THINGS IN THE YERKES HOUSE

HERE IS A PICTURE OF THE $25,000 BEDSTEAD.

Made on a Royal Model—Rodin's Advice to Yerkes on the Purchase of Marble Group of "Orpheus and Eurydice"—$35,000 Bacchante by Falconet.

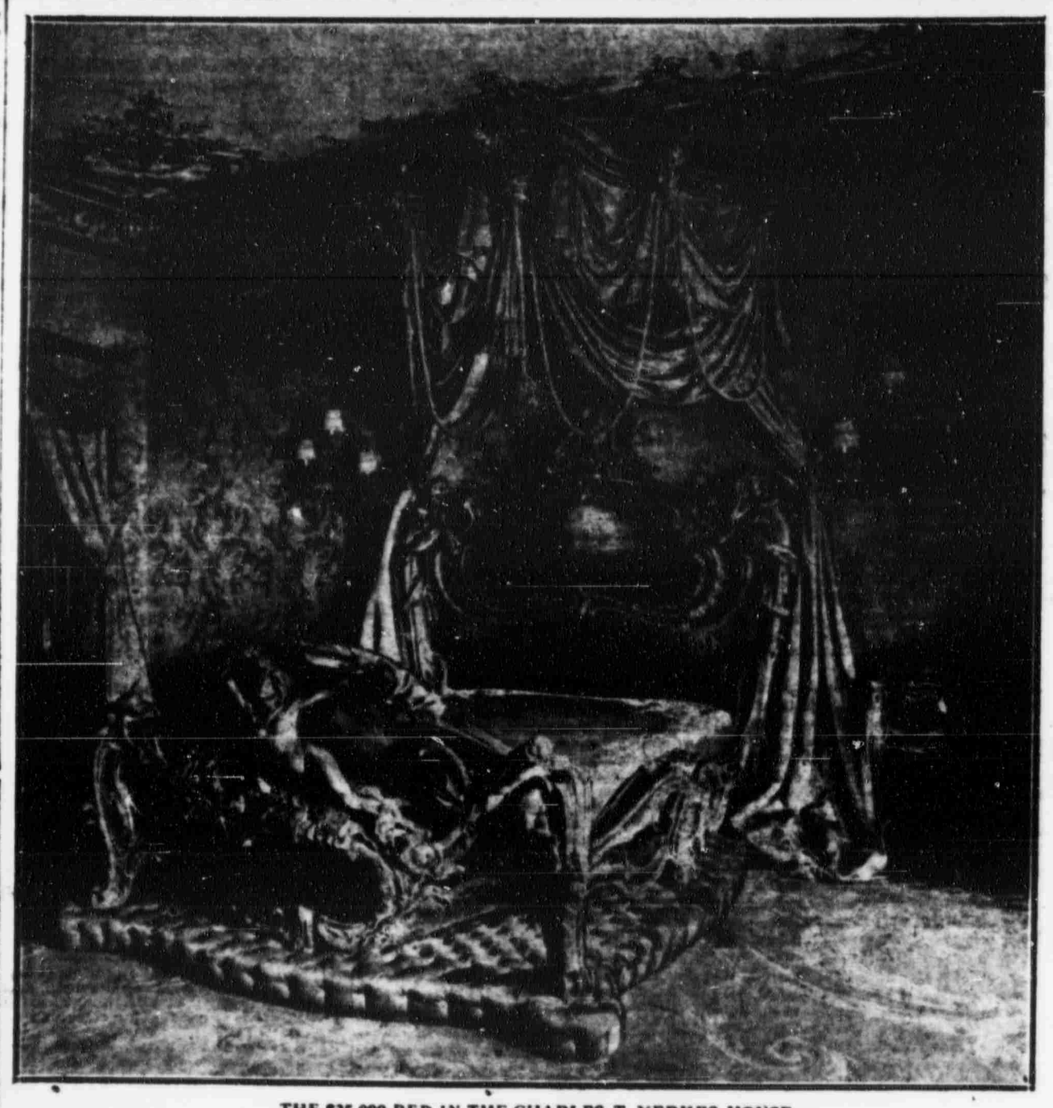
One of the things in the Charles T. Yerkes house which have been talked of and written about because of the mysterious charm that attaches to whisperings of conspicuously luxurious objects in rich men's dwellings is the bed in Louis XV. style, a picture of which is here shown. This bed is said to have cost $25,000.

