DOUBLE CHASE IN TOURAINE

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS SEE FRENCH CHATEAUX.

They Were Seeking Bits of Architecture for a Friend's New House—But the Englishman Who Pursued Them, What Was the Real Object of His Quest?

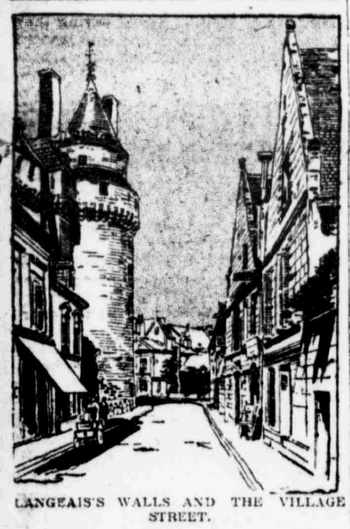
TOURS, France, Aug. 25.—Before they left home one of their friends had asked the two American girls to look around and if they saw an interesting or unhackneyed bit of architecture to make a note of it as a suggestion for the new house that she was about to build. They had almost forgotten the mission until, climbing up the narrow street of Loches to the royal château, it suddenly came to them that there was much beauty in the fine old Renaissance houses on both sides of the way and that the windows of the terreted and machicolated fifteenth century gateway might look well in the new house.

Closer observation convinced them that other idea hunters had preceded them. The upper part of this façade they had seen in a Fifth avenue residence and the lower part in another in Madison avenue, while a particularly fascinating window and doorway were reproduced in a big apartment house that they passed almost every day.

It was a consolation, though, to think that all Touraine, the architectural inspiration of so many beautiful American homes, lay before them. This consolation, however, had not been theirs until after they had reached Tours, for figuring on trains and on days that châteaux would be open to visitors they had made up their minds that they could see only three. A young Englishman, who had helped them out of several dilemmas, advised a motor car as a means of seeing all the larger places and still consuming fewer days at it, and in accordance with this plan a speedy little car, which with chauffeur's tip and luncheon cost not more than 80 francs a day, landed them at the ancient gateway of Loches.

REMAINS OF LOUIS XI.'S CHATEAU NEAR TOURS.

It was not the pursuit of their architectural mission that made the old donjon of the castle interesting, but rather the reminders of Louis XI., without whom as a character no French romance or melodrama of the good old time seemed exactly complete. It was here that this able old gentleman installed the iron cages that were used for correcting Ministers and convincing enemies, and it was in these underground prisons that he had their efficiency tested. What Cardinal La Balue, who was one of the victims, suffered became much more of a reality and less of a fiction than it had ever before been to them.



LANGEAIS'S WALLS AND THE VILLAGE STREET.

Of course there were women in the stories of this grim old place. In the church near by is the offertory of Anne of Brittany, whose name appears so often in connection with Touraine castles, and with the same church is also associated the name of Agnes Sorel, la belle des belles of the court of Charles VII.

Her tomb in black marble with a statue of herself, hands demurely folded, in white marble and little angels kneeling on either side once stood in the choir. Some one was shocked at the idea of her ashes resting in that place and had the tomb removed to a hall in the castle, Loches at that is ahead of several other Touraine castles. La Guerche, for instance, has not been able to establish that she really occupied the room pointed out as hers, or Chinon, where Charles first fell under her sway and where he built her a house with a secret passageway. Nobody is certain of her house or of the secret passage but Loches certainly has her tomb.

It was pleasant to get out into the sunlight and to watch an old gardener who was hoeing in what once was the castle moat. He stopped long enough to say that his garden was quite profitable, not only on account of the vegetables that he raised but also because of what he might find. Once his spade turned up the entrance to a secret gallery, and he doesn't know now but that when he pulls carrots or digs potatoes he may uncover some interesting find. It seems a plan worth trying by any one who might happen to have a ruin on his property.

When the girls were back in their car they found the young Englishman waiting for them. He had sent his mother and sister on ahead and he had stopped to inquire if his plan was working well.

"I wonder if that young man is going to continue to look after us," one of them said as they were speeding on toward Chenonceaux. "He seems to have thought it incumbent upon him ever since we met the family at Saint Malo and they discovered that my English relatives are their summer neighbors in Sussex. I don't think that we shall go back to Tours to-night."

They stopped on the way at Amboise. The memory of the massacre of the Condé party still hangs over the beautiful place, and as they stood by the windows on the river side they could not forget that the ladies of the house of Guise had found an after dinner spectacle in looking at the defeated knights hanging from the balconies or drowning in the waters of the Loire below. The place has undergone more restoration than any other of the royal residences, and of the rich interior decoration nothing of special worth remains.

