WHAT WOMEN TALK AND THINK ABOUT

ART DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERY

A Study of the Fundementals of Ornamental Needlework Including Materials and Stitches—Nomenclature of Stitches More Troublesome Than the Stitches.

Embroidery and Stitchery.

Embroidery begins with the needle and the needle (thorn, fishbone or whatever it may have been) came into use as soon as ever the savages had the wit to sew skins and things together to keep themselves warm—modesty we may take it was an after-thought—and if the stitches made any sort of pattern, as coarse stitching naturally would, that was embroidery.

The term is vaguely used to denote all kinds of ornamental needlework, and some with which the needle has nothing to do. That is misleading; tho it is true that embroidery does touch on the one side tapestry, which may be described as a kind of embroidery with the shuttle and on the other lace, which is needlework, pure and simple; "construction in the air" as the Italian name has it. The term is used in simple parlance to express any kind of superficial or superfluous ornamentation; for example, a poet is said to embroider the truth. There is inevitably a certain amount of over-laping of the crafts, embroidery is enrichment by means of the needle.

To embroider is to work on something; a ground work is pre-supposed; and we usually understand by embroidery, needlework in thread. It is thus the consistent way of ornamenting stuff, most consistent of all when one kind of thread is employed thruout, as in the case of linen upon linen or silk upon silk. In short it is the decoration of a material woven in thread by means of a thread (it may be wool, cotton, linen, silk, gold, no matter what). The enrichment may, however, rightly be and oftenest is, perhaps, in a material nobler than the stuff enriched, in silk upon linen, in wool upon cotton, gold upon velvet. The advisability of working upon a precious stuff in thread less precious is open to question. It does not seem to have been satisfactorily done; but if it were only the background that was worked, and the pattern so schemed as to almost cover it, so that in fact, very little of the more beautiful of the texture was sacrificed and you had still a sumptuous pattern or a less attractive ground—why not? But then it would be because you wanted that less precious texture there; the excuse of economy would scarcely hold good. In the case of a material itself unsightly, the one course is to cover it entirely with stitching, as did the Persian and other untireable people of the east, but not they only; the famous Syon cope is so covered. Much of the work so done, that is to say, competes in effect with tapestry or other weaving, and its purpose is similar it is sort of an amateur way of working your own stuff. But in character it is in no way more nearly related to the loom than other needlework; it is still work on stuff. For all over embroidery one chooses naturally a coarse canvas ground to work on; but it more often happens that one chooses canvas because one means to cover it, than tha one works all over a ground because it is unpresentable.

Embroidery is merely an affair of stitching, and the first thing needful alike to the worker in it, and the designer for it, is a thoro acquaintance with the stitches; not of course with every modification of a stitch which individual ingenuity may have devised—it would need the space of an encyclopedia to chronicle them all—but with the broadly marked stitch in the various varieties which have been employed to best purpose in ornament. They are derived naturally from the stitches first used for quite practical and prosaic purposes, button hole stitch for example, to keep the edges of the stuff from fraying; herringbone, to strengthen and disguise a seam; darning to make good a worn surface; and so on.

Confusion of Names.

The difficulty of discussing embroidery stitches is greatly increased by the haphazard way in which they are commonly named. A stitch is called Greek, Spanish, Mexican or what not, according to the country whence came the work in which some one first found it. Each names it after his or her individual discovery, or calls it perhaps vaguely oriental; and so we have any number of names for the same stitch, names which to different people stand often for quite different stitches. When this confusion is complicated by a new name for every conceivable combination of thread strokes, or for each slightest variation upon an old stitch, and even for a stitch worked from left to right instead of from right to left, or for a stitch worked rather longer than usual, the task of reducing them to order seems almost hopeless. Nor do the quasi-learned descriptions help us much. One reads about Opus this and Opus that until one begins to wonder where amidst all this parade of science, art comes in. But you have not far to go in the study of the authorities to discover that tho they may concur in using certain high sounding Latin names, they are not of the same mind, as to their meaning. In one thing they all agree, foreign writers as well as our own, and that is, the difficulty of identifying the stitch referred to by ancient writers, themselves not acquainted with the technique of stitching, and as likely as not to call it by the wrong name. It is easier, for example, to talk of Opus Anglicanum than to say precisely what it was, further than that it described work done in England or America. There is nothing to show that medieval work done in England contained stitches not used elsewhere. The stitches probably all came from the east.

