WOMAN IN BUSINESS.

DOES CONTACT WITH THE WORLD MAKE HER A BETTER WIFE?

An Observer Who Answers the Question in the Affirmative and Tells His Reasons—Patriotism Shown in Woman's Dress—Objects of a London Woman's League.

Some people say that a business life spoils a woman for a wife; others say that it fits her for wifehood. It depends upon the woman herself. Some women become coarse-grained and hardened through friction with the work-a-day world; some lose their enthusiasm, and a woman without enthusiasm is like a bird without a voice; others grow more compassionate, more tender, more innocent. An elderly man, a middle-aged matron and a girl, in talking over this subject, couldn't agree.

"So your dearest girl friend is going to be married," said the matron, turning to the girl.

"Yes, and it's a fortunate man who gets her. She'll make him the best of wives," answered the girl with enthusiasm.

"Well, we can't tell about that," said the woman. "Your friend has led a semi-public life for a good many years. Her work has brought her into contact with the world, with all classes of men, women and children. This, I believe, spoils the naturally feminine taste for domesticity. The average business woman is an excitement-craving creature. Eternal change and variety are to her what rum is to the steady drinker, as people call him, though I never could think of any habitual drinker being particularly steady. She feeds on this contact with many men of many minds. I've heard people say that business experience was a distinct advantage to a wife, but I do not believe it. Business women learn too much for their own happiness. They learn to criticise and to analyze people, and this becomes second nature to them, and the husband does not escape. They analyze him and his love, and the minute we begin to analyze love, to separate it, to tear it apart, to weigh it, measure it—do you know what happens? Love disappears. This love of excitement and change and this habit of analysis spoil the business woman for wifehood, for motherhood, for a home maker."

"Bosh and nonsense!" exclaimed the old man. "A business life may not be so much of an advantage to a woman as a wife, but it is of the greatest advantage to her husband. You and the little girl here will probably be amused and amazed to hear me state that the most innocent-minded women I've ever met have been business women, working girls, bread winners. Know things? Yes, and that's the point. Their knowledge has not tarnished them. Ignorance is not innocence. You take the girl bred under her mother's wing in a beautiful, guarded home, and because she is ignorant of the world and its ways, ignorant of the weaknesses of human nature, is no sign that she is innocent. Innocence dwells in the intellect. Mind you, I do not say that because a woman works she is innocent, but I do say if a truly womanly woman is forced into a business life the effect on her is good, because it fits her for the proper realm of woman, and that is home."

"In what way?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Well, you know the average woman has a very mistaken idea of marriage. She thinks that ends everything, when it only begins things. She thinks on the day she enters the church a maid and leaves it a bride 'I'm married now and there is nothing else to do. This man is mankind for me,' and she settles down, and, while she does her duty toward him and perhaps really loves him, she makes no effort to charm, to bewitch, to fascinate, to enslave him. She thinks it is no use. A woman who has had experience in business life does not feel that way; she has learned the value of an extended acquaintance, of the importance of our relation one to another, of our dependence on each other, and she feels that her external life is not to be bound up in this one man. She knows that she can best help him by holding others. Then, too, this business woman has a larger respect, a larger regard, more sympathy for a husband. Personal experience has taught her to be lenient, to be compassionate of every human being. She knows that success is obtained only by concentration, by single-mindedness, and she won't harass her husband when he comes home with trifling things that will right themselves. She will show a keen consideration for him that the other kind of woman is incapable of. The business woman would not ask a business man, even if that business man is her husband, any more about his affairs than he chooses to tell. She knows that it is bad policy for a business person to talk too much, and she knows how harassing, how exasperating it is to be questioned about things better left untold. She knows that a man's business interests are made to suffer through this sort of thing, and her one idea is to help, not to hinder, this man to whom she has yielded herself."

"That all may be true enough," spoke up the girl, "but does a man want his wife to help him in his business career? I don't believe he does. I think he'd rather just think of her as a sweet companion who will be waiting for him when he comes home, a dainty creature, loving and lovable; and most people say that any woman who has ever worked for a living in any capacity loses her femininity; some miscall it innocence, but I think they mean girlishness. How often we hear it said of a bread-winning woman, 'Oh, yes, she is brilliant, charming, fascinating, but she has lost that thing possessed by women who have never worked.' I've wondered if it was the spirit of dependence they meant, because a self-sustaining woman does lose that—until she falls in love."

