HER FIRST BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN AMATEUR AUTHOR.

According to an inaccurate census—the feminine kind—of the 4,000,000 inhabitants allotted to Greater New York, 2,000,000 are engaged in writing books. The reason the other 2,000,000 are not so employed is that they are busy turning out plays.

Consequently there is a first book or play in the life of every Manhattanite, and the history of one is the history of all, as one star resembleth another in posters.

The title of the book selected as a sample is "The Freezing Change." This isn't its real name, of course, but it is near enough.

Said the author who was interviewed on the subject of her feelings and was asked just how it seemed to be the maker of one book:

"Yes, it is my first offence. How did I come to add one more to the overstocked supply? I saw no reason for excluding myself from so general a fashion. Why be conspicuous by not writing?

"The story was of course dashed off. All first stories are dashed off. The public usually wishes that the author was, too, but that is merely incidental.

"After it was published inconspicuously in a magazine, a publisher, scientifically interested in discovering germs—the idea species—found one in that novelette, much

SHE ASKS FOR IT IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

to my surprise and equally to the surprise of the few who had read it. He was viewed with as much amazement as Koch, who discovered the consumption bacillus.

"So, from being a comparatively unknown member of the free-lance community, engaged in keeping the wolf in the dumbwaiter, or wherever it is that wolves abide in the modern flat, I awoke to find myself an Author, having taken out my papers, so to speak, in the citizenship of letters.

"This necessitated a complete change in the daily routine of existence. Before that, I had been quite content to earn my living and to follow out the American woman's idea of success, which is, as I understand it, to have money and time enough to attend bargain sales.

"After that, I fell off, so to speak, in the supply of readable matter I furnished a syndicate and, instead, attended rummage sales where I bought second-hand shoes and hats, so as to keep within my lessened income and dress the part of author fittingly.

"I had carelessly signed a little slip of paper which had come with the acceptance of the novellette, just as I sign everything that comes in my way—checks or anything else. When the novelette grew up into a novel by altering narrow margins into wide ones and using bigger type, I discovered that the habit of promiscuous signing had resulted in my releasing any rights I might have to that enormous fortune which is popularly supposed to wait upon the steps of the writer of modern fiction.

"I felt like one who sees the mirage of a ship in a desert. My fortune was slipping out of my grasp.

"I interviewed the publisher. I threw myself on his mercy. Women's clubs to the contrary, there is nothing quite like appealing to a man's sympathies—even publishers have sympathies.

"I told him that I felt the book was to be a howling success. He listened with the air of one who has heard the story before, and has an opinion of his own which he keeps with his laugh—up his sleeve.

"However, after laying bare my financial condition and exhibiting my rummage sale shoes, he promised to send me a contract. I was right in my element with something to sign, and after glancing at the design of the cover, which looked like an intoxicated rainbow doing a cake-walk, and the proofs of the illustrations which I was told were done by a young artist on the eve of matrimony who had, like Rubens, immortalized the features of His Only, I departed in high feather. Rummage sale feathers are always high and black.

"When the contract came, I read it carefully. Contracts are something like time tables. You have a definite idea in regard to where you want to go until you read a railway time card. Then your ignorance matches that of a South Sea Islander.

"However, after calling in the assistance of my flat-mate, a poet who writes about roses and moonlight and first love, sleeps fourteen hours a day and has a strong, healthy appetite, I elicited the information, that after all the expenses of the book were met, after the office rent had been paid, and some land bought in Florida at a merely nominal figure, where retired publishers could flee from the unwelcome presence of grasping authors, I should receive a certain percentage of the profits. Figured out again, by the help of the regular visitors to the flat, who formed themselves into a monetary club for the purpose, I found that by carefully putting the money at compound interest I would have enough at the age of 93 to go into an old ladies' home.

"I felt better then than I had since I became an author. There is nothing like being secure; it is the uncertainty that kills. As Kipling says 'every one has his particular fear, and mine has always been that I wouldn't have money enough left to get into an old ladies' home, after I had passed the marriageable age.

"I had another fear, too. This second fear concerned the fourth-hand bookstalls which flourish on the sidewalk, where once well-advertised books, that have had their brief day of fame, are now for sale at reduced prices ranging from 10 cents a volume to a nickel a set.