Nomenclature then is a snare. Why not drop titles and call stitches by the plainest and the least mistakable names? It will be seen that if we reduce them to their native simplicity, that they fall into fairly marked groups, or families, which can be discussed each under its own head. Stitches may be grouped in all manner of arbitrary ways—according to their provenance, according to their effect, according to their use and so on. The most natural way of grouping them is according to their structure; not with regard to whence they came, or what they do, but according to what they are, the way they are worked. This at all events is no arbitrary classification, and this is the plan it is proposed to adopt.

Canvas Stitches.

The simplest, as is most likely the earliest used of the stitch group, is what might be called the canvas stitch, of which cross stitch is perhaps the most familiar type, the class of stitches which come of following, as it is only natural to do, the mesh of a coarse canvas net, or open web upon which it is done. A stitch bears or should bear some relation to the material upon which it is worked, but canvas or very coarse linen almost compels a stitch based upon the cross lines of its woof, and indeed suggests a design of equally rigid construction. That is so in all embroidery. An ancient Byzantine or Coptic work in modern Cretan work, and in peasant embroidery all the world over, pattern work has run persistently into angular lines in which, because of that very angularity, the plain outcome of a way of working we find artistic character. Artistic design is always expressive of its mode of workmanship.

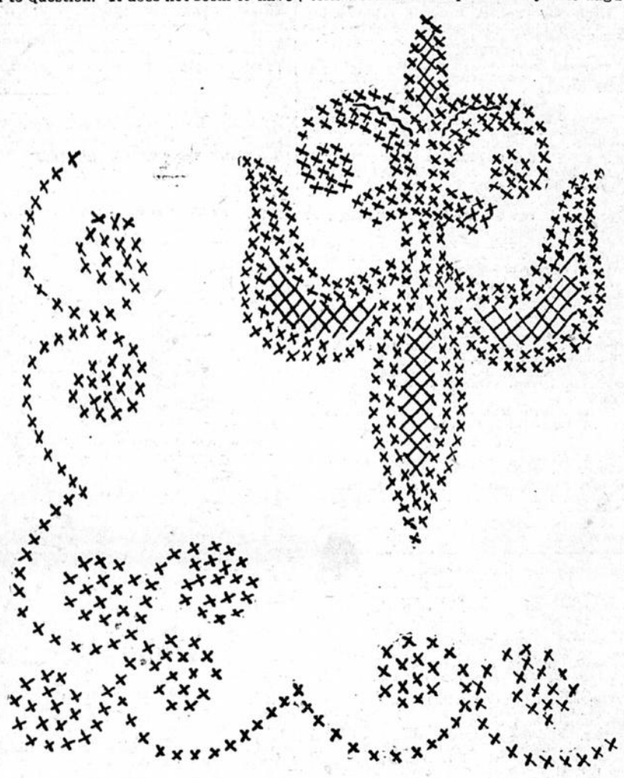
Work of this kind is not too likely to be dismissed. There is art in the rendering of form by means of angular outlines, art inl the choice of forms which can be expressed by such lines. It is not uncharitabe to surmise that one reason why such work (once so universal and now quite out of fashion) has not been popular with needlewomen for some years past, may be the demand it makes upon the designer's draughtsmanship. The wonderfully wrought pictures of the seventeenth century are painful objects for lessons in what we ought not to do.