But in Chenonceaux they revelled; it seemed a woman's château; it was free from the stain of crime and its stories were of Gabrielle and Françoise de Mercœur, Diana of Poitiers, Mary Stuart. There were memories of Catherine de Medici's fête, of Jean Jacques Rousseau's little theatre and the plays that he produced for the entertainment of a summer house party.

A carved oak door opened into a long vestibule that divides the house into two parts, one for the needs of a modern establishment, the other preserved in the style of the sixteenth century. The former is sued by Mr. Terry, a wealthy Cuban gentleman, to whose family is due the credit of the restoration of the place, upon which they have spent about 3,000,000 francs.

In the old part of the château the girls wandered among the bedrooms where had slept the beauties of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and into salons where they had gossipped and into a chapel where they had made their devotions. Then by way of contrast they descended into the lower regions and found space enough for a prison, Catherine de Medici's bath, kitchens, bakeries and a dining room for the château's retinue of servants. When they came out, full of enthusiasm, they saw a car at the entrance to the grounds. A rather sturdy looking woman, its only occupant, her head enveloped in a heavy blue veil and her eyes protected by smoked glasses, nodded pleasantly.

"You are American; I can tell by the way that you talk," she said. "Won't you please tell me what this is? Oh, Chenonceaux. I didn't know if it was that or some other place whose name looks like it, and Amos didn't know either. My eyes are so bad that I can't go into these places to see for myself.

"The guide books that we have are not enlightening and this chauffeur is so stupid that he can't understand a word of Amos's French, although the boy spent four years at the best college in our State. I have heard so much about these châteaux—at our culture club last winter one of the ladies read a paper every week upon one or another of them, and I said that as soon as I got to France I would make straight for here. I have heard so much about their architecture, too.

ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF TRISTAN L'HERMITE.

"I know this, that if we were to build a house across the creek at home as that house is built over that stream the county authorities would have us arrested. Here comes Amos now and I shall hear all about it. Thank you, my dears, for stopping so long with me. It's so nice on a foreign shore to hear your native tongue." And she was off on her proxy tour of Touraine.

At the Bon Laboureur, the neat little village inn, the girls found as guests a New York artist and his wife and they sent the chauffeur back alone to Tours with directions to return early the next morning. Dinner for the four that evening in the quaint oak ceiled room, with the curtains drawn close and candles on the table, was a pleasantly long drawn out affair.

The day's cares seemed to drop off the shoulders of the villagers; even the hostess and white capped, rosy cheeked maid were in no hurry and they had plenty of time for a chat between courses. Before the last word on art and architecture had been said and the last cup of black coffee drunk the town had gone to bed, but when they went to the door for a glimpse of the moonlight on the roof and chimneys of the château there came the faint sound of music.

"A ball at the castle to-night," said the artist, "and an orchestra from Paris."

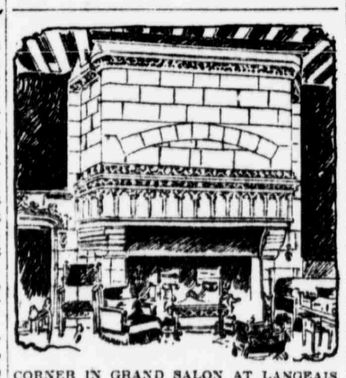
His wife smiled.

"Suppose that we walk in that direction," she said.

They walked down to the dark little street and finally in a cobbler's shop under the only light still burning in all the village was the town brass band, just such as American hamlets sometimes produce, tooting away for dear life, each man on his own time and tune. That a painter's opinion on architecture may be valuable, but when it comes to music it may be questioned, was an opinion with which even the artist himself agreed.

The maid had just brought up their coffee the next morning, when peeping out between the curtains the girls saw the young Englishman who had come to the door in his car, inquiring with an air of much anxiety if two Americans had remained there over night.

"What an adventure this, just to drop down at a little French inn!" they heard the dowagerlike mother remark and then laugh heartily. "No telling what might have happened. Only American girls would do it.



CORNER IN GRAND SALON AT LANGEAIS.

"Britannia protects!" exclaimed one of the girls, striking a statuesque pose with the serving waiter as a shield.

They started down the Loire Valley, the Garden of France, past Tours and the pepperbox towers of Luynes on a green sidehill, and stopped at Langeais. This fine old stronghold, so intimately associated with Anne of Brittany, has a peculiar interest now in that through the death of the owner in 1904 it has come into the possession of the Institute of France and its collected treasures are to be preserved intact.

The work of restoration has been so admirably done that in walking through the halls of the heavy walled old castle the romances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have so good a setting that one can feel that they might have been real after all. The rooms look as if they might have been lived in and that you are perhaps a guest, with the saucy little queen who once lived and ruled there in the very next apartment.

