ADVICE FROM A FRENCH MAID.

A LECTURE ON THE PROPER CARE OF ONE'S CLOTHES.

Why It Pays a Woman to Employ a Maid if She Can Afford It—Some Rules for the Women Who Can't Afford Such a Luxury, but Who Want to Look Their Best.

"A first class maid saves the amount of her wages in the care she gives to her employer's clothes."

The statement sounded radical, but the woman who could not afford to keep a maid and who was somewhat overpowered by having one assigned to her during a week and visit listened with meek credulity.

A borrowed lady's maid is calculated to inspire meekness of spirit unless the woman to whom she is lent is buoyed up by a consciousness of having one of the haughty personages in her own employ, though for the moment unavailable. No matter how serenely one assumes the air of being to the honor born, the bluff is unavailing.

Marie is polite but condescending. She knows her duty and she does it, but into every stroke of the hair brush she puts patronizing superiority and lays out a dinner frock with an appreciation of its shortcomings that is more eloquent than any amount of verbal comment.

Twenty-four hours of this treatment had reduced the woman who couldn't afford a maid to a state of apologetic humility, and, having properly asserted herself, the ministering French woman was inclined to be amiable, even friendly. To social climbers she gave no quarter, but stationary poverty she could pity and condone.

"It would really pay you to have a maid, Madame," she urged. "Of course, there is the expense of the wages and the board, but if one finds a proper person there is an immense saving in the wardrobe. But yes, truly, Madame.

"One does not realize what a good maid means until one has experimented. I myself do much of Madame's sewing. Not the handsome gowns of course, that is not to be expected, but the little summer frocks, the simple morning robes.

"One imagines perhaps that because a woman can keep a maid she always has her things made by the great dressmakers and does not count the cost. It is foolish, that idea, Madame. They are very saving, these women with maids. If I should tell you the little economies that go on under the surface of the smart life—but that would be indiscreet.

"There are always the frocks to be freshened, to be made over, the slips, the lingerie, the little blouses, a world of sewing that is to be done in the house, if the maid is capable and willing and receives high wages. No one realizes what it means to keep clothing always in perfect order.

"I put in new dust ruffles, I renew chiffon or mousseline, I clean lace, I put on fresh braids. I let out, I take in, I make new guimpes, I change sleeves, I press and rearrange crumpled ribbons, I alter ready made things that Madame picks up at a bargain.

"And all that is but a beginning. The complexion, the hair, the baths must be considered."

"But an ordinary woman can't expect to have expert care in the matter of hair and complexion and baths," protested the woman who couldn't afford a maid.

Marie smiled tolerantly.

"To be sure. And yet there is much money paid for such things by the ordinary woman, Madame."

A remembrance of money invested in shampoos and Marcel waves and facial massage and manicure and other vanities made the ordinary woman blush.

"There is, of course, a class that cannot even consider the employing of personal maids," the French woman conceded. "I am not foolish enough to deny that, but for a woman who has position, who goes in society, who dresses well, although she has a limited dress allowance—for that woman, Madame, it is not such an extravagance as one thinks to employ a maid. It is, as I have said before—a thoroughly good maid saves money for her mistress at every turn."

"It certainly would be nice to have one's clothes always in order," sighed the ordinary woman.

Marie was sympathetic, encouraging.

"*Eh bien!* If one does not have a maid still there are many things that can be done and that women neglect. Not one woman in a hundred takes care of her clothes as she should.

"If one does not hire a maid, then one must do some of the things that a maid would do. It is true there is not always the time; but much can be done that is neglected.

"Madame has always time to hunt for bargains in the shops, and to read the fashion papers. Oh, yes; I have seen it. She will fret because she hasn't the right thing to wear; she will buy what she cannot afford; she will run up bills; she will quarre with her husband over her allowance; but she will not take care of her clothes after she gets them, as she must take care of them if she wants them to keep their freshness and attractiveness.

"No; that she will no do. Not even the simplest rules will she follow. It is what one does for one's frocks after they are bought as much as what one buys that keeps one well dressed.

"You, Madame, who are no doubt all that there is of the most particular"—the ordinary woman flushed guiltily—"would not believe what carelessness there is in the closets, in the bureau drawers, in the trunks. Such untidiness, Madame! No wonder women look draggled and badly dressed.

"Of course in the house or the apartment there is often not enough room for the proper care of many frocks; but when that is so there is all the more need of care, is there not? Me, I cannot understand the woman who hangs her coat up by the collar and puts five skirts on one small hook. It is not necessary, that sort of thing, even in a small closet.

"One must never hang a coat by the sleeve or the collar, or even by the little strap that tailors sew on at the back of the neck. The shape is lost if one does any of these things.

"Coat hangers are cheap. Any one can afford them, and yet I go to houses where there is not one in the lady's closet. Stupid, is it not?.

