

# JUDY BY Inez Haynes Giumare

"BOY'S gone," his sister said after the first flurry of their greetings was over. "They sent for him yesterday. I was almost sorry, as I wanted you to see him so much, but of course I was more glad."

"You're wonderful, Amy," her brother said, admiringly. "You are as serene as if he'd just gone on a visit. Have you heard?"

"Last night. It was absolutely successful. I'm going to him this afternoon."

"Poor little chap. I've brought a trunk full of things to him. How long will it be?"

His sister turned away. "Oh, weeks," she said after a pause, "and in a dark room. But now come up stairs—I'm giving you the nursery. It's the coolest room in the house."

"Oh, I say," she commented delightedly, glancing about the big room, this is prime. I shall work like a beaver. A big table and a Morris chair and a fireplace. You must stay in the nursery. He walked over to the window. "Oh, by Jove!" he exclaimed.

At first his near-sighted gaze seemed to fall into amorphous masses of green and blue that blended, further away, into a wall of green through which a single loophole let in a patch of mild blue sky. As he concentrated his gaze he saw that the grounds in the distance were screened in front by a file of plummy wingless elms. He squinted his eyes a little.

"What are those ropes running from the window?"

"Oh, that—that's Boy's telephone. It runs to the house across the court. There's a little girl there who's been sick ever since we came—a bad case of measles and perfectly dreadful after effects. Boy thought up the scheme of this little telephone. It's only a double line of rope on pulleys with a basket suspended. They've had so much fun out of it, sending each other notes. Only fancy, it's been going on for six weeks and they've never seen each other. Boy was so excited. He made me tuck up bluebells, that I'd done with water colors, outside the window."

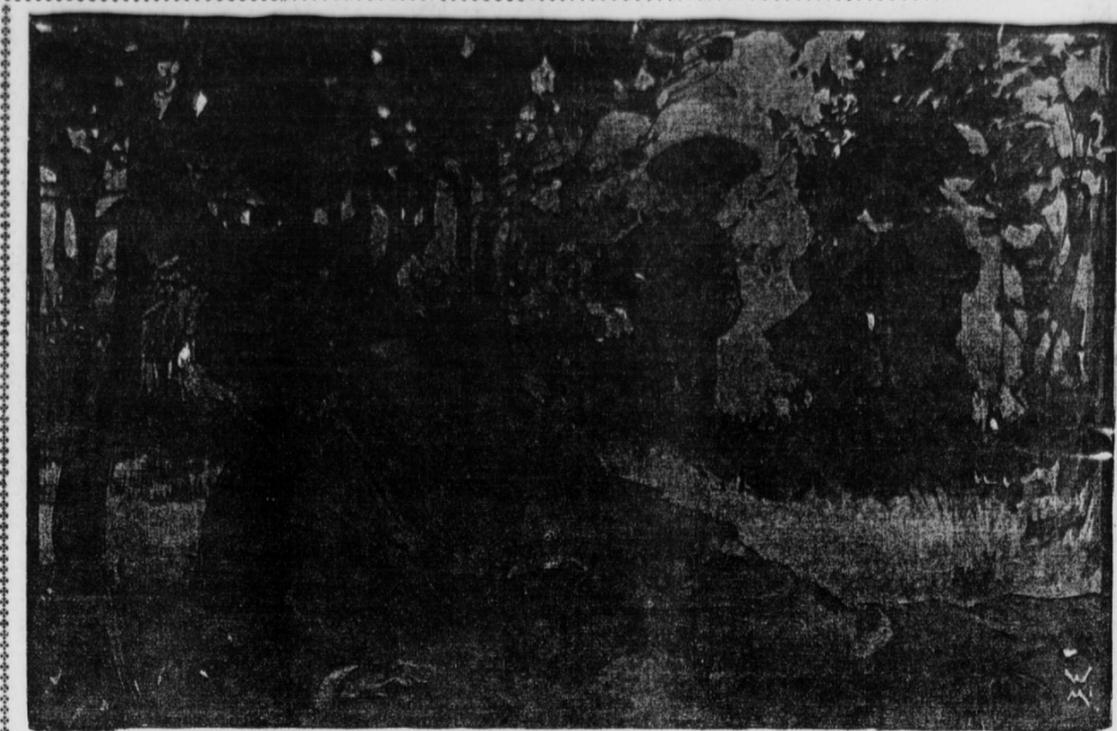
"Good Lord! It takes a youngster to think up a really romantic situation," he thought. "What sort of a little girl is she who she play up?"