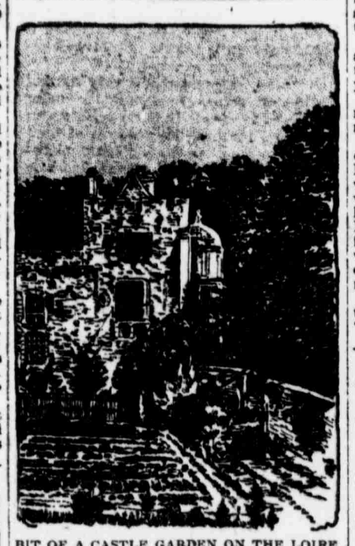
There were bits of furniture here and a corner of a room there that came in for a mental note for that new American home. An interesting deviation from the prevailing style was in a bedroom of the thirteenth century.

Fitted with all the details of tapestry and carpets there was a bed that seemed a sort of balustrade placed on four uprights with openings on each side so that one might slip in between the clothes without much effort. Beside it was a chair of the same period and a candlestick and the curtains were all tucked up in a baglike bundle in accordance with ancient custom. If that new American house does not have a thirteenth century bedroom it will not be for want of two strong advocates.

They dreaded to leave so much of pleasing interest, but further along was Azay le Rideau with its many attractions. The chimneys of this château were just appearing above the treetops when at a turn they came upon the car of their English friend, disabled.

An obliging party had picked up the two women and there was nothing for the girls to do but to act the part of good Samaritans and offer the vacant front seat to the young man.

When the château sprang suddenly into view from among the rich foliage and gorgeous surroundings it seemed to them that it deserved all the praise that had been given it as a perfect specimen of French renaissance. Instead of being built as was Chenonceaux, across a river, it was built on an isle in the Indre.



BIT OF A CASTLE GARDEN ON THE LOIRE.

Balzac in telling the story says that the builder wished to go just a bit further than the designer of Chenonceaux. The aged guardian of the place took down the volume and cited the passage, and then read on: "And thus, forsooth, is this château one of the most graceful and elaborate of the châteaux of beautiful Touraine, and thus does it ever bathe in the Indre like a *galloise princière*, adorned with lacelike pavilions and windows."

The place was bare of furniture of the age to which the building belonged and one of the visitors made bold to ask the reason. The old man hemmed and glanced at the young man.

"I suppose that he wants me to explain that it was all on account of our aristocracy," he said. "In the decadent days of the château, when no one would rent it, a school for young English aristocrats was open. The pupils came home one night quite hilarious and pitched everything out of the windows, making an end of the furnishing and the school."

Azay le Rideau's history was much concerned with financial troubles, and in its later days many efforts were made to dispose of it to rich Americans, and once or twice bargains were almost consummated; but at last France bought it and turned it into a museum and relieved the republic of anxiety regarding its fate. Its façades and its towers, like those of Chenonceaux, have often been reproduced in American buildings.

As you go on down the Loire you feel that you are truly in Rabelais land, for it was here that he lived and wrote. The rugged scenery, the rich river pasture land and the vineyards from which come the reddest of wines are the natural scenes for the people that you still see in the fields, genial, primitive, joke loving and perhaps somewhat lax as to morals, just as they were in his days.

TOURAINE CHATEAU THAT AWAITS THE RESTORER.

At last Chinon stretches across the summit of a great hill to the south. The Americans wandered among its massive ruins and thought of the stories and romances that had there their scenes.

"This was an English stronghold, and King Henry II. made it his favorite residence on the Continent," said the young Englishman, who had constituted himself their guide.

"And I believe it was here too that Jeanne d'Arc came and arousing the French to action put the English forever out," answered one of the girls laughingly.

On the way back they stopped at Cinq Mars, where stands the dismantled castle of Henri Coëffier de Ruzé, the young favorite of Louis XIII. who had the temerity to conspire against Richelieu and as a result was beheaded. The Cardinal had ordered the building completely destroyed, but his orders happily were not fully carried out, and so to-day the walls are supports for sheds and storehouses of the farmers and the interior is a market garden.

Just before reaching Tours they turned aside to see what remains of Louis IX.'s famous château Plessis-les-Tours. If the traveller came primed with the description that Scott gives in "Quentin Durward" he would meet with a keen disappointment, for only a small part of the château remains and the great grounds are now a market garden. The farmer's wife, impressed with the importance of the place, traced out the ancient walls and the site of the old dungeons and even attempted to show a secret passage that led to the house of Louis's hangman Tristan.