Some of its mountings were cast from models made for King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and the only time they were used before the manufacture of this bed for Mr. Yerkes was for the King. The wood of the bed is palisander, ornamented with marquetry, and the ormolu mountings are of bronze. The castings that were made earlier for the King were for the Hohen-Schwangau Palace. The catalogue undoubtedly will call the bed gorgeous, and the adjective will not be misapplied.

The posts of the headpiece are ormolu figures in torso, and over the centre is a sleeping cupid. The footboard was modelled for Mr. Yerkes. On it cupids hold up draperies and reveal sunrise and a couchant nymph. So the occupants of this bed were between love asleep and beauty awake.

There is a canopy of palisander and ormolu with green silk damask curtains. The bed was made in Paris. It is 7 feet wide, 8 feet long and the canopy is 12 feet high.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE, BY RODIN.



THE $25,000 BED IN THE CHARLES T. YERKES HOUSE.

The beautiful bacchante in Carrara marble is by Maurice Etienne Falconet, who died in 1781. Its cost to Mr. Yerkes was in the neighborhood of $35,000. The height of the figure is five feet three inches. The nude torso is partly covered by the skin of a goat, the head hanging under the nymph's left arm.

The arm is raised and in the hand are grapes, while the other hand is raised to support or guard them. Grapeep an vine leaves crown the nymph. A tablet on the base says that the statue came from the property of Louis XVI.'s sister Elizabeth at Versailles.

Mr. Yerkes had two of Rodin's sculptures, the first works by Rodin to come to America. One is a "Cupid and Psyche" of exquisite beauty with all the voluptuousness which Rodin gives to his nymphic figures, a characteristic which has led Paris critics to write much amusing banter about him. The other sculpture by him, which is here reproduced, is "Orpheus and Eurydice," one of his more sombre works.

A letter from Rodin to Mr. Yerkes dated July 23, 1894, speaks of Mr. Yerkes's first visit to the sculptor, who with Gallic polish tells Mr. Yerkes that he looked forward to a second visit which would do him (the artist) even more honor and give him still greater pleasure, as the group on which he had been at work was at the time of writing completed. He speaks dutifully of the packer having called for the "Cupid and Psyche" on Saturday, and of having on Thursday received Mr. Yerkes's check for the balance of his account.

Thoughtfully but politely—perhaps with a lingering doubt as to Western American views of art; who knows?—Rodin tells Mr. Yerkes that the "Orpheus and Eurydice" will only reveal itself and the thought that is in it truly if his patron will cause it to be placed somewhat against the light.

"The mass of the marble," he says, "which represents the portal of hell, should be a gulf of shadows from which the couple emerge, Orpheus on the threshold, already outside, and Eurydice in the shadows ready to leave. The parts that seem not sufficiently finished are purposely left so. It is this which gives my sculpture its atmosphere.

"Pardon this long explanation. In the first place it is because I wish you to have the same pleasure in looking at the sculpture which you had on one of your visits already too long past, and also, since I am to have two original works in the United States, my first two, that they shall do honor alike to Monsieur Yerkes of Chicago and to Monsieur Rodin of Paris. Pardon my writing in French; I am not acquainted with your language."

BACCHANTE.
(By Falconet.)

A POET CLUBWOMAN, SHE

MISS IRWIN TELLS HOW LONDON MEETS A REAL NEED.

One Organization Which Gives the Young Poet a Chance—She Qualified for Membership—A Poets' Fancy Dress Dinner—New York Poetry Inspiring.

Stock in the recently formed Poetry Club—thus innocently named, though the charter members themselves do not deny corporation possibilities—bids fair to rise rapidly. With the acquisition of a genuine English poet clubwoman who not only has seen but has participated in the activities of a similar society in London what should prevent skyward booming?

