without being unhappy themselves, and as a result they make those they visit unhappy. But work is work, and there is no such thing as man's work and woman's work. Intelligence and ability are the things that should decide whether a woman should pursue certain work, but the same qualities decide whether a man shall pursue the same work. This question of sex in work reminds me of the suffrage question. I never could see why a fool man should have the privilege of voting and that privilege should be withheld from an intelligent woman. I believe in each person doing that for which he or she is best fitted, and I happened to be fitted for this particular work by temperament as well as otherwise. Only a very strong person physically, a very healthy-minded person, could stand the strain of listening to all of these heartrending appeals. They tug constantly on the sympathetic chords, and nothing is more wearing on nerves and brain.

"Only a few days ago we had a case that touched me to the core. A man who was running a farm in Holland decided to sell out and come to America. He did so and went into business with an old friend on Long Island. He was getting along well and decided to go back to Holland to settle up some outstanding claims, sell off the balance of his property and bring his wife back and invest everything in America. While at home he learned that his wife had written a very compromising letter to his partner here in America. He reproached her and she confessed her fault and they made up. A few days later the man went away to attend to some business, and when he returned he found that his wife had stolen all his property and sailed for America. He followed as soon as possible, and found her settled with his partner in the home he had prepared for her. The partner ejected him from the house and that night he and the woman skipped, taking everything with them. The man came to us the other day for help. His wife has stolen his property, his partner has stolen his wife, and they are not to be found. The man, a respectable, well-to-do man, is here without a cent.

"The routine work of the office is not uninteresting. A person comes here and makes a general statement of his claim and his name is entered in a big book. If it is an ordinary wages case, or anything else for which a mere money demand is necessary, the applicant receives a card with the number of his case on it and is told when to return. In the meantime we write a letter to the person who owes the money demanding payment or a satisfactory explanation by a certain day. On the day when the applicant returns, if there has been no payment or settlement, and we are satisfied that he has a good claim, we begin a suit for him in the district court. If such is the case, the registrar in the outer room there gives the applicant a card, which he brings to me, and I make out the necessary papers at once. If the claim is such that it can't be settled by a letter of the kind mentioned, if an applicant wants advice, or if it comes to a question of whether the applicant has any legal redress or not, he is sent directly to Mr. Schurz or me, and that's where the most interesting work comes in.

"I am in court almost every single day," said Miss Loew in reply to a question, "for I have entire charge of the district court work. Almost every Judge and every other lawyer has been absolutely courteous to me since the first day I undertook the trial of a case. In March we had eighty-three cases in the district courts, the largest number we have had in any one month for a number of years. Our entire report for the month of March is not uninteresting and gives a very fair idea of the work being done by the society. The nationality of the applicants during the past month and their number are shown by the following table:

Austria	38	Roumania	8
France	7	Russia	84
Germany	181	Sweden and Norway	1
Hungary	9	Switzerland	1
Ireland	22	United States	42
Italy	8		
Total			391

"Relief was sought for the following various causes:

Wages	219	Detention of property	6
Advice	48	Partnership	5
Money loaned	15	Board and lodging	5
Goods sold & delivered	6	Inheritance	11
Real estate matters	9	Family troubles	7
Negligence	12	Divorces	4
Breach of contract	10	Criminal matters	5
Separ'n & non-support	5	Miscellaneous	19
Surrogate matters	5		
Total number of cases			391
Men	257	Emigrants	140
Women	134	Citizens	251

"I usually go to court at 9 after doing two hours of solid satisfactory work here in the office, and try to return by noon or 1 o'clock, though I am often later. From a dozen to two dozen people are usually here waiting to see me, and it is always 6 o'clock or later when I get rid of the last applicants, notwithstanding office hours are from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M."

"Why do you begin work so early?"

"Oh, my time was so taken up with court work and consultations that I had absolutely no time to do any office work," explained the little lawyer. "I asked the janitor if there was any chance of my being able to work here evenings, and he put his foot down on that, saying that the building closed at 6 o'clock and couldn't be kept open for anybody.

"'You can go to work at 7 in the morning, though,' he volunteered, and was amazed when I took him at his word. The first morning I tried coming down early I was ready to leave my home uptown at a quarter past 5. I took the cable car down to kill time, and got here at a quarter past 6. Not knowing what to do before the building was opened, I ate another breakfast; but now I manage to get here just five minutes before 7. There's nothing remarkable about that. Many lawyers work at night, and I simply do extra work at the other end of the day. I go to bed very early, for I'm sorry to say I must have eight hours' sleep. Nine o'clock is late bedtime for me."

"But have you no social duties?" asked the reporter.

"No," said Miss Loew emphatically, "and I don't want any. I never get in the least tired, so I don't need any recreation. Work is pleasure to me. I think the only satisfaction and happiness to be found is in work, hard and constant work at that. I never had many social duties or inclinations, and now I haven't any."

"Don't you take any recreation in the way of exercise?"

"I walk from court to court and sometimes to and from my office, and that seems to be all the recreation or exercise I need. I'm never ill and never tired, so what more could I ask?"

Miss Loew got up to give her attention to two forlorn-looking women, who talked in grunts and gesticulated wildly, and this gave the visitor an opportunity to study Miss Loew's appearance. She is not over tall, and has a slight straight girlish figure. Her hair is dark and slightly curly and her forehead broad and prominent. She wore a tailor-made dress.

"Those people were Russian Hebrews," she resumed, as the women disappeared. "Isn't it queer that I understand their jargon perfectly and they do me? The only way that I can account for it is that it is because of the Jewish blood in me. No, I am not much of a linguist. I speak poor English and very bad German, but somehow I have no trouble with our applicants. Sympathy is a wonderful interpreter, I find.

"The expenses of the society last year were about $1,500 more than our income, and we had to make good the deficit by begging. This would not be the case if all the members were as interested in the work as is the President, Arthur von Briesen. His whole heart and soul are in it, and, indeed, any person who understood what a grand charity the Legal Aid Society is could not be less interested."