"Oh, she's a love. I wish I had just such another. She's a perfect little bunch—all golden curls, freckles and fat legs. The kind of girl that's almost as extinct as the dodo. There used to be plenty of them in our days. Boy calls her Girl and she calls him Boy. Their notes are something simple and delicious."

Her brother listened absently. "It's charming," he said, and he continued to stare there for a second or two, musing.

That night when he was going to bed some sudden, whimsical impulse lighted his face with smiles. He seated himself at the table and began to write. This was the note that he presently finished:

"Dear Girl—I am so sorry that you don't get well of the measles that I don't know what to do. It isn't any fun being sick is it but we will have



PRESENTLY THE VOICES OF CHILDREN TALKING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEDGE AWAKENED HIM.

a good time when we are well. Will you play dessert land with me when you are well. Hear is some candy but guess you'd better ask your mother if you can eat it first. My mother says peppermints hurt anybody. So no more, now. Yours truly Boy."

He spent the next afternoon and evening away with his sister. It was midnight when he returned. In the basket was a red, white and blue lead pencil and a note. The latter was merely: "Are you a goop?"

He answered it immediately.

"Dear girl I'm every goop but Abednego and I'll be the one if I ever get out of bed and my Mother says she won't blame me either. I have three goop-books. I sent it funny I could recte all the goop-books when I was little and never made a mistake and my mother was proud of me and now I know how to read and have forgotten all the verses and often make

mistakes. You didn't say whether you had freckles. Your boy.

"P. S. Which goop are you?"

In the morning came:

"Dear boy, I have 5 freckles on one cheek and 7 on the other and I couldn't count on my nose as they lapp over. I have no warts anywhere at all because I never took up a toad. I am all the goops two except Stingsiee. I am a great Gable which means chaturbox. I went to the theatre once and saw the Wizard of Oz. The laziz skins was awful funny colors. I read the green fairy book most throo, and I love most any fairy tale. Today I am going to play that I am the Sleeping princess in the woods. Have you read Alice. I have a doll house with 4 rooms once my little cousin got in and her arm stuck out just like the picture of Alice when she is so big. Is your hair curly and what color is it."

He replied: "Your sincere Girl."

"Dear girl Alice is grate golly dont I wish I had a bottle of drink me which would you drink the one that made you big or the one that made you small. My hare is black and awful curly dont you tell anybody it is always cutt as close as the barber can do it. Do you know then without a bit of trubel Arreminter blu a bubbel and she bloo another bubbel and she blew another bubbel. Bov."

The correspondence grew absorbing. A week went by. He had on the table, at its end, a pile of childish scribbles and, sometimes, he was guilty of the foolishness of reading them over from beginning to end. The sound of the telephone could summon him to the window any time. He made generous inroads on his trunkful of foreign things and sent over sea treasures, one by one, on a perilous route through the air.

In return he had a collection of offer-

ings that included a pearl handled knife, a penny with a hole in it, several foreign stamps, a fat, red diary and a small blue note book. One night at dinner time the basket had brought him a little pie with its initials cut into its upper crust. Often there came cookies and doughnuts, and once a trembling jelly and whip cream segment of pudding.

He opened one of the boxes of candy that were stacked on his table, hunted assiduously for a chocolate peppermint and put it into the basket with the note. Then he pulled at the line until the rope would pull no longer.

He was awakened the next morning by the whirr of the rope through the churring chimneys. He sprang to the window, snatching up his glasses. It seemed to him that through the loop-hole in the green wall he could see the blur of a golden head at a distant window. The basket was dancing cheerily toward him. It was full of mastur-

ations, vivid, velvety, dew laden. Unmistakably a note. He clutched eagerly at it.

"Dear boy—I ett the pepper mint and I got the chocklit all over my clemnitte and Mother was Mad and I had to have a new one and promise to be more careful the next time, when she'll be all right. You'll play house with me when we are well. Today I am going to make believe that I am a Princess that is confind in a tower by her cruel unkle and will only escape untill tomorrow, when the prince will rescue me and put me on my thron and live happy ever afterwoods. This is all now, yours sincerely Girl."

Before he went to breakfast he scribbled an answer. "Dear girl—Did you ever read Roberson Kruso its a dandy. I would rather live on a dessert island or fite the Indians in the far west than be a prine. But I will help you to eskape you didnt spell eskape wright. You must lett down your golden hair out of the window some moonlight night and I will clim up to your tower window. That's what they always do in the fairy stories. Have you read the blue, greene yellow red fairy book. Here is the greene one which I will lend to you with hopes that you will enjoy it. "Your truly boy."