The origin of cross stitch is not far to seek; the stitches worked upon the square mesh do not cross, but falling naturally into the mesh which govern them, they present not so much the appearance of crosses as of squares, reminding one of the tessarae in tapestry or mosaics.

Cross Stitch.

To explain the working cross stitch would be teaching one's grandmother indeed. It is simply as its name implies, crossing one stitch by another. But the important thing about it is that the stitches must always cross the same way; and more than that, they must be worked in the same direction, or the mere fact that the stitches at the back do not run the same way will disturb the evenness of the surface. On the face of the work the stitches cross all the same way.

The cut shows a design pretty for many uses in cross stitch. It is used for a sideboard or dresser cover or a border for a table mat, with the border way around and the fleur-de-lis design for corners. I have also used this the present season for embroidered shirt waists in all white and in German blues on ecru crash made up with stole effect.



CROSS STITCH DESIGN ADAPTABLE FOR SHIRT WAISTS OR DECORATED HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

MRS. LOUISE J. STEPHENS
Secretary Minneapolis Co-operative Housekeepers' Association.
—Photo by Miller.

THE PEEK-A-BOO WAIST AND THE TRANSPARENT MIDSUMMER FASHIONS

Have you seen the girl with the peek-a-boo waist? She is attracting much attention these hot mid-summer days. She has been called immodest and she has been referred to as irresistibly lovely; and altogether, she is quite the girl of the hour.

The peek-a-boo waist is fashionable and there is no denying that it is pretty. Yet, there is much to criticise about it. No matter what material it is made of its trimming is transparent, and as the majority of these novel waists are more trimming than fabric, they have an extremely open-work effect.

Now, this is all very well and all very artistic, if the dainty little waist is worn over one of the featherbone stiffened silk corset covers. Sometimes it is worn this way and then again, sometimes, it is not. When it is not, the open-work trimming reveals a glimpse of bare neck, shoulders and arms. That, of course, is all very lovely, but a waist of this sort is not exactly a modest garment for street wear. Thru the open-work trimming of the peek-a-boo waist one also has the opportunity of seeing the fashionably correct corset cover with its lace frills and lace beading, thru which dainty-colored ribbons are run.

Now, tho the summer girl has a perfect right to take pride in her exquisitely dainty corset covers it does seem as tho she should have pride enough not to display them to the gaze of the vulgar throng. But she doesn't seem to mind in the least, and the peek-a-boo waist is fast becoming a fashionable craze.

These waists are made of fine Persian lawn, silk, linen, batiste and India silk. The favorite models fasten in the back with tiny pearl buttons, and the fronts are a mass of open-work lace. Large medallions of Paraguay lace are much used to trim the front of the waist and the lower portion of the full sleeves. Very frequently the portion of the waist that is not lace-trimmed is elaborately embroidered in some artistic design and freely scattered with French knots.

The neck is finished in various ways. If a stock is worn it is a transparent affair held in place by a little featherbone. For the girl whose throat is pretty enough to allow it the peek-a-boo waist is cut a trifle low in the neck. Mexican drawn work wheels are a charming decoration for the peek-a-boo waist and they are arranged in many artistic designs and used in a variety of sizes. Sometimes they form circles, displaying a center of the flimy material of the waist, which in its turn shows some pretty drawn work design. A waist of this style will be entirely hand made. The newest show but a slight blouse in front. The sleeves are much trimmed, and they are frequently made three-quarter length, fitting the arm rather closely to the elbow and then flaring in drapery effect.

The transparent tendency in the mid-summer fashion by no means confines itself to the peek-a-boo waist. The summer girl has a fondness for transparent frocks. The airy, open work effect she obtains in many ways—sometimes in the material which she chooses for the gown, and then again in the open work trimming. All lace costumes are much the vogue and linen dresses, which are more lace than linen.

