A BACHELOR ENTERTAINS

DINNER FOR SIX AFTER THE SMART SUMMER FASHION.

In the Bachelor's Rooms, Not in a Restaurant. Achievements of an Invisible Valet. The Furnishings, the Decorations and the Fare Provided.

From the young woman in question recalled her promise to let him the first time they came into town. They were to be in the city for a few days previous to the departure for Europe which was to carry off their chaperon.

"Comes with me," the note read, "will be much more fun to have at your apartment. Martha K., down with Will, can chaperon and will make a nice party of six.

"A great deal more fun than a so-called slice of Paris transported to the Champs Elysées to the Ferderlom or in a Louis XVI garden made of paper roses. Besides it would be much more fun at your rooms. Get Jack Howard in for the third man. Harold has an engagement for dinner but that every fellow has the night he sails, but that he will join us later."

The young man put the note back in his pocket and thought of the dinner that he would have for that particular guest. It was in the habit of having about him of everything and getting it, moreover, long before it had become accessible to the general run of mankind. The suggestion about dinner in his rooms was an evidence of the advancement of his friends in matters of pleasure.

They had already grown weary of the flashy beauties of the summer restaurant which, lonely at this season of the year, is scantily filled or occupied wholly by Philistines, such rare outsiders, when they do not happen to come from regions remote from the city, that they are not interesting even to look at. So the smart diners of the summer season have been those that have taken place in men's own rooms.

This particular host who suddenly found himself commanded to give a dinner at home to six guests, for that simple suggestion from the social princess who led him was equivalent to a command, had never had a very large establishment, but he had entertained there before. In addition to his sitting room, which faced on Fifth avenue, the former hall bedroom of the old house that had been transformed into bachelor quarters served as a second room, quite large enough to seat six. It had been furnished as a dining room.

The small round mahogany table did not give a hint into the living room through the large open door when there were six guests at dinner, and there had also to be a passage for the servant on the other side of the Colonial sideboard, with its few pieces of heavy Georgian silver in view, the two Sheraton wine coolers at either end of it and the Mortland prints on the walls, with the Adam sconces lighting up the dark green paper—these details of the decoration in the little room contributed to it a sense of dignity and spaciousness that allowed no suggestion of a ballroom to obtrude itself on the visitor.

Of course none of these effects had been planned by the tenant. He was not by way of being so artistic. It was when a woman friend told him that she had made up her mind to go into the decoration of rooms and intended to begin on him he succumbed and gave over his apartment to her eager fingers.

The sconces were in reality electric lights, the candles were there only in addition to the style of the period from the originals dated. In one corner of the room a Chippendale cabinet held in opposite against the wall was a cabinet of the same maker's design, displayed from behind its wire crossed glass front the porcelain of the host.

He knew only that it contained plates and knew that the friend who decorated for him had used the same judgment here and he was therefore accustomed to comments on the excellent taste with which he had selected his china and most of the admirers of his china closet had appreciation as to its exact suitableness for a man. There was no bedroom suite there, but chiefly old Mingo green and red design, some plain pieces with only their dark blue monogram in the centre and a band of gold to ornament them, and some of the burned red Berlin plates in a variety that was distinctly feminine. The silver platter and vegetable dish pressed here among the silver on the sideboard had its own history.

It was in this room that the six dined that same night for dinner. It was intensically feminine that sent the letter to arrive on the day the party was to come only a few days ago to say they had secured a certain hotel for them and that it would be convenient he could telephone to him at a place to escape the hospitality of the entertainer, but it happened that he could not have succeeded to escape it there in the loophole.

He said as his servant took his hat, benefits and service at the end of the hall, "What do you say to giving a dinner to-night?"

Sympathetic.

"Three ladies and three men, got to be good or I'd go to a restaurant, although waiters and they'd know."

"What do you say to?"

"Dinner."

"Dinner, sir?" he repeated, as if not understanding much, sir?" he said they wanted plenty.

"There's no objection, sir, to the things outside, say sir, at the ices, it ought to be very help? Shall I have?"

"Yes," he answered Watters. "I'll be responsible for the boy that comes in to serve soup."

He knew he could be relied on for everything, but he thought this formal question Watters might realize that he took on his shoulders a fearful person, was not like to have his dinner party taken too much as a joke.

"Look then," his master said, as he was leaving, "and see that they'll be a little flowers too."

The exterior apartment was with a little sense in the decoration as much wrapped in mystery as are those of the houses, but it once passed there was behind the closed awnings no preparation.