"My fevered imagination, which should have been occupied in writing interviews with celebrated people, occupied itself with mental pictures of rows upon rows of 'The Freezing Change,' with placards reading 'Two for Ten' or 'Three for Five' sandwiched in between Paley's 'Evidences,' Baxter's 'Last Thoughts,' and text books on how to get a good complexion. I noticed, however—and the knowledge refreshed me—that most of the books on these stalls were religious, and took hope, for no one, not even a reviewer, could discover a religious tendency about 'The Freezing Change.' Perhaps, after all, it might escape the lynx eyes of my friends, who would be sure to look for it there, rather than at the regular marts of trade.

"For weeks before the book appeared it was advertised, not only in the usual ways,

A PRESS NOTICE BY HER DEAREST FRIEND.

but in the more unusual ways. My friends, obedient to instructions, formed the habit of dropping into book stores and asking loudly for 'The Freezing Change,' and, meeting with the inevitable response that it was not yet out, said emphatically, for the edification of the shoppers:

"'What! Not yet out? and then turned sadly away.

"These experiences were retailed at the at-home evenings in the flat, and kept interest from dying out.

"A whole week passed without anything happening. I felt as if the bottom had fallen out of everything. I took up my regular work again and even made some money, so commonplace did life become.

"Then, just as I was beginning to fear that the excitement of being an author was over, a loud telephone call sent me flying to the office of the publisher. A lot of printed slips were given me to look over;

TO PAY FOR AUTHOR'S COPIES.

they were to be sent out with the copies for review all over the country.

"These slips were sent to all those who had foregathered at the flat at-homes, drank weak punch and listened to weaker epigrams, each one fearful of saying something really clever lest his hearer was connected with a rival paper. There was an unwritten threat or pleading contained in each of the printed slips. 'Do it for me,' it seemed to say, 'or I will do you when your book comes out.'

"Then the great event happened, and for two weeks I did no work, borrowing money of the poet, who wrote seven sonnets, in imitation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'Sonnets From the Portuguese,' only calling them 'Sonnets From a Publisher,' and in that way meeting the pressing claims of grocer and butcher, who are always amenable to the pleadings of sonnet-writing tenants.

"I formed the habit of keeping one eye on the windows of book shops to see if my book was in the front row. I rode up and down on the elevated road, getting off at stations here and there to see if it was properly placed. I added one inch to my neck length and had to give up wearing short stocks through looking over people's shoulders on the trolleys to see what they were reading. Of course, every one has been through the same experience.

"One day I mustered up courage and went into a big department store where they keep everything from a white elephant to skis. I looked about carefully to be sure that no one I knew was there, then stealthily approached the counter on which the newest books reposed. An unusually agile attendant prevented my reading all the titles.

"'Is there any particular book you are interested in?' she asked.

"Any particular book! I should think there was.

"I cast kleptomaniac looks over my shoulder. No one I had ever seen before was in my neighborhood. I lowered my voice as if I had been asking for the unexpurgated edition of the 'Arabian Nights.'

"'Have you "The Freezing Change"?' I asked.

"'The what?' This in a tone which suggested absolute ignorance; the kind that is hopeless of improvement.

"'"The Freezing Change."' I spoke louder, secure from the presence of any one I knew.

THE INTERVIEWER HAS A SURPRISE.

"'Never heard of it. Don't think there is such a book. We have *all* the new books. You are sure you have the title right?'

"I nodded. I was sure of that at least.

"'"The Freezing Change"? I'm sure you must have made a mistake. We get all the books, even though there isn't much call for them. Perhaps you mean "How to Make Ice Cream at Home."?'

"The titles did sound alike. No wonder she believed that I was in error. But insecure in regard to most of my facts, having the usual equipment of femininity in the way of disorganized knowledge, I was yet sure of the title of my own book. So I said meekly, in the tone I only employ to clerks and conductors:

"'No, I'm right. It's "The Freezing Change."'

"The conversation by this time was quite animated and had attracted the attention of a number of people loitering in the book department.