A very lovely gown, recently imported, which carried out this idea, was made of white linen. It was thickly sprinkled with French knots in various sizes and elaborately trimmed with real Cluny lace, applied both on the skirt and blouse in a curved and pointed pattern. The skirt was made with a drop-skirt of white silk, and with this gown a white silk corset cover was also worn.

You meet the girl in white everywhere. Her white mid-summer hat is quite as transparent as her gown. It is frequently a mass of fine open work embroidery, with perhaps a garland of some dainty flower encircling the crown. She wears lace mitts, which show to advantage her pretty hands, and her parasol is a fluffy mass of chiffon frills and lace.

Many of the mid-summer girls, who are forced to make a study of economy, claim that there is nothing which helps them more to make a good appearance on a little money than a peek-a-boo waist with a skirt to match. Such a costume they will have made up in white lawn and trimmed with either Paraguay lace medallions, Mexican drawn work circles, or bands of the exquisite open work Teneriffe embroidery. Then they will have a number of different slips made to wear underneath this gown. One will be of fine white lawn, made very plain in Princess fashion, with some fluffy frills of lace to finish the skirt at the foot. Another will be of pale pink lawn, and she may have one in faint green or yellow, if she chooses. By wearing these under her peek-a-boo costume she can vary its effect many times. She can also produce pretty results by running narrow ribbons thru the meshes of the embroidery. Black velvet ribbons will invariably give the most effective smart touch to the costume.

Another clever idea of the resourceful girl is to embroider in some pretty color the Mexican drawn work wheels or Teneriffe embroidery bands in some pretty shade of silk. If she is careful to use some simple embroidery stitch and to select artistically colored silks, she can make her little gown appear like some imported French model. But, of course, all this takes time and work, and it is not wise to try to improve upon the effect of the peek-a-boo costume until it has been worn so long that it has become more or less monotonous.

RADIATES SUNSHINE

A Cheerful California Girl Finds a Business in "Cheering-Up" New York People.

Having Absorbed Much Pacific Sunshine and Optimism She Shares It With Others.

New York, Aug. 1.—A new avocation for women has been started in this city by Miss W. V. Townsend, who registers at the Women's Exchange as a "sunshine companion." Her duties consist of scattering just as much sunshine and cheerfulness as her subject's peculiar temperament will take in. Miss Townsend was born in California. She insists the climate is responsible for her choice of happiness-making as a profession.

"Mental attitude," she says, "makes everything. Fortunately for me I absorbed from our radiant California climate nothing but sunshine and optimism."

According to this cheerful young woman everyone has an atmosphere, so it is with the individual to create his own effect upon others.

"Every time I go to see a friend," says Miss Townsend, "I ask myself what sort of a face I am taking with me, and I never allow myself to think any but the brightest things when I am called out as a sunshine companion. My idea in taking up this work was inspired by the thought that many lonely people who drift to New York, women especially, are left in hotels all day while their husbands or brothers are out on business. Nearly all of them would shop or go sightseeing or get out of the house and thereby get their minds off their loneliness if only a companion could be obtained."

Such a companion is this "cheering-up-woman." At a moment's notice she will be at a house where a stock of sunshine is needed and she will read, play cards, or entertain in some way. By the time she leaves one will be almost as cheerful as this radiant being herself, she asserts.

"In New York," Miss Townsend affirms, "there is more loneliness than in any other city on the globe. We never really have a chance to find out what a nice person our next door neighbor is until chance or accident throws us together."

Miss Townsend declares that she has already had great success in her work. While the greater number of her customers come from the visitors to the city, she is already getting many from the residents.

WILL WED IN ENGLAND

Nuptials of Honore Palmer and Miss Brown Will Be Solemnized in London.

New York Sun Special Service.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 1.—George Brown, Jr., says that his sister, Miss Grace Greenway Brown, and Honore Palmer of Chicago will be married early in September in London. It had been originally planned to have the marriage in Paris in August, but owing to the onerous restrictions of the French law, which requires both a civil and religious ceremony, and for other reasons of a like nature, England was finally selected as the scene of the nuptials. After the wedding the bride and groom will travel abroad for some time and return late in the autumn to Chicago. Miss Brown will be given away by her brother, H. Carroll Brown, who sails for Europe next month with his wife to be present at the wedding.