"But look at the strength, the endurance, the self-control she finds in place of it," argued the man. "For everything we lose we gain something else. You speak of business women losing that indefinable something. Did you ever stop to think that there are just as many women who are not business women, and never have possessed it and never will. Everything depends upon the woman herself, I tell you, and I know, for my life has been about evenly divided between society women and business women. You take two women with keen wits, marked intuitive power, ready sympathy, loving hearts, and ambition, and let one go into the world to earn her living and the other enter upon a life of social pleasure. What is the result upon them? The business woman grows more keen-witted, her sympathy expands from the personal to the universal, she sees humanity as it wants to be, not as it is; her heart is so full of love that to her everything has its points of beauty and everybody a touch of the divine, and her ambition is not to gain wealth and fame, but by every new effort to gain new force, new power. Not so with the woman of similar attainments who enters on a life of pleasure. True, her wits are apt to become keener, or rather more cunning; but her intuition is dwarfed and she looks at serious, noble motives; her sympathy is one-sided, for everything is prosperity about her; her naturally loving heart is repressed because society affects to despise spontaneity, and her ambition is—well, it's generally to be the leader of a set, which is laudable enough in its way. I'm an old man and I've never been married and never shall, but if I were beginning life over again and these two women were before me to choose from, my hands would be held out to the girl who, through necessity or choice, has wandered a little way into the world, and, at the first summons from the man who loves her and whom she loves, returns with an untainted and unwearied heart, and is a happy child again. The other woman too often has gone too far astray to be called back to her most perfect self, the sphere of home, and wifehood and motherhood."

"You've put a new light on it," said the woman. "I shall feel more tenderly for the woman of the work-a-day world."

"I shall try to be more like her," said the girl.

Dress reformers and health culturists may rant and rave all they have a mind to against the corset, but the corset has a hold on the heart. The corset is here, and it is here to stay. Every woman excuses herself for wearing a corset. Why women should feel that this is necessary is a mystery—for men approve of stays. The woman of too much flesh says she wears corsets to make her look trimmer and thinner. Her angular sister wears one to keep her skirt bands from binding her about the waist. The weak woman wears hers for a support, and the strong woman because she doesn't wish to look slouchy, and so it goes. Every day something new in the way of a corset is put on the market. The latest novelty is designed for very thin women, and nobody but a Parisian could ever have conceived the idea. The French people know every defect in the feminine figure, and they know still better how to change defects into lines and curves of perfection. But to get back to the new corset. It has a frill set in the back, beginning at the waist line, which fills out the natural hollow so many women have in their backs. The bust is low and cut rather full, but every other part hugs the figure without a wrinkle. The full back really takes the place of the small pad or bustle worn nowadays and simplifies matters just that much. The fewer garments a woman can wear to look well, the more comfortable she is apt to be.

European women have a craze for tattooing at the moment. They cause themselves to be decorated with dragons, serpents, griffins, and such things, and call the figures tattoographs. The Queen of Greece is said to have had her ankle tattooed with some small figure, and a Parisian woman, hearing of this, went her one better and had a spider web tattooed on her shoulder. She claims to be delighted with the result, for she says when in full dress the "tattoograph" gives her an air of mystery, and attracts people to her shoulder if not to her side. It is not stated that the mouse has become a popular figure. A woman who could be guilty of such folly is not far removed from a savage, and it is safe to say that this fad will not be adopted by American women, who ever show a great amount of wisdom in their foolish fancies.

The military and patriotic spirit is cropping out in woman's dress. She wears stockings and garters of red, white, and blue, shoes with tops of the same, and now, if you please, silk petticoats made of the national colors are finding great favor. This is going a step too far. Only a woman of hopelessly vulgar taste would think of trailing the flag in the dust in this fashion. The newest patriotic belt is quite stunning, especially when worn with a white shirt waist. It is made of three strips of very handsome pigskin, red, white, and blue, and fastens with a large blue leather buckle embellished with a lone star or else a big, gilded harness buckle. Another novelty in the belt line, not martial, however, is an importation made of tan suede, and ornamented with five large enamelled turtles. Two form the clasp in front, and there is one in the back and at either side. The backs of these turtles are coral pink, and they are incrusted with turquoise and brilliants.

Short skirts are in order for the outdoor girl this summer. The outdoor girl is not the summer girl. She is the girl who plays tennis and golf, who swims and rows and rides horseback. Like men? Yes, she adores them as companions, but doesn't care a snap about them as possible lovers. She dresses for comfort, to please herself, and all her skirts are made short. No matter whether the material is thick or thin, the skirt is cut to reach only to the top of a high boot if she wore one, but, bless you! she doesn't. She wears a low shoe, because experience has taught her that leather does not conceal size or shape, and she gets a better ankle motion for any exercise when low shoes are worn. The most stunning of these short skirts are made of white cotton cheviot. Set off by a scarlet golf waistcoat, the effect is all that could be desired on the golf links, tennis court, or awheel.

A woman may be exquisitely dressed, but if her hair looks neglected it all counts for nothing. Hair may look fluffy and carelessly arranged and still show that it is well cared for. Indeed, some faces will not bear the every-hair-in-its-place style of dressing and demand that the crown of glory shall be arranged with studied carelessness. There is no tonic so good for the hair as air, light and sunshine. Indeed, the latter is the only thing in the world that imparts a richness of color desired by every right-minded woman. The Greek girls who sat on the walls of the city and gave their hair a daily sun bath certainly knew their business. The modern woman cannot mount such a perch, but after washing her hair, which should be done at least once in two weeks, she can sit by a closed window and allow the sun's rays to beat in on her locks while she brushes them dry. This natural heat does not dry the scalp as artificial heat is wont to do, and imparts strength and life to the hair. Those who have made a success of treating the hair claim that it should not be braided at night, but brushed and left loose.