Miss Beatrice Irwin, whom Ben Greet brought over to take the leading part in his revival of "Everyman," can speak with authority on how these little bits of Mount Parnassus brought to earth should be conducted. For in addition to being an actress Miss Irwin is also a poet, and no mean one, judging from the London Poets Club's action in electing her an honorary member and inviting her to read verses to which it might listen.

"I did the 'Peacock,'" says the actress-poet, "a very barbaric sort of thing. The members were very kind, liked it, and nominated me a member of the club."

So it seems in London it is not every one who may belong to a poets' club; the aspirant must make good.

"It was at the annual meeting in April," goes on Miss Irwin, "last April—the club is only two years old, you know. There was a big dinner first at the United Arts Club—the Poets Club is affiliated with the United Arts Club.

"Some were in fancy dress, some not. Almost every nationality was represented. It was really a most cosmopolitan affair.

"After the dinner came the poetry and discussions. Mr. Bernard Shaw spoke on the censor for about thirty minutes—very witty and amusing of course. Then the poets got up and spouted their poems"—her very words.

The atmosphere was so very cosmopolitan that the varying languages in which the poems were spouted does not seem to have been a drawback. There were those who could understand and appreciate one and all.

"At the time of the annual meeting," resumes Miss Irwin, "the 'Album of Poems' comes out. It is something like the 'Yellow Book': contains special contributions by members asked. Which reminds me that I have not yet sent in my contribution," she continues modestly.

"This big annual meeting is not, however, typical of the life of the club. It meets fortnightly, sometimes at the United Arts Club, but most often at the houses of the different members.

"The meetings are very informal. Original poems are read and discussed. A most interesting feature is the reading of impromptu poems in response to given subjects. Member So-and-So has a subject assigned to him, he retires, and reappears with the poem, which sounds rather cold blooded to the layman's conception of poetic frenzy and its warnings, but perhaps it is the effect of the rarified Parnassian atmosphere.

"The purpose of such a club is not elevating, of course; it could not be. That would be so painfully educational. It simply furnishes the leaven of romance and fancy which this prosaic era of ours is so frightfully in need of. And it serves to bring forth the young poet and give him a chance.

"The movement is a good one; there is need of it. And most of all there is need of a journal for poetry, one periodical devoted exclusively to poetry, where poetry lovers might go to find what they want. America is a big field and I hope the club here will be instrumental in filling this need."

"How many members does the London Club have?" the visiting member was asked.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," she replied. "Two hundred or three hundred perhaps," which, considering that only the qualified and demonstrated may belong, speaks well for the condition of the art abroad.

Miss Irwin admits that much time has been begged off from her professional duties recently to get in readiness for April publication a volume of poems of her own. The verses are chiefly lyrical, songs of different lands, for the young woman has been once and a half around the world.

But though Miss Irwin has jaunted to the ends of the world she confesses herself under the spell of New York.

"I love America, and I love New York," she says. "I like the bigness, the big feel about it. It is just the place to inspire poetry."

And New York if it could would probably take off its hat at the tribute, it is not often accused of being poetry inspiring.

MISS BEATRICE IRWIN.

THE WOMAN DOWNTOWN.

Business Changes She Has Seen, Even if She Isn't so Very Old.

"In my opinion," observed the married woman, who was once a stenographer, "man is on his way to the ash heap."

They were lunching together downtown, the married woman who was revisiting her old haunts and the spinster who is still a stenographer because she has never been able to discover Mr. Precisely Right in the throngs of men that gush up from the subway or pour out of the elevated stations.

"On his way to the ash heap?" echoed the spinster, puckering her brow and suspending the mastication of the English mutton chop she has learned to order for lunch instead of pie and coffee. "What do you mean?"

The married woman spread a mouthful of bread with butter and ate it in an unhurried manner before replying. Then she leaned forward, rested her elbows on the edge of the table, clasped her hands beneath her chin and began to talk.

"Let me see, how long have I been away?" she began reminiscently. "Nine, no, ten years. It's ten years since I have seen the Wall Street district, and of course I remember it as it was when I left."