"'There can't be any call for it.' This was in a megaphonic tone which paralyzed trade in the farthest corners of the store and, then, to prove herself in the right, she yelled down the long aisle to an attendant at the farther end: 'Say, Miss G., have we got "The Freezing Change"?'

"'"The Freezing Change"?' came floating back in an echoing interrogation.

"'Yes, she says she's sure of the title. We ain't ever had it?'

"'No. Never heard of it.'

"'Won't be likely to?'

"'Don't suppose so unless there's some call for it.'

"I turned and just escaped falling into the arms of my dearest friend.

"She had the subtle smile which she only uses when she is taking from me my last masculine lamb. She ignored the conversation she had overheard and said nonchalantly:

"'Just got a letter from a friend down in the country. Wants me to send her fifty of the new books for her summer place.' She waved a long list in the air. 'Have you read any of them?'

"I seized the list eagerly. Of course the one I had read wasn't there.

"Just as I was saying good-by she detained me with a promising word.

"'The editor of the *So and So* says I can review your book,' she said. 'Of course I can't give it much room. We only notice the well-known books, you know.'

"We say good-by and in her eyes is an expression evoked by the paraphrase of a Biblical quotation, 'Oh, that my friend would write a book.'

"It was about this time that I experienced the first real thrill of authorship. It was occasioned by the receipt of a notice from a press-clipping bureau, inclosing a very long and very elaborate criticism of 'The Freezing Change' from the *Deadwood Daily Doings*, and asking for my patronage. Seeing one's figure in a wax museum may give one a sister thrill; nothing else could.

"Said the *Deadwood Daily Doings*, speaking of the love interest of the story: 'It was hard on the old man, but then what do a young couple madly in love care for an old man's feelings? It's hot stuff!' and of the professional interest: 'The lawyer is just like the rest, true to life. When he feels himself on the down grade he hangs on to whatever is in sight.'

"At last I felt I was understood and the subtleties of my literary style thoroughly mastered. I showed the clipping to a masculine friend who had always insisted that I needed discipline.

"'I shall send you a subscription to the press-clipping bureau,' he averred.

"I politely remonstrated.

"'I must,' he said sadly.

"I did not understand his tone then, not until I had read dozens of clippings from all parts of the country, not until the reading made me, I trust, a chastened soul. Those who knew me best say that there has been a change. It is due, if true, to this mentor.

"He made the epigram once that next to losing one's hair there is no surer cure for vanity than the press-clipping bureau.

"One of these cure-your-vanity-while-you-wait clippings was from Los Angeles. I read it guiltily. It didn't seem right that I should be so ignorant of a locality which had distinguished me in its particularly gentle style.

"'Where,' said I to my flat mate, 'is Los Angeles?'

"The flat mate is a linguist.

"'It's in southern California,' she said sharply, 'and it's Spanish for Lost Angels.'

"Lost Angels! So this was the final resting place for those who had backed theatrical enterprises, and other enterprises, dramatic if not theatrical.

"According to the Lost Angel who wrote the review, the book was without merit of style, or depth of emotion. It was frivolous, heartless, superficial, gross. The publishers who put such a book on the market deserved the limit of the law and the public who would submit to such literary mediocrity beyond contempt.

"It was the kind of criticism that killed Keats.

"I spent one day looking for a plot of ground in Greenwood. I determined that instead of having 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water' I should have, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in Los Angeles.'

"You have to take fifteen trolleys and change sixteen times before you get to Greenwood. When I returned and thought of the hours it was going to take my friends to visit my grave, it seemed rather a heartless thing to do—to die of one clipping. I determined to live.

"I contented myself with visiting my publisher. I had got quite used to visiting him by this time and rather liked it. He had always interesting financial statements to show me, where the expenditures always went the receipts one better—the kind that a man on a limited income who lives in New York knows all about.

"I wept one day as I threw myself into an easy chair in his office.

"'It's awful,' I said, showing the tear-stained clipping from the Lost Angel, 'to think that I have thus corrupted a young and innocent world. You are to blame. You are the only one who ever discovered the ghost of an idea in that book. You must share the consequences with me.'

"He soothed me.