When he returned from breakfast the basket was hanging outside the door. Keeping in the shadow of a curtain that he might not be discovered by the alert blue eyes opposite, he pulled this note out of the box.

"Dear boy—My mother says it is spelled escape so you werent enny more right than I was. I will read the book that you sent me. About a princess that escaped by changing into a bird. Lets play I do every nite untill my hair grows longer. It woodent reach down more than one storey now and my Father wants me to have my hair cut off. I would like even if the boys did call me shavey head the barbor. It will not have to be combed which hurts more than tung can tell. It isnt so much fun being a girl. You cannot have a good time becuz you have to be a little lady and when I am groan up I am going to stop being a little lady. Heres a book that is simply elegant it is Alice in Wonderland and the things that happen to her. Wait till you come to the man people who always say dont you know your Alice but I think you ort to read about Alice."

Sincerely your Girl.

"P. S. Alice wasent a little lady I dont think. Almost every thing she thinks is what I think."

His reply was as follows:

"Dear girl—Plees do not have your hare cut of as I can never clim up to your tower if you did. Have you got freckles on your nose I ust to have them on my arms and legs to and wunce I had nine wats. You get them from toads and you have to rub them with meet in the moonlight and then burry the meet and when the meet is all rottun the wats will go away, if you wanted to you could burn them with

korstle but that is not such fun and hurts like time. Have you got any wats and where aare they? I bett you haveent—a girl is different from a boy in most anything especially wata. I would not be a girl for untold wealth. My mother says girls have been ill but I wouldnt give much for their fun. I think you are a bully girl becuz you dont like to be one."

"Your boy."

One afternoon he strolled out into the garden and lay down in the shade. He did not realize that he was going to fall asleep until presently the voices of children talking on the other side of the hedge awakened him. Dreamily he listened to their chatter. Suddenly someone caught his eye and made him sit up straight. What he heard brought a dull red color to his face. He bit his lips in vexation. Then he smiled. In a few minutes he returned to his room. He took out his correspondence of the past week and read it through, apparently, if the expression of his face was to be trusted, from a new point of view.

At last he went over to his trunk and brought out some field glasses from it. He went to the window and tugged smartly at the little telephone. Then with the glasses to his eyes he waited. What he saw evidently satisfied him, because he went back to his desk. This is the letter he wrote presently:

"Dear Unknown—Boy was taken to the hospital for the operation nine days ago. His mother said nothing to her neighbors about it, as she wanted Boy to think it was a natural, simple sort of thing, and because she wanted to avoid, if possible, the inevitable calls of sympathy. His bachelor uncle has been occupying the nursery during his absence, and partly for the romance of the thing and partly out of pity for the little sick girl opposite, he took up, in Boy's name, a correspondence that Boy had left. He had just found out that Girl also has been sent away, and that a very pretty lady has been living in her room for ten days. Dear 'pretty lady,' won't you please let me call on you this afternoon—this very minute, in fact—and take up our friendship where it has been broken."

He signed his name in full, and he added (the result of an afterthought): "P. S.—I hope it is true about the freckles on your nose."

He put the note in the basket and hobbled it across the way. Then he took up his glasses.

The basket came back after a long time.

"Boy's Uncle—Girl was sent away to the seashore over a week ago. Her mother, pitying the loneliness of the little sick lad over the way, said nothing about her absence, and asked me to answer any cards that might come to Girl in the basket."

"You may come to see me now if you will bring my half of the correspondence with you."

To this she had signed all her names, and she added:

"P. S.—As for simlicity, we grow to know best at picture exhibitions in gold frames and we are heartily disappointed when nature fails to come up to Corot evenings and Daubigny mornings."

Truth only is simple and the point of view makes the difference. It is not most "natural" that flat born moderns should best love the stars that shine on the city roofs over the humanity that we best understand. What need have we to peer into frogy pools for reflection of quiet country skies that know nothing of this divine comedy and tragedy that we call life?

For us the life beats that sob up from the city's heart under the crowns of electric light that gleam out at night against the sky. There is a night gale to sing our lullaby and no bird's call to wake us to the morning, but rather the postman's whistle, that signal that sounds for us the note of the day's simple life.