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Pigeon throat and fuchsia reds are the most fashionable tints in this color.

Wide collars of lace, or plaited mousseline de soie coming out from a narrower collar of velvet or silk are one of the features of dress trimming.

In sharp contrast to the hats which tip down over the face and up at the back are those which turn back directly in front with a sort of halo effect in a wreath of flowers. If you would be strictly in the fashion a few weeks hence the flowers must be of the finer varieties.

A feature of the warm weather season promises to be the white costume. Tailors and dressmakers, shoemakers and milliners, all tell the same tale, and moreover assure the inquirer that many of their patrons have registered solemn vows to wear only white the whole season through. There are innumerable white serge, satin cloth and poplin costumes, richly and elaborately designed, white silk, lisle and cotton hose in the shops, white duck, muslin, linen and piqué skirts made up by the gross and white varnished leather ties and white piqué leggins. The leggins are to be worn with white canvas ties and white duck suits in the immaculate ensemble of the new bicycle dress.

Added to the variety of cravats and neckties which are one of the season's fads is a large bow of white gauze de soie trimmed across the ends with many rows of tartan checked baby ribbon either plain or quilled. Spotted net trimmed with ribbon is another fancy.

Liberty satin is a favorite material for tea gowns, which are made very dressy with lace appliqué down the front breadth, a frill of lace around the skirt, and a fichu of chiffon tied with long ends at the side, striped with lace insertion and finished with a lace frill.

A novel treatment of a brocaded silk evening bodice shows the pattern in the silk cut out around the neck and embroidered in buttonhole stitch for a finish. Above this, coming from underneath, is a frill of chiffon.

The spring capes are covered with lace or chiffon or both. Frills of lace are lined with other frills of chiffon, with possibly a frill of colored silk underneath, and a series of these ruffles form the entire garment, with a little break at the neck, where there is a high collar. One very novel imported cape is made of black taffeta silk, covered with circular ruffles of silk, cut in wide scallops, finished around the edge with fine tucks. The collar is high, and lined with white chiffon shirred into narrow frills.

One difficulty in making the net gown serviceable is obviated in one of the new models, which fastens the net and silk foundation skirt together. The silk is salmon glacé, made with the deep circular flounced skirt. Over the silk is the net, cut after the same pattern and fastened at the seam where the flounce sews on. Below this is a circular flounce of the net, nearly covered with alternate rows of black satin ribbon and narrow ruffles of lace.

Simply Beautiful.

From the Washington Post.

They tell a story of a certain exquisitely beautiful Washington girl which bears out her rival's assertions that she is as empty-headed and unlearned as she is lovely to look upon. She was dancing once upon a time at Mrs. Leiter's with a young man, and as they waltzed they happened to come near a copy of the Venus of Melos.

"We mustn't dance too near that," said the young man, "or somebody will accuse us of breaking it."

The girl turned her lovely eyes on the statue. "Why," said she, "somebody's broken it already."

THE WOMEN LEFT BEHIND.

COURAGE SHOWN BY WIVES OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

A Code of Nerve of Their Own That Forbids Outward Grief at Partings—Schooling in Self-Control of Army and Navy Women—Separations of Husbands and Wives in Peace Time.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The wives and families of officers of the army and navy do not manifest outward disquiet over the looming cloud of war. The coolness with which they watch the trend of affairs that brings nearer every day the parting from their husbands, fathers, and brothers, excites the wonder of civilian women who number "service" women among their friends. In Washington there are hundreds of women, the wives of public officials, who are showing a great deal of anxiety over the manifestation of that spirit which presages the departure of many of the husbands for the front upon the outbreak of hostilities. These women cannot understand the calm, philosophical manner with which their sisters whose men folk wear uniforms regard the situation, the daily development of which is so filled with meaning for them. When Capt. Sigsbee left Washington the other day for New York to take command of the St. Paul, his wife and the young women who are members of his family went down to the station to bid him good-by. When the gallant sailor passed through the crowd of men and women who were at the station awaiting trains for the Benning races, some of them recognized him and a cheer was started. The Captain kissed the women of his family affectionately before he passed through the gate for his train, but they made no tearful demonstration. They looked thoughtful, but apparently had themselves under perfect control and refrained from making even the slightest suggestion of a scene. The women who were waiting for the race trains, many of whom witnessed this quiet parting, could not understand it and commented upon it wonderingly.

"How can they let him go at all?" they inquired of each other. "After what he has been through, saved from death only by a miracle less than two months ago, how can they see him departing to face more danger without being simply out of their minds? If he were my husband he shouldn't go!"

The women who made these comments did not bear in mind the fact that this sort of self-restraint, which appeared so strange to them, is as a rule the fruit of years of training on the part of women whose male relatives are attached to the land or the sea forces of the Government. Self-control is bred in the bone of army and navy women. In no country in the world is there so much "service" intermarrying as there is in the United States. There are extraordinary ramifications of relationship by marriage in the American army and navy. The result of this is that most of the women whose husbands, fathers and brothers are now likely to mix in the thick of the impending war are thoroughly imbued with that spirit of abnegation that animates the men. They are subscribers to a code of nerve of their own, and the very first clause of this unwritten, but all-pervasive, code is that it would be quite as weak-kneed and cowardly for them to wilt in the face of trouble as it would be for their men to show the yellow. There is, of course, no lack of womanly feeling on the part of the feminine members of the households of American army and navy officers; but their whole environment is such as to bring out the strongest common sense of which human beings are capable when the danger to their men becomes most imminent. Their spirit is such that they would take shame unto themselves if they interjected any whimperings into the preparations for departure of their men. There are many households throughout this land wherein the women, young and old, are to-day shining up the accoutrements of their men, with sad hearts, but certainly with no exterior parade of woe. There are many Mrs. Major O'Dowds among the wives of the older officers of the United States service; that is, they resemble the lovable, plucky spouse of the redoubtable little Irish Major of Thackeray's story in the quality of their smiling self-repression in the teeth of trouble. Incidentally it should be added that in the households of the enlisted men in the United States service there is no lack of brave-hearted Dinah Shadds. The Soapsuds Rows of American army posts are at present teeming with excitement, but they are not overspread with grief.