These tourists chose rather to ride to the house and found it in one of the narrow side streets. It is an interesting specimen of architecture, but sad to say the house was never dwelt in by Tristan. Some one had mistaken the tasseled rope of Anne of Brittany, with which the façade is decorated for the emblem of Louis's hangman.

On their way next day to Blois they stopped at Chaumont. The De Broglie family, who own the château and live there part of the time, were just going away. Trunks were piled around the entrance—think of it: the great arch through which kings had entered and which to-day is covered with their crests—and the little Prince with some of his companions was riding on a broomstick down the great vestibule.

From Blois they went on to Chambord. They found so much of interest in the ground that surrounded the "colossal caprice" with its pinnacled roof terraces that most of their time passed there. They did not attempt to see many of the three hundred and more rooms, but wandered around the great halls and up and down that curious stairway. What a contrivance that was for the gallants and ladies of Francis's court, with its two flights of steps so that people may ascend and descend without meeting. Perhaps they did not meet, but what fascinating glimpses there were through the windows in the hollow newel of eyes and cheeks and pretty ankles!

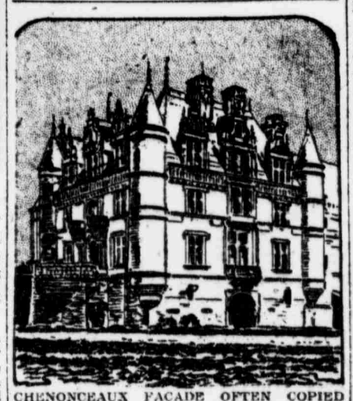
Old Francis may have designed it himself for that very purpose, for he seems to have been a lovelorn old chap. He spent hours in the moonlight on his great roof and in one of the rooms he scribbled when in a pique, "Toute femme varie." Brantome told this and highly imaginative historians of the old castle have since been distorting the story and verse to suit their fancies, just as if Francis was the first to make the discovery.

They had lingered so long that it was almost dark when they went to the car to return to Tours. They found the young Englishman awaiting them.

"I could not think of allowing you to return at this time of the day all that fifty miles by yourselves," he said.

It was a delightful ride in the fresh evening air along the good, straight French road between rows of poplars and walnuts, through quaint, quiet villages, with now and then a glimpse of the Loire like a silver streak in its borders of green. If there were any speed limits the chauffeur must have exceeded them, for they were back in time for dinner. That evening in the hotel graden under the moonlight they cast up their accounts.

"We have a tower for Mary's house that we got at Chenonceaux," said one, "a fireplace and a bedroom at Langeais, a well from some place else, a bit of an old château that needs restoration and a garden with a grand bit of castle wall. But I don't see in all much for a city house. What we need——"



CHENONCEAUX FACADE OFTEN COPIED FOR AMERICAN HOUSES.

"I remember a pretty little villa out Chelsea way with vines over the doors and windows," broke in the young Englishman quite seriously and somewhat pale. "There is a touch of Queen Anne in its architecture, and it is sadly in need of——and——and——"

When the girls reached their room one sat down on the trunk and the other on the bed and looked quite solemnly at each other.

"Do you suppose that he intended to——"

"If he had been an American I would have known. But if he did, to which of us, you or me?"

A SUMMER RESORT TRADE

CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT OF TWO COLLEGE GIRLS.

It Brought Them $250 Apiece Last Year and Will Be More Profitable This Season—How They Learned the Business and How They Got Their Customers.

"We have found cleaning, pressing and repairing clothes at a summer resort remunerative to the amount of $500," a young woman college student said when the reporter suggested that she appeared to have built up a thriving trade. "That is the amount we cleared last summer, which was our first season in the business. There are two of us, but $250 is not an amount to be sneezed at by girls who are paying their way through college.

"You mustn't think we just jumped out and opened this shop without really knowing how to clean and press clothes. When we decided that there was a good opening for such an establishment at various summer resorts both my friend and I agreed that the first step was to learn how to do the work properly.

"We decided that I should take charge of the cleaning department and my friend of the repairing and pressing. After coming to this decision we both set to work to master our trade. My first step was to go to the head of a large cleaning establishment with a letter of introduction from an official of our college. No, the college official didn't know the cleaner personally, but I knew enough about business as conducted in the East to be sure that a statement from anybody in a position to know about your character is always desirable in case of an enterprise like mine.

"The proprietor of the cleaning establishment received me kindly enough, but when I requested permission to work with him for two weeks for the purpose of learning the business he shook his head. Nobody could learn to clean properly in two weeks and he couldn't encourage my doing the work badly. He said he would gladly let me come in for six months, but for two weeks was impossible.

