JUST FOUR PORTRAITS

INTERPRETIVE PAINTING BY A BRITISH ARTIST AT THE COSMOS CLUB.

Stimulated by the encouragement and the hearty invitation of certain Washington friends, Mr. Ernest Moore, portrait painter of Sheffield and London, has taken up his quarters at the Cosmos Club, where, for the edification of the elect and the delight of all who see, hang four noteworthy examples of his work in portraiture.

The four pictures which, if they were separated and hung in a crowded gallery, would still attract attention by the unusual quality which they possess, hang in the dining-room of the club, where the light by which they must be viewed is not any too good, but there is no mistaking them, at the first glance, for ordinary pictures. Instead, here is a quality of humanness—if one may be allowed the expression—which draws one to them, and you sit before them with anticipation; more than a little exercised in spirit as to the message which these portraits convey.

For here is the work of a man who thinks of a portrait of a human being as something more than a mere likeness of a face. Of course, there is no stopping the casual visitor who is taken to see these paintings from exclaiming, as soon as he sees the portrait of Ambassador James Bryce: "Why, that is Mr. Bryce, isn't it?" But such is the pronounced character of Mr. Bryce's external features that any newspaper artist could perhaps do as much. What I am trying to say is, that there is something back of these portraits; these faces are not mere masks of flesh and tinted skin that look out at you from the canvas superficially; they take you—almost indecently, such is the ruthless uncovering of their privacy—behind the scenes, and there is more than a little of biography, interpreted by a sensitive mind, in each one of these paintings.

It is plain that the artist has been in love with his work and that besides a bold technique and a thorough knowledge of his art, as such, he has been possessed of something of the Sherlock Holmes spirit, which is not to be satisfied with appearances as they seem, but must look below the surface; see not only such character as is written in the face and between the eyes, but also behind the face; so that he ignores superficialties and goes to the heart of things.

I do not mean that these portraits have anything spiritual or—as the word is used—subtle, about them. You shall find no spirit of aestheticism here. The four portraits are all of men—men who have done things in the world and, as befits their subjects, they are boldly material, strong in execution, really "speaking likenesses," if one may make shift to use a term that has been much abused!

There is not much pother here about backgrounds or environment; indeed, this artist seems not to need the aid of accessories to express his meaning. Sir Henry Irving and Mr. James Bryce stand there simply, and you must read what the artist has written in the face without any adventitious aid. The Duke of Norfolk has some of his gewgaws about him, and he sits in his seat of office, but this is so small a part of the man that you shall read his soul beside these things, rather than with them. And the same is true of the Rt. Hon. Stuart Wortley beneath whose conventional frock coat you have to search for the history he wraps up in himself.

One thing you shall note, too, and that is that Mr. Moore can see and can portray what the human hand has to tell. The message of the hand is sometimes as potent as the message of the eyes, and in three of these remarkable portraits the artist has made intelligent and fine use of his powers. And all four of these portraits have about them a sympathetic quality which comes from the help given by the sitters to the artist. Willingly or unwillingly, it would seem that each of these men has given up, for the time being, his real personality, his inward self. There is no conscious posing; no striving for effect. It is as if there had been a perfect rapprochement between painter and painted; there is no embarrassment; all is open, frank, kindly, and intelligent!

Of the four portraits, I think, perhaps, that one will be struck first by the admirable three-lengths figure of Sir Henry Irving, LL. D., because he is certainly the best-known character of the four, and his face—by reason of his calling as a player—has been so widely circulated in various aspects. This portrait was made at the request of the Sheffield Press Club, and the journalist who sees it must feel an added pride in his avocation, in that his brothers of the guild have been able to provide for the creation of this. It is the most striking, the most realistic portrait of the noted painter that I have ever seen. It is a fine—even a beautiful face—that of Henry Irving; mobile, sensitive, stamped in every lineament with high intelligence and lofty thought. Here you can see him, three-quarters face, the lips a trifle compressed, as they were wont to be—when they were not loosed in conversation—which with him was a delight, but which to those who heard him seemed an art. Here is that fine, high forehead, like the dome of a cathedral; the deep-set eyes that yet could flash their light beyond the overhanging eyebrows; the sensitive lips, so painted here that you can almost fancy you see the corners of the mouth twitch sensitively as they did in life when the thoughts that crowded on him sought expression and were held in leash. The hair is iron-gray; it falls back well from the brow, except one thin, long lock that straggles forward—fit symbol of a man full of big projects and impatient of details.