"'It isn't the worst book in the world,' he said; 'it isn't even the worst one I've published and it's selling well; that's the principal thing. Why that's the kind of a review that helps you.

"It'll sell no end of books. People will want to know what there is in a book that

WHAT IS FAME?

can make a reviewer jump around like that.'

"I shook hands gratefully with the good-looking publisher and went away feeling happy. I regretted that Keats had not known him. He might be living now.

"Then I returned to find the poet turning out more sonnets to keep the wolf from growling. I sat waiting for more press clippings and drew plans of my room in the Old Ladies' Home.

"One clipping was written by the dearest friend. It was subtle and two-edged. 'The publishers,' said she, 'have thought the book worthy of reproduction.' That was one double entendre; there were others.

"I remembered that she had said once that the critical faculty destroyed the creative; that she would never write a book. I would have gladly turned critic for her sake—and I should never have a chance.

"I wept more scalding tears and wondered if writing books wasn't a mistake. I felt appalled by the mass of corruption for which I had been responsible. There was the dear friend always so direct and sincere, who had been obliged to become a diplomat on my account, tell the truth and yet be complimentary—the hardest thing in the universe to accomplish.

"'At any rate,' said the flat mate, sonnet weary, 'there is one true soul who appreciates you.'

"'I don't believe it,' I said with hope lingering in the syllables.

"'Stella was speaking about it yesterday in the most complimentary terms.'

"Stella was the dusky star of the kitchen.

"THE MASTERPIECE OF THE CENTURY."

"'Stella?' I gasped.

"'Yes, she said she thought you deserved a great deal of credit for writing such a long book and wanted to know if you did them ink pictures. She said if you did you were a good drawer.'

"I went out into the kitchen and told Stella that I would send two of my shirt waists to the laundry that week.

"It was about this time that I was interviewed—regularly interviewed, but the world will never know how many dinners that reporter ate in the tiny flat.

"He found me dusting, in a white apron, and I waved him relentlessly into a newly swept corner.

"'Say something about the Oriental magnificence,' I implored. 'I love those egg-shelly backgrounds with incense and low lights and the dusky perfumes from unseen censers.

"'Please say that I always dress like Elsie de Wolfe and that my back has the same sinuous curve as Mrs. Pat Campbell's; that I speak fifteen languages better than I do my own; that I have had three husbands; that I belong to one of the oldest families in Connecticut and that when wearied by the adulation of the world I don—be sure you use the word don—a simple gown and return to my girlhood home where, in adorable simplicity, I turn out the stories that are at once the admiration and the envy of the elect.'

"'What are you going to have for dinner?' he broke in unmoved by my eloquence. 'I say nothing about Oriental magnificence unless I know exactly the number of chops. Last time I had only one and had to get more dinner on my way home.'

"'You shall have three,' I affirmed recklessly. 'One isn't interviewed every day.'

"'Make it four and I say all that about Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. Pat.'

"'Four it is!'"

"It was about this time that requests began to pour in for autograph copies. The flatmate, Stella and I took a day and answered them. I never knew that I was so popular before.

"I had had one copy given me by my publisher, but was allowed to understand that in consideration of the fact that I had written the story special rates would be allowed to me if I bought others. I counted up the requests, all of which I answered in the affirmative. It seemed to me that such unnatural desires should not be frustrated.

"I estimated the balance at the bank. By taking it all out but one dollar, which I would leave as a guarantee of good faith, I could send all the books requested. I sent for them by messenger and signed a nom de plume, paying the retail price for secrecy's sake.

"Half an hour after I received word over the telephone from my publisher that there had been an unprecedented demand for my book. They couldn't account for it at all and were rather worried. They said something about getting out a new edition, but told me not to build any hopes on that, as paper had gone up.

"'If I were you,' said the flatmate, in course of time, 'I would give up writing books and earn some money.'

"'I believe I will,' I answered meekly, as I burned the press clippings over a gas log."

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH OUT

SENATOR PLUNKITT ON DEFEAT IN POLITICS.