"As I didn't have six months to give to learning the gentle art of cleaning I had to get another letter and try another cleaning plant. The head of this plant was also a man, and he also thought that two weeks was far too short a time to devote to learning the business. He hinted at a year or even a year and a half; he was quite willing to take me in for that length of time and allow me to pick up all I could, provided I worked without remuneration.

"My friend, who had found no trouble in being taken into the pressing department of a tailoring establishment, suggested that having failed with two men I try a cleaning place conducted by a woman. She didn't believe that women were kinder hearted than men, but she did believe that as a rule they had a quicker perception of business opportunities. I followed her advice a little reluctantly because I had always heard that women employers were more exacting than men.

"When I asked for the third letter of recommendation from the patient college official he suggested that he make it a sort of circular addressed to all whom it might concern. This was the letter I submitted to the woman cleaner. Without looking at the letter she asked me a few questions and told me to come to work the next afternoon. When I reminded her of the letter she unfolded it and having glanced at the name turned up her nose.

"'What does a man know about your ability to learn the cleaning business?' she asked smiling at my surprise. 'When you have mingled in the world as much as I have you will know that a college professor is about the last person in the world to judge of the amount of backbone in a girl. That's all the work you propose requires and I can tell in a five minute talk whether you have it.'

"Well, I worked in that cleaning establishment for two weeks, beginning at the very bottom and going up as I learned enough of each step to do satisfactory work. When the time came for me to leave I couldn't do so without bidding the proprietor good-by and thanking her. I found her seated at her desk discussing some point with the manager of one of the departments.

"Waiting until the manager, who was a man, had finished I approached and began to make my good-bys. She cut me short and said she remembered that my time was up and had jotted down a few suggestions that might prove of value to me in the business. With this she handed me a sealed evelope, shook hands, wishing me good luck, and turned in her quick businesslike way to the next person in the line waiting to speak with her.

"Did the envelope contain a check? Not a cent, but information that has put many dollars into our pockets. It gave the address of the factories where cleaning fluids used in her establishment could be had at the lowest rates and permission to use her name as reference.

"We decided to locate at this particular resort, first, because there was no place where either pressing or cleaning could be done; and second, because the cottagers and the people who came to the hotels do not belong to the very wealthy class. As a rule they are just well to do. If they were wealthier they would have valets or maids who could do the work for them. If they were not quite so well supplied with this world's goods they would have their cooks or the women folk of the family do what little cleaning and pressing they required.

"We pasted up printed placards in the post office and at various other places. Besides this we left cards in the offices of both hotels, and as soon as we learned the names of the cottagers we sent them cards by mail.

"Besides keeping our place neat and attractive and doing good work we used no other means of advertising. During the second week we engaged a girl as general helper. She remained with us until we were forced to close our shop and come back to town to resume our college work, and the three of us had about all the work we could do comfortably.

"As for pay, well of course that is a delicate problem in every commercial undertaking. We began on the strictly cash basis and found it to work very well indeed, but gradually when we came to know the people sufficiently to find out who was good pay and who not we let bills run from week to week.

"At first we only delivered goods, but gradually as our trade increased we called for work when notified. Last year we did both only twice each week. This year we deliver and call for goods each morning in the week excepting Sunday. Last year we hired a rig by the trip. This year we have a horse and surrey by the season and do our own stabling.

"The house in which we live and conduct our business is one of those old fashioned combination affairs of dwelling and shop. The shop is a tiny room on the front, with five equally small rooms in the rear. These five rooms we have fitted up as two bedrooms, which are used as sitting rooms during the day, a dining room, a kitchen and a pressing room. The irons for pressing are heated in the kitchen and the sewing machine stands in the dining room.

"Because cleaning fluids are almost invariably inflammable I am forced to do all my work at a safe distance from the house. When the weather is fine I prefer to do it out of doors under the trees. When it rains I am forced to go into the old barn which I have fitted up in such a way that I can use it both for the actual cleaning and as a drying house.

"This year we are much better fixed in the way of comforts than we were last year. Not only have we been able to bring more things from the city but our landlord having been convinced that we have no intention of destroying his property is more generous to us both in the way of furniture and in having a vegetable garden planted for us.

"My hands do not show any ill effects from the use of cleaning fluids simply because I always work in rubber gloves. This season we have two helpers instead of one, and instead of taking in $110 for our first week's work we took in $35. We expect to clear much more than we did last year."

CORN PONE AND COOKIES.

Delicacies Which Southern People Can't Get in New York.

If corn meal really gives folks pellagra few New Yorkers are likely to have it except the Italian residents, for corn meal is not much used by the natives or by foreigners of other races. Of course resident Southerners use corn meal when they can get it properly ground, and some of them regularly send South for exactly the right kind of meal.