Mr. Watters had given an hour or two to various small packages and there began to come with baskets and boxes and packages who disappeared in the service entrance; there was no outward bustle of preparation, no sign of the apartment of unusual activity on the floor, he was certainly a mystery were noticeable only a few gathered that there were bunches of pink roses in the silver vases in the corners of the mantelpiece in pink shades of the table.

It was a hard and the dark mahogany showed through the silver and porcelain that had been spread. In the centre of the table and at every seat were lace squares on which the dinner service lay. There were even three diminutive squares of silk lace for the three glasses, one for white, one for champagne and one for table water.

These were the visible signs of the valet's activity when the party entered the room and the women almost in chorus murmured their delight at the view. They had received at Watters's hand in the drawing room cocktails of the kind known as Bronx, although there was no orange in them. Instead there was shredded peach floating about.

There were, to begin with, melons served, with the crushed ice banked up about them to a point half their height. Over this ice had been sprinkled chopped mint which gave the dish a refreshing and appetizing smell. Watters distributed with the melons white wine and seltzer to those who wanted it and the supply of the wine was so limited that it was evident that champagne was to be the wine of the meal.

After the cold chicken gumbo there was cold fish. To all of the guests it may not have been evident that this unusually dainty course came out of a tin, but it did. That was one of Watters's secrets. Mackerel about six inches long, very cold, preserved in white wine instead of oil was the delicacy which Watters passed in a dish covered with such a cool layer of cresses that the fish actually looked comfortable on it. It seemed a shame to disturb them.

With them he served a sauce ravigote and cucumbers sliced, but unlike most sliced cucumbers they were not in small slivers. Every cucumber had been cut lengthwise into such a thin sliver that it looked like a piece of wood shaved off a plank. Of course it was long and not a single guest could eat one of the curling strings; but they were decorative and very easily separated by a knife.

With these, Watters served the smallest new potatoes that could be found in market. They had been boiled, then rolled in toasted crumbs and browned. The sauce served with them was of melted butter and cheese.

"Not too much," his master had said in the morning, "but good—the best you know how."

That sent Watters off to a butcher's where he was sure of getting a good gigot of lamb, for lamb steaks were to be the piece de résistance of this summer time dinner. Watters was shrewd enough to know that the casual inquirer for lamb steaks at a butcher shop will be told that such timely delicacies are not to be had. It never occurs to the unsympathetic butcher to suggest the means of getting then that is known only to initiated.

By buying the whole leg of the lamb you may have the steaks cut from it and in that way get the best that are to be had. Watters knew that the larger steaks were as a rule better than the others although, he also knew the advantage of not having to do any carving on the table, so he had the steaks cut small. They were broiled and then served with a sauce of fines herbes, cut up in melted butter and poured over the steaks before they were served. Then for a second they went back into the oven.

With these came a single vegetable that delighted the hearts of the women who had been in Paris. That happened to be true of all of them so the memory of the kind of haricots verts they had eaten there was a fresh pleasure. It is true of the New York cuisine that common string beans are as a dinner vegetable they are never so good as they are in France.

The difference in preparing them does not begin until after they have been boiled. Then in the American fashion they are ready to serve. In accordance with the Parisian idea of the way they should be cooked, however, they are strained in a colander after being boiled, cold water is run over them and afterward they get ten minutes more of boiling in addition to the original fifteen. Then they are taken from the hot water, entirely dried off and put into a saucepan with melted butter and chopped up parsley. They are stirred in this for five minutes and then served. They then are not swimming around in the water which so often accompanies them here.

This modest dinner allowed an addition with the salad, and it came in the shape of thin slices of Virginia ham made into rolls about the size of a firecracker and filled with cream cheese. This accompanied the tomato salad, which was a new application of the chanteeler craze to gastronomy.

A tomato skinned and served with mayonnaise had been partly hollowed out. Into the top had been inserted the little white leaves taken from the heart of lettuce. Then these had been stuck into the sides of the tomato in a way to give the effect of very small feathers.

The taste of peaches which had begun this ideal summer night dinner was destined to end it. The lemon ice which came to the table as the sweet was covered with the shredded meat of sweet ripe peaches. Then came coffee.

"Thank me, all of you," said the girl who had written the note of invitation to herself. "Thank me, all of you. It is to me that you owe this dinner. Else we might every one of us had to forgo this pleasure to dine on a terrace or a roof garden. Ugh!"

PLACE OF THE ST. BERNARD.

Seen Less Often at Bench Shows, but Prized for Country Places.