"How do you propose to paint me?" the sitter asked when the first request for sittings was made. "Don't paint me as an actor," he went on, hurriedly, "paint me as a man." It was evident that he was impatient of the Hamlets and the Richelieus which, excellent in themselves, no doubt, as character-studies, could, after all, show but one aspect of him—and that not the real one. "Paint me as a man!" And here he is—simply a man, wearing conventional garb of black, his arms hanging carelessly at his side. But you never stop to notice his garb or his arms or his figure—it is the face that holds you—grips you with a sense of power, and did you not know that this was the foremost player of his time you should—reading the soul of the man in his face—say that here was a leader of men in some intellectual battle.

The picture was painted partly at Margate and partly in London at the time when Irving was studying the part of Robespierre, and it was the last portrait of him that was ever painted, which lends it an additional significance. Its date is 1902. The figure, with something a little somber about it, stands out from a dark background; the shadows fall upon the cheek and brows and eyes, and he looks penetratingly into the light as if, in very truth, he were searching out something of the mystery of life. That is what the artist has stamped upon him in this portrait, and you can better understand the interpretation when Mr. Moore tells you that Irving was always searching out the minds of those with whom he fell in contact.

One envies the artist his opportunities alone with this other artist, this figure whom Oscar Wilde described as

Thou Trumpet, set for Shakespeare's lips to blow!

It was some time before this portrait was painted that W. E. Gladstone, then prime minister of England, went to see Irving—who numbered among his intimate friends the great of many lands—and who wanted, simple Midlothian, to see "behind the scenes" and to learn something of the tricks of the player's trade. Sir Henry Irving showed them all to him. The play was going on and the set scene was a stage within a stage. On the mimic stage were boxes, and these were filled with dummy people, with one or two real supernumeraries to help out the illusion. Like a child, Gladstone seized upon the chance to gaze at an audience unseen, and he asked whether he could sit in the darkness of one of the boxes until the curtain went up, without any one recognizing him. Sir Henry Irving placed him in a box and told him that if he kept well back and was still people could not recognize him; yet hardly had the curtain risen before a voice from the upper gallery cried: "'Ulloa, Gladstone!"

The premier was surprised, but somewhat gratified, too, and he asked Sir Henry how any one could possibly have imagined he, the prime minister, was there. "Sir," said the courtly actor, "you cannot help being recognized by the gods!"

An interesting portrait is that of a stern-looking, full-bearded man who looks straight out at you from the canvas, with brows wrinkled a little, his jaw firm set. A man of determination this, whose eyes seem to look clear through you. It is evident—even to an amateur of painting—that the artist here has reached that point of which Kipling speaks where a man "shall paint the thing as he sees it," for this stalwart figure of his grace the Duke of Norfolk is a living, dominant, defiance-breathing personality. This is a man! That he is a duke, too, is an accident! He is painted here in his office as lord mayor of Sheffield, and you can be quite sure that under his municipal guidance such a thing as "graft" is unknown. It is an honorary office, else he would not have taken it, for when he was postmaster general of England on a salary of $25,000 a year that salary was given over to charity, without ostentation and without ado. This portrait is the very acme of interpretation. The man who sits here, quite at his ease, is a figure, not on his dignity, but full of conscious power. The face reminds one somewhat, at first glance, of that Russian, Witte, who, for all his struggles, failed to bring order out of chaos in Russia; but the touch of real strength that is lacking in the Russian's face is present and dominating here. He sits in a hard oak chair, leaning slightly forward to the desk on which is scattered red-sealed documents and bills. One hand rests on the desk, and it is clenched; the other grasps the arm of the chair—grasps it so tightly it seems as if an impression were made on the hard wood. And these hands, so capable, so strong, are as interpretative of the character of the man as is the face.

He is a Knight of the Garter, and the ribbon of the order is about his breast, and over his shoulders is thrown the gold chain of the lord mayor; but these things the artist has made extraneous—they have little to do with the soul of the man. What counts is that high forehead; those deep-set eyes, in which there is little laughter; the bristly hair, brushed straight back from the brow; the square jaw, the set bones of which are visible—if not to the eye, then through the artist's skill, to some other sense—under the brown beard.

You can understand from the look of him that this is an unusual man; that there are 'things" back of him, blood and tradition and the memories of great deeds. Here he sits, contemptuous of the eyes that look at him, the fifteenth Duke of Norfolk; Henry FitzAlan-Howard, premier duke of England; Earl of Arundel, Baron Maltravers, Earl of Surrey, Baron FitzAlan, Clun and Oswaldestre, earl marshal and heritary marshal and chief butler of England, premier duke and earl K. G. C. of the Order of Christ; all this, and besides it all—a man! That is what the portrait shows!