The native American preparation of corn meal that comes nearest the Italian polenta, which is a solid combination of boiled corn meal with a good deal of grease and plenty of garlic for seasoning, is the old fashioned Southern corn pone, but no intelligent Southerner eats corn pone made from damaged meal and the true pone is so simple a thing that if there is anything the matter with the meal it is apparent at the first bite.

Simon pure Southern corn pone is made from sweet and not too finely ground white meal, with the addition of salt and water and only enough grease to keep the pan in such condition that the pone shall not stick. Such a pone should be a little less than an inch thick and should have a thin crust top and bottom. If you have not been bred to it you'll probably dislike it at first trial, and you may perhaps never learn to like it. If you've known and liked it all your life you'll have no other, and good Southerners turn away bitterly disappointed from the sweetish yellow stuff served in New York instead of genuine corn pone.

There is not a single case of pellagra in a thousand tons of such pone made from wholesome meal and served, as it should be, within a few minutes of its leaving the stove. You can make a much showier corn pone, if you like to call it such, by the addition of eggs, milk, sugar or molasses and yeast or some patent raiser, but you will not easily persuade a true Southerner to eat it. You might as well invite a resident of the Chesapeake basin to a feast of canned oysters.

Another favorite form of corn meal as a breakfast food in the South and among faithful expatriated Southerners is corn cookies or "Indians." The corn cooky is probably the most wholesome hot bread served at anybody's breakfast table. It is an etherial thing, a good deal like what the ambrosia of the gods would have been had the griddle belonged in the kitchen of Olympus.

The cooky is without any raising material and contains very little more than the corn pone, except that some cooks include the yolk of an egg to a moderate amount of batter. It must be poured in tiny spoonfuls on a very hot griddle, preferably greased with nothing baser than fresh butter or pure olive oil, and it must be cooked through and through in less than three minutes. When fetched to the table in a smoking and odorous little tower, the cookies should be less than three inches in diameter, almost wafer thin and of the complexion of a nice girl who has a slight tendency to freckle after she has had a summer in the open air.

The doctors say that it is not hot bread that slays but the melted butter spread upon it. As a matter of fact thin, fresh cornoakes that reach the breakfast table five minutes after the batter has been ladled from the crock need very little butter to make them highly acceptable to most intelligent palates. It is worth noting, too, that some authorities recommend a moderate amount of sweetening for breakfast in the form of jam or honey and a fresh corn cooky with the thinnest possible suspicion of butter and a bit of honey or really fine molasses is probably as good for the stomach as it is to the palate.

ALL THE HUSBAND'S FAULT.

Missouri Judicial View of High Tempered and Domineering Wives.

MACON, Mo., Sept. 4.—The relative importance of the parties to a domestic partnership was recently defined by two Missouri Judges, Judge N. M. Shelton of the Circuit bench and Judge M. A. Romjue of the Probate Court.

In the case before the Circuit Court a young man wanted the marital bonds severed because his wife was of a high strung, nervous temperament. Judge Shelton refused to enter a decree, giving his reasons as follows:

"Woman has a right to be high tempered if she wants, and her husband ought to be man enough to yield her that privilege. What if the wife does fly all to pieces now and then and say mean things? Most good women have some spirit, and they can't help showing it once in a while. A wife has just as much right to possess a temper as her husband has, and the husband's duty is to indulge her when she wants to express herself.

"This young woman here, the evidence shows, has borne four children; she does the entire work for the family, and does it well. Her work about the house is just as important as her husband's work in the fields. She raises the family; he looks after the crops and gathers in the money.

"Marriage is a reciprocity contract. The husband, because he is the stronger, has no right to lay down any more stringent rules for his wife to follow than he follows himself. Nine times out of ten when a wife gets angry it is because her husband has imposed upon her. If you would throw your arms around your wife and kiss her once in a while when she has been working hard and is red in the face from cooking over her stove for you and the children, perhaps you wouldn't find her high tempered.

"That is all I have to say now; you people run along home and go back to housekeeping."

In the case before Judge Romjue a wife was proceeding against her husband for desertion. In the course of the evidence it appeared that the wife was something of a talker and the executive officer of the family. The man was mild mannered. Judge Romjue finally decided that he knew what was the trouble in that family, and expressed it thus:

"The whole trouble between you people seems to be a want of self-assertion upon the part of the husband. He is really to blame. When his wife made a domestic nuisance of herself by berating him before the children he should have shut her up, mildly if he could, firmly if necessary. It was his duty to stop the eruption.

"She had drifted so much into the habit of lecturing him that it became a sort of second nature with her, and she did it mechanically; not maliciously, but because it was the simple and natural thing to do.