The Main Proposition in Politics Not the Tariff or Anything of That Sort, He Says—Reciprocity in Office—Civil Service and a Case of Blasted Patriotism

Senator George W. Plunkitt, looking down on a group of youthful politicians from his bootblack rostrum in the County Court House, imparted some information yesterday on the subject: "How to Be Happy Though Out of Office."

"When Tammany went under year before last," he began, "people were predictin' on all sides that the organization was goin' to smash. They said we couldn't get along without the offices we lost, and that most of the district leaders would soon be be beggin' the Sheehan crowd to let them in out of the rain.

"But that didn't happen, did it? Not one big Tammany man deserted, and to-day the organization is stronger than ever.

"How was that? It was because Tammany has more than one string to its bow.

"I acknowledge that you can't keep an organization together without patronage. Men ain't in politics for nothin'. They want to get somethin' out of it.

"But there is more than one kind of patronage. We lost the public kind, or a great part of it, but Tammany has an immense private patronage that keeps things goin' when it gets a setback at the polls.

"Take me, for instance. When Low came in some of my men lost public jobs, but I fixed them up all right. I don't know just how many jobs I got for them on the surface and elevated railroads—several hundred.

"I placed a lot more on public works done by contractors, and no Tammany man goes hungry in my district. Plunkitt's O. K. on an application for a job is never turned down, for they all know that Plunkitt and Tammany will soon be on top again. See?

"Let me tell you, too, that I got jobs from Republicans in office—Federal and otherwise. When Tammany's on top, I do good turns for the Republicans. When they're on top they don't forget me.

"Me and the Republicans are enemies just one day in the year—election day. Then we fight tooth and nail. The rest of the time it's live and let live with us.

"On election day I try to pile up as big a majority as I can against George Wanmaker, the Republican leader of the Fifteenth. Any other day George and I are the best of friends. I can go to him and say: 'George, I want you to place this friend of mine!' He says: 'All right, Senator.' Or vice versa.

"You see we differ on tariffs and currencies and all them things, but we agree on the main proposition that when a man works in politics, he should get somethin' out of it.

"What would become of political parties if that wasn't so? And what would become of our Government itself?

"The Government was built up by the great political parties. The parties were built up by offices. Take the offices away and the parties go down. Take the parties away and the Government goes down. The Mugwumps can't see that, but the politicians do, and they help one another to save the Government.

"There's no joke about that. The Government is threatened more and more every day by that infamous civil service, and the politicians, the real patriots, are being driven together to defend their country.

"If this civil service business goes much further all the offices will go to college graduates or schoolboys, and party workers will have no show. Then what'll happen? A monarchy, sure. The party workers will lose all enthusiasm, patriotism will disappear, the parties will bust up and then it will be: 'Vevey le roi.'

"Let me tell you a sad but true story. Last Wednesday a line of carriages wound into Calvary Cemetery. I was in one of them. It was the funeral of a young man from my district—a bright boy that I had great hopes of.

"When he went to school he was the most patriotic boy in the district. Nobody could sing 'The Star Spangled Banner' like him, nobody was as fond of waving a flag, and nobody shot off as many firecrackers on the Fourth of July. And when he grew up he made up his mind to serve his country in one of the city departments.

"There was no way of gettin' there without passin' a civil service examination. Well, he went down to the civil service office and tackled the fool questions. I saw him next day—it was Memorial Day, and soldiers were marchin' and flags flyin', and people cheerin'.

"Where was my young man? Standin' on the corner, scowlin' at the whole show. When I asked him why he was so quiet, he laughed in a wild sort of way and said:

"'What rot all this is!'

"Just then a band came along playin' 'Liberty.'

"He laughed wild again and said: 'Liberty? Rats!'

"I don't guess I need to make a long story of it. From the time that young man left the civil service office he lost all patriotism. He didn't care no more for his country. He began goin' about with Socialists and—well, he went to the dogs.

"He ain't the only one. There is a gravestone over some bright young man's head for every one of them infernal civil service examinations. They are underminin' the manhood of the nation and makin' the Declaration of Independence a farce. We need a new Declaration of Independence—independence of the whole fool civil service business.

"I mention all this now to show you why it is that the politicians of the two big parties help each other along and why Tammany men are tolerably happy, though not in power in the city. When we win next fall I won't let any deservin' Republican in my neighborhood suffer from hunger or thirst, although, of course, I look out for my own people first.