London has a dress reform club that makes the object of the Rainy Day Club seem narrow and limited indeed, since it exists only for womankind. It is the Rational Dress League, and is under the leadership of the Viscountess Haberton. No doubt mere man will be pleased to learn that the object is, according to a London paper:

"To foster and encourage reform in the dress of both sexes, but more particularly to promote the wearing by women of some form of bifurcated garment, especially for outdoor exercises, walking tours, housework and business."

"This is to be done by "organizing cycle rides, tennis clubs and matches, walking tours, boating trips and evening parties and meetings for the purpose of educating public opinion, by the reading of papers and discussion of all public matters of interest, especially of those questions affecting the status of women, at which evening gatherings opportunity could be taken for the exhibition and discussion of new inventions and forms of rational wear." Also by encouraging "inventors, makers and manufacturers of improvements in dress and dress materials, and providing by exhibitions and other means a channel of communication between the said makers and rational dress wearers." The press and the public are to be supplied systematically with "interesting information on the subject of dress reform." A new and important point is the decision to take legal action against drivers who wilfully endanger the lives of "rational" cyclists, and against any persons using insulting language directed at rational-dress wearers. This is a field in which, it is thought, much may be done to show the loafer and the street urchin that they have no more right to use foul language to a lady in knickerbockers than to a lady in a skirt.

A dainty girl when in evening dress wears white tulle twisted into spider bows in the hair if she would be strictly up to date. Black velvet rosettes are also used as hair ornaments and are made around a magnificent jewelled pin or buckle. After all, nothing looks so pretty tucked in the hair as a rosebud.

QUILTS AND CUSHIONS.

The Patchwork Bed Covering Again Coming in Fashion—The New Cushions.

With the use of iron bedsteads and the old-fashioned bedsteads of our grandmothers, when such can be obtained, has come also the patchwork quilt. Some of these are being fashioned from prints in the patterns our mothers and grandmothers used, and others are made from linen, in white and colors. A very serviceable one is made from turkey red and white cotton cloth. This is made in strips and the strips can easily be put together on the machine. Cut white squares of about three inches and half squares of red and white o' such a size that when a red and white half square are sewed together to make a square it will be the exact size of the whole white square. Put the first row together with alternate squares of the plain white and the red and white. Make the next row of plain red squares alternating with the red and white ones. Sew the strips together so that a plain square shall always come beside the one made of the two half squares. Work a coarse white lace or knotted edge fringe makes a suitable finish for the edges and such a quilt need not be lined if the seams are felled down on the wrong side.

A quilt of the national colors is in high favor just now. These quilts are made in what is generally known as "log cabin" pattern. Cut cotton cloth about eight inches square. In the centre of the square baste a tiny flag, cutting off one end so that it will be square. On each of the four sides sew a one-inch strip of white cotton cloth. All the pieces should be sewed on in this way. Put the two edges together in the same manner that velveteen would be held on the bottom of a skirt. Sew the edges together and turn the last piece sewed on over on the cotton foundation and baste it down with long stitches. When all the little square pieces have been put around the flag all the edges of the flag will, of course, be covered neatly. Around the row of the white put a row of turkey red, and around that a row of blue bunting. Then begin with the white again, and continue until the square is filled. Sew the squares together on the wrong side, and line the quilt with red, white, and blue bunting. Bind the edge with red, white, and blue ribbon, or make loops of the ribbon and place them at regular intervals on three sides of the quilt, for a fringe.

The long cushion has almost entirely superseded the square ones for use on the dressing case. The foundation of the long cushion is almost invariably some bright colored silk or satin, but the decorations vary according to the owner's fancy. It would almost seem as if the longer the cushion the better. In fact, some of them are as long as the dresser itself, and so placed that they keep the mirror tilted at a desirable angle.

A very dainty cushion is first covered with light blue silesia, and over this is a covering of very fine white linen, through which the color of the under lining shows a very little. The linen is embroidered with blue forget-me-nots, the work being done solidly and, of course, with silk. A ruffle of white lace is gathered around the edges.

Another cushion has for its covering white China silk over pink of the same material. Pink roses are painted on the white silk and the finish is a ruffle of the white silk over one of the pink, the edges of both ruffles being pinked.

At Once Chief Mourner and Bridegroom.

From the Richmond Times.

CLARKSVILLE, Va., April 25.—On the opposite side of the river from Clarksville stands a humble church belonging to the colored Baptists. Last Sunday this church, which goes by the name of Jerusalem, was the scene of an unexampled occurrence—a funeral service followed immediately by a marriage ceremony conducted by the same pastor.

Robert Maclin, who some time ago lost his better half, married another, whose name was Diana Skiowith, and all might have gone smoothly along without a word to make a hitch in the proceedings, but Diana told Robert in plain English that she would never marry him until the funeral sermon of his first wife was preached.