"There are the closet hangers now that are rods screwed into the wall, and with a knob on the end of each one, so that clothes hangers will not slip off. On one of these rods five or six coats or bodices each on a coat hanger may be placed one above another and yet they will not muss; and they will take no more room in the closet than an ordinary hook would.

"There are also skirt hangers, like the trousers hangers of the men; but they are not so practical for the woman's use. Her skirt must be hung from two hooks by little straps sewed on opposite sides of the waistband and with the back of the skirt toward the wall, so that if there is any wrinkling it will not come in the front where it will be conspicuous.

"Every one knows that, but there are many women who will not attend even to so simple a thing as that. Every wardrobe demands skirt bags; but, will you believe it, there are houses in which not a skirt bag exists!"

The tone was tragic, and the ordinary woman would have submitted to the rack, rather than admit that she did not possess a single skirt bag, though the shocking thing was true.

"Sometimes one wraps sheets around the delicate skirts; but the big bag is so much more convenient and simple. One can make them in no time and then they are always ready and the dust can not get through them, and they can be washed with so little trouble.

"Also, it is wise to cover the closet walls with white cheese cloth from the hanger rail to the floor. It is done in a few moments with a hammer and tacks and it saves the clothes when one does not want to bother about covering everything that is to be hung.

"Once in a while one takes down the cheese cloth and washes it. The trouble is nothing, absolutely nothing; but the women do not do it, not even when they move into houses where the walls are very bad.

"There are dress skirts that should be hung upside down. Yes; I admit it is a nuisance, but to hang them so will keep the frills and flounces fresh and make them stand out as they should, and it is not hard to hang a skirt so if one has the room.

"And there are, also, skirts that should not be hung at all. One of the very long dress boxes which the dressmakers now use to send frocks home in will hold such a skirt, or a box couch will be convenient for it.

"Chiffon and gauze and mousseline and other stuffs of that sort will sag if they are hung, and the skirt folds will become stretched and dragged and lose their floating, cloudy look. I have seen frocks of net or chiffon look old and out of shape after being worn once or twice, just because they were hung up carelessly.

"A box couch with trays is a splendid thing. One can arrange it easily, and many skirts can be put in it without laying one on another. Even the very sheer silks that are being used now sag if hung.

"The bodices must sometimes be laid away, one on top of another. It is a pity; but one has so many blouses and frock waists that there cannot always be a separate drawer or shelf or box for each one. It will always pay to put tissue paper in the sleeves and the bust of every waist that is to be put away.

"A bother, of course. That goes without saying; but it keeps the bodice or blouse in shape and keeps it fresh. There are such charming blouse boxes to be bought now—cretonne covered and one above another in a wooden frame.

"If there is room for such a thing it is a most excellent piece of furniture. And there are hat boxes of the same kind, but one can always use the ordinary hat boxes and put them in the closet.

"They are so abused, those poor hats. For the first week, perhaps, one takes good care of them and then they are thrown on closet shelves and exposed to dust and the hatpins are stuck in them anywhere and soon they are old and battered.

"There should be always a box or a drawer for the hat, and there should be, too, a hat peg of much tissue paper to keep the weight of the hat from resting on the *cachepeigne* and on the brim. It is so easy to spoil the shape of the brim, and now, when there is so much trimming under the brim, it is shocking to lay the hat down flat on a shelf or in a box.

"Look at the mussed, wadded tulle filling in the brims at the back of the hats. Already one sees it upon many of the spring hats. It is delightful, the fresh airy tulle against the hair; but this crumpled, untidy stuff—Madame will admit that there is no excuse for such abuse.

"It is the same with the flowers, the plumes that go under the hat brims. They are spoiled in a week if the hat is put away carelessly.

"French chalk will clean some light felts, and there is a saturated solution of boracic acid for the white straws. The white chip that is fashionable now spoils easily, and one should use this boracic acid and a tooth brush, when the shape and trimming will allow.

"I curl Madame's plumes carefully over the edge of a knife not too sharp, and flowers must be watched and glued whenever the petals are loose. One must wipe off the foliage and the large flower petals often with a soft cloth, and the little flowers must be brushed carefully with a soft hat brush.

"A hat does not look well after the first few weeks if one does not give it the right care, but the ladies will not take the time for it. They have not the patience.

"And the veils, *mon Dieu*, the veils! It goes to my heart to see the veils that are worn by some women.

"The veil is bought, it is worn once and is folded carefully. It is worn again and is folded carelessly. It is worn a third time and is wadded in any kind of bunch and tucked into a bag or purse or drawer.

"Never again does it look fresh, becoming, coquettish, all that a veil should be. One must buy a new one or wear this one in all its mussiness. And yet a good veil, and it pays to buy a good veil, if one intends to take care of it, ought to wear for a long time.

"It should never be folded. Even in the shops there should be pasteboard rolls to roll the veils on. The shop girl folds the veil carelessly and crams it in an envelope. Always I have a shiver when I see a good veil treated like that.