"Now, you know I've never gone in for non-partisan business, but I do think that the leaders of the two parties should get together and make an open, non-partisan fight against civil service, the common enemy. They could keep up their quarrels about imperialism and free silver and high tariff. They don't count for much alongside of civil service, which strikes right at the root of the Government.

"The time is fast comin' when either civil service or the politicians will have to go. And it will be here sooner then they expect if the politicians don't unite, drop all them minor issues for a while and make a stand against the civil service flood that's sweepin' over the country like them floods out West."

BAY STATE'S WOMEN WORKERS.

Showing, Perhaps, Why Fewer of Them Marry and More Get Divorces.

From the Boston Transcript.

"Sex in Industry" is the title of a report just issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics. It shows that in fifty years the birth rate has fallen from 28 per 1,000 of the population to 25; marriages from 23 to 17, while the present ratio of divorce is 1 divorce to about every 18 marriages, as against one to every 34 fifty years ago. The average age of brides and bridegrooms has gone up from 28 to 29 and 24 to 25, respectively. Employed in gainful occupations in 1900 were 1,208,191 of both sexes, of whom 879,458 were males and 329,033 females, or 72.77 and 27.23 per cent., respectively.

The figures following, taken from a carefully prepared statistical table, show how women have invaded lines of employment. In the service of the State there are 1,178 female clerks and 1,610 males; in the cities and towns, 1,268 females and 10,408 males. Of the 2,276 clergymen in Massachusetts 15 are women. There are 96 female missionaries, 8 lawyers, 462 physicians, 27 dentists, 24 surgeons, 63 editors, 60 journalists, 30 reporters, 263 actresses, against 365 actors; 69 college professors, 13,222 female and 1,517 male teachers, 51 women pursuing scientific work, 2,325 boarding-house keepers, 10 women saloonkeepers, 10 women coachmen, 6,462 domestic cooks and 1,589 employed in hotels, boarding houses, &c., 4 women grooms, 42,683 domestic servants, 1,332 waitresses, 22 women barbers, against 4,922 men; 58 female private secretaries, 3,021 female stenographers, against 533 male; 3,014 washerwomen, 24,142 women employed in various branches of trade, 18,148 women employed in the boot and shoe industry, 1,992 in the manufacture of jewelry, &c., 21,487 in the clothing industry, 16,413 dressmakers, 35 women manufacturers, 39,107 female cotton operatives, against 39,611 males; 9,895 female woollen operatives, against 10,272 males; 2,099 female worsted operatives, against 1,695 males. There are 2,342 female children who work for a living and 3,223 males, or 59 and 41 per cent.

In the State there are 4,079,090 persons who work for a living, and of this number 27.37 per cent. are native born, 21.65 per cent. foreign born or of foreign descent, 14.79 foreign born, 11.96 foreign-born and naturalized and 14.23 foreign-born aliens. The total number of female employees is 292,036, of whom 142,951 work in the manufacturing line and 96,047 as domestics. The percentage of female employees is 27, against 73 males. Females show a total increase of 40.86 per cent. in the professional class. The number of female children at work has more than doubled, the percentage of increase being 104.06.

COMPANION OF HER CHILDREN

CANADA'S VICE-QUEEN DOESN'T KEEP THEM APART.

Government House Is a Pleasant Place for the Governor-General's Youngsters—Lord and Lady Minto and Their Home Life—They Like American Methods.

OTTAWA, Canada, July 9.—People who complain of the so-called American method of dealing with the rising generation may be interested to know that it is that pursued by the Countess of Minto, wife of the Governor-General of Canada.

Time was when it was almost impossible to see the children of a Governor-General, if he had any, but Lord Minto's children are always in evidence. They and their parents are the jolliest kind of comrades, and are constantly together. The children share in the pleasures of their elders and, except for functions of state, are present at all social affairs at Government House. They are prominent figures in the private theatricals which are a favorite form of entertainment under the present régime, and the older ones appear with their parents at the theatre, at skating carnivals and at various other places.