"The dear Saints are out of date, they say!" exclaims Miss Anne Whitney, the bench judge of St. Bernards. "The only dog with the halo of centuries of self-sacrificing devotion to suffering humanity is passing out of sight!

"People should know better," she writes in *Country Life in America*. "The St. Bernard, peerless in character, beauty and size, may not fill as many benches at public shows as in past years because his owners prefer to keep him at home, in the country, to guard their property, protect their children and escape the risks and expenses of transportation. Perhaps there are fewer on city avenues, but out of town they are still with us, most loving and beloved of all canine companions and friends.

"The first St. Bernards in this country were brought from Switzerland by travellers homeward bound, and they were smooth coats, the original breed. More recently, forty years ago and later, English kennels have been the chief source of supply. The beauty and great size of the rough coated variety brought it into favor with the general public at once and thousands of American dollars swelled English pocketbooks in exchange for famous prize winners.

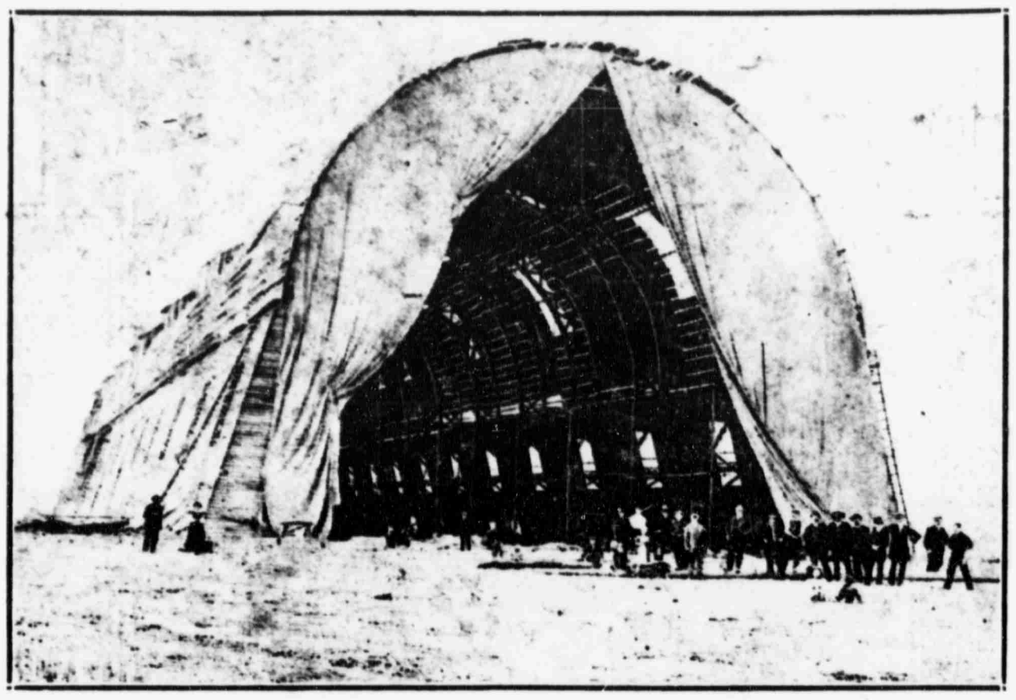
"The leading kennels were then in Massachusetts and New York, where some of the best specimens are still to be found. Small kennels are the rule now, and they are scattered all over the continent. American bred dogs to-day show as much blue ribbon quality as any that can be imported.

"Of all the rough coats ever imported great Sir Bellivere was the grandest and the best, all points considered, yet fairly beaten by some competitors in a few respects. Although exceedingly beautiful, his coat was rather profuse and his head could have been better. Among the smooths from England, Watch, a huge, massive dog, almost entirely white, with a long record of prizes won in his native land, proved successful in public here the few times shown. In symmetry and action he was far inferior to Sir Bellivere.

"Switzerland added a quota of her finest smooth coats from the famous Schumacher kennels for the benefit of her favorite breed in this country at the time when public enthusiasm for St. Bernards was at its zenith, in response to the call of a New York fancier, giving us the strongest collection ever seen, less than a score of years ago. Since then the breed, like all others, has had its ups and downs, due to the varied motives and ability of fanciers. At the present time we have the high honor of exporting to England. The smooth coat is flat and short, extremely dense and in some cases with a close under coat. The rough coat is long and preferably flat, not shaggy nor curly. Anything suggesting the Newfoundland cross is faulty."

COUNT ZEPPELIN STILL HAS FAITH IN AIRSHIPS OF HIS DESIGN.