"One must have a padded roll long enough to take the width of the veil without folding, and the veil must be rolled on that and pinned securely. It is quite easy to make the roll—a sheet of cardboard with cotton wadding around it and silk for covering.

"Sometimes one can buy the stout pasteboard rolls in which photographs are delivered, and they are better than the cardboard, because they are firmer. Also, I have steamed crumpled veils and dipped them in gum arabic water; but those things are too troublesome for the woman who takes care of her own things.

"The little rules for cleaning every lady should know, every lady has not a maid to know them for her. A maid must be able to clean gloves and lace and take out spots, but it is not hard to learn the tricks.

"One can do much for gloves by taking them off carefully and putting the stretchers in each finger before laying them away; but though every woman knows that, few women take the trouble to do it or even to blow the fingers into shape.

"And the shoes! What shoes some women wear, under good gowns! One must have trees, trees for every pair of shoes. If one cannot afford a pair of trees made to the last of each pair of shoes, the adjustable trees will do; but no shoes must ever be taken off without having trees put into them immediately.

"Even when one is sleepy the shoes or slippers must not be allowed to stand empty during the night. It takes only a moment to slip the trees in, and then the shoes are not getting into bad habits while one sleeps. A good oil or paste rubbed into the leather when the shoes are put away is a better thing than a dressing applied when the shoes are about to be worn.

"Oh, there are so many things, little things that help to make a dress allowance go far, very far, but I am tiring you, Madame."

The ordinary woman demurred.

"It's very good of you, Marie. I probably am too depraved to reform, but I am going to try. I've left undone all the things I ought to have done and have done all those things that I ought not to have done, and I see plainly that there is no wonder I look like a frump most of the time. Of course all those things you've been telling about take time and I am a busy woman, but then I can cut a little time off from some things that aren't half as important as looking my best."

Marie beamed approval.

"I find that Madame has possibilities. Oh, but yes; very great possibilities. If she will watch me while I do her hair.

"It is a pity to make so little of hair that really is excellent. Madame will wear the blue gown? By arranging the fichu with a difference it will be becoming to a degree.

"It makes such a difference, that line of the décolletage. With a good maid, Madame would have a style that would attract attention.

"There are perhaps scruples against a touch of rouge? So! You see at once the improvement, but it must be done carefully. Not every one understands the rouge. It is dangerous when it is not in the hands of an artist.

"And Madame's eyebrow, the left one. So! You see. It is quite simple, but one must understand."

"And yet they say that beauty unadorned is the real thing," murmured the ordinary woman, as she looked in the mirror, before going down for dinner.

IRISH DRESSMAKERS LEAD.

NEW YORK'S FINEST GOWNS NOT OF FRENCH WORKMANSHIP.

Women of Irish Descent Foremost in Dressmaking Here—New York Customers Preferred to Paris Creations—Italians, Though, Do All the Fancy Stitches.

When the death of Mme. Donovan, one of the oldest and foremost of New York's private dressmakers, occurred recently persons well acquainted with the history of dressmaking in this city took occasion to point out the fact that in making, copying and selling high grade costumes Irish women had for many years outnumbered and led the specialists of all other nationalities. The French woman, said they, dominates the dressmaking industry of Europe but not of this country.

In New York it is the Irish woman who is in the lead. French dressmakers of prominence are comparatively few in this city, Irish women, on the other hand, have owned and now own private establishments. They head the custom order departments of the leading dry goods houses and they are sent across to buy European dress models for the New York market. It is the Kellys, the Ryans, the Reillys, the Connellys, the Fagans and the Donovans who turn out the most artistic gowns sold on this side of the ocean.

A New York woman noted for her costly gowns was advancing this opinion to some friends soon after hearing of the death of Mme. Donovan. She had called at the Madison avenue establishment of Mme. Donovan to try on gowns and was met at the door with the news of the death of the head of the house.

"I feel as if I had lost a valued friend," she afterward said. "Since making my début in society I have been going to her for my gowns. I bought far more from her than I did in Europe, for the reason that her importations were quite as beautiful as anything I could select for myself in Paris, and her adaptations of imported models to New York standards generally resulted in something even more artistic than the originals.

"She had refined taste and wonderful creative ability joined to an unerring perception of the style most suited to individual customers. Nevertheless her appearance was far from suggesting that she was the first New York private dressmaker to win renown and that at the time of her death she had a clientele which included not only the wealthiest but also the best known women in New York.

"Mme. Donovan was small, with markedly Irish features and a slight brogue in spite of her fifty or more years of residence in New York. She was retiring in manner and dressed plainly. She came to this country as a lady's maid.

"Soon after she began going out sewing in families by the day and later got a job in the dressmaking department of A. T. Stewart's big store, where her talent became so noticeable that when she decided to start in business for herself her following included some of the most influential women in New York.

"Before long she occupied first place among New York's private dressmakers, and even of late years, when competing with larger, more showy concerns her styles and workmanship still attracted the most fashionable.