When the pastor, the Rev. James Jeffreys (colored), was asked to do for Robert this pious service, as well as conduct the marriage service which, when the hitch should be removed, would unite the two, with an eye to business and economy of time and travel, he suggested to have a double-barrelled service, which suggestion Robert and Diana consented to, and this rare occurrence took place.

INDIA'S LACQUERED BRASS.

NEW THINGS BROUGHT OUT IN THE MORADABAD WARE.

The Skill of East Indian Artisans Directed by American Intelligence—Beauties of Form, Design, and Coloring—Advantages of the Benares Ware—Shelf and Mantel Ornaments.

A novelty in shelf and mantel ornaments is the lacquered brass Moradabad ware. In its original, fine-graven patterns in black and brick red and dark blue, with only a little of the brass groundwork showing through, the ware is familiar in the market, but the newest importations show a fresh, grass green, with the ornamental work traced out in less conservative patterns than formerly. The green ware is livelier than its predecessors, and comes in all the quaint archaic shapes, and has the same subtly emblematic decorations to distinguish it. Green being in high favor for furnishings for all descriptions just now, from tables, chairs, and sofas up to wall hangings and window drapery, the importers of cabinet pieces, vases and the like have urged the East Indian designers to fashion something in their peculiar line that would accord with this popular color scheme.

Moradabad ware is not expensive. It can stand any amount of knocking about and show small sign of the ordeal. Waiters, perfume jars, lota jars (in imitation of the earthenware water holders that the Hindoos carry on their heads or shoulders), Gothic-looking pitcher vases, and beautifully turned drinking cups and decanters are shown in the collection. Only vines, leaves, flower faces, and arabesque patterns are employed in the decoration. There is none of the grotesque human pagan figures and curious fish and bird images common in East Indian designs, but the shape and the coloring and, above all, the method of workmanship, stamp these brass appointments as Eastern, hand made, and entirely individual. Five dollars will secure a vase with a slim, tube-like throat and bands of etched foliage about the bulging bowl, all glinting and corrugated in gleaming green and gold. Perhaps just next to it on the shelf is a vase with a slender, stem-shaped base, swelling out into a bowl, petalled and curved over at the lips like a lily or an orchid. The contour and harmony of proportion have always been charms of this native East India metal work, and now American progress has added color. Anything more refreshing to the color sense, and more satisfying to the form sense, than one of these slim-throated pitcher vases, with the lip flattened out like a bird's bill, the handle arched over in serpent curves, and the base delicately rounded and grounded, it would be hard to imagine. The same Gothic-shaped pitcher vase is quaint and attractive in the old-style brass ware, fretted over in a pattern of sombre black and gold, the black predominating, the decoration wholly secondary to the form and proportion; but, developed in glowing green with arabesque patterns banded about it, it has a new charm.

All the antique English models have been duplicated in this East Indian ware. A set of egg cups, like an hour glass in shape, six in a circle on a waiter, each rimmed in an individual framing and with a Gothic handle to lift by, is one of the newest designs. This appliance is equally pretty in brick red and blue, brick red and black, or blue and black, rimmed and interlaced with gold. Frames for medallions, for etchings, or for rare little pen sketches are now made of Moradabad ware. They are mounted on easels, and, although small, the characteristic workmanship shows out to advantage on them. These and the ink wells and paper holders are instances of concessions to modern usage that the American importer is now in a position to demand. The natives who work painstakingly at the moulding and lacquering of these things had never seen photograph frames and up-to-date writing appliances until the models they were to work from were put into their hands by the factory contractor. There is scant chance to show dainty turning and curving and finely modelled contour in these everyday pieces, but the lacquering and coloring are done with the same exact care, and about the top of the ink well, the ends of the pen rack, or the stand on which it is mounted, there creeps in a little of the barbaric naturalness of design that is innate in these moulders and lacquerers.

"The work on this Moradabad ware might be classed in with enamel work but that the lacquering is not transparent like enamel," said an importer. "The same laborious, tedious process is employed in these works for a brass outline, the pattern being chiselled out by hand on the alloy, and then filled in later to be burnished over and finished off. The native workers don't get more than a few cents a day for their work. Originally the Moradabad townspeople, the artisans and the master workers and guilds who worked under them, were the only ones to produce this peculiar brass lacquered work. They had only a few distinctive shapes, which were of great beauty, simple and natural, taken from Indian models, and they decorated these articles in only two or three patterns, which were very small, more on the order of checks or finely crossed lines, with no leading idea to give character and distinction. About twenty years ago the English importers, attracted by the beauty of these native-made brass ornaments, made at that time generally for use in the households of great East Indian families, investigated the methods of the workers, and as a result established a factory for turning out goods of like make and finish in the native quarter. They gave the artists English models of everyday use to copy from, and gradually they urged on them the advantage of using more pronounced patterns for the lacquering. Moreover, these Englishmen looked about for other Hindoo workers in metal, chisellers, burnishers and the like, to come to Moradabad and add their ideas and experience to that of the native townsmen. After some time it was found that the lacquering could be done in red and blue, as well as in black, and little by little new ways of putting in the gold, or of letting the brass groundwork show through, were devised. The articles suggested for models became more and more English and modern in type, and for the last two or three years the patterns employed have been bolder and more decorative in the modern sense than it was at first possible to induce the artists to do.