The Deutschland Was Wrecked, He Thinks, From Causes Similar to Those That Lead to Wrecks of Ships at Sea—The Airship House at Dusseldorf.



THE SHED OF THE DEUTSCHLAND AT DUSSELDORF.

BERLIN, July 14.—Here is a picture of the shelter of the Zeppelin airship at Dusseldorf. Count Zeppelin believes that there will still be use for it, for he has not been discouraged by the dramatic wreck in a gale of his gigantic dirigible passenger airship Deutschland.

The Count doesn't agree with the German experts who asserted after the wreck that it was caused by defects inherent in his system of construction. The Count attributes the wreck wholly to the gale which struck the Deutschland coincidentally with the breakdown of one of the motors just when its power was most needed.

Before the Count sailed away with the Zeppelin expedition that is going to Spitzbergen to see what chance a Zeppelin dirigible would have in finding the pole he issued a statement of his views on the causes of the wreck of the Deutschland and how such accidents might be prevented in the future. Count Zeppelin said:

"The Deutschland got into an ascending whirlwind which carried it up with irresistible force to a height of 5,000 feet. In consequence of the considerable loss of gas at the high altitude the airship, which was moreover heavily laden with wet snow, sank down again. The earth was invisible till suddenly the tops of trees were seen only a little distance below. The airship was then directed upward with the rudders.

When three or four yards of elevation had been gained the front motor ceased to work and the speed was no longer sufficient to raise the airship. It now fell again, though only with a speed of from three to five feet a second, and soon the rear car, which through the upward inclination of the front of the vessel hung lower than the other, struck with full force on the tops of the trees.

"Very soon the whole airship was caught fast in them. It only suffered serious injury immediately in front of the rear car, where several girders were broken. A complete smashup and demolition did not take place. Further destruction was only caused afterward by the storm.

The breakdown of the forward motor at the most critical moment was apparently due to lack of benzine, as the motor itself was quite in order. There can be no doubt that the stability of the airship was only impaired by its becoming involved in an ascending whirlwind, with its accompanying heavy fall of snow.

"The loss of buoyancy through the elevation of the ship, the fall of temperature of about 15 degrees, and the covering of wet snow, is estimated at approximately two tons. Such storms are fortunately only associated with particular states of weather, like typhoons, which still always claim victims at sea; but just as sailors have already learned to avoid these so navigators of the air will soon have no more reason to fear whirlwinds. Passenger airships can and will avoid them in future."

It is an interesting fact that the ballooning department of the army is now considering the advisability of fitting its airships with vertical screws, with a view of facilitating ascent and descent, experience in manœvres having shown that it is very difficult and dangerous to bring a dirigible to earth where no special arrangements have been made to assist the process.

A MAN KILLER IN A POKER GAME.

Adventure of a New Yorker Whiling Away His Time in a Mississippi River Town.

It was probable enough that the three men who sat in the back room of a saloon in a small town on the Mississippi River playing poker were trying to get one another's money. When a fourth man entered and after looking on for a few minutes asked if he could take a hand they not only assented willingly but immediately changed their style of play. Instead of striving as they had done, each to capture as many pots as possible from his neighbors they began in concerted fashion a determined onslaught on the newcomer's chips.

Considering the fact that the fourth man was of age and was moreover a poker player of experience, it is necessary to explain why he continued in the game instead of promptly getting cold feet. The story he told after he returned to New York seems to make this clear.

He had landed from one of the river boats in flood time, intending to take the railroad for a town in the interior where he had business to attend to. Finding on inquiry that he could not get a train till next day he looked around for some means of killing time. A search of the little town revealed nothing else that promised to be so interesting as the poker game mentioned, and as the play was not high, he reckoned the amusement he might get by watching the crude methods of the three players would be well worth the inconsiderable sum he would probably lose.

Crude enough these methods certainly were. One of the players was an old man whose companions called him Colonel. His hands were noticeably tremulous, whether from age or dissipation, and he affected a difficulty in seeing distinctly which the New Yorker was not inclined to credit.

When he dealt his motions were slow and seemingly uncertain, and he scrutinized each card as he gave it out so closely that even a tyro would have suspected him of looking for marks on the backs of them. He apologized for this with apparent frankness, pleading his poor sight as an excuse, and no one presumed to criticise it.

Another of the trio was known, it appeared, by the name of Jim. He was a typical desperado in appearance, but mild mannered and soft of speech. He too was more or less clumsy in his manipulation of the deck, so that the newcomer had no difficulty in detecting him twice in the act of dealing himself a card from the bottom of the deck.