"Ever since I can remember her leading saleswomen and fitters have been Irish women, many of whom have grown gray in the service; and the business will be carried on by an Irish woman whose three head assistants are Irish.

"Mme. Donovan's establishment is not an exceptional one by any means. I could name many others, including leading department stores, which make a feature of women's made to order gowns in which the head fitters, the European buyers of women's costumes and the women who take orders are Irish or Irish-American."

"It is difficult to gauge the effect which immigration has had and is having on the American woman's costumes," commented the manager of a custom order department in a Broadway store. "I heard an apparently intelligent woman remark not long ago that could she prevent it not an Italian immigrant should be permitted to land in New York, ignorant of course of the fact that nearly all the fine embroidery and fancy stitches now so lavishly displayed on women's costumes is done by Italian women.

"Yes, in this workroom and in most other high class New York workrooms the finest handwork is done by Italians. The majority of the Italian women who come to this port to earn their living—I am leaving out the married ones—are fine needle workers.

"I have not found that they are good designers, or fitters, or saleswomen of gowns, but there is no question but they can turn out all sorts of fancy lace and embroidery stitches with wonderful quickness. The French, too, are quick with their needles, but French women do not immigrate in large numbers, and those who do come over prefer to work in private establishments.

"If a French woman understands fitting or is clever at any branch of dressmaking the first thing she aims at is to start a place of her own, no matter how humble it is. There are French dressmakers a-plenty in New York living in a few rooms and making dresses for a few dollars who could command a good salary in a house like this, say; but they prefer a tiny shop or a few rooms and a helper or two over whom they can be absolute boss.

"That is the principal reason, I think why French fitters, saleswomen and buyers are not often encountered in the larger dressmaking concerns and the department stores. Again, French women of sufficient talent to build up a large business choose as a rule to stay in Europe, where talent for the creation of women's garments is just as much appreciated and as well remunerated as it is over here. It is a well known fact that there are not enough French women to equip the Paris dressmaking workrooms, which are obliged to employ workers of other nationalities.

"In this establishment? Yes, our best fitters on women's made to order costumes are Irish women, the head saleswoman, by which I mean the most expert at taking orders, is of Irish parentage, and the buyer who goes twice a year to Paris to select women's costumes was born in Ireland."

Said the buyer for the women's custom order department of another large concern who has a good Irish name:

"I was born in this country, but my parents are Irish. The head of this department is an Irish woman and a wonder she is at taking orders.

"And, by the way, few women not in business have any idea how much skill, tact, good judgment and creative talent is necessary to sell imported gowns and take orders from those gowns. Amateurs always imagine that about all that is needed is to trot out the costumes and show them off or to show samples of goods and pictured designs.

"After that they think customers who really want a gown will be sure to leave a big order. There are saleswomen even who share this belief and needless to say they never get anywhere near the top of the ladder.

"To sell an imported garment it is necessary sometimes to nearly make it over. Vertical trimmings may have to be pulled off and put on horizontally or vice versa, or maybe a certain garniture must be replaced with something entirely different. Frequently it must be entirely refitted and almost remodelled.

"The customer will like some features about it, and dislike others and she may not be willing to have a new gown made which will copy the points she does fancy and leave out the others. No, she wants the imported model and yet the imported model isn't quite what she does want. It takes talent to manage a situation like that.

"Set an ordinary saleswoman who has been accustomed to handing out low priced, ready made garments with a take it or leave it air to the task and invariably the customer walks out without having an order and the saleswoman is quite unconscious that she has not done her whole duty. On the other hand let the head of this department take hold of the situation and the customer is almost equally sure to leave several orders before going out.

"Not only does she know what models are most becoming to individual proportions and style but she can usually make the customer see it too, which is a very different matter. Or, failing that, she can work up any woman who really has an intention to buy to the point of selecting something or other. Her expedients are endless.

"Take an equally clever French woman and she couldn't begin to get on with New York customers as an Irish woman can. The former will antagonize an ill tempered or nervous customer, where the other will soothe and cajole. And the Irish woman is ingenious too.

"When, for instance, one tells me that she is afraid she is short of goods for a certain style of costume for which she has taken an order, all I need say is this: 'If a French woman had that order she would have no trouble about making the goods answer.' With a toss of her head the Irish woman walks off and I hear no more about shortage of material.

"A German or an American, on the contrary, would, under the same cirqumstances, be quite unmoved and probably would really require more goods. The French are economical cutters and the Irish come next.

"Yes, the head employees in this department are Irish, and the Irish predominate in all the first class women's order departments I can think of."

"The Irish are born salespeople. They can sell anything," remarked the manager of a Sixth avenue store which includes a dressmaking department high in fashionable favor. "And they are artistic and adaptive—supposing they have talent enough to enter the dressmakers' ranks at all.

"Some of the best and most artistic employees in our custom order department from time to time have risen from the ranks of errand girl and shopper; and they were of Irish parentage. Young Irish girls who learned the dressmakers' trade in Ireland before coming here often develop into thorough artists in fitting, designing and selling the more expensive grades of women's clothing, aside from tailored gowns, which are generally cut and fitted by men.

