

Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR.



THE LAST CHAPTER.

Now comes the final chapter of the year:
The last days of its span are flying fast.
We balance up our books in woe and cheer.
The totals of our loss and profit cast.
For me, in looking back, I choose to dwell
On sunny days that stand in bold relief,
And of their many happinesses tell,
With eyes tight-closed to every hour of grief.

Thus grows the retrospect in joy, and I
Approach another turning of life's page.
Unwonted think that I am passing by
A further milestone on the path to age.

WOMEN WHO WIN IN TRADE

Miss Evelyn Beatrice Longman, Sculptor.

By Isabel Stephen.

Miss Evelyn Beatrice Longman has the distinction of being the only woman sculptor who has ever been elected a member of the National Academy of Design. Although still a young woman, she has made an important place for herself in the world of sculpture, and her work occupies a prominent place in many national institutions.

Among her achievements are the bronze doors of the new chapter of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis. Miss Longman's design was selected for this work after an open anonymous competition, in which there were thirty-two aspirants for the honor, mostly men. Following many of the best-known American sculptors, the final group in competition for the honor consisted of Miss Longman, Miss Q. A. Ward of Middleburg, N. Y., also her work, and recently she was awarded the assignment for the Allison memorial, which carries with it a prize of \$5,000.

Six years ago the late Q. A. Ward offered a prize for the best portrait bust, open without restriction to all American sculptors. Miss Longman's "Athenian" won the second prize.

For those who believe they could "sculpt" too, if only they could obtain the right advantages and environment, the story of Miss Longman's struggle for supremacy in her art should hold much encouragement, for she attained her distinction as a sculptor through her own efforts.

"If you only want a thing hard enough and feel that you can accomplish it, you will find a way to get it," she said the other day in her studio at 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, where she is now at work on her Allison group.

"I was born in a little log cabin in Winchester, Ohio, fifty miles from Cincinnati. My father was a musician, but his wealth at the time of my birth consisted chiefly of a large family. When I was but a year of age, we moved to Cincinnati, and there I received my early education.

"When I was fourteen I had to get to work to earn my bread and butter, so I took a clerical position in a large wholesale house in Chicago, where my parents were then living. My mind was firmly made up to become an artist, but I was not certain what special line of art my talents would find the greatest scope.

"At first I tried studying in evening classes at the Chicago Art Institute,

but I found that the strain of working over ledgers all day and then working all night at art school was too much for me. I gave up at that time and saved every penny I could scrape together.

"When I had enough money I went to Olivet College and selected courses in German and painting. One day I picked up a ball of clay and molded it roughly. That was the beginning of my life work, for I realized that it was as a sculptor I should do my best work.

"I returned to the Chicago Art Institute and studied there for two years under Lorado Taft. At the end of the first year I began to teach drawing and anatomy, and immediately after graduation I took charge of the summer school of modeling. Upon graduation I had received first honors in two sets of examinations in anatomy.

"I wanted a larger field for my work and so, with an empty pocket, but armed with letters from my teacher to Herman A. MacNeal, I went on to New York. MacNeal was then working on the Pan-American commissions, and he engaged me to work for him. Of course this work didn't last very long, and it was not very particular work that I had to do, but it helped out at the time. Later, I worked on the same line for Victor Knapp, and this led to more important duties in the studios of Daniel C. French, with whom I worked until five years ago.

"My first piece of importance was my Victory. I figured Victory as a man instead of as a woman, as it has usually been represented. When it reached the St. Louis World's Fair it became the centerpiece of Festival Hall.

"Since I took this studio of my own, I do all my own modeling, employing assistants only occasionally for the rougher work such as pointing etc. I use the classical method myself, and I always finish my marbles in all the last details, working from two to three weeks on a bust after it comes from the marble cutter.

"What sort of work do you prefer doing?" I asked her.

"I am ambitious to do good work of any kind. It is all fun to me. Whatever I am doing at the moment is the greatest fun on earth. It is at ways that way if you truly love your work.

"Is it not necessary to have money available to you to gain success as a sculptor, you know, say that it is work only for the wealthy because there are so many expenses attached to it?"

"That must have been the theory of an unsuccessful, disgruntled sculptor, for I am not a living example of the fact that you can succeed without any money. My goodness knows I had none when I started, but on my own I was willing to do anything to get a thing if you feel that thing strong enough. I mean you must work and work and work, and not contenting yourself with a few dollars. You must have money, but I believe you can get it, if you go back of you make your work just so

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Leslie Wendall is found dead in a rooming house. His widow, Mrs. Wendall, is a woman of the law, and she is determined to find out the truth about the death of her husband. She is aided by her friend, Miss Castleton, who is a woman of the law also. The two women search for the truth about the death of her husband, and they find out that he was killed by a man named Murray. The man named Murray is a man of the law also, and he is a man of the law also. The man named Murray is a man of the law also, and he is a man of the law also.