"Me Dinny'll be good, more power t' th' arrum av him, fur a million av th' black-hearted omadhouns!" said the laundress wife of an artillery sergeant at the arsenal here the other day, and she expressed the spirit of all her sisters.

The wives of many of the old-time officers of the American army and navy, many of them in Washington, are now sending their men away for the second time in their married lives. They bade them good-by, when they were young, eager, hot-hearted fellows, a matter of thirty-five years and more ago, and now, with whitened hair, they are giving them another meaningful godspeed. These older women of the service are mainstays in trouble like that of the present for the young wives who have not been born, brought up, and married in the service, and, therefore, have not been schooled in the wretchedness of parting. The young officers who, within the past few years, have taken girls from civil life for wives, are in for the most difficulty in the matter of departing from their homes; the elderly wives of the old-time officers are the comforts of these women. For example, a Captain in the navy was ordered a few days ago to the command of one of the new cruisers. His wife sent him, then a young master's mate, away to battle in 1861. One of her sons is a Lieutenant in the artillery, and he is now with his battery in the Department of the South. Another of her sons, an Ensign in the navy, is attached to one of the ships at Key West. This Ensign married a young woman with no service connections a few months ago, and the young wife is living with her mother-in-law in Washington. It is not likely that she will fail to partake of the fortitude so strongly exhibited under the present circumstances by the mother of her husband. There are many similar cases.

In general it may be said that the wives of officers in the United States service have a trying time of it. This is especially true of the wives of naval officers. The army women are subjected to any amount of the discomfort of moving about, and to the dreary lonesomeness of life in remote garrisons, but they at least have their husbands with them. The wives of the naval officers do not, for long periods.

"I sent Jack off to the China station two weeks after I married him, twenty-eight years ago," said the wife of a Commander the other day, "and it seems as if I had been bidding him good-by ever since. I have hardly seen him at all; and the only compensation for it all is that we do have such fun in getting acquainted all over again when he returns after a long cruise."

It is said that young naval officers are not so apt to marry nowadays as they used to be, and if this is the case the wonder is surely not great. It seems pretty hard for a young fellow with but a stripe to his sleeve to marry to-day and to be ordered to-morrow to a ship 10,000 miles away on a three years' cruise. And yet this is something that has often happened. It is observed that the young naval officers who marry nowadays, most of them, engage in matrimony immediately upon being detached from ships on foreign stations and returning to the United States for their period of shore duty. They marry the girls they have been waiting for and settle down to enjoy their first shore cruise in double harness. But then, again, there are any number of young officers of the navy who just about finish courting the girls they want by the time they are due to be ordered off to the other end of the world on a long cruise. These young fellows marry their girls and go, and they wait three years or so for the honeymoon. Three years ago a Junior Lieutenant married a young society woman of San Francisco, while his ship was being practically held in the harbor for the conclusion of the ceremony. Within an hour after the marriage, the young wife stood on the veranda of the Cliff House and watched the ship upon which her husband was serving steam past the heads of the Golden Gate, bound for Japan. She could not go to her husband on account of an invalid mother at her San Francisco home, and it was only a month ago that the couple were reunited by the return of the Lieutenant from the China station.

"I'll have to make my devoirs to my wife all over again," is the way many of the young officers put it who get married under circumstances similar to this upon being finally detached from their ships. It has quite often happened that children have been born to young officers within a very few days after their departure for foreign stations, and there was a pretty incident due to a case of this kind in Washington a short time ago. An ensign who was ordered, a bit more than three years ago, to the Mediterranean station, a month after he married one of the pretty girls of Baltimore, was met at the station, when he returned here, by his wife, prettier than ever, and a little chap—by his movements a very heavy weather little man, indeed—togged out in bluejacket rig, with a cap ribbon bearing the name of his father's last ship. The little shaver manifested a decidedly belligerent attitude when his father, whom he had never before seen, embraced his mother at the station, but the young officer, now a Junior Lieutenant, was able to conclude terms of peace with the young one after a week or so.

From the pecuniary point of view the young naval officers who marry have to do considerable scraping to make ends meet. The impression prevails that young naval officers as a rule exhibit craftiness in picking out girls with money of their own, but this is decidedly not the case. If they marry within the service—as perhaps seven in ten of them do—they know that they are in for living on their pay, which is not particularly liberal, for the daughters of the older officers very rarely bring dowries to their husbands. Reference to the marriages of young naval officers during the past five years shows that not one in twenty of them has taken to wife a girl with money in her own right. During this period quite a number of young army officers have married wealthy girls. One of the young artillery officers married, about six years ago, the only daughter of an immensely wealthy iron manufacturer, and this girl brought $4,000,000 to her husband, so it was said at the time. She stipulated that her young husband should remain in the military service, and not as a military attaché at a foreign court, either. He is still soldiering with his battery, but the pair live in a style that no other commander of the whole United States Army has ever been able to afford.

The young naval officer who gets married on his pay is bound to create a skimpy time for himself. His personal expense account must be kept down to the smallest possible limit, and he is obliged to watch his mess bills with a careful eye to prevent them from running up on him after the mysterious manner of mess bills. Most of the naval officers send three-fourths of their pay home to their families; and it does not require any great amount of calculation to figure that the remaining one-quarter of his monthly money is a small enough sum out of which to keep himself in fresh, spick-and-span uniforms, quit even with the mess caterer from month to month, and rig himself out in suitable mufti at frequent intervals for shore visiting, to say nothing of entertaining friends on board in return for shore entertainment. When the time arrives for the married naval officer to send his children to school, he simply has to lop off most of the little comforts of the messroom and of the shore or he will find himself in a very pinching predicament.

