

What Do You Read and Why Do You Read?

What do I read, and why? If the answer is to be confined to the present, it may be very brief and succinct. I do not so understand your query, because, having passed the age when one reads to a definite end, to say what I read now, and why, would serve no desirable purpose. Nor do I perceive in what way what I have read, or why, would interest the general reader, though possibly it may both interest and assist some young people who are fortunate as to possess the wit to profit by the experience of others.

Proficiency in one's chosen vocation is, or should be, the chief object; and almost every separate vocation requires a special course of training, and that each one can ascertain for himself. There are a few occupations, however, proficiency in which requires some knowledge of nearly all others; and it was one of these that I was so unfortunate as to choose. My reading, therefore, may be described in one word, as omnivorous, and characterized by another, as voracious; too much so possibly for my own good, for I thereby much that might have been nutritious digestion, and assimilated, was lost and wasted, and may be properly described as brain tissue stimulated out of healthy proportion.

History and geography were my principal studies, but neither was thoroughly comprehended until I associated with them books of travel, which transported me in imagination from place to place, and the historical novel, which brought me practically face to face with the people, and enabled me to understand their feelings and to enter into the motives which underlay their actions. I read with interest, but could not comprehend English history until I read Shakespeare, and I believe that remark caused me to read Shakespeare's first serious attention to the works of the immortal bard, and from them learned what sort of people the English were in the days of which he wrote, and also that human nature has changed no whit since his lucid delineation of it, notwithstanding smoothness of tongue and suavity of manner have in great measure supplanted the roughness and bluntness which characterized best society at that time. So, too, Scott's novels aided greatly my understanding of Scotch, English and French history.

The works of Bulwer, Dickens, Dumas and writers of less note, whose names even I have forgotten, all assisted me to a comprehension of the peoples of Europe and the events and progress which led up to and consummated the great events in their histories. Biographies of course helped, but biography pertains to the individual and the events in which he participated, and does not take us down among and make a part of the people. This the true historical novel does. We read the histories of Greece and Rome, of the patriarch and the pharaoh, and fully appreciate and participate in them. I have read Ben Hur and kindred works. So, too, I obtained my first adequate knowledge of life on a man-of-war and of those "who go down to the sea in ships," from Marryat's novels and Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

Some knowledge of grammar is an essential requisite in almost any vocation. I obtained mine by a study of Latin in the first place, and then a careful reading of what used to be called "The English Classics." It might properly be said to have been imbibed, rather than acquired by study. I never could master the formal, but I have acquired English grammar in fact, never got beyond the definite and indefinite articles, and did not understand them until I learned what was meant by the words "definite" and "indefinite," and that was some years after I left school.

The three learned professions—law, medicine and divinity—received due attention, the first two more by association with practitioners and business connections than from study of their books; and the last by perusal of polemics and a study of the Bible—the two, however, too largely in their own teachings.

So much for what I have read and the results, for the benefit of whomsoever it may concern. At present I read, first, what my business requires, for reasons manifest; second, the daily papers and an occasional magazine, to keep abreast with daily events and current topics; third, miscellaneous literature—principally late novels—for the purpose of passing a pleasant evening; and last, but by no means least, I search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life.

I am asked to state what literature meets my demand for pleasure and profit, and what mental needs I supply by reading. Almost any person's answer will presuppose that the foundation of his education has been properly laid in such studies as the colleges teach. It will also imply that whatever his vocation may be, his literature has been good, and thoroughly. This sifting process reveals the real mental and moral makeup of a person, for only such reading as one's vocation exacts and such as is agreeable to the taste will be read.

no connection of the thought from period to period; but his glory is that he can not speak but he utters a thought, an aspiration, or a sentiment, of so true a ring that it echoes in my own consciousness like a bell striking on a calm lake. I do not think highly of the standard novelists. Life is too short. I love to laugh uproariously, but it is too dear a penalty to pay for the joy to read a volume of Dickens through, I sometimes think. My friends can tell me a story or I can see some odd character that answers as well. I read as many of the new novels, not of the realistic sort, as time allows; but I dislike Howells and his realistic school. I see enough of the prosy life all about me. Life is rich and sweet to me and always was, despite its battles and its heart hurts, and I like to live with such people and books as best reflect what is truest, tenderest and noblest in thought, feeling, life and aspiration.

A trap is set before me—baited with delicious morsels. I walk in—and am caught. You ask what I read, and why. I immediately bring upon myself the charge of indiscriminate reading, when I confess that literature of all classes engages my attention, from the periphrastic of the most peerless writers of the Elizabethan period; the quantity of reading being in inverse proportion to its profundity.

The "whys" are as numerous as the buttons down the waist of the average young lady (when her mother sews them on and works the buttonholes). The master of ceremonies, who introduces me to the entirely unknown, the called "new books," was to be found in the Garden of Eden, using his persuasive voice upon our first maternal ancestor, and his seductive eloquence, unlike his first victim, I sometimes find his influence beneficial, for while usually in the "new books" the story alone maintains the interest, yet sometimes it sinks into imagination and becomes but the setting for some precious gem of thought.