"Hester suggestion I must say," he exclaimed. "You must be eager to see my life blood redden all over creation. But, speaking of reddenings, I had had three lessons this week. Next week Bronson says I'll be tying like a gill fish. It's wonderful. I've had two tumblers, that's all. It's one of those—net result a larkish knee and a peeled elbow."

"Watch out, you're not flying like an angel before you get through with it, Les," cautioned the painter. "I see that a well-known society leader in Chicago was killed yesterday."

"Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wendall, carelessly. "I see that what gives zest to the sport."

"I love it, too," said Hotty, her eyes gleaming. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it. And yet one says it's a hell of a thing. I see that a well-known society leader in Chicago was killed yesterday."

"I'll take you out in a week or two, Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly. Booth frowned. "Better wait a bit,"



A serviceable street dress trimmed with velvet and buttons.

THE CHILD'S MUSIC LESSONS

One of the most difficult problems that face a mother to-day is to know just what course to pursue in order to secure the best practice from the little daughter or son who is studying music.

Occasionally we find parents who have no knowledge of music themselves and are consequently not interested in the work of the pupil except in a manner pertaining to harshness when the practice hour is not scrupulously observed, and the money paid for tuition is not wasted.

It is a matter of small import to the child that the lessons are "costing money," and pulling on this string will not produce the desired result; neither will it furnish inspiration to other than mercenary children, who should not be encouraged in this disposition.

Which Way Is Best?

It has long been a matter of worry as to the best methods of securing practice without harsh methods being resorted to, and many mothers as well as teachers have woefully failed after months of time and money have been expended fruitlessly, and they give up in despair, choosing rather that the child grow up without a musical education than to be worried with the daily task of requiring a daily practice.

Many parents resort to the hiring system, but this is to be condemned, as it will sooner or later wear out and leave nothing else to which one may resort. What would a mother think of a teacher in the day school who hired the pupils to learn a lesson? What would be the result if there were no other stimulus to knowledge?

Many children are glad of an opportunity to deceive a mother who knows nothing of music herself by failing to practice the new piece, or the difficult exercises and uninteresting scales, and goes to the lesson without having made the best progress, and then feels bitter against the teacher who must require repeated efforts, much to the disgust of the pupil. The whole trouble might have been avoided had the mother only taken a little time to inform herself concerning the lesson, and, although perhaps not knowing a single note, she would soon learn the tunes when they were practiced right.

The Case of Two Boys.

Two little boys about the same age began studying on the piano the same day, and for the first month kept "neck

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.



Marie's home is in Marseilles
In the South of France.
She is looking at the sea,
How the blue waves dance!
Her dolly came from Paris
Four hundred miles away.
Marie has just named her
Germaine.
Lucile-Julie-Aimée!
Elizabeth Kirkman

MENU

- Breakfast.**
Baked Apples with Cream Hominy
Eggs with Bacon Coffee
Icy Biscuits
- Luncheon.**
Fried Oysters
Poista Salad Toasted Waters
Tarts Tea
- Dinner.**
Celery Soup
Tomato Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Beefsteak, Broiled and Fried
Beer Salad Bread and Butter
Vanilla Custards Coffee
- Icy Biscuits.**
One cupful of boiling water, one cupful of ice flakes, two tablespoonsful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of flour, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of water, and four to form a soft dough, let rise in a warm place, then roll out and bake.

FOR THE DEBUTANTE.



in hers an expression of actual concern if not alarm.

Leslie was in the middle of a sentence when Sara laughed aloud, without a moment's pause. The next instant she was looking from one to the other in a dazed sort of way, as if coming out of a dream.

Wendall turned scarlet. There had been nothing in his remarks to call for a laugh, he was quite sure of that. Flushing slightly, she murmured something about having thought of an amusing story, and begged him to go on, she wouldn't be rude again.

He had little need for continuing the subject and sulkily disposed of it in a word or two.

"What the devil was there to laugh at, Brandy?" he demanded of his friend after the women had left them together on the porch a few minutes later. Hotty had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wendall, her arm clasped tightly about the older woman's waist.

"I dare say she was thinking about you falling a mile or two," said Booth pleasantly.

But he was perplexed.

CHAPTER XI.
MAN PROPOSALS.

The young man consulted their heels for an hour before word was brought down to them that Mrs. Wendall begged to be excused for the afternoon on account of a severe headache. Miss Castleton was with her, but would be down later on. Meanwhile they were to make themselves at home, and so on and so forth.

Booth took his departure, leaving Leslie in sole possession of the porch. He was restless, nervous, excited; half-afraid to stay there and face Hotty with the proposal he was determined to make, and wholly afraid to forsake the porch and run the risk of missing her altogether if she came down as signified. Several things disturbed him. One was Hotty's deplorable failure to hang on his words as he had fondly expected her to do, and then there was that very disquieting laugh of Sara's. A hundred things over he repeated to himself that ridiculous question: "What the devil was there to laugh at?" and to amaze himself about it. He was decidedly cross about it.