"All the evidence in this case shows that the defendant is an unusually quiet man. You might call him subdued. He looks it. A subdued husband, however, is an incongruous piece of furniture in a happy home. A man should be the boss of his own household.

"He's the one who has to find the money to run it and fight off the wolf and other enemies. I doubt very much whether a woman can entertain any respect for a husband who will submit to her constant nagging without resenting it. She grows to look upon him as a sort of mollycoddle, and the woman never lived who could love a mollycoddle.

"I believe the Lord intended men to rule the house and be obeyed, and when they fail or refuse to accept the responsibility of control they do it on peril of their domestic happiness.

"The defendant here does not seem to be a very reprehensible man. He's lacking mostly in a stiff spinal column. If he will go home with the determination of being the boss of his house, to rule kindly but firmly, I believe he will regain the respect of his wife and children and that peace and happiness may yet come to his home."

The proceedings were dismissed and wife and husband returned home arm in arm. At this writing no complaint has emanated from either side.

CHICAGO'S MILITARY POLICE.

A Chief Who Put on Eagles and Raised Himself to Rank of Colonel.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—Mayor Busse's new chief of police, taken from the post office, has ordered a uniform that will smack of the army. It will not be the first time in the history of the Chicago police force that its head has taken such a course.

When Harvey D. Colvin, who wore a diamond horseshoe in his ruffled shirtfront, was Mayor the police force was run by a board that had some sort of connection with the State House at Springfield. The chief was taken from the rank and file. He took his job as seriously as a young divinity graduate.

Just how he came to get his commission as chief is one of the unrecallable incidents. He reorganized his staff on a military basis. He wore a Grand Army hat and his blouse coat had eagles on its shoulders. Of his own volition he called himself colonel, and the staff and the policemen on post always saluted him as colonel instead of chief. His deputy was a lieutenant-colonel and the head of the detective bureau had the rank and uniform of major.

One day when the King of the Sandwich Islands visited Chicago Mayor Colvin called on the colonel of the police force and gave him instructions as to how he should carry himself. Colvin was a ringer in appearance for Falstaff. He never did anything without bluster. In his talk the Mayor said:

"I'll take his Highness to the veranda of the Grand Pacific across the way and introduce him to the populace. You be on hand. When the high jinks are over you turn to his Mightiness and tell him to go below and prepare for breakfast. It will be early when he gets in, and even a king gets hungry."

This has been told so often among the old settlers of Chicago that it is believed the wording is nearly correct.

The King arrived the next day on time. He was taken to the veranda of the big hotel and the crowd cheered as the police and fire departments passed by. When the parade was over the Mayor gave the colonel the hunch to butt in.

The colonel, with the eagles on his shoulders burnished until they made the sunshine look dim, turned to the Sandwich Islands King and spoke as follows:

"Well, King, I s'pose you are hungry, so you had better go down and wash up and we'll have breakfast."

That is exactly the way it was reported in the morning newspapers the next day. When the Mayor got the colonel into a corner by himself, while the King was in the wash room, he said to the colonel:

"Well, I wish I may be damned if you don't know less about addressing a king than any colonel that ever wore eagles."

In the whirligig of time Colvin passed out as Mayor. The colonel hung on. Military ways were followed in all the details of the succeeding administration, so far as they related to police matters. Every now and then new eagles were ordered. But the city got tired of the joke at last and the City Council took it upon itself to uneagle the colonel, and he was removed. That ended military rule in the police department of Chicago. The next head entered the department through the window of the office and he wore plain police clothes. Then they called him chief, and chief it has been ever since.

PEONY CULTURE IS EASY

SEPTEMBER THE MONTH TO PLANT THE ROOTS.

Directions for Getting the Best Results—Two Chief Varieties From Which to Choose—Other Plants to Use in Bedding Combination With Peonies.

"September is the month to plant peonies," declared the Long Island nursery woman whose peony beds are among the wonders of her neighborhood. "The plants should be divided in August and a buyer should be careful to see that the pieces he is to put into the ground have at least three good eyes.

"If these tubers have to wait until next spring to be planted they will be shrivelled and faint from fasting and will take at least a year to get to where they would be had they been planted in the fall. Peonies planted in September may give a few blossoms in the following June and they should be decidedly better the second spring, but not until the third season can they really be depended on to be as beautiful as we expect them to be.

"Peony culture is a very simple matter. The first point is never to disturb the tubers when once you have them comfortably established. To establish a peony bed properly dig a trench three feet deep, put in plenty of well rotted cow manure and plant the tubers four feet apart and from three to five inches below the surface of the bed. Then pack in the soil firmly, being careful not to trample too near the tubers.