Sometimes desire for unobtrusive companionship impels me to row with the "Lady of the Lake" and listen contentedly to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Scott's purity and elegance of expression are always refreshing. Many of his books form delightful character studies. For modern novels in this line we turn to Nelson Page and spend a while "In Old Virginia," visit with Cable the Louisiana plantations, or try our hand in a "David Harum boss trade" way up East.

The standard writers always entertain, instruct and delight, especially in narrative form with partially hidden moral. A climb with Rip Van Winkle up the Catskills, a visit to Sleepy Hollow can but be advantageous. Who would not linger at the "House of Seven Gables" and listen, though neglected harp, or even wander backward to witness life in Pompeii during those terrible "Last Days"? The philosophical mood calls for Shakespeare, Emerson and Holmes, while the inclination to keep abreast of the times is satisfied by the newspapers and magazines.

So many "moulders of thought" clamor for recognition that I stand bewildered, not, however, neglecting our own loved poets, foremost among whom rank two who always found time and food for the children—Longfellow and Eugene Field. My needs supplied, sometimes the spiritual cries for assistance and reaches out for better things. Then "The World Beautiful" series, or those helpful works of Ralph Waldo Trine engage attention, and in the dark hours, when encouragement is needed, the star of Hope grows faint in the distance. Faith wavers and grows faint, let us take from its place, with reverent hands wiping the dust from its covers, the Books of All Books, feeling assured that there we may find fresh strength and courage. Something there written just for her is always found by "MILADY."

What do I read? Newspapers, every day, regularly—the New York Journal, Brooklyn Times, Houston Post, and once each week the Bellville (Austin county) News, Roslyn News, Church Standard (Episcopal), and Port Washington Journal. Why do I read them? For the news, the daily happenings of the world, from these papers I get something from everywhere. Of magazines, I read regularly the Literary Digest, Review of Reviews, Popular Science Monthly, the Farm Journal and the Philistine. From these I get cuttings from the best of everything. I read them for general information and recreation.

I read the new novels as they come out, because it's popular "the thing to do." They give one some little food for thought and something to talk about. That is the "why" I read these new books and I am not alone in that. But for fiction, "Les Misérables," Victor Hugo, is at the head of the list. Poetry? I like and read all of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems. Of the dead poets, take it through and through, I like Longfellow's writings best of all. Then William Cullen Bryant and Browning. I read this poetry because it awakens my soul and it appeals to the best that is in human nature. I read Ruskin and Emerson for the same reason—I like them.

I read everything in the line of "new thought" progress. The why I read this and study it? It is life. I read all of Herodotus as they come over. "The Last War," "The Social Quarantine" should be in everyone's home, and such books as "The Religion of Democracy," "Springs of Character" and "Facts and Comments." If they do not come under the head of "new thought" books, they give some quite new thoughts to most people. Now, I have kept within my "word limit," and not every woman can do that when writing about her ownself, what she reads and what she does. Mrs. M. R. COCKE, Port Washington, L. I.

In August Woods.

There is a peace no sounding words can tell And there is rest beyond the gift of sleep; And silence, Nature's music-miracle, With song expectant fills the shadows deep, In August woods.

There is fulfillment of the spring-time's dream, And hope's fruition rich beyond compute; For hands may touch and eyes behold the gleam Of buds turned into leaves and blooms to fruit, In August woods.

What though the song of nesting-time be hushed? There is a space when Love lays down its cares, The heart of things as with sweet wine is flushed— A full completeness takes it unaware, In August woods.

And then the gold the molten sunshine sifts! Its glint and glory smooths out every frown; And by some magic all the earth it lifts— Or does it make the sky lean lower down?— In August woods.

The Rule of Reading and Three Good Books.

"Study what you most effect" said the sage, and the same rule applies to reading. Read what you like is the only rule that is worth anything, but the canny reader, to speak Scotticly, cultivates a catholic taste and learns to like a good many different sorts of books that he may read the more and increase his pleasure if not his profit. A book, it may be observed in passing, might be written on the profit of reading for pleasure. All true readers have no other end than pleasure in view, just as all true writers who write the books that are books and not shams masquerading as such write with no other purpose than that of imparting the sum of their own knowledge, their own by the money and time they get out of it, their readers' by the "human pleasure," as Fitzgerald wisely notes, that comes from reading tales well told, whether they be true or false, in prose or in verse.

Every reader, if he would be sure of pleasing himself and of so fulfilling his true function, according to the view just expressed, must select for himself and by sheer luck or a straight tip come upon the book of his humor. His own taste is the test in each man's case, and tastes differ, "tot homines, tot sententiae," as the wise Latin writer put it, or, according to the homely jingle,

"Different men have different opinions, Some like apples and some like onions."