There are many United States naval officers, and the number is constantly growing, who make it a point to have their families within reaching distance, no matter in what part of the world they are serving. This, of course, is not possible in the case of large families, but the number of young wives of naval officers who live at the headquarters of the foreign stations is considerable. There are colonies of them at Yokohama, at Nice, at Buenos Ayres, and at various other considerable ports on the foreign stations. The naval officers have discovered that they can quite as well afford to have their wives near them as to have them remain in the United States during their absence for several years on foreign cruises, and there is a growing disposition among them to take advantage of the discovery.

DOLLS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

Playmates of Girls Who Grew Up and Became Well Known.

When Charlotte and Emily Brontë were little women they lived a hard, desolate life on the bleak Yorkshire moors, and found the chief pleasure of their young lives in playing with a set of very ugly wooden dolls. They thought rather slightingly of doll babies, dressed the wooden figures in coats and trousers, and gave them most heroic names. Charlotte Brontë's favorite playfellow was called the Duke of Wellington, and the gallant Duke had armies of tin soldiers against Emily's Napoleon, or stood up to listen while Charlotte read to him long poems she had composed in his honor. Besides the battles, these children built a tiny stage in their nursery, and wrote little plays for the dolls to act, and composed romances, in which one doll rescued another from the pirates or Turks, or went tiger shooting in a jungle of shawls in one end of the playroom.

The Brontë dolls had very exciting lives indeed, but their end was not so sad as that of Jane Welsh Carlyle's doll. This clever woman was precocious as a child, and she loved only one doll. When at last in her studies the girl began to translate the first book of Virgil, she decided it was time to give up doll games. Accordingly, she piled on its bed all the doll's clothes, added several lead pencils, a few sticks of cinnamon, grated over this some nutmeg, and emptied over the funeral pyre a vial of perfume. Finally, with many tears, she pretended that the doll had stabbed herself, and laying the unhappy sawdust corpse on the bed, set fire to it. When the fire began to burn the doll Jane Welsh's feelings gave way. She snatched it from the flames, but all too late, and the toy was soon reduced to ashes.

George Eliot possessed several dolls in her childhood, but gave them her attention or affection only by fits and starts. In "The Mill on the Floss" she writes of a little girl, Maggie Tulliver, who kept in the garret a hideous wooden doll, lacking a head, one arm and a leg. When poor Maggie was in trouble she went to the garret to weep and drive nails into the forlorn body of this wretched plaything called Fetish. Every nail in Fetish's body represented the fault for which Maggie mourned or suffered punishment. When grown to be a famous woman George Eliot confessed that in her youthful days she had owned and maltreated a doll called Fetish and Maggie's behavior was the true story of her own childish life.

Miss Jean Ingelow possessed a special waxen favorite that she named Amelia. Amelia went everywhere Jean did and she was introduced to all the agreeable people who came to the Ingelow house, her dresses were always made from a piece of whatever cloth Jean wore, and when games or merry times were enjoyed in the nursery Amelia was placed wherever she could take in the fun with the rest of the young folks. An ill-advised bath on a hot day was so hopelessly destructive to Amelia's painted beauty and sawdust constitution that the Ingelow family pronounced her quite dead. Her funeral was well attended and for many months Jean sorrowed for Amelia and refused ever to take another doll to her heart.

Not only her own big doll family, but all dolls, fine or shabby, large or small, black or white, who came Annie Thackeray's way shared the tender affection of her overflowing heart. When a very little girl she believed dolls were quite as much alive as real babies, and if they lost heads or arms the missing members would grow again. When her dolls suffered an accident she went weeping to her father and he would gravely assure her that all dolly needed was an interview with the family physician. Putting the toy in his pocket he would pretend to be off to the doctor's. Instead he went straight to a toy shop, had the doll repaired and returned her whole and hearty to his daughter.

When, at 14 years of age, George Sand heard some one laugh at the idea of so big a girl still playing with dolls, like Jane Welsh, she concluded to give them up. With tears and hearty hugs she bade every one of them adieu and locked them into a garret closet. At first the separation from her adored playfellows was almost more than she could bear, and every day she would sit for an hour or two, sad and tearful, outside the closet door, sometimes whispering words of comfort through the keyhole to the poor exiles, but she never broke her vow to have done with dolls, and by and by they were forgotten.

Florence Nightingale's dolls all enjoyed very indifferent health. Time and again disease stalked through the nursery and laid the dolls so low that their lives were quite despaired of, but the little girl, who was to grow up to be a ministering angel to thousands in real suffering, always pulled her babies through their worst attacks. One night youthful Miss Florence assured her nurse that she could not possibly go to bed because a feverish rag baby would need to be watched every hour. It was only when both nurse and mother assured the little girl that one of them would sit right beside the invalid that Florence consented to go to bed. Once or twice, thinking the child was fast asleep, the nurse attempted to leave her post, but Florence was awake in an instant. At midnight a second effort was made to desert the sufferer, but the child woke again, and in the end the nurse was obliged to remain beside the doll's bed until Miss Nightingale was up, bright and early in the morning, and able to pronounce the patient vastly improved.

DIVERSIONS OF ROYALTY.

Some of the Games with Which Reigning Crowned Heads Amuse Themselves.

Many of the crowned heads turn to games in these days for relaxation from State cares. The Emperor of Germany turns frequently to tennis for sport, and he has constructed one of the best appointed tennis courts in the world at the castle of Morbijon. It is appropriately decorated, and the Emperor himself superintended the building, as he understands the builders' trade. The Czar of Russia is a master hand at the game of ieralache, or Russian whist, which is like our whist, except that there are no trumps.

The Emperor of Japan, of course, prefers the national game of "go." Schools for the study of this game are established in Japan, and several periodicals are devoted entirely to the subject. Queen Victoria prefers brettspiel, a German game resembling backgammon, which she learned from the Prince Consort. The Princess Beatrice has taken up lofting, a new kind of golf game; she is also a capital golf player, and belongs to several clubs, to which she presents valuable prizes. The Princess Victoria of Wales is a skilful hockey player.

The Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria takes her athletics in the form of long tramps with her mother. The King of Spain's pet pastime is kite fighting, a contest between two kite flyers to see which can capture or disable the other's kite. A game called the "Knights of Spain" is also another one of his sports. The young Queen of Holland is devoted to badminton and her bicycle. The Queen of Italy has a reputation as a pedestrian; for relaxation she turns to chess.

Queen Christina of Spain is an expert fencer and a good piquet player. Piquet, or picquet, has been known in Spain since the early ages under the name cientos. Bowling is the favorite recreation of Queen Olga of Greece. She is also quite devoted to games of solitaire, particularly the one called St. Helena, which is played with two packs of cards, and said to have been played by Napoleon in exile on the island of St. Helena.

SUMMER HOUSE DRAPERIES

EAST INDIA COTTONS AS PRETTY AS THEY ARE CHEAP.

More Fantastic Is the Ghagra Cloth, Which Is Really the Bride's Dress of the Turkish Workwomen—How Rooms May Be Made to Look Cool and Picturesque.

For summer curtains and draperies the East India cottons give the most picturesque effects. Economy as well as beauty is consulted in their selection, as large bordered squares fully 4 by 9 feet in size can be had for only $1.50. The Farruckabad prints are of soft, lustreless texture, very light in hue, and the patterns on them are stamped in with individual hand blocks, much as a name or crest is stamped on linen or paper. The dyes used are all vegetable—modifications of the indigo blue, brickdust red and orange yellow always seen in the East India fabrics. For bedrooms squares having small set figures on a delicate ground, a ground either gray or pale cream or ecru, are recommended. The figures are in subdued colors, and only the borders are lively in hue. Two of these squares sewed together make a pleasing bedspread; single squares make effective curtains. The Manchester cottons (also made in India, but of material sent from England) are more closely woven, but of the same patterns and borders. These are substantial enough to answer for couch covers. The Farruckabad prints remind one much of challie or the old-time delaines which had more than a suspicion of wool in them to give flexibility and softness. The India goods, however, are every thread cotton, and their pliancy and quality of draping well are due to superior workmanship and manipulating of the cotton. For rooms other than bedchambers Farruckabad prints come in more richly blended colors—colors stronger in tint, less dainty, more striking in effect. Some of these, with Oriental symbols, blossoms, and palm leaves wrought in gold, blue, and terra cotta, are charming for either wall or couch drapery.

Prints having more body to them, the warp and woof of coarse, heavy threads, are the Razce cloths in the same coloring, but with somewhat bolder patterns than the others. These also have borders and are stout enough to be used for curtains to doors that are much used. Prettiest of all the draperies offered for a summer morning room or sitting room is a knotty chenille-looking material called Geypore cloth. The original threads that formed the pattern still adhere to it and give a crêpe, crinkly effect not seen in any other goods of as delicate texture. In grass green or blue green, with an interwoven pattern of strawberry red and dull yellow pervading it, this Geypore drapery is seen at its best. Precise and conservative-minded people pick off the no longer needed threads that tremble on the surface, thinking that the cloth looks more neat that way, but the buyer who values the curtains or scarf draperies for their Oriental significance leaves these threads alone. These Geypore cloths have the richness in color and the sheen of moss or velvet, yet are of almost lace-like delicacy. They sell for 50 cents a yard, and are most fit for country houses or to make city homes look cool during the warm season. Their chief merit is their suggestion of grasses and vines and of outdoor growing things. A curtain of ordinary white muslin should be put next to the window glass when these Geypore curtains are used, in order to divert the strength of the light, which in time would fade the pretty, fresh coloring. These draperies come in other colors—variegated blue, old gold, shaded terra cotta—but are far prettier in green.

The number and diversity of decorative coverings and draperies that are purely and entirely of cotton, and correspondingly inexpensive, are surprising. "People have an idea that an Eastern or Oriental room cannot be fitted up without using expensive silk draperies and furnishings," said a Fifth avenue importer, "whereas simple, inexpensive appointments, if of genuine stamp, are much more like the real thing. Take that tapestry frieze up there, for instance; a strip of eight yards in length costs $3.50, and it is the identical wall ornament used in every well-ordered home in Central India. It can be used to good advantage as a dado, and the plain, all-over cottons in dull mulberry red or olive or pale chocolate color show off the tapestry to better advantage than any mixed goods. These self-colored cottons must be of coarse grain and dull finish, then the gay colors in the dado are of happier effect."

The strip of cotton tapestry alluded to is a a continued series of up and down panels, each having a figure outlined in the centre, and bordered with embroidery work in varied colors. The figures stand out vividly from the light groundwork—peacocks and tropical birds, fish, tigers' heads, and dragons. The dyes used and the colors of the embroidery blend harmoniously, so that, although they are strong, almost crude, they do not offend. The simple dado is as interesting as a series of pictures, and full of suggestion of the far-away ancient country it symbolizes. For a room sparsely furnished, as is advisable for summer, this home-worked tapestry looks best as a dado, with the unrelieved olive or dull green cotton wall covering extending above it to the ceiling. In a room where space is a consideration and many furnishings must find place the panelled bordering is best as a frieze.

For rooms where a glint of the bizarre and fantastic is desired the Turkish Ghagra drapery is used. This drapery is in reality the bride's dress of the work-a-day Turkish woman. It is all cotton, but worked in angles and zigzags of parti-colored embroidery, the curlycues and centres of the figures being set off with bits of mica or reflecting glass, ringed about with overstitchings of floss silk. The groundwork is simply a loose-textured, homely cotton of deep indigo blue or dull mulberry or chocolate brown, as the taste dictates, but the coarse floss silk workings are in gay colors, and the bottom is finished about in scallops, or else bordered with white chain stitchings or other scheme to give an ornate effect. From $3.50 to $6 is the cost of one of these bridal skirts, sold in a straight-out length. The closer woven cotton ground, with the floss figures more evenly placed, is sold at a higher price than the ordinary quality, but all grades have the glittering mica eyes ringed about with color, eyes that somehow put one in mind of peacock plumage. For mantel scarfs, piano covers, as a relief to a statue pedestal, or to give brightness to a gloomy nook or corner, these Ghagra cloths are invaluable. There is a bit of sentiment associated with them also. The humble bride who has worked hard for her wedding finery, and set the floss-workings in the cotton texture during in-between-times of labor, devoting months to the task, takes out one of the mica centre pieces after the eventful ceremony and has it set in a ring, a ring to be worn on the finger that in Mohammedan ethics is presumed to be connected directly with the heart. The managers of the English factories that are set up in the Orient were quick to see the picturesqueness of this substantially tawdry bridal drapery, and so whole pieces of dull-finish homespun in dark blue and brown and darkest maroon are given out to the working women to furbish over after the precise pattern of their traditional bridal frocks, and be returned to the factory at so much per length. The native's rate of wages is sufficiently low to warrant the importer putting a very moderate price on his wares, considering the handwork on them.