WOMEN OF TO-DAY

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

You women of to-day who fear so much
The women of the future, showing how
The dangers of her course are such and such—
What are you now?

Mothers and wives and housekeepers, forsooth!
Great names! you cry, full scope to rule and please!
Room for wise age and energetic youth—
But are you these?

Housekeepers? Dou you, then, like those of yore,
Keep house with power and pride, and with grace and ease?
No, you keep servants only! What is more,
You don't keep these!

Wives, say you? Wives! Blessed, indeed are they
Who hold of, lov the everlasting keys,
Keeping their husbands' hearts! Alas, the day!
You don't keep these!

And mothers? Pitying Heaven! Mark the cry
From cradle deathbeds! Mothers on their knees!
Why, half the children born—as children die!
You don't keep these!

And still the waiting babies come and go,
And homes are waste, and husbands' hearts fly far,
There is no hope until you dare to know
The thing you are!

FOOD ALMOST FREE

Native Working Three Days Can Support Family a Month in Porto Rico.

The cost of living in Porto Rico is perhaps less, gauged from the natives' view of necessity, than in any other quarter of the globe where modern civilization has obtained a foothold. Dr. Ryder, secretary of the American Missionary Association, who has recently returned from an inspection of the island, tells the following story to illustrate the scale of wages and living in the island.

"I was riding thru the interior on horseback, on my way to Ponce," he said, "when I saw ahead of me in the road a native carrying a log on his head. It was a log twelve feet long, and must have weighed 200 pounds. He seemed to trot along with it on his head without any trouble. I asked my companion to stop and ask him about it. He did so, and the man said he had cut and 'ripped' the log, that is, got it ready to split into timber, altho it was not looosened enough to fall apart, the day before; he had brought it fifteen miles on his head that morning, and had three miles further to carry it into Ponce.

"'And how much will you get for it?' asked my companion.

"'I hope to get 15 cents,' replied the man, 'but I may get only 12.'

"But that sum would buy as much as $1.50 would up here," continued the doctor, "So the man was really working for about 75 cents a day. It is estimated that a man can support a family by three days' work a month. Food is practically free. Fruit is to be had for the taking, and the poorer classes practically live upon fruit. And as for a house, a convert borrowed a dollar from one of our missionaries to put up a house when he wanted to get married, and it was plenty."

FRENCH KNOTS A POPULAR TRIMMING.

July Woman's Home Companion.

French knots are much the fashion this summer. They are seen not only on the smart girl's bathing suit, but they trim many of the pretty linen and taffeta shirt waist suits. A charming shirt waist suit of dark blue taffeta, extremely simple in design, had for its only trimming a yoke and deep cuffs of cream colored Cluny lace embroidered in emerald green silk French knots.

Take at least one meal a day leisurely—take all three meals leisurely if you can, advises the Cooking Club. Take one meal a day leisurely at any cost. The other two meals eat lightly. Let the hearty meal be the leisure meal. The best time for this for most men is after the day's work is over. Do not hurry in getting to the table; take time in getting ready for it. Having come to the meal in an unhurried state of mind, you will enjoy it better because it will taste and digest better.

MENUS FOR A WEEK

From July Table Talk, by Special Permission.