"Dinner gowns, ball gowns, reception gowns, fancy costumes—if they can be called that—of every kind are seldom or never on this side of the water fitted by men. Tailored suits, on the other hand, are rarely fitted by women.

"In the thousand and one small places in New York which advertise to make ladies' suits, the German, the Pole, the Russian, is far more often encountered than the Irishman, and in these places women employees are much in the background. They seldom fit, or take orders or sell. They help with the sewing and that is about all; and it is not often that an Irish woman is met in any of them.

"Our head cutter and fitter in the strictly tailor suits is a German, but the orders for such suits are taken mostly by an Irish woman, for the reason that they are given in the department which makes a specialty of gowns of lace, silk, satin and velvet.

"Italian women do the most ornamental of the sewing on women's costumes made here, and there are many German-Americans in our workrooms and some in our salesrooms. Our European buyer of women's costumes is Irish-American, the head of the department is an American and the chief takers of orders are Irish and of Irish descent.

"At present we have no French woman in the department. French women are scarce."

SCALPED BY INDIANS AND LIVED.

Unique Distinction Claimed by an Oklahoma Man.

Waukomis correspondence Kansas City Journal.

Allen W. Edwards of Waukomis claims the distinction of being the only man living who was scalped by Indians. There were a number of instances during the days of Indian warfare where the victims of the scalping knife recovered and lived sometimes for years after the operation, but Edwards is the last survivor of that number.

He has always been able to work as well as ever, but has had trouble from time to time as a result of the wounds in his head and has lately had to submit to several operations. As he is now 60 years old this has seriously lessened his earning ability, and he has lately made application for a pension which is being pushed at Washington by Delegate McGuire.

The battle in which Edwards lost his scalp occurred on Walnut Creek, near Fort Zarah, about nine miles from the present site of Great Bend, Kan. The wagon train was en route from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to Fort Union, N. M., and was almost in sight of Fort Zarah when attacked. The lead teamsters whipped up and reached the fort in safety but those in the rear were cut off by the Indian charge and had to make a stand in their own defence.

Their fight with the redskins began at 9 o'clock in the morning and continued until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Although very poorly armed the teamsters succeeded in holding off the Indians all day and killed a considerable number of them, according to Edwards's story, the exact number being, of course, impossible to ascertain. The horses and mules were finally captured by the Cheyennes and the wagons plundered before a body of cavalry arrived from the fort to drive the Indians away. Ten of the teamsters were killed outright and five were wounded.

All of the killed and wounded were stripped of their clothing by the Indians, and when Edwards was picked up by the soldiers he was stark naked, was shot several times, and a scalp, four by five inches, had been taken from the crown of his head. One bullet had struck him in the head, one went through his left arm near the shoulder, and five entered his body in different places. The next day Edwards was taken to Fort Larned, thirty miles away, and placed under the care of the post surgeon. He had no other clothing during this trip than an army blanket. He remained in the hospital until November following, when he was discharged as well and allowed to return to his home in Nebraska.

LANDGOING FRENCH YACHTS.

THEY ARE THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE GYPSY VAN.

In Them One May Be a Rover With All the Comforts of Home—Parisians to Whom This Style of Life Appeals Have Formed a Club—As to the Cost of a Home Car.

The Home Car Club of Paris is not an English as its name. In point of fact there is nothing English about it save the name but it is chic, from the viewpoint of the smart Parisian, to use English phrases, and particularly in the province of sport the up to date Frenchman's vocabulary fairly bristles with English words.

Folk not hampered by the obligations of smartness call the home car a *roulotte*; and, by whatever the name the thing is called, it is a house on wheels, a landlubber's version of the houseboat, a migratory villa, the apotheosis of the gypsy van.

The roving element of gypsy life has a universal appeal, but the ordinary gypsy van does not fit in harmoniously with the modern rover's ideas of comfort. It is all very well to wander, but one must wander in company with one's cook and one's bathtub, and the home car is designed to make this sort of gypsying possible.

If one insists upon rapid transit, this French house on wheels will not be satisfactory. To be sure, the latest models of the *roulotte* are equipped with motor power, and do not depend, as did the original car, upon the good will and the sturdy legs of three amiable horses; but even with adequate motor power a moving villa must proceed sedately over country roads.

There are pictures and bric-à-brac and china to be considered, for these cars are, at their best, very complete in their furnishing, though of necessity limited in space. Imagine the most diminutive, the most compact of city flats set on wheels and turned out into the country to live down its city stigma.

Put the staterooms and galley and saloon of a toy yacht on wheels and set it adrift upon the high road. There you have the home car.

For several seasons past a few enthusiasts have been rolling about the out of the way corners of France in such perambulatory homes; but it was only last year that the Home Car Club was organized. There were but six charter members. Now the membership has passed the fifties and is rolling on toward a hundred.