So much has this been the case that there was, for a time, some doubt in Ottawa society as to whether Lady Eileen Elliot, the eldest member of the viceregal family, was really "out." There had been no formal "coming-out" ceremony, and the fact that she was seen a little more frequently than in the past was not considered sufficiently conclusive.

The Earl and Countess seem more like an elder brother and sister with their children than like father and mother. The Governor-General can romp like a schoolboy in the privacy of his family, and Lady Minto is the most sympathetic of confidants for childish troubles.

Lady Minto thinks that nothing is too good for her children, and in spite of her numerous social duties and the burdens of public work, which she has voluntarily assumed, she finds time to attend personally to their dress and education and everything pertaining to their welfare. Three of the best and pleasantest rooms at Government House have been set apart for their use, and all sorts of pleasant entertainments, of which the other children of the Canadian capital often get the benefit, are constantly being planned for them.

Christmas, though celebrated quietly with only the household and house party, is a great occasion and much trouble is taken to make the advent of Santa Claus interesting. One year the great ballroom was converted into a winter garden, with trees that bore the presents, real rocks and any quantity of frost and snow. On another occasion the good ship Santa Claus, ablaze with lights from stem to stern, cast anchor at Port Elliot and proved to have all sorts of wonderful things in her hold.

Whatever may be the effect of this system of education generally, it has certainly, in the case of the young Elliots, produced none but the most desirable results. They are absolutely simple and unassuming young people, and appear to be quite unconscious that their position in life is going to be any different from that of ordinary mortals. Lady Eileen, who came out last season, is immensely popular in Canadian society, and of Lord Melgund, the eldest son, who is about 12 years old, many pretty stories are told. One of these dates back to the great Ottawa fire, when his small lordship attracted some attention by giving his boots to a little fire-sufferer who had the misfortune to be without footgear.

"I did not need them," he explained to the members of his party who had lost sight of him for a few minutes. "I am going to drive home, and the other boy hadn't any."

There is one other son, the Hon. Esmond Elliot, aged 6 or 7, and two daughters, who come between Lord Melgund and Lady Eileen. Lady Ruby is just a little younger than her elder sister and will probably be introduced with the latter to English society next year. Lady Violet is a little girl in her earliest teens, who is usually regarded as her father's favorite.

As a housewife Lady Minto gives careful attention to the most prosaic details of housekeeping and is an excellent manager.

"The new Governor-General's wife knows the price of everything," complained an Ottawa tradesman soon after the arrival of the Mintos in Canada, "and she has ordered some of my things sent back to me because she thinks they are not good. The others let me send down what I liked and charge what I liked."

And then the aggrieved dealer went on to represent that the wife of a Governor-General should not do those things. The country paid his Excellency a good salary, her argued, and had a right to get some of it back. Accordingly, it was the duty of the Governor-General's wife to stay in the drawing room and leave domestic matters to the steward and the Comptroller of the Household, who, being men, would be more agreeable to deal with.

Lady Minto does not look at things in this way, and as her husband is poor for his position in life, her thrift is no doubt very useful. But however great her wealth, she would be no different, and however limited her means, she would always make a home beautiful.

Lady Minto's public work has not attracted so much attention as that of her predecessor, the Countess of Aberdeen, but it is perhaps not less important. She does things in a different way, but she works very nearly as hard and to quite as much purpose. Her chief public interest in Canada has been the Victorian Order of Nurses, and the organization owes much to her untiring exertions in its behalf. Through her efforts numerous cottage hospitals have been established in the sparsely settled districts of Canada, and she is now engaged in getting the order endowed at an expense of $125,000. For education, particularly manual training and domestic science, Lady Minto has also done much, and it is mainly through her efforts that the graves of the Canadian soldiers who fell in South Africa are now being located and marked.

In appearance Lady Minto is strikingly youthful and so like her eldest daughter that they are often taken for one another. She is tall and slight, dresses artistically and always wears and has flowers about her. Her manner has a charm which has made her one of the most popular of British Vice-Queens. She is better known and more popular in the United States than perhaps any of her predecessors. She has visited frequently in Washington and New York, and has entertained many Americans in her Canadian home.