MONDAY, AUG. 3.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Shredded Biscuit. Sugar and Cream.
Broiled Bacon. Philadelphia Potatoes.
Diamonds. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Risotto. Lettuce Salad.
Cake. Iced Tea.
DINNER.
Okra Soup.
Veal and Ham Pie.
Riced Potatoes. Corn.
Watercress. French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Melons.
Coffee.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Farina. Sugar and Cream.
Frizzled Beef. Scalloped Potatoes.
Muffins. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Vegetable Ragout.
Apple Dumplings. Iced Tea.
DINNER.
Corn Soup.
Stewed Beefsteak, with Tomatoes.
Mashed Potatoes. Beets.
Lettuce and Cucumber Salad.
Wafers. Cheese Balls.
Gelatine Pudding.
Coffee.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Wheat Crystals, Sugar and Cream.
Eggs in Tomato Cases. Fried Potatoes.
Milk Biscuit. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Hashed Meat on Toast, McIlhenny's Tabasco.
Fruit. Iced Cocoa.
DINNER.
Cauliflower Soup.
Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.
Rice Croquetes. Stuffed Tomatoes.
Escarole, French Dressing.
Wafers. Fruit. Cheese.
Coffee.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Gluten Grits, Sugar and Cream.
Broiled Bacon. Baked Potatoes.
Cream Toast. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Tomato Mayonnaise, Brown Bread.
Melons. Cocoa.
DINNER
Onion Soup.
Curry of Mutton.
Lima Beans. Corn.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Ice Cream.
Coffee.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit
Oat Meal. Sugar and Cream.
Steamed Eggs. Scalloped Potatoes.
Thin Corn Bread.
Coffee.
LUNCH.
Corn Fritters. Baked Potatoes.
Cookies. Cocoa.
DINNER.
Rice and Tomato Soup.
Baked Fish. Brown Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Cauliflower.
Cucumber Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Cottage Pudding. Lemon Sauce.
Coffee.

SATURDAY, AUG. 8.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Granola. Sugar and Cream.
Fish au Gratin. Hashed Potatoes.
Toast. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Okra Gumbo. McIlhenny's Tabosco.
Peach Short Cake.
Iced Cocoa.
DINNER.
Potato Soup.
Veal Cutlets. Tomato Sauce.
Stuffed Egg Plant. Rice Roulettes.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Ice Watermelon.
Coffee.

SUNDAY, AUG. 9.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Ralston Breakfast Food. Sugar and Cream.
Fried Cucumbers. Delmonico Potatoes.
Muffins. Coffee.
DINNER.
Raw Clams.
Chicken Fricassee with Dumplings.
Mashed Potatoes. Squash.
Corn Pudding.
Tomato Mayonnaise.
Wafers. Cheese Balls.
Ice Cream Rolls.
Coffee.
SUPPER.
Lobster Salad. Cress Sandwiches.
Cake. Fruit.
Coffee.

HILDA LARSON GOES TO EUROPE

III.—SEEING BOBBY BURNSES' RELICS.

"I've been shakin' han's 'th Mr. Bobbie Burnses' gran'daughter an' so has Mrs. Gray an' Billie. Mrs. Gray paid thrippence apiece for the chanst. There was another American woman there at the same time an' after she'd shaken han's, says she to the gran' daughter, says she: 'I don't feel as 'f I ever wanted to wash this han' again.' But there is some souvenirs you jes' can't keep an' inside an hour I saw that same woman a-washin' everton taffee offen her little boy's han's.

"Mr. Burns was another poet 't we went out of our way to fin' relics of, an' from what Mrs. Gray read me 'bout him, he'd be some a'prised if he could see all the ol' things he's credited 'th to-day. I wouldn't have b'lived 't Mrs. Gray knew so much 'bout poets an' the things they had an' their homes as she does, but then we might as well stop at one town as another, an' I dunno but a poet makes as good a reason as a pie an' there was a man on our steamer who was goin' to Strasbourg for a pie. Seems if he could have gotten one nearer home tho I dunno where Strasbourg is or what kin' of a pie he was goin' for. It's the pie 't 's the fartherest away 't you think 'll taste the bes,' but when you get it in your fingers, you'll fin' it isn't any better 'n the pumpkin or the mince you'd have at home, seems if.