Looking through these eyes into the past, you can recall that here is the representative of much that is oldest and best in English history. Through these black eyes you can go back to the year 1297, when his ancestor, Sir William Howard (Hereward), became chief justice of Common Pleas; but back of the law is something else. The grandson of the chief justice was admiral of the North under King Edward III—and now we can begin to understand, dimly, what is written in this face before us. Now we chance upon a later ancestor, the one who was created Duke of Norfolk, who led the van of Richard III's army at Bosworth Field, and who fell beside his crooked-back master on that fatal day of 1485. The son of this duke took up his father's bloody sword and won the battle of Flodden Field of James IV of Scotland in 1513, but then he fell on evil times for his family, for his eldest son had his head taken off by the eighth Harry, who treated his friends as he treated his wives and was the first monarch to bring the art of literally "cutting" his acquaintances to a fine point!

The fourth duke was also beheaded, having been found guilty of holding communication with Mary, Queen of Scots. And red-headed Elizabeth, not content with this, had his eldest son confined to the Tower, where he died a prisoner in 1595. It was the great-grandson of this prisoner who was restored to the dukedom in 1664, and since then the FitzAlan-Howards have held their own, served God and their country, and the race is embodied here in this living representative who looks out at us so fiercely to-day.

This is a man who has done things. One of the largest landed proprietors in England—he owns about 49,000 acres; Arundel Castle, Surrey; Norfolk House, St. James' Square, London; Derwent Hall, Sheffield, Beech Hill, and other places—he is still known as one of the most charitable of men. He has seen things, too, for he served in South Africa against the Boers and fought with the best of them, even though a dukedom, as well as his life, was at stake.

He has known grief, too, for his eldest son and heir was born weak-minded and died an idiot. The duke loved him much, and they tell how, in spite of responsibilities of state, he used to run away into the country, where the lad was kept, and would be found playing bear with him, and gamboling, like any rustic, upon the grass. With all his income, he is a poor man, for he gives his money away. His houses are always open to the poor.

At Arundel Castle, which is one of the show places of England, they tell of an old lady who was walking up the box-bordered path to the castle, when she saw an ill-kempt, rough-looking man striding across the grass in spite of the warning signs to spare the turf. She called him and berated him. "You are ungrateful," she said: "the good duke allows us the privilege of seeing his castle and only asks us to keep to the paths and spare his turf, and here you are violating his rules. You may do it just to show your independence, but remember that all of us have to suffer for your misconduct. If we all did that the castle gates would soon be closed upon us all."

The man took the berating mildly and came to the graveled path and walked with the old lady to the front door of the castle. They rang the bell and the liveried footman who opened the door bowed to the ill-kempt, bearded man and called him "Your Grace." The old lady was covered with confusion, but he took her in, himself acted as cicerone to his house, fed her and made her feel at home.

That was the man of it—the man of it that the artist shows us—not the duke!

The things that one can read behind these portraits lead us into lengths that might be wearisome—if the whole thing were not so human. For my part, now that I have come to try to tell what these four portraits stand for, I am glad that Mr. Moore has but four of them. If there were a gallery of them the description would run into a book!

Here is the portrait of the Right Hon. Stuart Wortley, K. C., P. C., M. A., and member of Parliament for the Hallamshire division. This is a portrait of a modern lawyer; unget-at-able, self-contained; sufficient unto himself. Why, you see the very character of the privy councilor in the arms, tight folded across his breast; his frock coat, immaculate, tightly buttoned; the solid jaw—never a secret those teeth had bitten into would ever be revealed.

You can't quite make out the lips as they are shaded by a brown mustache, but you are sure they are compressed and firm, and match those penetrating eyes that look at you so squarely and so unhesitatingly. There is much that is inscrutable about this face—the portrait gives you the feeling that the artist saw a vision here which he could have revealed to us had he not stayed his hand. You learn that Mr. Stuart Wortley is a lawyer and Parliamentary under secretary of state for the home department, an ecclesiastical commissioner, appointed by Archbishop Benson, and was a delegate on behalf of the British government to the international conference at Madrid on the protection of industrial property and the repression of false trade. But even this list of activities reeled off seriatim does not tell you half so much about the soul of the man as does this picture; firm-fleshed, dominant, sure of self. You cannot help saying to yourself, "What a soldier was lost here!"