"This spring we are realizing the fruits of a suggestion made last fall that green ware, if the right color could be produced, would be a welcome change from the unvarying black, red and blue, and would suit the general style of the country. These vases, the mortars, the jars, and the smaller vases are a result of our suggestions. While not having a factory ourselves, we influence the style of the goods made. Some one hinted the other day—a business man whose intelligence should have made him think before he made the remark—that if we imported so-called imported pottery and brass and metal ware was made right here in America, maybe in a neighboring State. I should like him and others of the same mind to compare what it would cost us for such intricate handwork as that on this vase, for instance, done in America at the American rate of wages. That waiter, sold for $8 now, would be sold for $20 under those conditions. If he was not convinced by that showing, it would be a good idea to show him some of the queer, uncanny looking bugs that run out from the straw filling these goods are packed in. He never saw an American-born bug that looked anything like them, and if he lent a hand some day when we were unpacking a fresh lot of Moradabad or other East Indian ware, he might make sure that the bugs, at least, came from the East Indies, even if the goods didn't."

There is a soft, jewel-like brilliance about even the simplest piece of this Moradabad ware that makes it seem precious and well worth having. Unbreakable, enduring, it has a real metallic quality. A tiny rose jar can be got for $1.50. A curtain looper modelled after one of the native long-tailed bugs that slip about in the tropical foliage can be had for the same modest sum, a picturesque and accompanying bit of drapery. Paper weights and match boxes cost only a song and are suggestive in shape and color of the Hindoo makers. Twelve dollars buys a beautiful piece of large size.

"Not so carefully made nor so costly in proportion, but artistic both in contour and ornament, is the Benares brassware, and in this all the mythological gods and god-beasts and crude symbols of Hindoo land show out in burnished patterns. Benares ware is all pure brass, with no lacquering and no gilt or bronze relief, and the primitive kamandals and lota bowls and doubled-handled rose jars and perfume cups have a character all their own. For $3.50 can be got a vase with down-curving handles, that suggest a lyre, and a tall jug with a beak. There are gods' faces and serpents' fangs and fungous-looking flowers all blended together in the interwrought pattern, with smooth spaces in between to show off the design. A lota jar has on one side of the full bowl a scene from pagan mythology—figures boxing in shape and equipment, with armor-clad limbs, and batons upheld as if threatening vengeance on somebody or something in the heavens or the earth or the sea. The designs on a kamandal, or beggar bowl, from the broad rimmed handles to the rounded base, awaken into real life. Three cobras threatened, with their fangs spurting poison (or maybe fatal power) on a crowned head, and prisoners writhing at the monarch's feet, form one very plain design, and on the opposite side of the bowl are maidens clothed only in anklets and armlets, flourishing javelins; rushes and tall grasses half conceal the picture, and the maidens' faces are of the heavy-necked, square order, out of accord with the delicate limbs that the Hindoos seem particularly to favor. These bowls, capacious and strong when made of the rough, clay composition that the natives work in, are an indispensable part of every East Indian beggar's outfit. In brass they are showy, and can be utilized as holders for plants or for perfume, or as mere ornaments, to be prized for their rare shape and significance.

Certain of the brass waiters are shaped like fishes and denizens of the water world, the designs on them being adaptations from ancient legends about animals and long-dead dynasties. All scalloped about and bordered variously, these waiters are of such slight cost as to arouse surprise. A pitcher vase of charming Gothic shape, all garlanded with leaves and blossoms in smooth and chased tracings, costs only $3. If made in America, and judged by its intrinsic beauty, it would be worth $15. The handles, the lids, the lips, and the outlines are all quaintly turned and ornamented. Often a cup will be found not set true on its base—a mortar-shaped cup, shading from dull brass to a gleaming lemon color. This being out of plumb, though plainly an error in workmanship, does not detract from the harmony of the object. Sometimes a vase or pitcher casts in the same way. All these being hand-wrought and many the work of beginners, inaccuracy in the moulding is to be expected—no mere machine would make a like error; but then no mere machine, of whatever perfection, could give that subtle curving and beauty of outline. Developed in Jeypore ware, having the smoothness of bronze and something of its pinkish tint, these vases and cabinet pieces would cost twice as much. Developed in the Poona brassware, they would cost more also, and the ornamentation would be all in relief work and of a different pattern; but in Benares ware, although counted so much cheaper, is cast in the same artistic moulds that give shape to its higher priced relations. This ware has not the rich, luminous gleam of the lacquered Moradabad pieces, but it is interesting and of æsthetic significance because of its idol images and burnished bird figures.