"Don't be so brutally explicit," murmured her listener. "Remember that everybody isn't married and settled. Time isn't a fit subject for polite conversation anyway. If you must mention it, say 'several years ago' or —"

The married woman looked scorn.

"Ten years," she reiterated firmly. "Do you know what has happened in that time? Do you realize how everything is changed?"

The spinster seemed to be amused. She was used to the patronizing wisdom of her married friends and had learned to take it lightly. She laughed softly.

"Do I know what has happened?" she repeated. "Well, I rather think I do. Tons of letters have been received, read and answered. Dozens of office boys have come and gone. The senior partner has developed from a suave, agreeable man of 35 into a corpulent, dictatorial personage of 45 and has just been admitted to the Millionaires Club. But I go on forever and 5 o'clock doesn't come any earlier than of yore. It's the same old grind. The change, my dear, is all in your eye."

She resumed her knife and fork and the married woman tried a new tack.

"Do you remember what we used to lunch on in the old days?" she asked innocently.

The spinster grinned.

"Ice cream soda, pie and coffee, or a dime's worth of chocolates eaten during pensive strolls in Trinity churchyard," was her prompt rejoinder.

"Do you ever do that now?" was the married woman's next question.

"Heavens, no."

"Change number one," said the married woman. "You, who once regaled yourself at drug store counters, now take your lunch seriously." She paused, leaned forward and added impressively: "Just like a man. Moreover, you take an hour or an hour and a half to eat it just like a man."

She paused for breath and then continued:

"Then, too, your office manner is utterly changed. We all used to have a sort of by your leave effect. We knew we were usurpers in man's realm, and we couldn't help showing it. All that, I observe, is changed.

"You act as if you were the captain of your soul, as the poet says. You get up, put on your hat, nonchalantly toss word to the office boy that you will not be back for an hour and a half and stroll out just like a man. In my day it was different. We said: 'Please, sir, by your leave.'"

"Oh, of course, I have privileges," began the spinster.

"That's the very point," laughed her friend. "You have privileges just like a man. That's one of the changes I am talking about."

"Well, what has all this to do with your statement that man is on the way to the ash heap?"

"It has everything in the world to do with it," responded the married woman, as she watched the waiter remove their plates and place the crackers and cheese before them. "You see, man is like a person whose attention is being distracted by a hubbub in one direction while his valuables are being quietly and deftly appropriated in another. The suffragettes are beating the tomtoms, but it is the business woman who is doing the Handy Andy act. While they keep his attention fixed upon his beloved vote the business woman is quietly and without any fuss appropriating one after another of his ancient and honorable prerogatives, and one of these days Mr. Man is going to wake up to find himself down and out."

The spinster burst out laughing.

"For instance?" she said.

"Oh, there are plenty of instances," was the reply. "What about the bank you were telling me of that is replacing all men stenographers by women?"

"Probably the men have all got better jobs," suggested the spinster airily.

"And I suppose you'll argue that it's for the convenience of men that dear old Wall street now has a candy shop right in the midst of the bankers and brokers?" queried the married woman sarcastically. "You don't read the signs of the times, or you'd perceive that this part of town, once the most stag spot in the city, has taken on a distinctly feminine aspect.

"In my day we couldn't buy anything more personal than a shoestring in this part of the town. We had to make a wild rush for the shopping district after office hours and usually arrived just as the stores were closing. And now you can stroll out and buy anything from a pair of shoes to a lace scarf right under the nose of the mighty New York Stock Exchange, which is one of the great masculine strongholds, the very manniest institution in the world.

"It's wonderful, and ominous! Why, if these encroachments keep on, in ten years more there'll be women on the floor of the exchange. The gender of Wall Street will be changed."

"I'm glad you are so sanguine," said the spinster dryly.

The married woman scarcely heard her, for another contrast had come into her mind.

"Have you happened to notice the subtle air of social equality that has crept into the business relation of men and women?" she asked. "Ten years ago a man might have recognized in a business woman a social equal, but he was rarely bold enough to come right out and show it. To-day there are a goodly number of business women who are as socially smart as their employers and are treated with the same frank recognition given to a young man who is making his way in the world."