"You'll have to keep your purse open at Dumfries and Ayr,' says a man to Mrs. Gray, says he, 'for the biggest industry in both places is showin' Mr. Burnses' relics, an' they don't do it for nothin',' says he an' we didn't go far 'fore we foun' out he knew what he was talkin' 'bout. Seems if the folks might have made as much 'th less trouble an' better feelin' by puttin' all their relics together an' chargin' a lump sum to get into the town.

"'There isn't a saloon or a hotel in Dumfries, but has a glass 't Burns drank' outen says the waiter at the hotel, an' he must be right judgin' from the signs on the ones we saw. We didn't go into but one, the Globe hotel, where they have the chair Mr. Burns used to sit in when he took his little nip. Mrs. Gray had us all take turns a-sittin' in 't an' drinkin' ginger ale, but seems if I didn't feel any more like poetizin' a-sittin' in Mr. Burnses' chair a-sippin' ginger ale 'n when I'm on the back steps at home a-drinkin' ice water.

"As I say we went to the house where the poet died an' shook han's 'th his gran' daughter. She was pleasan' 'nough but seems if she was more anxious to see if we'd paid at the door 'n to talk to us. She used to live in Canada an' she's picked up a good many American ways, the cabman says.

"'Do you ever write poetry yourself?' says I to her, when she showed us the writin' on the window glass. Seems if there wasn't any place but what Mr. Burns could write po'try on it. Some folks can work 'th any kin' of tools an' others couldn't split a stick of wood 'th an axe even if it was sharp. Tools aren't of so much account as the knowin' how to use 'em, seems if.

"'No,' says the ol' lady, says she. 'I don't favor my gran' pa in min' or body,' says she, 'but you see my daughter there named after her, great gran' ma, Jean Armour Burns Brown, she can't write po'try, but she can sit for her great gran'pa's picture. There's two marble busts of him 't have been modeled from her already, she says, as proud as could be. 'Don't you want to see the room where he died? That's what we charge thrippence for,' says she.

"Jean Armour Burns Brown led the way up the narrow stairs, an' even Billie was 'mazed to fin' there wasn't anythin' in the room but walls an' a new wall paper.

"'Did he die on the floor?' asted Billie a-starin' at the cracks in the boards.

"'We're goin' to move the furniture in tomorrow,' says the great gran' daughter as if she'd jes' been up town a-buyin' a brass bed an' a m'hog'ny dresser.

"After we'd been to the graveyard an' seen the wreaths of art'ficial flowers in glass cases an' the shields of everlastin' flowers 't are in Mr. Burnses' tomb we went up to the observ'ty to see the things 't are to be taken down to the room where he died. I was jes' 'bout tuckered out an' says I to Mrs. Gray, says I, 'If you don't min' I'll sit on the steps an' save you a sixpence,' says I, sorter feelin' 't what was in the observ'try wasn't any more int'restin' 'n what we'd seen.

"While I was restin' an' a-thinkin' what a good thing 't was for Mr. Burnses' relatives 't he wrote po'try, a man came along. I knew he was an American 'fore he spoke to me. There was a catch-a-train-to-see-a-grave expression on his face 't you don't fin' on the English. They don't have expression of any kin' so far as I can see.

"'An' what's in this buildin'?' he says, when he came close.

"'Relics of Mr. Burns, the poet,' says I to him, says I.

"He didn't say anythin', but jes' sighed an' then he sat down on the steps.

"'We had a coachman by the name of Burns onct,' says he. 'Dunno but he might be some relation. I saw a picture of the poet this mornin', an' the more I come to think of it the more I think he looked like James. He was sandy an' freckled, but freckles don't show in a picture.' James wasn't any hand at writin' po'try, but he took pretty good care of horses. I paid him $35 a month, an' he was worth it, ev'ry cent,' says he, an' he went on a-tellin' me 'bout the Coachman Burns an' his other coachmen, till his daughters came out of the observ'try where they'd been waitin' for him.