Nature is very much overdone and associated too enthusiastically with the truly rural. Who is to say that a tadpole is more simple than a French bull pup? As for simlicity, who more simple than we that choose to dwell among the bright lights and the telephones rather than seek the fields where the crullers bloom and the universal rolling towel hangs, the banner of the simple life?

We wear no plumes in these days and cross no swords, nor touch we lyres under ladies' casements, but under our thin skins the same fevers and languors dwell as in those uphisted days gone by, and in city and in town, under all suns, souls and brains and bodies remain intrinsically the same, except that imagination develops with education and ambition burns with the knowledge and life redines in the consciousness of art that makes all things beautiful.

As for the quaint and wholesome peoples in our rural districts, let us give them all that is their due in song and story, and their share is no small one when the beauties that dwell in green fields and those that dwell worthily among white hawthorn hedges are made clear to us as in pages that we turn lovingly over and again.

But it is this making of the real clam pie stark, for the whole thing, as it were that makes our lip curl even as the lover of the horny hand in fiction sneers at the well tubbed school, reeking of pink tea and gardenias rather than of cicur and dandelion and daisy.

No people on earth, even those who read the magazines, can fall to be the better for having something to be true to, so let us try to keep romance out of the custom-made and the cabbage patch. A little of one school goes a great way, and it is a trifle tiresome to feel that we must hereafter look for literary recreation in a continual gamut of hayseed loves and hates and smiles and tears.

Whether we play the game of life in marbled halls or four-roomed flats or carry on exquisite existences amid the milk pails and the hop toads, we are all so tired at times that we fall to sleep lulled on the breast of the universal mother and fancying that we hear in the roar of our elevated trains and the chug of our motors those infernally beautiful cadences of the frog, a cricket and the katydid, nature's orchestra—as bad sometimes as those of our fashionable hotels.

## The Literary Clam Pie Dished Up for Intellectual Digestion

By Kate Masterson

WE have had our golden ages in art and there have been coronated epochs in literature afterward proved symbolic by explorers who seek for such mysteries in the artistic output of various eras. Our modern days have evolved a new school that threatens to lead us into a maze neither rose grown nor ivy climbed, but blossoming rather with wild spears of spinach, bogs of parsley curled as ornately as the beards of Grecian poets, and forests of spouting beet and turnip tops that have of late, in some circles, become significant of the good, the beautiful and the true.

Tracing the movement back, we may safely say that realism began it. It is within the memory of most of us that an actor-playwright produced a comedy drama in which a real clam pie was brought upon the stage during a stage supper, steaming hot and making its presence odorously known through the auditorium.

After this an actress really fried an actual fish in a love scene and this famous velvet voiced star, and this was quickly followed in a society play by coffee ground and boiled under the very noses of the audience.

After these innovations a great many theatergoers discussed realism with a most offensive familiarity, objecting to it only on the ground that so many persons dined heartily before going to the play and for this reason found the higher degree of art disturbing to the digestion.

Advertisement is so potent that even to this day there are some who talk admiringly and respectfully of that clam pie drama, counting by some subtle mental process, not only with great achievement in stage reform but also with purity of theme and high purpose. It was useless to attempt to dissuade the notion that the pie stood for poetry, religion and above all, art, as opposed to the schools of Pliner, Wilde, Grundy and Jones. The kitchen range had become the altar upon which the flame of inspiration never ceases to burn.

The zeal with which the clam pie motif was espoused spread malignantly. There sprang up a sudden and peculiar vogue for what many called "wholesome" fiction. Others described it as "quaint and homely." Book reviewers scented nature just as the audiences had smelled the clams.

Ambitious writers betook themselves far from steam heat and open plumbing and sought to make their pages throb with the humanity that is represented in the croak of the frog and the chirp of the cricket.

There were the rules of the game to be observed. The wholesome story required a complete putting aside of good fiction or tales located in any but intensely rural districts. Few chose other ground than the old farm, the barnyard and the back porch, where the wholesome farmer dried his quaint hands on the always wholesome roller towel that rolled for the hired man as well as for him.

The kitchen remained the scene for proposals, quarrels and pathetic confabulations about the sale or mortgage of the place; mother drying her eyes on the apron, with wrinkled hands. The cruller and the apple pie were the foods upon which these near-to-nature folk existed. Trousers were worn tucked in the boots.

The magazines began to reek with this form of fiction. Were it not for the occasional sea story, with the salt, briny breezes and the tarry rope as a relief, the reader was greeted by nothing in page or picture but a gingham mother standing in the kitchen door-

way shading her eyes to look after father drinking water from the pump.