As a set-off to these Ghagra cloth drapings are the expensive silk Sarrees, the long, yard-wide drapings used for gowns by the women of high rank; pieces from 8 to 10 yards long and 1¼ yards wide, valued, in their own country, at about $150, but, owing to their rarity in this country, selling for $375 or more. They are very beautiful, of marvellously fine texture and decoration, but for practical use in homes dedicated to wear and tear, the cotton stuffs are of far more service.

In the way of couch covers, and even for mats and floor coverings in summer rooms, the Agra stripe Dhurries, of water-proof material, stout and strong of woof, almost ribbed in appearance, are something novel in the market. These cloths are made by the convicts in the prisons of India.

They are copies of the floor mats and divan covers that have been used in the homes of the Maharajahs for centuries and are identical in pattern and coloring. The assurance that they neither shrink nor fade, and are comparatively wear-proof as well as ornamental, makes them desirable acquisitions. They look well on a piazza-room floor, or for a couch or cot cover, likely to be exposed to much sun, or to occasional dashings of rain, and continual scrambling over of children's feet. Not very heavy, they can be readily shaken out, and thus obviate the dread of germs and of the dirt that a carpet rug is supposed to harbor. A large-sized Dhurrie costs $6.

Another effective and durable drapery for the divan that must be provided with a valance and for a covering for sofa pillows, head rests, and a hundred and one knick-knacks of the sort, are the Kutch cloths and borderings, perhaps the most unique of all the captivating cotton stuffs that East India sends to market. What the Ghagra skirtings are to the Mohammedan woman the Kutch borders are to the East India women of a certain caste. The Kutch cloths are bordered over in coarse cotton threads that are soft and flossy, like silk. Many of the scallopings are uneven, as though a child were doing practice tasks and had not yet acquired proficiency. You remark this, and the importer explains that much of this work is done by East India children. Youngsters of both sexes are set to work at these scallopings and cross stitches before they are 10 years old. Any of these Kutch borders can be bought for 50 cents a yard. Some done in real floss silk cost more. A couch covered, as to the seat and back, with a plain, all-over color cotton, coarse-woven, has a valance and pillow frills or centres of the effective Kutch borders. A broad divan without a back has a valance of the gay bordering and a strip of it is applied on the wall space immediately at the back of the divan. If two divans thus treated and supplied with pillows meet at an angle in some corner and be canopied over with solid-colored cottons set off with these embossed borders, and with a scarf of the mica-eyed Ghagra drapery showing somewhere, a unique and inexpensive furnishing is given to any summer room. The rest of the apartment may be plainly matted.

Any one inspecting the display of East Indian cottons now brought to New York wonders why people in search of novel effects of the "something different" so much sought after do not procure these instead of the commonplace everyday patterns on the department store counters. The Oriental prints make the home output look very prosaic and hackneyed. The people of those ancient countries have lived so long in one place that they have learned how to do a great many things acceptably, and now that English and American enterprise has made practical their Old World ideas and ways of doing, the æsthetic housekeeper with taste and not much money to spend has a delightful opportunity to satisfy her ideals.

"Not but what the Americans, as a rule, put too much in their dens and Oriental rooms," said the importer. "A little in the purely ornamental line goes a great way in a room. The secret of success in furnishing, both for town and country and for elegant and homelike rooms, is to have things primarily for use, and genuine use, and have the ornamental subordinate to the comfortable and pleasurable. The Orientals understand that. You never see their walls all littered with a lot of stuff to tire the eye and their rooms crowded with furniture; but the popular taste proper in this country is improving in this regard every day. Everybody in the house decorating business notices it, and we importers particularly."

WOMAN'S VARIED ACTIVITY.

English Protest Against the Use of Women for Advertising—Women's Rights in France.

Talk about the enterprise of American feminine bread winners! It can't touch that of their conservative English sisters in one field, at least—advertising. In this country women have earned a living, and a good one at that, by writing or soliciting advertisements; but so far no woman has offered herself as a living, walking advertisement to show off special articles. Not so in London. So many women have adopted this method of earning a livelihood that the National Union of Women Workers, of which Mrs. Lydia A. Booth is President, has issued this protest through the leading women's journals of that city:

"May we draw the attention of your readers to a new form of advertising which we think it extremely inadvisable to encourage? We refer to the parade in the streets of young women dressed in striking costumes, in order to make known the merits of certain articles of manufacture. That these young women are said to be well paid and well treated does not in our judgment relieve us from the necessity of protesting against this new calling for women. It must necessarily be casual in its character and must expose those who take it up to influences of a deteriorating nature and to moral danger. While we are glad to note new developments of regular employment which are open to self-respecting women, we hope that the good sense and right feeling of the community will be on our side in this matter."

Women are slowly obtaining a few rights in France. Recently they have been permitted to act as witnesses of wills and other legal documents. They are now to be allowed to take part in the administration of charitable institutions and hospitals. This privilege has been obtained for them through a report made by Dr. Napias, who spoke in glowing terms of the effective work done along this line by women in the United States and England. Considering the fact that the French women contribute more largely to the charitable funds than the Frenchmen, and that they do a great part of the house-to-house visiting, it seems that their newly acquired privileges are very limited.