These three portraits—each of men of widely differing activities—have given us a glimpse into the power of the artist as an interpreter. The last one—that of Mr. James Bryce—shows us a bit of his skill as a colorist. Red is notoriously hard to handle—we most of us remember the impossible hunting jackets in the last exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery—but without hesitation Mr. Moore has painted the British Ambassador in his Oxon robes, as Fellow of Oriel and Trinity Colleges.

We all know the Rt. Hon. James Bryce as a scholar, and we Americans feel grateful to him for the best book that has yet been written on "The American Commonwealth," an interpretation of ourselves. The artist shows him in profile, getting the full effect of those deep-set, sparkling eyes, shining with keen intellect—overshadowed by the heavy white eyebrows. The nose, one of the most characteristic features, is like a hawk's beak—there is a suggestion of the Roman eagle about this face—and yet the keynote of the character is simplicity—not the simplicity of indifference, but the simplicity of power; the simplicity of gigantic intellect, of full and ripe knowledge, of conscious strength. And if the face does not give you full impression of the power of the man, you can get a glimpse of the hand in a corner of the picture—hard-knuckled, bony, sinewy—the hand of a strong man and one whose grasp is firm.

I have not spoken about the technique of these paintings—first, because I am not an art critic and have none of the phrases of the craft at my fingers' ends, but chiefly because it does not much matter as to the method when the results are so certain, so appealing, and so compelling our admiration.

The artist, Mr. Ernest Moore, is at present at work on a portrait of Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, whose leonine head should prove a fine inspiration to him; and he has enough orders from prominent Americans in Washington and New York to keep him on this side of the Atlantic for some time to come. He studied his art in London and in Paris under M. Benjamin Constant, and although at first he devoted himself to interpreting the moods of nature as exemplified in landscape, he found portraiture—the unveiling of human nature—so much more fascinating that he sticks to this altogether now. Of course, he has to be something more than a mere painter to achieve the results that may be seen in the four portraits on exhibition. He has been a player, an actor of Shakespearean parts, and he has traveled much and known men. Thus it is that he has learned to look beneath surface indications and to paint not only what is visible to the passerby, but the things behind the mask of feature—the soul, the spirit of the man! He has recognized the truth that

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with men's natures,
He is but outside; these penciled figures
Even such as he gives out.

And he has learned the great truth that all great painters have had to learn, that portraiture is much more than the setting down of the mere vision of a face. He is not like Goldsmith's artist—

A flattering painter who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

What he sees, he sets down, and thus it is that these portraits speak to the beholder and have inspiration about them—speak of great deeds and high purposes, and life lived fully.

HECTOR FULLER.

MR. ERNEST MOORE
At work on portrait of Ambassador Bryce.

AN INVITATION TO MATRIMONY

A Bachelor Girl Chat.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"I am beginning to think," sighed the Mere Man, "that perhaps I'm not so fascinating, so alluring, so altogether irresistible as—as—"

"As you'd like to be?" suggested the Bachelor Girl helpfully, preceding him across a muddy street on the tips of her polished toes.

"As I used to be," corrected the Mere Man, guiding her carefully over the gutter. "It's been a whole month," he grumbled, nodding toward a leap-year calendar in a shop window, "and nobody has proposed to me."

The Bachelor Girl tucked her little muff up under her chin and looked at him over it sympathetically.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Then you know how it feels!"

"How what feels?" demanded the Mere Man.

"To sit and wait—for a proposal," explained the Bachelor Girl. "To lie like the goods on a shop counter until somebody comes along and looks you over and says, 'I'll take this one, please.' To stand in the show window of society like the dummies in a tailor's window, and be turned round and round on a pedestal to display your charms, in the desperate hope that somebody will come along and annex you, and that you won't be finally laid on the shelf with the shop-worn old maids and faded belles. That's what women have been doing for centuries, and that's why they are at last demanding the right to propose!" and she waved her muff dramatically.

"The 'right!'" repeated the Mere Man with fine contempt. "They've always had the right, haven't they? They have the right to shave their heads and blacken their teeth and wear their coats wrong-side out, and smoke cigarettes and drive delivery wagons and go to prize fights, and offer their seats to us in the street cars, and pick up our handkerchiefs, and carry our bundles, and send us violets and bonbons. There's nothing morally or legally wrong about a woman proposing to a man. It's perfectly right—"

"Of course," assented the Bachelor Girl triumphantly.

"But awfully poor policy," added the Mere Man promptly. "The only thing that makes a man want a wife at all in these days of bachelor comforts is the fact that he has to make a little effort to get one. There wouldn't be any marrying nor giving in marriage whatever if you took away the last barrier between us. It's too easy already."