A little park in Auteuil is rented for the accommodation of cars not travelling, and there is ambitious talk of similar installations in other cities and villages. The designing of the cars, too, is becoming more of a science since a little group of wealthy folk have taken up the fad.

A car of simple type has a dining room in which six persons may dine comfortably, a dining room whose doors and buffet slide into the walls without taking up space in the room and whose wide casement windows when thrown open make a dinner in the room almost an *al fresco* affair.

Outside the door of the room, which is the front door of the villa, is a little porch, like the platform of a railway car, though more commodious, and here the men retire for their cigars after dinner while the table is cleared and the dining room is converted into the salon.

The sleeping room bears a family resemblance to the stateroom of a steamship, with two comfortably wide divans facing each other, a washstand that folds up against the wall when not in use, a chiffonier and a chair for furnishing. In the daytime attractive covers are thrown over the divans and the room serves as a general lounging place.

Behind the bedroom is the kitchen and the maid's room—the former a miracle of compact completeness, for your true Frenchman must have his cooking done in approved fashion even when he is living *en roulotte*, and French cooking requires a multitude of pots and pans and paraphernalia.

There might be worse things for summer days than life in a home such as this, with a constantly shifting scene beyond the car walls and no fixed plan of voyage to interfere with indulgence of one's mood.

If during breakfast one tired of the river vista stretching away beyond the wide open windows it would be so simple a matter to be in the heart of a forest glade for luncheon; and, wherever the scene invited, there one could loaf and idle the days away, without being at the mercy of poor inns and ravening inn keepers and without the bother of packing and unpacking one's belongings and getting used to new quarters.

"It is the ideal way of obtaining change of scene and air without inconvenience and discomfort," said one of the enthusiasts of the club to an interviewer. "I detest a hotel. I like privacy and my own belongings and the rooms to which I am accustomed and yet I like to pass some weeks at the seashore, others among the hills.

"I like to get away from conventions and people, but I want my material comforts and I love Nature, but not enough to endure many hardshps for her. Always I hated the summer pilgrimages until I bought my car.

"Now it is with difficulty that I stay at home long enough to discharge my duties. But no, I must not put it that way.

"It is the car that is my real home. It is there that I enjoy life.

"My house in Paris is by way of a sop to convention. In it I entertain, I show my worldly possessions, I live up to my ancestors, but when I escape to my car I am free.

"One entertains there, too: but with a difference—little dinners, little luncheons, little suppers with a few intimates, and with the informality that is so good a sauce.

"And if one does not enjoy the slow travelling from place to place, if one wants to be here, there and everywhere, but without the necessity of moving by slow stages, then one can always put one's car on a train. Yes, there is now an arrangement by which the railroads will transport persons in their cars by the payment of extra fares. For example, three persons in their car will be accepted upon the payment of four first class fares.

"As for me, I like the drifting along country roads without hurry and without plans, but it is pleasant, too, to be whisked away to Normandy or to the Riviera or to some other beautiful part of France in a few hours, and to tranquilly take up one's life there in the same quarters in which one lived before the journey."

Some of the ambitious members of the club have added many improvements to the original car plan, and there are those who, like Baron Sennevoy, make use of two cars, and by uniting them when the menage is not *en voyage* obtain quite spacious accommodations.

The side of one car, or rather of the living rooms, opens like big double doors or blinds. The side of the other car does the same, and the open doors form the ends of a big enclosed room, for which a portable floor and a tent roof are carried. In this manner a large extra living room is obtained when desired, and entertaining a number of guests is possible.

A car furnished and ready for the road need not cost more than $2,500 if one is content with a horse car, and that of simple type, but motor construction brings the cost up to at least six or seven thousand dollars, and of course elaborate modifications of finish and furnishing can add greatly to the expense.

Extravagant gypsying, this! Yet, after all, not so dear for a summer home and an automobile combined. That club at Auteuil suggests pleasant days of profitable idleness to a comfort loving vagabond.

WOMEN'S VARIED ACTIVITY.

Adventures of Some Adopted New Yorkers Who Got by Chance.

It used to be only men who knocked about the world and had queer and unusual experiences, but nowadays women are having mild adventures too. New York is the very best place to encounter such women.

At a meeting held for a special purpose in a private house the other day the women, largely strangers to one another, fell to talking after the business which called them together was despatched. They were mostly sedate married women, living the most conventional of lives on Manhattan, but conversation revealed strange wanderings.

The mildest and most sedate of all had been for several years chaplain of a State prison for men, had preached Sunday after Sunday to a congregation of convicts, and had maintained correspondence with ex-convicts and entertained them in her home.

Another had taught school in Hawaii, going out solely for the fun of the thing, and teaching a school made up of Chinese, Japanese and native Hawaiian children.