Mrs. Annie McIver-Brisbine of Evanston, Ill., has just been appointed Eastern representative of the Transmississippi Exposition to be held at Omaha this year. Mrs. Brisbine is arranging the musical features of the show. This is not her first experience with exhibitions, for she was Secretary of Musical Affairs in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. While there she brought out 200 young professionals, arranging all programmes and details. She was much praised for her successful work. Mrs. Brisbine is a politician as well as a musician, and during the St. Louis Republican convention she contributed many articles to Western papers on "Politics from a Woman's Standpoint." Her duties with the Omaha exposition will be to represent in the East the Bureau of Publicity, of which Edward Rosewater is chief, and she will execute the larger plans of Willard Kimball, director of the music.

Every American is more or less interested in everything concerning Maria Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, just now. Hobart C. Chatfield Taylor describes her in his "Land of the Castanet," which was written two years ago, as follows:

"Spain has been cursed by generations of bad Kings and Queens, each adding to the ruin of the country, but at last the peninsula has a ruler who commands admiration and respect. Her Majesty, Queen Maria Christina, the regent, is a true woman, dignified and tactful, and when one is presented to her he feels the force of the word 'queenly,' that being exactly the word that describes her in manner, figure, and bearing. The Queen receives you in a small room not unlike the reception room of an American house. Except for the bowing low and backing out of the royal presence everything is most informal. You are invited to sit down and permitted an interview of a few minutes. Her Majesty asks questions about various topics she thinks of interest, and then, to signify that the audience is over, she rises and you retire, with numerous low bows, careful that your back is ever toward the door. The Infanta Isabel (elder sister to the Infanta Eulalia) receives in the same informal manner as the queen, but one feels perhaps a little more like talking freely here than in the more constraining presence of the regent."

Arthur Lynch, who also has had the opportunity of observing the Regent, says of her:

"Neither tall nor short, nor stout nor thin, Queen Maria Christina looked to be a woman who had had her full share of trouble in this world, and had been obliged to fight for her own hand. That, indeed, has been her history. A foreigner in a nation of people proud by nature and suspicious by reason of the events of their history, the new Queen could seek in her troubles but little consolation or guidance from her husband, but she set herself resolutely to the task of gaining the respect and confidence of the people and the affection of the brilliant but unsteady Alfonso XII. In Madrid itself there is very little real fervor for royalty, but the irreconcilable republicans are few. The opportunists and the moderate republicans are in the ascendant, and they recognize that perhaps the best form of Government of Spain is a liberal régime during the minority of a king, and with a queen as regent who has made herself respected for her private character and who does not unduly interfere with matters of State."

WOFUL DAYS FOR CUPID, THESE.

Now a Girl Has to Get Married Merely to Have the Right to Be Anxious.

The war preparations are having an important effect on weddings in which naval officers are interested, and every day develops fresh surprises. Where not even engagements were suspected, off-hand weddings occur. Dressmakers are groaning over countermanded trousseau orders; and caterers, florists, and bridesmaids are playing a losing game.

Preparations for one elaborate wedding were necessarily stopped when all six of the ushers and the best man were ordered off to Key West. Two days later the prospective bridegroom also received sailing orders. He hunted up the officer in command and asked for shore leave.

"You were off yesterday," replied that officer.

"Yes, sir; but I want to get married this afternoon." And he did.

"Why in the world didn't you wait and have the swell wedding you had planned?" a friend asked the bride after her husband's ship had sailed.

The bride looked woe-b-gone.

"Nobody can tell whether——" she began in a wabbly little voice. Then she bit her lip and tried to cheer up. "Well, if I were just engaged to Dick, I'd have to sit still and wait for some one to mention what his ship was doing; and if I acted very much upset, people would be shocked, and call it bad taste. But a man's wife has a right to be anxious about him, and cry over him, and keep track of him—and go to him if he needs her. I wasn't marrying Dick for the sake of having six bridesmaids and a wedding supper. He came down and said he had to go the next day; so we just took papa and mamma around to the parsonage and were married, and Dick went back to his ship. He says we'll whip the Spaniards in a run, b-b-but I wish an earthquake would s-swallow Spain before the war could b-b-begin."

Then it was lucky she had a right to cry.

WOMEN MILITARY NURSES.

GREAT BRITAIN PROVIDES FOR THEM, BUT WE DO NOT.

A Special Training as to the Treatment of Gunshot Wounds Is Desirable—England's Famous Netley Nurses and Their Experience in War Work of Various Kinds.

Since the Crimean war in 1855, when 21,000 soldiers died of neglected wounds and camp diseases, and since our own civil war, during which the nursing was inadequate and the average of deaths directly due to this lack was high, it has been recognized that, for lack of the proper attention in the hospitals more men are lost and more suffering incurred in times of war than by mortality in battle. During the years that have elapsed since Sumter was fired on we have not considered it worth while to make any special appropriation or provision for trained nurses educated to serve in the army. We have hospitals at West Point, Washington and elsewhere for the soldiers; attached to every regiment is its physician and ambulance corps, and the regiments of the National Guard are similarly provided; but should an American force be ordered to engage to-morrow any foreign enemy, the staff of nurses for the field hospitals would be absolutely inadequate.

The Government patronizes no hospital or training school whence a corps of nurses could be drawn, and it would be necessary for volunteers to come forward to act in this capacity. It is very easy to estimate that thousands would quickly proffer their time and talents in case the actual need arose. Thousands of earnest but untrained women or frivolous, excitement-loving creatures are always ready for an experiment, but to care for sick soldiers and the grievously wounded, in some strange and dangerous climate, the Government must have skilled hands—cool, educated and experienced minds. It would ask for a body of trained, highly diplomaed nurses, and the great majority of them women.