"Will it tarnish?" the importer is asked, and he replies that it may be cleaned as easily as china by means of a lemon and a little painstaking. Rub the lemon juice on and into all the little interstices, subject the article to a thorough, good polishing, then wash off with clean warm water, and the vase or pitcher will shine as fresh as though new from the factory. A dressing of that kind will keep it bright for months.

GAELIC THE COMING FAD.

The Nobility and Even Royalty Are Its Devotees in Great Britain and a Woman Has Come Here to Set It Going—Why Americans Should Take It Up—Its Powerful Oaths.

A new fad is to be planted in New York, and since it is an English fad, and comes with the sanction not only of nobility but of royalty, there seems to be no reason why it shouldn't flourish. Mrs. Mabel Munro Lanagan, who represented Scotland's literature and song at the World's Fair, is responsible for the new departure. She is going to organize Gaelic classes. There are probably only a few people in New York society who know exactly what Gaelic is; but that doesn't make any difference, for the Duchess of Fife and the Duke of Argyll and a host of other men and women of high degree have said, "Let there be Gaelic," and, lo! London drawing rooms are flooded with it.

It is the language of the Highland Scotch and closely akin to the Hibernian, or old Irish, which was spoken by the Irish who moved from Ireland first to the Channel isles, and later peopled northern Scotland. Modern Americans know it chiefly through the passages in William Black's novels, where the author appears to have had a hemorrhage of consonants; but Highland landed gentry speak it with their tenants and servants; and many of them are as intensely fond of the language of their ancestors as they are of the tartan of their clans. Nearly all of the ministers of the Highland kirks are able to preach in Gaelic; and, while there has been no great wealth of Gaelic literature recovered (since we are not allowed to believe in Ossian), the little that exists is of striking beauty.

However, it is through its music that Gaelic has stormed the modern English world. The songs are wonderfully sympathetic, both in music and words, and full of a plaintive minor pathos that swells at times into splendid bursts of passion and exultation, that are like a charge of the Highland clans. Many of the songs have not been published and must be learned by word of mouth from the Highlanders themselves; but Mrs. Lanagan, who is herself a Highland woman, has put a number of the songs into form and had them published in Edinburgh.

The "Mohd," too, has helped the work along. The Mohd, or Mod, as it is sometimes spelled, is a festival celebrated at midsummer in some town of the Highlands; and there all lovers of Gaelic congregate and discuss questions relating to the language and literature. The festival brings together a large number of scholars from Great Britain, and from all parts of the world Gaelic enthusiasts go back to Scotland for the meeting. The Duke of Argyll is prime mover in the Mohd, and there is a large Gaelic colony among the most exclusive London circles; but it wasn't until the granddaughter of the Queen took to her heart the pattern being chiselled out by hand on the alloy, and then filled in later to be burnished over and finished off. The native workers don't get more than a few cents a day for their work. Originally the Moradabad townspeople, the artisans and the master workers and guilds who worked under them, were the only ones to produce this peculiar brass lacquered work. They had only a few distinctive shapes, which were of great beauty, simple and natural, taken from Indian models, and they decorated these articles in only two or three patterns, which were very small, more on the order of checks or finely crossed lines, with no leading idea to give character and distinction. About twenty years ago the English importers, attracted by the beauty of these native-made brass ornaments, made at that time generally for use in the households of great East Indian families, investigated the methods of the workers, and as a result established a factory for turning out goods of like make and finish in the native quarter. They gave the artists English models of everyday use to copy from, and gradually they urged on them the advantage of using more pronounced patterns for the lacquering. Moreover, these Englishmen looked about for other Hindoo workers in metal, chisellers, burnishers and the like, to come to Moradabad and add their ideas and experience to that of the native townsmen. After some time it was found that the lacquering could be done in red and blue, as well as in black, and little by little new ways of putting in the gold, or of letting the brass groundwork show through, were devised. The articles suggested for models became more and more English and modern in type, and for the last two or three years the patterns employed have been bolder and more decorative in the modern sense than it was at first possible to induce the artists to do.

"This spring we are realizing the fruits of a suggestion made last fall that green ware, if the right color could be produced, would be a welcome change from the unvarying black, red and blue, and would suit the general style of the country. These vases, the mortars, the jars, and the smaller vases are a result of our suggestions. While not having a factory ourselves, we influence the style of the goods made. Some one hinted the other day—a business man whose intelligence should have made him think before he made the remark—that if we imported so-called imported pottery and brass and metal ware was made right here in America, maybe in a neighboring State. I should like him and others of the same mind to compare what it would cost us for such intricate handwork as that on this vase, for instance, done in America at the American rate of wages. That waiter, sold for $8 now, would be sold for $20 under those conditions. If he was not convinced by that showing, it would be a good idea to show him some of the queer, uncanny looking bugs that run out from the straw filling these goods are packed in. He never saw an American-born bug that looked anything like them, and if he lent a hand some day when we were unpacking a fresh lot of Moradabad or other East Indian ware, he might make sure that the bugs, at least, came from the East Indies, even if the goods didn't."