A third had taught school in a little busted mining camp in one of the Rocky Mountain States, 10,000 feet above sea level, where after the trains shut down in the fall there were no more till the snows disappeared in the spring, the mail coming in by snowshoe meanwhile. It being a State where women voted, she had risen to the office of county superintendent of schools, over a county pretty nearly as big as the State of Vermont and containing schools a hundred miles from the railroad.

Another had been a trained nurse, had gone to the Philippines in the war, and had been on the firing line in more than one skirmish.

Another had had charge of a Government pottery kiln among the Pueblo Indians, and had lived for three years in an Indian village of 300 inhabitants, not more than a dozen of them white.

Another had run a little daily paper in a Western town; edited the telegraph news, rustled the local news and written the editorials, singly, alone, and bossed the foreman and advertising man besides.

And still another had been a medical missionary for years on the borders of Tibet, and had made frequent excursions into that forbidden land, armed with tracts and a doctor's kit.

None of these women was born in New York, and none ever expected in her earlier days to live here, but the great whirlpool that seems to centre on Manhattan had gathered them all in.

JUSTICE VAN BRUNT'S WAY.

While Kind Hearted, His Abrupt Manner Was Terrifying to Young Lawyers.

The late Supreme Court Justice Charles H. Van Brunt was one of the kindest hearted men in the world, but he had an abrupt manner in court which was embarrassing, not to say terrifying, to law students and young lawyers who had to appear before him on minor business.

A new student in a downtown law office was instructed to prepare a bond in a certain proceeding and to take it up for approval to Justice Van Brunt who was sitting in chambers. It was the first thing he had had to do and he was anxious to do it well.

He drew it up with great care, had it executed by principal and sureties and submitted it to the Judge with considerable confidence. He saw the Judge take it, write something on it and hand it to the attendant who gave it back to him.

On inspection the Judge's memorandum was found to be "should be jointly and severally." This meant that, in the clause defining the liability of the sureties the words "and severally," which were essential, had been omitted.

That seemed easy enough to remedy, so the student then and there sat down and wrote in the missing words, not realizing that the thing to do was to prepare and execute an entirely new bond. After correcting this one he handed it up again.

The Judge took it, looked at it with a frown and said in his very effective voice, which could always be heard to the remotest corner of a court room:

"Young man, I don't know what to do with you. You have committed forgery in the second degree, which is a crime, and you have done it in the presence of the Court, which is contempt."

The shouts of laughter which followed drowned the student's stammering attempts to excuse himself. After order was restored the Judge said:

"Well, I will let you off this time, but don't make a habit of it"—and he approved the bond.

Also he had a great memory. Some years afterward the same young lawyer, grown older in practice, was trying a case before him. A controversy arose between counsel, in which his opponent accused him of an impropriety.

He indignantly repudiated the charge and asserted that the Court knew him well enough to be sure he was incapable of doing such a thing. Justice Van Brunt said with a smile:

"I don't know as to that. Perhaps a man who would commit a crime wouldn't stick at a little thing like this. I have seen you commit forgery myself."

PIGEON RACES WITH TRAIN.

Bird Makes a Fifteen Mile Flight Every Morning.

From the Newbern Journal.

The passengers on the mail train from Morehead City due here in the morning are greatly interested in the peculiar conduct of a pigeon, which is owned by a man in Wildwood, and engages the train in a race from Wildwood to Havelock every morning, a distance of fifteen miles.

The bird apparently watches for the approach of the train and flies along with it, sometimes ahead of it, but it never fails to accompany the train. It flies so near the cars that passenger can almost touch it.

When the train stops at Newport, the bird perches near by and waits for it to start, when it continues its journey to Havelock, then returns to its home, evidently with the impression on its little brain that it has discharged some duty.

The pigeon is handsome, being white with a black head. No other bird seems to take this freak, nor does this one attach itself to any other train, and the wonder grows how the bird appears to prefer this train to any other. It will be sadly missed when for any reason it discontinues its regular flights.

MATCH THEIR TYPEWRITERS.

SOME EMPLOYERS USE THEM AS A MEANS OF ADVERTISING.

A Fine Head of Hair Wanted in a Hair Specialist's Office, a Fine Figure in a Corset Shop, a Same Girl Gets the Preference in a Shoe Specialist's Store.

"There's a clever advertising element in most everything nowadays," said a business woman who trains girls for clerical work, "and the most clever of all is the most insidious.

"You may wonder how this affects my business, but it does. In fact, there seems to be a fad just now for a type of woman trained as an office assistant, stenographer, bookkeeper, &c., who will in some personal way prove a silent though potent advertisement of the special line of business in which her employer is engaged.

"That I am not mistaken in this is evidenced by the fact that I am frequently appealed to for a typewriter who must have certain physical or personal requirements. For instance, six months or so ago a physician came to me in search of a private secretary. He wanted an educated, refined, dignified woman, and, he added, 'She must have beautiful hair.' For a moment I was nonplussed. Then he explained

"'You see,' he said, 'I make a specialty of diseases of the scalp, falling hair and all that sort of thing. Sometimes hair falls out because of extreme nervousness, and this mania for heavy hair as demanded by the present modes of hairdressing has made many women so dissatisfied with their hair that they've become almost insane on the subject

"'I have a trained nurse in attendance at my office and I never realized that she had unusual hair until I heard my patients talking about it. I really think the sight of that woman with her magnificent head of hair, has done more to encourage some of my nervous patients to persist in their course of treatment than anything I could possibly have said to them.