"What!" The Bachelor Girl almost stepped into a snowdrift as she wheeled around to face the Mere Man. "What do you mean, Mr. Porter?"

"I mean," explained the Mere Man hastily, "that since stern parents and goggle-eyed chaperons and barred windows and stone walls went out of fashion most of the excitement has been taken out of the love chase. There was nothing left to make it interesting but the chance that a chap might be turned down. Take that away and it will be as tame as the races at the circus, where the lady always wins and the little pony always comes in first. There's no fun betting on a sure thing," and he flicked the snow resentfully with the point of his cane.

The Bachelor Girl swung her muff impatiently.

"But don't you see," she argued, "that if it became the fashion for women to propose it wouldn't be a year before it would be bad form for a man to propose?"

"Great Scott!"

"And then all the uncertainty and anxiety and excitement would be on your side," she added triumphantly. "Men would be just as nervous about getting married as women are now. You'd have the same doubtful, delicious feeling every time a girl coaxed you into the conservatory or sat out a dance with you that you do now when you pass a woman acquaintance on the street and don't know whether she's going to speak to you or not."

The Mere Man shivered.

"Exquisite prospect!" he murmured cynically.

"And besides," went on the Bachelor Girl, cheerfully, "if it's a woman's privilege to decide first whether or not she will acknowledge a man's acquaintance and to invite him to call or to dine, isn't it perfectly logical that it should be her privilege to decide first whether or not she will marry him and to invite him to the altar—"

"And his privilege," broke in the Mere Man, desperately, "to refuse the invitation!"

The Bachelor Girl dropped her muff in a snowbank.

"I—I never thought of that," she said, reflectively, as the Mere Man recovered the bit of silk and fur, and restored it to her.

"Of course you didn't," he retorted, brushing the snow from his coat sleeve with perfect equanimity. "You probably thought that, because we haven't the privilege of refusing to return a woman's bow, we wouldn't have the privilege of refusing to return her love."

"You wouldn't," gurgled the Bachelor Girl, delightedly, "if you were polite."

"That's just it," agreed the Mere Man. "What you women want is not only your own rights, but ours, too; it's not a chance, but a sure thing."

"Well," sighed the Bachelor Girl, holding her muff pensively against her cheek, "it would be a much surer thing than it is now."

"What!"

"Happiness," rejoined the Bachelor Girl, promptly. "We'd get the husbands we wanted, instead of any old thing that happened to want us."

"But how about us?" protested the Mere Man.

"Oh, you'd be much better off," returned the Bachelor Girl nonchalantly. "It's much more important that a man should marry a woman who wants him than one whom he wants; somebody who is so delighted and grateful that she will wear herself to a frazzle trying to make his life a path of roses, than somebody who merely looks upon him as a last resort or a means of paying the bills. When a woman makes her husband miserable, it's nine times out of ten because he's not the man she wanted to marry but the one she had to marry; and she shows her resentment against fate by wearing soiled kimonos and sloppy slippers and quarreling over trifles and spending his money recklessly. Besides, I don't see, from the matrimonial records and the divorce records, that men have made such a success in picking out life partners that they should want to keep on doing it. Women could do it much more scientifically."

"Maybe they could," assented the Mere Man ironically. "But that doesn't make us yearn to turn over all our fun to them. A chap wants the pleasure of choosing his own wife and running his own courtship and doing his own love-making, just as a small boy wants the privilege of choosing his toys and running his own steam engine and winding his own top. It's a masculine trait to want to do things yourself and a feminine one to want them done for you."

"But it's awfully hard," sighed the Bachelor Girl, "to sit by and see a thing all bungled up and slopped over—and spoiled, and—"

"What?"

"To watch a proposal," continued the Bachelor Girl, "being blurted out and squirmed through and twisted out of shape and turned into a farce, when you could have managed it like a Broadway production of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Success in anything, even matrimony, depends a whole lot on how you begin it; and when a man begins by getting so excited and frightened that he forgets what he wanted to say and goes off and telephones it to you, or writes it and sends it special delivery, it takes all the tang out of everything.