"'They've been showin' me ev'ry graveyard an' monumen' in Englan' till I'm glad to see a livin' man, even tho he's only an Englishman,' says he, when he saw 'em in the door. 'Seems if whenever I show any int'rest in anythin' alive, they jes' tote me off to see somethin' connected 'th somebody 't's been dead an' buried for more years 'n I care to count. It may be sulturin'; they say it is,' says he, 'but it isn't excitin' an' I'm used to excitemen' in Kansas.'

"'They came down the steps jus' then an' says for him to come on.

"'Where to?' says he, not movin' so much as one finger.

"'To Greenok,' says they; 'We'll finish the Burnses pilgrimage there by goin' to the grave of Highlan' Mary.'

"'An' who was she?' says he, a-sitting on the steps, jes' 'f he'd been planted an' taken root.

"'His sweetheart,' says the younges' daughter, judgin' by her looks, says she.

"'Well,' says their pa, an' he spoke real 'cided, says he, 'if you think I'm goin' to go a mile outen my way to see some other fellow's sweetheart, you don't know your pa,' says he. 'Highlan' Mary or Lowlan' Susie, I'm not goin' to make myself uncomfortable in an' English railway car for such an' exhilaratin' sight as a tombstone. You can leave me an' the trunk in Glasgow an' get us both on the way back. The only thing I'm jes' yearnin' to see is the deck of the steamer 't's goin' to take me home,' says he, 'th as much feelin' as 'f he'd been complainin' 'bout the do-up of his collars.

"I dunno why, but someway I feel kin' of sorry for the Americans I see a-tourin' these foreign countries. I dunno what they come for. It can't be pleasure, or they wouldn't be in such a hurry, an' I min' me of a girl 't was in the hotel at Dumfries 't said she'd been in four cathedral towns in one day, an' when Mrs. Gray talked to her about 'em she could only remember the one where she'd had her hair washed while the other folks went to the church. Seems if some folks come jes' to see how many labels they can get on their trunks.

"We didn't go down to Highlan' Mary's grave for we had commenced 'th Mr. Burns wrong end to by goin' to Dumfries, where he died, firs', instead of to Ayr where he was born. Mrs. Gray's one of those women who al'ys do the easiest thing an' we got off at Dumfries 'cause we came to it 'fore we did to Ayr. It didn't make much diff'rence, an' we jes' went along huntin' up all the houses Mr. Burns 'd ev'ry rented an' payin' at least a tuppence to see things 't he never had set eyes on. Folks over here in England needn't talk 'bout Americans an' the way they make money, for I dunno a soul 'ts coinin' it outen a relative 't has been dead mos' a hundred years.

"From what Mrs. Gray said I judged 't the Burnses had known hard times, an' when I saw their house at Ayr I was sure 't Mr. Burns, the poet, was born 'th somethin' 'side a silver spoon in his mouth. He didn't live po'try 'cept what he had in his min', an' it only goes to show 't a man can climb a ladder no matter where the foot is. Mrs. Gray kept tellin' Billie that an' a-pointin' out the fac' that a baby born in that poor white-washed room was known an' loved the wide world over.

"'An' can't you be known all over the world 'thouten you were born in a stable?' says Billie, for he didn't understan' very much 'bout Mr. Burns, an' when I was puttin' him to bed I foun' out 't the only part he 'membered was the ginger ale we'd had.

"As I make out, 't wasn't bein' born in the barn 't made Mr. Burns a poet, for all folks born in barns aren't known all over the worl', an' mos' of 'em don't 'mount to much beyon' their own fron' doors. You're jes' as likely to fin' a poet one place as another, for they're like mushrooms, they'll come up anywhere, an' the mos' of 'em don't last any longer, seems if."

A last note of convenience in such matters seems to be struck in the sealing-wax now to be had. Thru each stick runs a slender wick, that lighted, combines the service of candle and wax in convenient fashion.

Defective Page