Already efforts have been made quietly to ascertain how far the army could rely on the established training schools to supply this grave deficiency in the medical and surgical department. Though there are in the city of New York alone something like 2,000 women graduated honorably from the hospital schools, not one of these could be forced against her will to enter the Government service. Women are not liable to draft laws, and if the public, who recognize this, very naturally asks why the army would not employ men in this capacity, the prompt reply can be made that men are excellent fighters, but the poorest sort of nurses. Those who go into the army to nurse are usually rough, only half-trained. They give their patients careless attention and, in the civil war, were even caught pilfering from and cruelly neglecting the invalids.

An army nurse must be something above the average woman in health and nerves and courage. She must know how to meet emergencies, to submit to military discipline, to bear hardships with fortitude.

Recognizing the pressing necessity for women who by special training would be fit to cope with the exigencies of military campaigns, the English Government some fifteen years ago established a school in which to educate only those nurses required by the army. Netley Hospital, founded by the Queen soon after Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea, was chosen as the school for these women. To Netley are sent the soldiers invalided home from any part of the world where English troops are fighting, and in caring for these patients the women learn the treatment of wounds and such special ailments as soldiers, by reason of their mode of living and exposure, are most subject to. At Netley, because of the difficult labors for which they must engage, the students are required to work in the hospital, first as probationers and then as registered nurses, from five to six years, and the Government gives no diplomas until the severest examinations have been passed.

Once graduated from Netley School, a woman becomes a part of the British Army, subject to the commands of her Government, and pledged to bow to the peculiar discipline under which the army nurses are held. At any day or any hour on a moment's warning she must be ready to embark for any part of the world where her services are needed. Like a soldier, she wears a uniform and travels with the least possible luggage. In the hospital a print gown, a white apron, and a muslin cap, from which in the rear falls a short white veil, form the costume, and over this for outdoor wear a long dark cloak and small black bonnet transform her into a very sober business-like individual. Her voyages to distant lands are usually made in hospital ships, and, contrary to the notion of the average woman, she plays no part on the field of battle. Her business is to serve in the hospitals near the scene of combat to which the wounded are sent, or to enter a camp where disease is wasting the soldiers, pitch a tent hospital, and take the patients under active treatment and care. She is in no sense a physician, but a nurse; never a surgeon, but a surgeon's assistant; and the women who in Egypt and India nursed Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley's sick and wounded men wore just such caps and aprons, cuffs and gowns as in the hospital at home.

At Netley teaching and practical experience train them to care for cholera and plague-stricken men, jungle fever, and anything else that in the shape of physical affliction may visit the soldier. When the Government issues a call for sick men to be sent home, Netley nurses go out on the vessels and bring the sufferers to England. For this reason they are obliged to be capital sailors, and in the camps often are forced to prepare all the food for their patients. Though rarely ever obliged to minister to men on the battlefield, still they are equipped, by rigid drill, for ambulance service under fire, for succoring the wounded where they fall and administering relief in all emergencies.

A Netley nurse knows a hospital ship from stem to stern and its requisite fittings, and her salary is paid by the Government. As she is one of the regular medical staff she is, with her associates, placed in ranking order among the nurses, and decorated for any proofs of special courage and capability. Her life is not an easy one, but full of industry, interest, and honor. Some of these nurses wear as many as five medals, given by the Government, through the hands of the General under whom they have served, or presented by the Queen herself, and in old age a pension is allowed with an honorable discharge.

By this means the sick of the English Army are protected in a great measure and tenderly cared for, and woman's mission in her country's battles is most nobly sustained.

Just why in our own country no such precautions have been taken for the nursing of our soldiers it is hard to say. At present the need for good nurses, trained army nurses, is almost looking us in the face. In a war in Cuba, women undoubtedly would come forward on the instant hostilities were proclaimed, but our trained nurses would need to know something of military exactions, of the requirement for successful nursing in camps and under tents, of ambulance service, and the hospital ship. Their efforts to gain experience in these matters would likely cost nearly as many lives as ignorant nursing did in the four years of the war.

Zoar's Fall Caused by a Ribbon.

From the Cleveland Leader.

"Do you know," said a Cleveland man who has had considerable to do with the Zoarites during the past eight or ten years, "how the breaking up of the Zoar community began?

"I'll tell you. It was all on account of a piece of ribbon. One of the things that the people of Zoar foreswore when they settled there was gaudy raiment. They dressed themselves in sombre colors, and ornaments were unthought of. As long as that plan was adhered to Zoar was safe; but when people got to going there from the cities, to board at the hotel, the beginning of the end was inaugurated.

"It was the law of the community that all the earnings of the people were to be turned into the common treasury, and that nobody was to have a cent to spend for his personal benefit or pleasure. The trustees did all the buying and everything was owned in common.

"After a while, however, the girls who worked at the hotel began to get presents of money from visitors, and one of them, one day, took a few cents out of the change she had received and bought a piece of ribbon.

"It was like introducing the measles. It was catching, and presently the other girls began to come out in glorious colors.

"The deadly work had been done. The trustees were powerless. Girls who were not fortunate enough to be assigned to work at the hotel went away—out into the world, and it was not long until the boys began to follow them.

"That was the manner in which Zoar fell. The people there to-day are nearly all old, and for that reason the community cannot last. The property is to be sold, the receipts will be divided, and Zoar will be but a memory of what might have been but for a piece of ribbon."

Rabbit Luck for Fishing.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

S. P. Lazarus tells of an odd experience which fell to his lot some time ago while fishing for bass in one of the Northern lakes. "While rowing the boat across the lake," he says, "I saw something swimming in the water some 200 feet away. I overtook it, and discovered a rather tired rabbit swimming for dear life. I reached out and gathered it in out of the wet, and with a piece of twine tied the rabbit to the seat, where it sat in the sun perfectly quiet. It shivered for a time, but soon became warm and animated. I kept it in the boat the remainder of the afternoon while fishing. Talk about the hind foot of a churchyard rabbit! It isn't in it with a live four-footed rabbit. Bass began to bite, and in short order I took in sixteen. When I reached the shore the rabbit was released, when, with a wink of thanks, he made a leap, and in an instant was out of sight in the brush. I have told this to quite a number of my friends and it has never been doubted."