"There aren't any real proposals any more. When a man wants to marry a girl nowadays he just casually mentions to her that he needs somebody to darn his socks and make his coffee, and keep his shirts in order; or else he begins by railing at the laundries and berating the boarding-houses, and gradually works around to a description of the new mission furniture he expects to buy, and of the way he'd fit up a flat if she'd come and live in it; or he may nonchalantly inquire whether she likes her steak rare or well done, and follow it up by an exclamation of delight at their mutual tastes in meat and vegetables, and the suggestion that they might always give their dinner orders together. And when it's all over and she finds herself married, she has forgotten how it happened and has nothing to remind her of her courtship—but the ring and the wedding certificate. But if women could do the proposing they wouldn't rush into it or stumble into it or slide into it as if it were a lunchroom or a duty or an afternoon tea. We'd wait for a proper background and a full moon and slow music; and then we'd lead you off to a secluded corner or a conservatory or the park, or—Why, I do believe, we're there already!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, interrupting herself as she turned with a little skip of delight from the avenue into the snow-covered path beneath the trees.

"We are," acknowledged the Mere Man, with real fright in his eyes. "But you didn't finish," he added, hastily. "What would you do when you got us into a tight corner or a propository or a lonely park?"

"That's what I brought you here for," answered the Bachelor Girl, quickly. "Shall I show you—"

"Hold!" cried the Mere Man, flinging up his hands, imperatively. "What have you to offer me, madam?"

"What?"

"Can you support me in the style to which I have been accustomed?"

"Me?"

"Will you guard me tenderly from all cares and troubles and make my life a path of roses and pay my tailor's bills and keep me in cigarettes and smoking tobacco?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Will you settle my bridge debts and my club dues and furnish me with fancy neckties and decollete waistcoats and monogrammed shirts, and take me traveling on the choo-choo cars, and tip my valet, and—"

"Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that a proposal is an offer. What have you got to offer?" And the Mere Man folded his arms and faced the Bachelor Girl challengingly.

But the Bachelor Girl walked on in dead silence.

"I thought so," remarked the Mere Man, trying to peep over the muff she held up to her cheek. "It's the chap who is going to foot the bill who usually gives the invitation to dinner or the theater—or matrimony," he added laconically.

"Oh, well," The Bachelor Girl slipped her muff down from her scarlet cheek and tucked her fingers cozily inside it. "I'll let you do your own proposing, then," she pouted.

"Thank you," returned the Mere Man politely. "I was just going to. This is such a lovely background, and there's the slow music of a hurdy-gurdy in the distance, and I've got you off in a lonely corner—"

"Do go on," urged the Bachelor Girl enthusiastically. "I never in my life felt so much like—"

"Do you?" exclaimed the Mere Man joyously, trying to catch her fingers through the muff.

"Like refusing you!" finished the Bachelor Girl haughtily, stepping to the other side of the path.

"RUSHING" A FRIEND

"Rushing" a friend is not a thing that is confined to schoolgirls, although they are chief sinners in that respect. A wise father once told his seventeen-year-old daughter that when she liked persons very much she should try to see them only formally and infrequently. Otherwise the liking was apt to grow less.

How often this course is pursued may be judged when one sees girls who for a period of time—it generally terminates—"can't bear to live out of each other's sight," must go everywhere together, share all things and shut each other out from all other friendship.

For this last reason if for no other, "rushing" is a bad thing. And wise mothers should tactfully check it. A girl should be taught the undesirability of excessive friendship. As some one has put it, "to have good friends and dear adds to the happiness of life and to its good times, but to make one's self constantly in evidence is the height of bad form."

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WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

TELLS OF THE FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES OF HER SEX.

"Heaven lies about us in our in-
Fancy," as is well known;
And bosom friends keep up the cruel
Practice when we're grown.

* * * *

Cheated of His Jordan Water.

If Col. Sterett, of Texas, comes to Congress, as everybody who has the nation's real welfare at heart hopes he will come, I imagine his election will take a great load off the minds of some of his kinsfolk. I am not sure what Col. Sterett's age is at present, but some little time before it was anything at all an uncle of his journeyed to the Holy Land, and, returning, brought among his souvenirs a demijohn filled with water from the River Jordan. I know that certain persons in relating the story mention a quart bottle, but Col. Sterett himself always stood out for the demijohn. In family council it was decided to use some of the Jordan water at the baptism of the newly arrived William Sterett. The persons suggesting the plan dwelt so much on the moral and spiritual benefits to be derived from the use of the sacred water that they impressed the minds of two young women of the house of Sterett. If external use of Jordan water would make the infant William a shining light in the community, they argued that internal application of the same precious liquid ought to do a great deal more, and they felt that they needed that great deal more themselves. So craftily they emptied the demijohn of its contents, which they put away to drink whenever they felt the need of it, and refilled the thing with plain Texas water. Col. Sterett used to say that the crime was not confessed till his personal conduct obliged the culprits to see the family lose faith in the efficacy of Jordan water, or to own up. You can imagine what life must have been all these years for those two kinswomen. They must always have walked in fear and trembling, knowing that whatever William Sterett chose to do he could blame on them, because they had prevented him from feeling the touch of Jordan water. And I really don't know that his being a Congressman will make them feel easier, after all. Nobody can tell how a man will turn out once he comes to Congress. And if he hadn't been cheated of his Jordan water he might this very minute be a presiding elder or an oil magnate.