"'They probably infer that in some way this nurse's beautiful hair is due to my treatment, which isn't so at all. Now, if I'm to have a private secretary, there's no reason in the world why I shouldn't try to get one who will be an equally good advertisement for me.'

"I realized in a moment that I had one pupil who possessed just the requirements. Under ordinary circumstances, she wouldn't have been ready to take such a place for three months, but I put the case before her, offered her evening lessons and extra practice, and in six weeks she was installed in the physician's office.

"I don't know which one is the better satisfied, the doctor or his secretary. Her hair is her only pretense to beauty, and, naturally, is all the more conspicuous on that account. It is the most beautiful shade of light brown, thick and very glossy. I could well understand how such a head of hair, seen in the office of a hair specialist, would do more to encourage a lot of nervous, thin haired women than any amount of medical lore.

"I placed another woman in a desirable place only about a month ago, and she was chosen entirely for her looks, and I may as well confess that it took me almost three months to find just the right person. The application was from a corset establishment, where a specialty is made of corsets and all sorts of lingerie for large women.

"I saw at once what the dodge was. They wanted some one who would show off their wares, but she must pose as a secretary and her influence must be extremely subtle. Had they advertised for such a person they would have been overrun with applicants—young things with girlish figures and no approach to style.

"They didn't want this type, not a bit of it. Their best paying customers were mature women with figures showing signs of incipient obesity.

"They wanted a tall, well proportioned, stylish woman of 30 or over. All she was to do was to leave her desk occasionally and in a casual way walk past a hesitating customer. The effect would be instantaneous. The customer would look after the retreating figure and exclaim:

"'Now, I'm not a bit bigger than she is, but my figure is so different! Does she wear your corsets? Her figure is simply perfect.'

"The customer is thereupon assured that she not only wears their special corset but their own make of underwear, which accounts for the lack of bunchiness and the beauty of the lines.

"I don't blame an employer for trying to combine several things in one person, and if he can get a person able to do the work and also a lot of silent advertising, do you wonder he tries to do it? In this instance the person I finally succeeded in getting for them was obliged without the least warning to begin supporting herself, and that at the age of 35.

"She can compose a better letter than the average business man can dictate, and after going through a short business course could easily fill a position as private secretary. Her only assets were an ability to speak French fluently and a magnificent physique.

"The most unusual personal requirement I ever encountered was an advertisement for 'An attractive young woman, slightly lame, to demonstrate special shoe appliance. Some knowledge of stenography and bookkeeping desirable.'

"What do you think of that for a combination of office assistant and advertiser of goods? Somehow I had never thought of a physical defect in the light of an available asset in the business world—especially for a young and attractive woman.

"But there it was in black and white, and strange as it may seem, I was quite sure I could put my fingers right on a young woman who, with a short course of instruction, could fill the bill.

"I answered the advertisement in person. I told the advertiser that I knew of a most attractive young woman who had become so crippled with rheumatism that one side of her body varied almost two inches from the measurements of the other. She was unquestionably lame, and her trouble had so thoroughly discouraged her that she had given up her studies with me.

"The prospective employer had patented an appliance to be worn in a shoe, which, of course, was made to order especially for each customer. His business was growing rapidly and he needed a bookkeeper to look after his accounts, also a stenographer. He was also anxious to combine these business qualifications in the person of a slightly lame young woman.

"I arranged an interview and everything was in the highest degree satisfactory. She studied with me for six weeks and at the end of that time I was positive she would do me credit in her business methods. So far as her physical requirements are concerned, she is just the one for the place.

"She is dainty and refined, with the prettiest little foot imaginable. She has practised walking in the specially designed shoe, until her limp is scarcely noticeable.

"There are tricks in all trades, especially in these modern days, and when you happen to see a girl with a wonderful complexion attending to various clerical duties in the office of a skin specialist, don't for a moment attribute her presence to mere chance. It's the shrewdest, cleverest kind of advertising."

Maine's Longest Bridge.

From the Boston Globe.

The new bridge over the Sheepscott River, between Wiscasset and Edgecomb, is said to be the longest in Maine. There were used in its construction between 1,200 and 1,300 piles, varying from 25 to 65 feet in length. All those put in deep water were of oak.

The bridge is 18 feet wide, with a total length of 3,350 feet.

All of the timber and railings are of hard pine, of which 200,000 feet were used. It took about 175,000 feet of pine and hemlock planks to cover it, and about two and one-half tons of nails were used in fastening this planking in place. More than 6,000 bolts, varying from 9 to 36 inches in length, were used.