"There is some truth in what you say," admitted the spinster. "Now that you call my attention to it, I realize that the business atmosphere is a trifle more balmy than it was ten years ago. But I don't see yet what you mean by saying that man is on his way to the ash heap." The married woman swallowed her last drop of coffee and looked wise.

"Of course," she explained tentatively "the ash heap is a figure of speech."

Her companion nodded.

"It's where things go when they are no longer of any use."

Again the spinster nodded assent, but she could see that her friend was getting into deep water.

"Empires rise and fall. Rome, you know!" the married woman continued rather unexpectedly.

A smile was spreading over the spinster's face. "I don't believe you know what you're talking about," was her frank retort.

"When an empire falls it has gone to the ash heap, hasn't it? The world old empire of man is tottering. The woman power is rising."

The spinster drew her watch.

"That is precisely what I must be doing," she said, pushing back her chair. "But I might as well tell you that I don't believe in woman suffrage."

It was the married woman's turn to laugh, which she did long and appreciatively.

"Perhaps you don't," said she as they passed into the street. "But the trouble is that you business women are woman suffrage. It doesn't make any difference whether you believe or not. You are simply It. While the suffragettes are haranguing you are sawing wood."

"I suppose then," flashed the spinster with some heat, "that it is we who are driving men —"

"To the ash heap," finished the married woman."

A GRASSHOPPER VANE

On Faneuil Hall, Boston—Made by One of America's Earliest Woodcarvers.

From the Boston Globe.

Perched on the cupola of Faneuil Hall is a grasshopper weathervane which is not only one of the oldest vanes in the country but is famous as the product of one of America's earliest wood carvers and artisans, Shem Drowne of Boston.

Drowne's shop was on Ann street, in the North End.

Of the many vanes he made only three are now known to be in existence: the one on the Shepard Memorial Church in Cambridge, which formerly was on the steeple of the New Brick Church on Hanover street in this city, and known as the revenge vane; the one in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a relic of the old Boston Province House, and the one on Faneuil Hall.

This grasshopper of copper, hammered out by hand, has large glassy eyes, which in the sunlight shine like fire. It was made in 1742 at the order of Peter Faneuil when the hall, his gift to the town, was nearing completion, and for the last 167 years it has been a landmark.

It has not, however, lived a life of unbroken peace, for several times it has been near destruction. In 1755, when Boston was shaken by an earthquake, the vane fell to the ground, but after being supplied with a new leg by the son of the man who made it was replaced.

Five years later Faneuil Hall was seriously damaged by fire, but the vane remained intact and when the hall was rebuilt the grasshopper was once more given the place of honor.

Another disaster befell it when, in 1889, a flag was being raised to celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British, the hopper hopped to the street below. But in a few days he hopped right back again and there it has remained ever since, with the exception of an occasional removal for repairs.

Famous Winters.

From the London Globe.

In 1280 the entire width of the Baltic Sea was crossed by sledge. In 1339 a great many persons were frozen to death in England. In 1409 the Danube was frozen up from her source to her estuary in the Black Sea. In 1469 all vines in France were killed by frost. In 1608 and 1633 the port of Marseilles was frozen over and there was great suffering and distress. In 1709 France was icebound from north to south, the ice extending for miles seaward. Birds and animals died of cold.

RENTING INVALID CHAIRS.

Spring the Season When They Are Most in Demand.

Spring is the season when people rent yachts and seashore and country cottages and that sort of thing, and it is also the season of greatest activity in the renting of invalid chairs, for this is the season when the invalid wants to get out in the softer air and the bright sunshine.

Invalid chairs are commonly hired by the week, but they may also be rented by the day for moving an invalid from one room or from one house to another. Such chairs may have a reclining back, permitting the invalid to rest comfortably, and the invalid chair may be easily moved in and out of elevators.

SCHOOL FOR MINE WORKERS.

The First One, Opened a Year Ago, Is a Pronounced Success.