Another hour passed. His heels were quite cool by this time, but his blood

and neck" taking the very same piece, having the identical help from the teacher and each given about the same amount of practice. During the second month the teacher discovered one boy as getting ahead, because he received help from his mother, who, although not knowing a note, sat in the room while her boy practiced, commented favorably on his progress and used all her forces to cheer him on, encouraged when the measures were hard. On more than one occasion she rang the teacher up, asking some question concerning matters that were difficult for the child. Once she wished to know what note was to be found on the third ledger line above, for the pupil had forgotten again she wished to know what was the fifth flat.

No such word as "can't" or "stop" were ever suggested to the boy, who was expected to have his lesson in music as well prepared as his history lesson. He was often asked to play over a measure that had a sweet melody, and urged to get it well in order to play it after supper, when his father might hear it.

The Practice Hour.

There was an hour set for the morning practice, which at first lasted only half an hour, but which gradually increased till it was a full hour a day. When the boy was engaged in a game with "the fellows" and was notified that it was "a o'clock," he often found it difficult to get up, but he might be off, although the mother was inclined to scold, threatening to "tell your papa," yet she never for a single time lost control of herself, for she had an ambition to see her boy a great performer some day, and knew that much depended on her.

"Play my piece, son," she often said, sweep of her arm, taking in the whole of the room, and he home to the dress for dinner," she added, as if to relieve his mind.

"Good Lord!" he groaned, "do we have to eat again?"

"We have to dress for it, at least," she replied.

"I'll try," he exclaimed, and ambled off to secure a cap and coat.

"Sara has planned for a run to Lenox tomorrow if it doesn't rain," she informed him on his return.

"Being Sunday," she smiled. "We knock off on Sunday and bank holidays. It's a holiday, it is, but it's not a poor fellow."

He looked as though he expected nothing. He could only sit back and wonder what the deuce Sara meant by behaving like this.

It was not by way of being a profitable excursion, if we are to judge by the amount of pleasure Leslie derived from the two hours' spin through the cool, leafy byways of the forest with the object of his heart's desire on the seat beside him. He tried to screw up his courage to the point of asking her why he shouldn't kiss her hand, which might have opened the way to more profound interrogations, but somehow he felt unable to cope with the serenity that confronted him. Moreover, he had a horrible conviction that the chauffeur was a brute with abnormally long ears and a correspondingly short sense of honor. No, it was not the time or the place for love-making. He would have to be content to bide his time till after dinner, which now began to lose some of its disadvantages.

There was a most engaging nook, he remembered, in the corner of the garden facing the Sound, where the shadows were deep, where sentimentality thrived on its own ecstasy, where he confounded mental dread to show his face—although he had to admit that the chauffeur was most punctilious in that respect.

And so he was satisfied to sit back in the corner of the seat and feed his senses on the lovely creatures before him. It had never been so beautiful, so utterly worth having as now. He was conscious of a great, overwhelming sense of pride, somewhat smothering in its vastness. She was a creature to be proud of. His heart was very full.

She returned at seven. Dinner was unusually merry. Sara appeared to have recovered from her indisposition; there was color in her cheeks and life in her smile. He took it to be an omen of good fortune, and as immeasurably content. The soft cool breezes of the air might have visions of impending happiness across his lively imagination, fanned his impatience with gentle ardour, filled him with surprised sighs of contentment, and made him willing to forego the delight of conquest that he might live the longer in serene anticipation of its thrills.

Ten o'clock came. He arose and stretched himself in a sort of ecstasy. His heart was thumping loudly, his senses soaring. Walking to the "grand old hall" he looked out across the moonlit ground, then down at the selected nook over against the garden wall—spot to be immortalized—and actually withdrew in ten minutes. Here, or even less, she would be down there in his arms! Exquisite meditations!

He turned to her with an engaging smile, in which she might have discerned a prophecy, and asked her to come with him for a stroll along the wall. And so he cast the die.

Hotty sent a swift, appealing look at Sara's purposely averted face. Leslie observed the act, but misinterpreted its meaning.

"Oh, it is quite warm," he said quickly. "You won't need a wrap." He added, and in spite of himself his voice trembled. Of course she wouldn't need a wrap!

"I have a few notes to write," said Sara rising. She deliberately avoided the look in Hotty's eyes. "You will find me in the library."

She stood in the doorway and watched them descend to the terrace, a sphinx-like smile on her lips. Hotty seemed very tall and erect, as one going to meet a soldier's fate.

Then Sara entered the house and sat down to wait.

A long time after a door closed stealthily in a distant part of the house—the sun-parlor door, she knew by direction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)