"Mother, are them pies done yet?" called out Reuben Halter, as he paused cheerily in his whistling for a refreshing draught of pure spring water from the old tin cup that hung by the well on its rusty chain. His wife, Martha, came to the door at the sound of his voice and stood there smiling as she wiped her hands and arms on the gingham apron she wore, showing by the white, flaky patches here and there that she had been baking.

Her comely face flushed with pleasure at her husband's words, for she baked the best pies that were made in Dumit Hollow, and the note of approval in Reuben's tones pleased her mightily.

"I reckon they be, and gettin' cold waitin'," she responded "sassily."

"Come along to supper, and dont forget to wipe yer feet on the porch mat."

Reuben, holding his big figure up the garden path, bordered with hollyhocks and odoriferous of his mint carpet, to where, on the cool back porch, a tin of water and a bar of yellow soap waited his simple toilet. As he stood there drying his hands on the wall one could see that his heavy boots made him seem extremely tall, for without them he stood six feet two in his stockings—the giant of Dumit Hollow, and handsome as a god.

"Air ye ever comin', Reuben?" asked Martha from within, the sound of dishes clatter and the fragrant smell of boiled cabbage on the air.

And so on.

Harcourt came out on the veranda, rolling his morning cigarette and looking as he felt, extremely fit after his rippling gallop across country and the cold tub which had followed it.

He was ready for breakfast and glad to see pretty Mrs. Jimmie in a pink morning gown beside the low table and china beneath the striped awnings of the piazza.

He bowed deeply from the waist, his heels clinking as she smiled into his eyes we comely.

"So bubbly of you to come down," she said extending her hand for the cigarette which he had lighted for her: "now we must have some Reubarb. I can't see why people think they must breakfast in bed at a house party."

"Little laugh."

Harcourt poured half the decenter of Maraschino into his canteleque nervously, a dash of color coming into his face.

"Jimmie went to town on the 10:10," she said dreamily, fingering a black grape, then sighing and ending with a little laugh.

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"Jimmie's such a blighter," he said; "why dont you chuck him?"

"Why dont you chuck him?" she said lightly, motioning to him with her eyebrows that the butler was coming through the window with the champagne.

"Tibbetts," she said, with a charming



THE COLD BATH HERO IS OF COURSE, A DIRECT OPPOSITE TO THE ROLLING TOWEL MAN.

smile, "bring us some cold trout vinnigrette and eggs in Carradon Jolly." She blew a ring of perfumed smoke into the man's face. "That will do, Tibbetts," she said.

The clam pie tendency in literature can be said to be directly opposed to the cold bath hero of the sea school. They are antagonistic to a degree that causes advocates of the pure and wholesome story epitomized by blue jeans to sneer fiercely at any fiction with a tendency to good clothes to an ordinary manner of speech or the presence of servants, cabs or expensive foods in its pages.

The cold bath hero is, of course, a direct opposite of the rolling towel man. The substitution of sherry and biscuits for tea and coffee is a direct blow to those two staples of the quaint homely life—the cruller and the boiler dinner. The Tuxedo jacket is mortally opposed to the blue flannel shirt and one suspender.

"Give us simlicity!" cry the enthusiasts of the hayseed story, confusing simlicity somehow with cows, just as so many artists assume that sheep and nature are identical. To be pure to theme it seems we must write of pigs rather than peacocks and choose the man in overalls instead of the chap in knickers. A monocle and a Piccadilly accent are unumoral, but to wear a whisker and to talk through your nose is to be a child of nature. Crullers are elemental and for the masses, while to haw-haw is quaint and simple, but to he-he is horrid.

It is true that no cowpils grow in Broadway and that hand in hand with intelligence and life in cities there go a repression of emotion and a clean correctness of speech and dress that make for a less picturesque outside than that of the peasant in or out of comic opera.

Never admitting the beauty of the farmer's life, the poetry of the pump and the charming urban simlicity of the general rolling towel, which, like the hotel toothbrush, uses the note of simlicity with the merit of economy, may we not admit some tittle of romance and interest to the life we wot of, that throbs in the high walled city, the city of clubs and shops and heels, of flannels and dinner coats and gowns that shine.