When the first mine workers' school was opened in the anthracite region about a year ago mining men throughout the country, both employers and employees, were anxious to see how the experiment would result. Now the school is no longer an experiment.

Having begun its second year, the school is regarded as a permanent feature of the coal mining activities of the section where it is located. Its object, says the *American Educational Review*, is to give to all employees in and about the mines, no matter how high or how low their positions may be, the opportunity of instruction.

The records of the first year show that the opportunity has been eagerly seized by all classes of mine workers. The school is at Lost Creek, a village in the "Middle Region" of the coal fields. It is thus in reach of several large collieries. A building formerly used for offices serves as a schoolhouse. The library of mining literature, small at the beginning, is added to from time to time. At hand also are the various periodicals devoted to mining subjects.

Cooperation with a correspondence school, which offers elaborate mining courses, is the distinctive feature of the mine workers' school. By arrangement the pupils obtain a special rate for the correspondence course and two instructors are employed by the company to help them get the most benefit out of it. It is not required, however, that the mine worker who enrolls shall take a course in mining; he can study arithmetic, English, grammar or anything else that he chooses.

LOTS OF COTTON NEEDED.

Only Steel Excels It in Manufacturing Importance.

Cotton enters into the manufacture of more articles of commerce to-day than any other commodity except steel. Eliminate cotton and the stoppage of spindles and looms would be but a trifle compared to the paralysis that would visit countless other industries.

The railroads of America consume 280,000 bales of cotton annually. Cotton duck is the basis of the airbrake hose, of enamelled ceilings, according to the *Technical World*. The plush chairs are of cotton; the "leather" seats are of cotton.

Automobiles require about 290,000 bales annually for the manufacture of tires and about 35,000 for the manufacture of "leather" seats and cushions.

More cotton is used each year to harvest and market the grain crops of the world than would be required to clothe the inhabitants of a large city. Electricity, powerful as it is, cannot get along without cotton. Millions of miles of copper wire annually owe the perfection of their insulation to cotton yarn or tape of cotton cloth.

The armies of the world to-day are clothed in cotton cloth—khaki—or something similar. This country alone requires about 5,000,000 yards of eight ounce khaki cloth annually for its army. The navies and merchant ships of the world use more cotton duck to-day than was required in the days of sailing vessels. Millions of yards of cotton cloth are used by the tobacco industry for growing tobacco under shade and making bags for smoking tobacco.

Cotton bags have displaced barrels to a great extent in the shipment of sugar, salt and flour.

Cotton is used in the mining and marketing of coal. About 15,000,000 yards of cotton duck annually is made into coal bags.

About 20,000,000 yards of cotton duck is made into overcoats with blanket lining, to take the place of heavy wool and fur garments in the American and Canadian Northwest. Thousands of bales annually are required to make cotton duck to place around the asbestos sectional covering in which the steam hot water pipes of fireproof buildings are enclosed. Cotton blankets have displaced woollen blankets in many important markets of the world.

Cotton cloth has taken the place of wall paper in thousands of modern homes.

Cement companies use about 8,000,000 yards of cotton bagging annually.

The Government requires about 4,000,000 yards of cotton duck annually for coin bags.

Millions of yards of duck forty-six inches wide are used annually for the purpose of filtering oils.

Cotton duck is the basis of rubber belting and all kinds of hose. Sales to these branches of the trade amount to 50,000,000 yards annually.

Millions of yards of cotton cloth are used in large cloth signs and advertisements.

More cotton is used in "linen" shirts and collars than linen. Mercerized cotton goods to the extent of hundreds of millions of yards sell in competition with silk.

Cotton is used to a greater or less extent in all but the most expensive of woollen fabrics.

These items furnish a few of the reasons why the world needs 3,000,000 bales more cotton than it did five years ago, notwithstanding the fact that new markets have not been extensively developed and the world's population has shown no sudden increase.

STARTING AS A DECORATOR.

First Steps in a Profession Which Is Well Suited to Women.