The third man, answering to the name of Bill, was ordinary looking, but a professional gambler of the lower type plainly enough. He seemed to have too little skill to attempt any manipulation of the cards and contented himself with giving signals from time to time and noting those which his confederates gave him, serenely ignorant of the fact that the New Yorker was observing the signals as closely as they themselves were.

Understanding all this, the New Yorker played along, neither expecting nor caring to win any money but fully content to lose what little they might get out of him in a game in which the ante was a dime, call two bits. He bought a $10 stack of chips on sitting in, noticing that the three had about $30 on the table, and this seemed to meet their views. What might develop later he had no means of judging, but as they were playing $2 was a large bet, so nothing ruinous seemed to be imminent.

Altogether the experience was sufficiently amusing to a man who knew the game thoroughly himself and who was interested chiefly in studying the tricks of comparatively unskilled players who imagined they had him for a victim. He guarded himself against any serious losses easily enough, though he made no winnings worthy of mention, and for half an hour or so deemed the adventure well worth while.

After a time, however, it began to be monotonous and he was beginning to think of pulling out when suddenly another man entered the room and, coming up to the table, regarded the game with interest.

After a few moments he said if there was no objection he would take a hand. It seemed plain that the three original players were not too well pleased by his intrusion, but for some reason they did not care to oppose it and the New Yorker welcomed the addition of a new element in the play, so Jack, as the newcomer was called, sat in without objection.

He bought his $10 stack, producing the money from a healthy looking roll, and began playing in a way that showed plainly enough that he was not in the professional class. It was not that he lacked an understanding of the game, but he played with a reckless disregard of probabilities that indicated a poor chance for him among careful players.

Though he seemed indifferent as to his success, judging from the way he made his bets, he was a poor loser, and when the New Yorker took a pot from him in the first round he said, "Yo' luck 'pears to be most too good."

It was a remark that might be taken almost any way, but the New Yorker choose to take it as jocular, though the speaker's manner was offensive. To have taken it seriously would have meant an alteration if not a fight, and the man who had not an acquaintance in the town had no desire to get involved in any difficulty.

He therefore said with a smile that he tried to make as pleasant as possible, "I certainly was lucky that time," and took the deck for the next deal.

It happened then that Jack caught a good hand and after the Colonel had come in on Jim's ante he raised it half a dollar. That let Bill out, and the dealer, finding on looking at his hand that he had not a pair, also threw down.

Jack was watching him keenly, and when the hand went in the discard he said sneeringly, "Yo' all 'pears to be some cautious."

To this the New Yorker made no reply, but being convinced that the other's purpose was to provoke a quarrel, he resolved to pull out shortly. He could not leave before finishing his deal, however, and as Jim stayed and the Colonel raised back he wanted to see what cards would be called for in the draw.

Jack seemed somewhat taken aback by the reraise and studied his hard again. Finally he said with an oath, "If I reckoned I'd get a square deal I'd b'lst yo' again, but I'll see yo' bet, anyway." Then he put up his money and Jim dropped.

"It was right there and then," said the New Yorker when he told the story long afterward, "that I did some of the hardest and quickest thinking I ever did in my life. I had never been in a shooting scrape, and I had never seen but one. That experience hadn't inspired me with any wild desire to be a principal in any similar affair.

"But I remembered, it seemed to me, all the yarns I had overheard or read about the lawless character of some of the Mississippi River towns, and it certainly looked as if I was going to have nothing to say in the matter. This Jack person was going to have trouble enough if he made it all himself.

"Now, I can play poker eleven years without quarrelling, and I had no wish to quarrel then, but my very first thought was that if I didn't resent that insult I wouldn't have the sympathy of anybody in the community. If I did resent it, well, the row seemed to be inevitable, anyhow.

"So I leaned forward and said as coolly and savagely as I knew how to, 'You'll get just what's coming to you. I don't know just what it'll be, but I'll see that you get it.'

"It was considerable of a relief to me to notice, as I did, that the three other men actually seemed pleased when they heard me speak. They might simply have been glad to think there was going to be a row, but I fancied they had no particular sympathy for Jack, even if they hadn't any for me.

"But Jack blazed up in a sudden fury and when I saw him reach for his hip pocket I started up from my chair, thinking to throw myself on him and make a struggle for my life. To my amazement, however, he didn't pull a gun. Instead of that he swore violently as he jumped up and rushed out.

"Naturally I was a good deal puzzled by that and turning to the others I said: 'What ails your friend? Is he drunk or just plain bughouse?'