* * * *

Good Reason for Silence.

"There's one thing certain," I heard Frances say. "This Hungarian noble who married Miss Vanderbilt will never get himself talked about."

"Oh, I don't know," objected Lucy. "You can't tell anything about these foreigners. I don't see why he won't be talked about."

"He won't be," Frances persisted. "There aren't enough people who can pronounce his name to start any talk."

* * * *

Too Much "Johnson."

It seems only the other day that American writers were receiving space rates for the remark, "But that's another story, as Kipling says." Those recurrent words of Kipling must have cost the editors of this country between two and three hundred thousand dollars, all told. And now the magazines are peppered with another bit of Kipling—"far-flung." Mr. Kipling made use of it in his "Recessional," I think, and connected it, if I remember rightly, with navies or armies, or something of that sort. The magazine writer sticks it in wherever he thinks he needs a striking word. The Florida keys are "far-flung," the President's influence is "far-flung," the shadow of a mountain peak is "far-flung," and goodness only knows what isn't "far-flung." It has a pleasing sound, but if I were Mr. Kipling the next time I thought up a fetching word combination I'd copyright it. A royalty of 2½ cents for each use of "far-flung" would bring him in enough to buy his winter's coal; and if you doubt it you have only to read the current magazines and count up for yourself.

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Not Afraid of an Opal.

A rumor comes to me that a Washington woman is negotiating for the purchase of what is possibly the most wonderful opal in the world. The stone was formerly the property of Carver, the marksman, and was given to him by one of those crowned heads who seem to have nothing much to do but distribute precious stones among persons who need them for advertising purposes. When I saw it, it was in a safety deposit box in Cincinnati, and I am not sure who owned it at that time. It is a milky stone, about the size of one's thumb. Holding it up and turning it slowly to catch the light, one sees a field of clear blue sky appear in it. Presently a white cloud seems to dim the blue, and to take the well-defined shape of a white bird with outstretched wings, and as one gazes the bird floats slowly across the blue and disappears. It is a thing of indescribable beauty, and weird withal. Not every one would be sufficiently free from superstition to be happy in the possession of it, but the rich woman who wants it—well, I suppose any millionaire these days who has come through the past six months without being either ruined or investigated naturally feels that he need not fear any opal on earth.

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"It" Was Copyrighted.

But speaking of copyrighting things reminds me of C. T. Dazey, who wrote a play called "In Old Kentucky" sixteen years ago and has been drawing royalty on it ever since. The play has been done over considerably since the days when Julia Arthur and Louis James first showed it to the public, and only last fall the man who controls it complained bitterly to Mr. Dazey about the matter of royalty.

"There's scarcely a line in it that stands now as you wrote it," he said. "It's tough to have to keep on paying you royalty on a play that really isn't yours at all."

Mr. Dazey was not at all distressed at this exaggeration.

"You think the play as it stands isn't mine?" he said, mildly. "Well, we won't dispute that. Maybe I didn't write a line of it, but I'll show you what I did write, what I copyrighted, and what I draw royalty on. Here it is."

And the "it" he pointed to was the title, "In Old Kentucky."

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"Fresh Eggs" Good Enough.

There is no more certain indication of the domestic retrenchment going on about us than the policy of the grocer where I buy things on occasion. Time was when he sold eggs, fresh eggs, strictly fresh eggs, and fresh eggs for invalids. Last time I went to his shop I asked for strictly fresh eggs. He shook his head.

"We don't have any call for anything better than fresh eggs this winter," he said, sadly.

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The Bad Form of It.

I may have the historical personages all wrong, but I'm sure of the facts, and the story doesn't concern the personages, anyway. In a private school here in town is a girl of twelve whose mother worships but one graven image, and that is etiquette. The lesson in French history once on a day had to do with the murder of Coligny, and the girl hadn't been studying as diligently as might be desired.

"Why was the murder of Coligny execrated?" was the question asked her.