"In selecting a position for a peony bed be careful to get a spot where there is no drip and where the flowers will not be whipped by the wind. In the spring if the plants show a tendency to fall over some sort of support should be given them. The best that I have ever seen used is a galvanized wire hoop with a loop in one end and a hook in the other. This should be fastened about the plants and if necessary upright pieces or wire legs of the necessary length can be added. Such supports cannot be seen ten feet away from a thrifty plant and add wonderfully to its appearance and the perfection of its flowers.

"The only real problems about peony culture are how to get the best variety and how to multiply them when once you do get them. Of course every one knows peonies can be ordered by the names and descriptions given in nursery catalogues. That is a very simple matter and the descriptions given in these books are often so entertaining that you are almost rewarded without waiting for the maturity of the plants ordered.

"The other way is to visit some nursery where there is a large display of peonies and pick for yourself. So far as I am concerned I would rather fill one order given this way than 100 given from my catalogue. The reason is simple enough. When the buyer sees the peonies in bloom he knows which he wants and is not disappointed when it appears.

"For the average lawn or garden I always advise a mass of one or two varieties rather than a general collection. A general collection as a rule gives a spotted effect. The peony is intended to be a large flower and for that reason I see very little use in raising them under six inches in diameter. The best method that I have found of raising extra large flowers is to disbud the plants just as you do chrysanthemums and feed them at the roots when they come into bud with liquid fertilizer. It should always be remembered that peonies are gross feeders and will consume and make fair returns for all food and care given them.

"The peony is the best herbaceous perennial in cultivation. It is larger than the rose, with as wide a range of color; it is hardier and the blossom lasts longer. Though it has no fragrance, neither has it any thorns and very few enemies or diseases. In this climate desirable varieties of the rose are usually short lived, while the peonies are almost as permanent as trees and need very little more cultivation.

"If you are not particular about variety and can find a thrifty old peony bed in your neighborhood I would advise you by all means to bargain with the owner and have it moved into the proposed bed. Another way to get peonies without any great outlay of cash but with some expenditure of time and trouble is to place a bottomless box over the centre of an old peony plant in the spring before the old bush shows any signs of growth. The bottomless box should then be filled with rich porous earth to a depth of from twelve to fifteen inches. The new shoots will push through this fresh layer of earth and develop foliage and flowers above it. The soil in the box must be kept moist during the summer and when October comes it will be found to be well filled with new roots.

"The stalks connecting these new roots with the old bush should now be carefully cut away below the stratum of fresh earth. Then these new stalks should be cut into as many pieces as there are eyes provided with roots. Such stock will grow into fine plants in a much shorter time than is required by small roots. This method leaves the old plant practically undisturbed.

"I am often asked about raising peonies from seed. To that question I always give a most positive negative. In the first place seeds give new varieties, and there is not one chance in five hundred that the new plant will be an improvement on or even as good as the plant from which the seeds were gathered.

"As to varieties they can be reduced to two really important kinds—the Peonia albiflora and the Peonia officinalis. The May blooming varieties are mostly derived from the officinalis, which is a native of southern Europe and produces one dark crimson flower to the stalk. The late June blooming varieties are chiefly derived from the albiflora, which is the Siberian flower and produces from two to five blossoms to the stalk. These blossoms are either white or pink.

"The tree peony differs from the herbaceous variety by being a shrub and not so hardy. Though it is expensive because of this insecurity of life it is very beautiful and highly ornamental when isolated on a lawn. It grows from three to six feet high and when properly placed produces larger and more numerous blossoms than the ordinary herbaceous varieties. It blooms early in May before the other varieties and the buds are often nipped by late frosts. It should be planted in a sheltered position where it will not be touched by the morning sun. This gives the nipped buds time to thaw out gradually.

"Before making a selection of herbaceous peonies you should decide whether they are to be the double or the single varieties. The single peony with its great ball of golden stamens is indeed a beautiful flower, but the double kinds have always been the general favorites. Then the single peony will last only three days, while the double varieties will last about a week.

"Though the best peony bush will remain in flower only a week or so, the peony season can be made to extend to a month and longer by a careful selection of varieties. A peony bed will look bare during the first season after planting. To avoid this I have always found putting pansies or some other shallow rooted plants between the peony plants most satisfactory. Another combination which I find very effective for a permanent bed is planting lilies with the peonies.

"Yellow trumpet daffodils also look well when shown against the ruddy foliage of the young peony shoots. Peonies look best when planted in long, broad lines backed by shrubbery. If you cannot have a long line be sure it is deep enough to form a solid mass of color. As a border to a drive I know of nothing more satisfactory than peonies, especially where they are mixed with lilies and daffodils."