"They only laughed and the Colonel said: 'He ain't drunk, sah. He won't be drunk fo' some days yet. He's on'y just stahtin' in; but he does 'pear to yearn fo' a gun play when he's drinkin', an' just nachuily yo' bein' a stranger he reckoned on shootin' at yo' all. The boys gen'ly steals his gun when he gets goin', an' I reckon that's what they done this time, so he's mo'n likely gone out fer to get heeled, but yo' all needn't to mind nothin' about that. The boys won't let him come back.'

"The old scoundrel began to assemble the cards with the evident expectation that the game would go on uninterrupted. I was still thinking hard, however, and I said: 'I presume it's all right, but I reckon I'd better go and get heeled myself. You know he might come back.'

"Well, they said that was all right and I got up from the table. I don't mind saying that my first thought was to go away from there and lose myself, but the second thought came instantly.

"There was no place that I could go to where Jack wouldn't be able to find me and if I should run away I would forfeit any possible support I might have in case of an encounter, for no one would have any respect for a coward. Also I thought the safest place in town for me was right at that poker table.

"So I left what chips I had remaining to mark my seat and stepped over to the tavern where I had put up on my arrival. I had no gun of my own, but I thought I might be able to borrow one from the proprietor, and sure enough, when I told him that a man called Jack was gunning for me, he produced a weapon promptly.

"'That's a good gun,' he said, 'and it's mighty light on the trigger, so yo' want to be careful an' not shoot wild. If yo' kill him in a fair fight I reckon there won't be nothin' did about it. We uns is gettin' kind o' tired o' havin' a killin' in town every time he gets drunk.'

"So I took the gun and went back. The bartender stood in the outer room and smiled pleasantly at me as I passed in, but he said nothing, nor did either of the three men, whom I found still playing where I left them.

"I noticed that the Colonel had a loaded derringer lying each side of his chips on the table and when he saw me look at them he laughed a little and said: 'Kind o' uncomfortable settin' on 'em.'

"Then I saw that Jim had loosened the hilt of the knife he wore at the back of his neck so that it showed plainly, and I presumed that Bill had some weapon handy, so I said nothing, but I moved my seat so that I should face the door to the outer room and I laid the landlord's revolver alongside my chips, which had not been disturbed. Then I sat down to play.

"I confess that I did not give as much attention to the game as I might have done after that. I lost what chips I had and the most of another stack while I was thinking whether I was all kinds of a fool to stay there or whether I really was doing the wisest thing possible. Aside from that, I was wondering how I would come out of it if the boys should let Jack come back.

"Well, they didn't, but he made a brave attempt at it. I don't know whether he had procured a gun or not, but in a little while he was in front of the saloon trying to fight his way in. There were four or five other men there, however, and after a tremendous struggle they bore him away again, and I saw no more of him.

"Not long after that I quit the game and went over to the hotel again, where I spent the night in the barroom with the proprietor, who was a very decent fellow. He assured me that it was all true about Jack's homicidal mania but added that he was a good citizen when sober and a prosperous saloon keeper. Being well liked, he had never been convicted of manslaughter after one of these affrays, though he had had several, but the community was tired of them.

"I took the first train out of town and never returned there."

Wonders of Alfalfa.

From the Worcester Telegram.

Alfalfa has found a way into the doctor's office as a curative agent. Dr. Marian N. Clark of Los Angeles claims that there are remarkable curative qualities in the grass and its blossom. She tells of success in prescribing alfalfa juice for the nerves, and claims that it is one of the wonders for waking people up out of lethargy and making them feel like working harder.

Also that a few tablets of alfalfa will cure men of the smoking habit and take them out of the jimjams and into sound reason and good bodily health in a remarkably short time. She uses the grass reduced to small bulk, though in some cases she admits that men are so foolish about their habits that she might make a mistake and prescribe the alfalfa in the hay form, as though it were for other donkeys.

BIRTHDAYS ATTACKED NOW

NOT A TRUE TEST OF A CHILD'S REAL AGE, TEACHERS SAY.

Maturity Tests Proposed as a Substitute Experts Say the Present System Does Not Provide Sufficiently for Children of Retarded Development.

BOSTON, July 23.—The various Legislatures of the United States are to be asked to abandon the system of determining the age of school children by means of their birthdays and to substitute therefor a system of maturity tests to determine their real age, physiological and psychological, as opposed to the mere chronological age. A resolution to that effect was passed by the special education department of the National Educational Association at its meeting in Boston early in July. The resolution will be sent to the educational authorities of the different States, who will be asked to assist in getting this innovation established.