There is a soft, jewel-like brilliance about even the simplest piece of this Moradabad ware that makes it seem precious and well worth having. Unbreakable, enduring, it has a real metallic quality. A tiny rose jar can be got for $1.50. A curtain looper modelled after one of the native long-tailed bugs that slip about in the tropical foliage can be had for the same modest sum, a picturesque and accompanying bit of drapery. Paper weights and match boxes cost only a song and are suggestive in shape and color of the Hindoo makers. Twelve dollars buys a beautiful piece of large size.

"Not so carefully made nor so costly in proportion, but artistic both in contour and ornament, is the Benares brassware, and in this all the mythological gods and god-beasts and crude symbols of Hindoo land show out in burnished patterns. Benares ware is all pure brass, with no lacquering and no gilt or bronze relief, and the primitive kamandals and lota bowls and doubled-handled rose jars and perfume cups have a character all their own. For $3.50 can be got a vase with down-curving handles, that suggest a lyre, and a tall jug with a beak. There are gods' faces and serpents' fangs and fungous-looking flowers all blended together in the interwrought pattern, with smooth spaces in between to show off the design. A lota jar has on one side of the full bowl a scene from pagan mythology—figures boxing in shape and equipment, with armor-clad limbs, and batons upheld as if threatening vengeance on somebody or something in the heavens or the earth or the sea. The designs on a kamandal, or beggar bowl, from the broad rimmed handles to the rounded base, awaken into real life. Three cobras threatened, with their fangs spurting poison (or maybe fatal power) on a crowned head, and prisoners writhing at the monarch's feet, form one very plain design, and on the opposite side of the bowl are maidens clothed only in anklets and armlets, flourishing javelins; rushes and tall grasses half conceal the picture, and the maidens' faces are of the heavy-necked, square order, out of accord with the delicate limbs that the Hindoos seem particularly to favor. These bowls, capacious and strong when made of the rough, clay composition that the native work in, are an indispensable part of every East Indian beggar's outfit. In brass they are showy, and can be

THAT SERVANT PROBLEM.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY EXPERTS HAVE A SHY AT THE PUZZLE.

Advice as to the Best Way to Get a Satisfactory Girl—The Servants' Side of the Question—Mistresses Too Neglectful of Their Comfort—Little Attention Paid at Their Rooms.

The servant problem grows more tangled every year, and the number of satisfactory woman servants is becoming smaller at a rate that threatens speedy extinction of the species. At least, that is the lament which the chorus of housewives sings from morning until night. There is another refrain which is popular with the servants, which bewails the passing of the mistress of old days, who knew that there were limits to a woman's endurance and lived simply if she couldn't afford to keep enough servants to make elaborate living practicable.

It isn't to be expected that either mistress or maid should look at the situation from an unprejudiced standpoint; but the manager of an employment agency, who levies fees impartially upon the just and the unjust, and whose life is a panorama of women in search of "girls" and "girls" in search of places, ought to have accumulated stores of wisdom and to be able to discuss the servant question with judicial calm.

On Tuesday evening two of these wiseacres, both women, met at the house of a friend. One was the head of a church mission employment bureau and the other has charge of a well-known employment agency which is run on a financial instead of a philanthropic basis. However, so far as the hostess could judge by the testimony handed in, sacred and profane employment bureaus have a good deal in common; and, being a housekeeper and a wrestler with cooks and maids, she was interested in the oracular statements that fell from the lips of the wise.

Both oracles agreed that good woman servants are getting scarce, and they discussed immigration laws, the aptitudes of German, Swedes, and Irish as servants and the requirements made of them. Then the third woman began to ask questions.

"I suppose the only way to get a good servant is to consult a reliable agency," she said.

The philanthropic wise woman shook her head. "I'll tell you what I think is the very best way to find a satisfactory girl," she said, with fine disregard of her own interests. "If one has some friend who has a thoroughly reliable, capable, loyal girl, it's a wise thing to find a servant through that girl, if possible. She is always jealous of her own reputation and anxious to impress her employer's friend with her value. Then she is proud of being appealed to, and she has a better opportunity of knowing her friend's qualities and ability than an employment agency would have. Yes; that's the way I find my servants. I run the agency for the benefit of the people who haven't any friends blessed with paragon servants."

"A good many people advertise for servants," put in the financial wise woman, "but that is simply foolish. Swarms of girls apply—all kinds of girls—and probably nine-tenths of the mob she has to see are utterly impossible. Now, at a reliable agency all that sifting is done for an employer. We turn all the riff-raff away at sight. Then we look up the references of all those that seem at all possible, and that results in another separating of sheep and goats. It's a sort of survival of the fittest, you see. When the employer comes to us she finds a selected number of servants, whose appearance and references seem all right. She may catch a Tartar even then, but the chances of it aren't so big, and she has been saved a lot of wear and tear."

"Don't you ever get fooled on references?" asked the hostess.