She was unprepared, but she belongs to a mother who looks upon embarrassment as a hopeless indication of lack of breeding. With perfect ease of manner she answered.

"It was considered bad form to stab any one in the back."

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Maybe Meant for Sarcasm.

Mrs. Blank, who is spending the winter on the Gulf coast, in a cottage she recently purchased, is a very enthusiastic Christian Scientist. Mr. Blank does not sympathize with her views—but then, as a friend of hers says, that's not the fault of her views. Mr. Blank never does sympathize with his wife's views, and I'm not saying he's a rara avis or a lusus naturae, or anything but a husband. The new cottage down South has all the modern improvements, but the water supply pipes are not well protected from cold. A week or so ago there was freezing weather in all that part of the South, and Mrs. Blank telegraphed her husband:

"Can't get water upstairs bath. What shall I do?"

And the heartless brute of a man wired back:

"Take it up in thought."

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

The meanest kind of woman is one who repeats careless words dropped in conversation and knowingly brings a respectable person into trouble that is sometimes aired in a courtroom. Of course, we should all be on our guard and never let fall a word that can give us future annoyances, but we are not more than human, you know, and voices carry much farther than we think. More than that, there are people who are not above listening at doors.

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Two women, congenial in many ways, met and became somewhat intimate last summer. They had friends and acquaintances in common, and expected to continue their intimacy through the winter by means of frequent meetings at the home of each other and at entertainments in the homes of friends. They do not look at each other now, and both are afraid to accept invitations because of the chance of meeting in places where it would be awkward for others as well as themselves.

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Strained relations were brought about by a demure little maid, who apparently never took notice of anything outside of her own department. It developed that she not only heard and remembered all that was said, but embellished it in the telling, drawing upon her imagination for whatever lack there was in truth. Her trick was discovered after she had transferred her services to another family, but the mischief was beyond repair. Snubs had been given and bitter things said, and the sting remained. Further friendship was impossible, as the woman who did both the snubbing and the talking had the sense to discover.

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It all sprang from the question regarding a favor that had been done and an expression of surprise that a woman, found to be exceedingly appreciative, had not acknowledged it. The conversation was harmless enough, but you can readily understand what effect it might have when repeated with additions dictated by malice. Had the woman overheard both question and comment could not possibly have taken exception to them. The trouble was made by the tale-bearer.

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Personal subjects should be eliminated from general conversation, even in the privacy of home. Those outside the family circle, and even the children belonging to it, have sharp ears. Generally their memories are not on a par with their hearing, and there are no scruples against filling in the gaps to suit the fancy. A woman who is abroad recovering the health she lost over an uncomfortable experience that was literally forced upon her, is not likely to forget herself again in answering a direct question from a friend. She was sued for an answer that was literally forced upon her, and although she won the case, she paid dearly for the experience.

BETTY BRADEEN.

ICE CHIPS.

Better speed is made on soft ice than on hard.

Good skaters never wear straps.

Shoes should fit snugly, but should not be too high.

If the eyelets extend close to the toes, the shoe may be drawn in to fit the foot better.

If troubled with weak ankles put on the skates and practice standing on an old carpet.

To stop abruptly bring the feet together and turn to the side, so that the sharp edges of the skates may cut into the ice.

To secure control of the ankles on the ice, practice walking forward, toeing in, and backward, toeing out.

A flat skate helps to give a stable equilibrium and allows large curves to be made without bending the knee.

WHY HIS MARRIAGE FAILED.

He did all the courting before marriage.

He never talked over his affairs with his wife.

He thought of his wife only as a cheap housekeeper.

He never dreamed that a wife deserved praise or compliments.

He thought his wife had a very easy time.

He married an ideal, and was disappointed to find it had flaws.

He paid no attention to his personal appearance after marriage.

He treated his wife as he would not have dared to treat another woman.

WRINKLES.

Get rid of them.

One need not have them.

Hard water produces many of them.

Barley water should be substituted invariably.

Almond milk is also both very whitening and softening.

Massage in connection with any cream application is efficacious.

To make barley water three ounces of washed pearl barley should be put in a pint of cold water and gently brought to a boil. Let it simmer gently fifteen minutes, when it is ready to strain.

Cheese in Cups.

One cup bread crumbs, two cups milk, two eggs well beaten, one-half level teaspoon salt, a generous dash of cayenne, two tablespoons melted butter, one-fourth pound cheese grated. Soak the bread crumbs in the milk for thirty minutes, then add the remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Turn into buttered cups and bake until set and slightly browned. Serve at once in the cups.