It has for some time been generally accepted among child study experts that Ann's real age is by no means determined by the number of summers she counts. She may be a big, overgrown girl of 16, but along comes the specialist, looks at her wrist bones with an X-ray outfit, squeezes her hand a few times to discover the quality of her muscular coordination and control, and puts her down as in the class of average twelve-year-olds.

This immature development has not in any way hindered Ann from leaving school when she reaches the legal age. Neither has the fact that at 12 brother Johnnie is intellectually and physically on a parity with most lads of 15 made it possible for him to go to work with the consent of the school authorities.

Now it is urged that concrete science rather than abstract mathematics shall be accepted as a guide in determining who in the school population shall be permitted to go into the world of achievement and who must continue to be directed by specialists.

Suppose that maturity tests of the equivalent of average age fourteen, chronologically speaking, should be adopted as necessary to be passed before the boy or girl may cease going to school. It would follow that if a person of twenty or thirty or even forty summers has not yet in his physiological and psychological development reached age fourteen as determined by the maturity tests he must still be treated as a schoolboy.

Large classes of adults, among them many of the criminals, defectives, feeble minded and abnormal, are found on examination to be still infantile in their development. These, according to the advocates of the maturity tests, should undergo processes of education until either they have reached the prescribed standard or the hopelessness of accomplishing anything with them has been proved. Common sense, the child study people concede, must be injected into such a scheme.

The continued custodianship of the State over individuals of arrested or retarded growth who are not insane, degenerate or proved guilty of criminal conduct would not necessarily imply confinement in the schoolroom for so many hours so many days in the week. Undeveloped Ann and many other such persons will presumably be encouraged to earn their living in usual ways and thus get the educational benefit that comes from a gainful occupation regularly pursued. The resolution, nevertheless, as adopted by the educational association suggests that these partially developed persons ought to be under an expert guardianship which will not be relaxed until the individual shall have passed the tests which denote average ordinary maturity of body and mind.

The pedagogical profession has long been preparing to establish these tests for physiological and psychological age. Their proper constitution has been under discussion for many years and the number of converts to the idea of administering them has increased rapidly, as was shown by the practical unanimity with which the favoring resolution was adopted at the educational convention.

Ideas of what the tests should consist of were set forth at the meeting by Dr. M. P. E. Groszmann, formerly superintendent of the ethical culture schools in New York, and more lately director of a laboratory school for atypical children at Plainfield, N. J., an educator who for the last twenty years has been proclaiming the right of the exceptional child to exceptional supervision and help. Dr. Groszmann's paper before the special education department summed up the details of a scheme of maturity tests which, as he believes, will be accepted by those who understand that the chronological age and the real age do not necessarily coincide.

These determinations are an affair of professional technic involving the wrist tests devised by Dr. Thomas Morgan Rotch of the Harvard medical school, various measurements of the muscles and organs; examination of the blood, lung capacity, respiration and heart action; study of the presence or absence of delusions and hallucinations; investigations of prehension, speech and mental imagery; of memory and precision of judgment. They are part and parcel of a great applied science which, started under the name of child study, is destined, so some people fancy, to prepare the way for standardized humanity.

The character of the maturity tests is to be determined, according to the educators, by commissions of pedagogues and physicians. Their application will necessitate general segregation of abnormal from normal. The mass of children will be educated together as now, getting the undoubted benefit of belonging to well defined and harmonious groups. Those whom the tests show to be unfit to proceed with others of the same chronological age will be studied with reference to their defects.

The distinctly defective will be assigned to the appropriate institutions, the demented and idiotic to asylums, the perverse and apparently incorrigible to reform schools, the epileptic to special sanitariums and so on. Some of these institutions have not yet been brought to high standards of professional efficiency, but most of them are working in what advanced pedagogy regards as the right direction. The coordination which would result from making the public school their common clearing house would tend to bring all up to grace. Meantime the minor abnormalities among children who under expert care may be expected to take their place among their fellows would be treated in the so-called ungraded classes, which in many school systems have already been proved very useful.

Another section of the resolutions calling for tests of psychophysical age asks that education be made universal and compulsory in all the States. That means denying to parents or guardians the right which they have heretofore possessed of determining whether or not a child is fit to be sent to school.