"Well, not often; though sometimes clever tricks are played on us, and out-of-town references are hard to investigate. But, when an employer secs to the references herself, she is fooled half the time, and the other half she doesn't bother to look up the references at all, but takes them on faith."

"I did that once," said the hostess. "Once is enough. I only kept one servant then, and she left suddenly because her mother was sick; so I had to do the housework myself. It was in August. That sort of thing always does happen in dog days, you know. One day of the work used me up completely; so I went to an agency and engaged a girl, but she failed to turn up. Then I engaged another girl, but she stayed one day and left because she didn't like living so far uptown. I tried two others, and after that I was discouraged and worried along by myself for a while, waiting for my old girl to come back. My husband had his dinners downtown, and the children lived on bread and butter and jam, and the house looked like destruction and I lost five pounds in weight.

"I reached the point where I wished the house would burn to the ground, and then I advertised for a servant. Early the next morning a girl came to ask for the place. She was so neat and pretty that I could have fallen upon her neck and wept for joy, but I didn't. She had references from some place up in Connecticut, and they looked all right, so I engaged her.

"She took my breath away, for an hour later in a cab and asked me if I'd pay the driver, because she hadn't any change. That wasn't just the thing, but I thought she wasn't used to New York ways and cab rates, so I didn't say anything. She couldn't cook, but she dusted beautifully, and, in fact, she did everything but that she didn't get around to much other work; but she was so sweet and lovely that I didn't like to find fault with her; and it was a relief even to have the dusting done. She put my Sevres platter in the oven and baked it brown, and she broke three of my Venetian wine glasses, and poured boiling water on my cut-glass fruit dish, and upset ink on the parlor rug, and knocked over a lighted piano lamp, which set the parlor curtains on fire.

"It was trying, but I stood it, because she seemed so innocent and childlike and so eager to please me. When she had been with us five days I came downstairs one morning and found no sign of breakfast. I went up to the servant's room, but she wasn't there. I never did find her. Neither did I find my solid silver nor my diamond earrings nor my watch, nor my purse, which had $60 in it. Now I look up references."

"Served you right," commented the financial wise woman, heartlessly. "By the way, that question of a servant's looks is one of the most exasperating things about our business. Women are always coming to us and saying: 'Now, I want a pretty, tidy girl who will look well in a cap and be attractive when she goes to the door or waits at the table.' I may have several homely girls with honest eyes and good references, but the average woman will pass them by and pick out a trim, pink-cheeked girl without a sensible idea in her head. It's the same way with a coachman. If a man is the right shape and looks English he will get a good place if he doesn't know a horse from a cow."

"Now, this is interesting," said the hostess. "Tell me some more about the mistakes the employers make. I know what I think about besetting sins; but I would like to see myself as others see me. What is the matter with us?"

The philanthropic wise woman looked at her speculatively. "You may be all right," she said, "but the chief trouble with our American women is that they are too nervous. They live too hard, and are all nerves; and they worry a placid German or Swede into awkward confusion, and an Irish girl into impertinence and bad temper. Some of our best servants come back to us in despair, not because the mistress is really unkind, but because she isn't consistent and doesn't know what she does want, and is amiable one moment and cranky the next, and frets and worries until she gets her servants into a state of nerves like her own.

"Almost all foreign servants complain of that feature of the life here; and, while they get good wages, they say that work wears on them more here than it did in the old country, and that they grow nervous and cranky themselves. For women, as a class, make poor mistresses as well as foreigners do. They are more whimsical and less firm; and are either too inconsiderate and exacting, which spoils a servant, or too kindly and familiar, which spoils the servant quite as effectually. The majority of them don't seem able to strike that human, kindly dignity and tranquil authority that make English women successful housewives and English servants the best trained in the world."

"Then there's another thing," added the financial wise woman. "In most cases there isn't enough care given to providing servants rooms. If every employer could have a separate room, no matter how small, for each servant it would work a revolution in domestic affairs; but in building a house servants' rooms are the last things considered, and we get in mere cubbyholes where a girl really cannot be comfortable. If two girls are employed, they usually have to room together in close quarters, no matter how disagreeable one may be to the other. It isn't right, and it is the foundation of a very large part of the trouble about keeping servants."

United by Cable.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He wanted to ask her to be his owness own, but the conventional words he had studied up so carefully failed him. She guessed his purpose, but saw no chance to help him out.

"Did you read about the Manila cable?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "It's cut."

There was a long silence.

"Wouldn't they do with cables that are cut?" she softly asked.

"Splice 'em," he answered.

She gave him a timid sidelong glance.

He woke up.

"Let's get spliced!" he hastily cried.

"Let's," she gently answered.

And the ordeal which had worried him for many weeks was suddenly forgotten.

ACCORDIONS FROM A PUSHCART.

A Picture Drawn from Life in a Foreign Quarter of the City.

In an east side street that swarms with foreigners—Italians mostly, in this quarter—appeared two men with a push-cart, selling accordions. The cart was piled full of them, of all sizes, big and little. Mindful of the law and of the presence of