"Home decoration is a woman's sphere if she is properly trained," said a woman who has made a success at the work. "She knows better than a man what a woman wants, and a client feels less restraint in talking to her about big and little things and giving suggestive hints than she would with the eye of the professional man decorator upon her, sizing up her knowledge.

"There is a fine field for women in decorative art, but they must be up and doing, keep pace wigh the times, study everything pertaining to their profession, and know it thoroughly, or they will be pushed to the wall in these days of keen competition.

"As tastes are varied, they must be well informed on all periods and styles, and should be able to tell at a glance to which period a chair or piece of furniture or sample of decorative material belongs. All these things are very important.

"An additional advantage is to be able to make a hasty pencil sketch, while getting an idea from a suggestion made by a client. The quick witted artist will seize and turn such a hint to account and frequently clinch an order. Finished water color sketches are invaluable aids to show how a room will look completed.

"Women become very easily discouraged unless they have thorough knowledge and if orders do not roll in at first, but they must creep before they can walk. It is uphill work starting and becoming known, but they should stick to it if they have natural ability, pluck and perseverance. Let them do something worth while, then they will realize their ambitions; but it cannot be done in a week, a month or a year.

"It is not enough to know how to arrange a room tastefully. They must know which colors to select for an exposure facing north, south, east or west.

"Side walls and ceilings too must be attended to with care. Woodwork must be thoroughly considered, for some colors enhance, while others destroy the tones of different kinds of wood. Be careful of details: a wrong note in the floor covering, be it carpet or rug, will ruin the whole scheme.

"Then a decorator must have a real interest in her profession if she is to succeed. One woman once said to me with a shrug:

"'I'll give them whatever they like; it's an order for so many curtains, portières, chairs, tables, sofas, etc., and means so much money.'

"'Is that the way you look at decoration and furnishing?' I asked. 'Is it only the commercial side that appeals to you?'

"'Well, partly, yes. I don't bother with sentiment; it's dollars and cents only,' she replied.

"There are many like that, but it is difficult to work successfully in that way.

"A woman about to take up the profession of decorating and furnishing should learn all she can about it to begin with, then she is not handicapped at the start, but begins her career with the feeling that she knows something about what she undertakes, and it makes her feel more assured.

"She should take a studio according to her means in a good locality. It need not be large at first; that comes as her business increases, but she should be sure that it has a good light, for it makes a vast difference in showing materials.

"Have the walls papered with a rich maroon, or warm olive, preferably on the yellow cast, for it lights up better. Don't have glaring figures; a plain ground or self-toned small pattern is best, for it is unobtrusive. Then a good plain filling or carpet to tone with the walls or rugs strewn about over the filling is decorative, provided there is no clash with the walls.

"Get some rolls of paper from twenty cents up. Have one and a half yard samples of plain and decorative materials, linen taffetas and cretonnes, as it is well to have different grades. The books of plain velours, velvets, armures, &c., any upholstery house will supply.

"If she cannot afford to buy some well made, pretty and artistic pieces of furniture she can get some, but not antiques, on memorandum from furniture houses. Then too she can buy odd pieces at some of the good auction sales. On the walls hang quaint mirrors, old prints, water colors, engravings and some of her own sketches if she has them, but by all means she should make her studio show the taste and individuality of the owner, for that strikes the customer's eye.

"When ready for business let her send out cards to all her friends announcing the fact, and if she can, have a very informal afternoon tea. That will bring them to see the place. Then they will speak of it to others—and her first client calls.

"With the knowledge she has gained she is able to talk to her customer knowingly, but she must never allow the latter to think that she knows more than the decorator. She must be convincing in all she says and does.

"Often she cannot have her own way in the room or house under discussion. In that case she should not argue, but should give in and listen to her client's ideas, then with tact work around to her own schemes if they are good through the suggestions given, and the chances are that the customer will adopt the decorator's way in the end, while thinking it her own; but the decorator must use tact, tact, tact.

"The decorator must study rare combinations, learn popular and effective decorative mediums and have a strong color sense, and she must put earnest consideration in everything pertaining to her order, be it large or small; and always remember that a satisfied customer is her best advertisement."