Schooling, as a matter of fact, is now obligatory chiefly on those children whom the inexpert people at home deem to be sufficiently normal to get along in the ordinary classes of the public or private school, or in the case of a few urban school systems, in the ungraded classes between the insane, idiotic, criminal and epileptic children for whom provision is made in special institutions and the average ordinary children in the schools there are always in every community a considerable number of children of arrested or retarded development kept by the discretion of the parents away from the educational facilities accorded to others of their years. Whether such children grow up with or without the care they ought to have depends usually on the family's financial circumstances and intelligence.

Well to do and enlightened parents secure for the boy or girl who cannot make progress at school special teaching at home or elsewhere. Among the needy and the negligent many children because of unfitness to keep pace with their fellows become men and women without having had either the conventional education or the particular training which might have helped them.

The experts are now demanding that the State become absolutely responsible for such children, taking measures to prevent their being later on a menace to the welfare of society. Under compulsory education the mere fact that a parent alleges his child's frailty or backwardness would not constitute an excuse for neglecting educational opportunities. Such a law on the statute books would make it imperative that all communities should extend the policy that is now being tentatively adopted of creating proper instruction for the benefit of defective and atypical children.

OLD BRASS AND COPPER.

Points of Interest for the Collector of Colonial Utensils.

Genuine old Colonial brass and copper utensils were rarely of Russian or Oriental make. Most of them were of English or American manufacture, with occasional Dutch and French pieces.

These are now very rare, and according to *Country Life in America*, are seldom to be found in the shops. The brass and copper utensils offered as Colonial are mostly Russian, and half of those are modern reproductions.

The best of these old utensils came from England, many of them from Birmingham. But few of these English pieces bear any stamp. From Holland and Brittany came brass and copper milk cans and a few other pieces.

Unfortunately a great deal of the old brass and copper was of American make. Among the early settlers there were a number of braziers, and some of the oldest brass utensils that have come down to us were doubtless their work. They worked locally and suited their styles to the needs of their customers, so that nothing like a classification or analysis is possible.

During the early part of the eighteenth century English braziers came in considerable numbers to New England and plied their trade, thus introducing many of the English forms, so that it is often impossible to tell whether a piece is of English or American make, except in the American pieces are usually heavier.

At the same time there were English and Dutch braziers working in New York and Pennsylvania. A famous New England brazier was Samuel Jackson, who died in 1776. He made brass chandeliers, pots, skillets, sconces, trivets, saucers, spoons and warming pans, as well as andirons, andirons and andirons.

Copper was perhaps less commonly used than brass, but proves the most interesting pieces were of that metal. There were measures, pots, tankards, mugs, small pitchers and sugar bowls of copper, platters, saucers, bowls and kettles. Sheet brass was imported from Wales and elsewhere and hammered into pots and open kettles. Copper chafing dishes were popular about fires, and kettles standing on tripods over charcoal furnaces. Sometimes the furnaces were brass or iron.

Brass was even more expensive than copper, and good pieces are rare. There were ladles, teapots, jugs, sugar bowls and small pitchers of brass. Brass skillets were made sometimes with iron tripods for standing in the coals. Plain pail shaped kettles were common, chiefly without feet.

The chief charm in collecting old brass and copper lies in the beauty of the metal, and the fact that many of the pieces lend themselves readily to decorative purposes in the home. Almost any shapely piece of old brass, and particularly old copper with its rich color, makes a beautiful ornament.

Open kettles and pots serve admirably as jardinieres and the smaller jugs as vases for cut flowers, while ladles, skimmers, warming pans, platters and other flat pieces need only to be hung on the wall to serve as their own justification. If the copper is highly burnished it looks its best in subdued light.

Many collectors prefer not to polish their old brass and copper, but to allow it to retain the softened tints that age has given, with here and there a suggestion of green, red and gold, the results of oxidization. Sometimes of course an old piece is so dingy and dirty as to need some treatment to bring out its beauty.

Soap and water should be used first and then an application of oil and rottenstone to take off any incrusted dirt. Then putz pomade may be used to give as high a polish and as new a look as is desired. Most amateurs need to be cautioned against too vigorous a cleaning, however. Finally the palm of the hand and much patience will serve best to bring out the lustre without wearing away the colors.

Genuine old brass and copper utensils command a fair price, but no more than they are worth as decorative ornaments in the home. The Russian pieces in the shops are cheap in comparison. A Russian copper pot may be worth $5, while an old English or American piece of similar shape and size would be worth $12. Copper jugs and measures are worth $6 or $8, teakettles from $10 to $15, pots and skillets $10 or $12, warming pans from $12 to $20. Brass is worth less than copper; a small brass jug may sometimes be picked up for $3 or $4, and a kettle for $5.

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