There is to eyes that see normally quite as much poetry and beauty in the half frozen carafe, sparkling under the pink candle shade, as in the old oaken bucket of song, for the mind traces the water from its spring in the woods and hears the ripple of the brook in the music of the orchestra. To dwellers under town roofs complexity is simpler than simplicity represented by unfamiliar names. There is a right way to know best at picture exhibitions in gold frames and we are heartily disappointed when nature fails to come up to Corot evenings and Daubigny mornings.

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## Something About That Country Where Women Wear the Trousers

IN taking trips on foot through the mountains of Europe, ladies, to increase their freedom of motion and minimize the dangers on narrow trails, frequently wear costumes amazingly like those worn by the male guides. The tourist in the Alps sees nothing conspicuous in this get-up. Once the valley is reached, however, these women speedily don their skirts.

Among the native women, however, trousers play an entirely different role. These women work in the fields to a great extent. They have long appreciated the fact that the length and fullness of a woman's skirt forms a decided hindrance to their movements when work has to be done in deep, dewy grass, or cattle followed over steep paths, or the necessary duties attended to in closely packed stalls. In the hilly country districts of the canton of Valais, in German Wallis, the women wear a peculiar kind of knickerbockers to enable them to climb the mountains and go after their milking goats. The so-called "tennerin," or milkmaids, living up on the Alps with the cows during the summer and making cheese, wear the same habiliment, but only for convenience.

Even in the foothills of the upper Bavarian mountains an occasional peculiar looking, manly form may be seen busily engaged, proving on nearer inspection to be a woman who has donned trousers for greater convenience in working, though she has there by thrust her aesthetic sense far in the background. A field worker would, by her appearance, hardly attract the least exasperation of men, although she may not necessarily be ugly. Such an apparition will completely nonplus the city man on whose astonished gaze it bursts for the first time. Women in this attire are also met along the shores of the mountain lakes, for work in the high roads or on swamp ground is rendered much easier by this costume. To the rural adorer her toilet is by no means repellent; she is every bit as attractive to him in her awkward garb as in all the glory of her Swiss Sunday best.

To the herdsman toiling high up

in the Alps trousers have become truly an indispensable article of clothing. Their duties are such that skirts would prove to be a real obstacle to them, and they soon learn to feel perfectly at home in boy's clothes. The Alpine visitor, who is served by an exceptionally pretty and youthful herdsman, is very apt to have his ardor dampened if, after a short absence, she suddenly appears in this unique apparel instead of the usual costume of the country in which she first greeted his eyes. In the Tyrolean Alps women are occasionally met who have gone so far as to wear the local short trousers of the mountaineers, which, together with the bodice and the little round straw hat, are at times very becoming.

Linen trousers are also common in this district. These are shortened to the knee, while of course wool stockings serve the same purpose as the trouser legs. This costume has proved eminently practical for milking, for the herdsman who must do her work balancing herself on a one-legged stool with a milk pail between her knees has in this way assured herself the greatest ease of movement.

When the summer season has passed and all work in the fields ceases and the cattle have been driven to the valleys, no mountain girl would dream of showing herself in trousers. After the working time is over she would appear just as conspicuous and contrary to custom to the villagers as to us. If there is any woman then who has the privilege of going about in trousers it is the old messenger, who makes trips from farm to farm, from hamlet to hamlet, to supply the housewives with odds and ends, for the sake of which it is not worth while to make the trip to village or city merchant, the messenger collects the various articles ordered, and carries them up to the mountains in spite of winter storms and snows. It is not difficult to understand that this woman should have adopted trousers, which she supplements with thick woolsen garters, for a woman wading through deep snowdrifts and carrying a heavy load in addition, cannot be bothered holding up her skirt, especially since she needs both umbrella and alpenstock—either or both being in constant use. After all, it must be admitted that in certain cases the sex is entirely justified in

wearing trousers as working clothes; but ideas of emancipation are never dreamed of. It never enters the head of these women to have their hair cut like a man's, for she has a woman's heart and soul and has no desire to be or seem anything else.

In other places, too, there are to be found women who wear trousers, but the convenience of their calling, even for the exigencies of their existence. The strong, stout, stalwart herdswomen of the Island of Marken, off the coast of Holland, and about an hour from Amsterdam, wear pants. They are honest, homely bodies, and they will stand and converse with a stranger, selling their fish, without an idea of impropriety and without the faintest trace of hesitancy in their manner.

In Russia there is a fire brigade of the finest and prettiest ladies of the town who always wear pants when at work at a fire. In fact, the trousers form an important part of their uniform, and these women, to judge from the alacrity with which they get to a fire, unhook their ladders, raise them to the burning building and run up and down them.