In the public library of Houston there are three books which are particularly recommended to those who have not read them, and indeed those who have may perchance turn to them again with enjoyment, as one returns to a pleasant place or looks up an old friend. It may be that these books will turn out an apter to the "three good books" of those who are fond of apples. The recommendation is for what it is worth, that haply some one who runs and reads may find the fruit or the vegetable, as the case may be, to his liking. The books are all novels, but each is of a widely different class. The first is a classic, Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina"; the second a modern example of the ancient epistolary form of novel, "The Etchingham Letters"; and the third is a unique novelette by one of the most powerful of all the present day writers of fiction, Gilbert Parker's "When Valmond Came To Pontiac."

These novels are not new ones, but they are mentioned because the writer recently reread them and found it possible to do so with keen pleasure, which, in the case of a reader who for pleasure or duty has read a considerable number of novels, is a pretty fair test of a novel's worth. "Anna Karenina" is not only a wonderful picture of Russian society, a section of Russia cut out with real human beings living out their lives on it, to borrow a criticism originally applied to Anthony Trollope, but it contains in the story of its heroine, who was so real to Tolstoy, her creator, that he used to speak of her as "My Anna," as strong a delineation of woman's love as has ever been put upon paper. Best of all, however, I like the doings of the young men, the wild young fellows who were sworn foes to early rising and fervent admirers of the morning star.

"The Etchingham Letters" is, to my thinking, perhaps the best example of quiet humor to be found in the language. The love story is idyllic—what there is of it—and the heroine who only has assigned to her what they call a "bit" on the stage is sweetly feminine and altogether charming. Mr. G. beg his pardon, as he has just been knighted, and has wordily received the king's accolade, although like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, only "upon carpet consideration" and "with unbatched rapier," unless he wear one of his heroes' swords) Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," is as pathetic and as powerful as Rostand's L'Aiglon, which it resembles with a difference. Into this little story is packed more of the genuine spirit of romance which makes the blood tingle to the finger tips than is to be found in a shelf-full of historical romances of the ordinary sort.

Here are three good books which I earnestly commend to all gentle readers, being ready to take the banning of those who will not like them for the sake of the blessing of those who will. B. R. F.

The Dramatization of Song.

All art is a compromise, suggests Mr. Arthur Symons, the English poet. When the sculptor foregoes color, when the painter foregoes relief, when the poet foregoes the music "which soars beyond words," and the musician that precise meaning which lies in words alone, each of these artists is compelled to realize the limitations of the material with which he has to deal. Mr. Symons says further in the Academy and Literature, London: "Take the art of the voice. In its essence, the art of the voice is the same in the nightingale and in Melba. The same note is produced in the same way; the expression given to that note, the syllable which that note renders, are quite different things. Song does not in itself require words in order to realize even the utmost of its capacities. The voice is an instrument like the violin, and no more in need of words for its expression than the violin. Perhaps the ideal of singing would be attained when a marvelous voice, which had absorbed into itself all that temperament and training had to give it, sang inarticulate music, like a violin which could play itself. There is nothing which such an instrument could not express, and which exists in pure music; and in this way we should have the art of the voice with the least possible compromise.

"The compromise is already on its way when words begin to come into the song. Here are two arts helping one another; something is gained, but how much is lost? Undoubtedly the words lose, and does not the voice lose something also, in its directness of appeal? Ad acting to voice and words and you get the ultimate compromise, opera, in which other arts as well have their share, and in which Wagner would have us see the supreme form of art. Again something is lost; we lose more and more, perhaps for a greater gain. Tristan sings lying on his back, in order to represent a sick man; the actual notes which he sings are written partly in order to indicate the voice of a sick man. For the sake of what we gain in dramatic and even theatrical expressiveness, we have lost a two-fold means of producing vocal beauty. Let us rejoice in the gain, by all means, but not without some consciousness of the loss, not with too ready a belief that the final solution of the problem has been found."

Mr. Symons proceeds to describe a most interesting music-dramatic experiment which he recently witnessed in Paris. Madame Georgette Leblanc, the fiancée of M. Maurice Maeterlinck and a singer who is known for her creations of Carmen, Charlotte Corday, etc., at the Opera Comique, has developed a method of her own for singing and acting at the same time, not as a character in an opera, but in the interpretation of separate songs, the songs of Schumann and Schubert, for instance, and the songs written for the words of Verlaine, Maeterlinck and others, by Gabriel Faure, Gabriel Faure and other musicians. We quote Mr. Symons' account: "Imagine a woman who suggests at the same time Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Brown-Potter without being really like either; she is small, guberantly blonde, her head is sur-

rounded by masses of loosely twisted blonde hair; she has large gray eyes, that can be grave, or mocking, or passionate, or cruel, or watery; a large nose, an intent, eloquent mouth. She wears a trailing dress that follows the lines of the figure vaguely, supple to every movement. When she sings, she has an old, high-back chair in which she can sit, or on which she can lean. When I heard her there was a mirror on the other side of the room, opposite to her; she saw no one else in the room, once she had surrendered herself to the possession of the song, but she was always conscious of that image of herself which came back to her out of the mirror; it was herself watching herself, in a kind of delight at the beauty which she was evoking out of the words, notes and expressive movement.

"Her voice is strong and rich, imperfectly trained, but the voice of a born singer; her acting is even more the acting of a born actress; but it is the temperament of the woman that flames into her voice and gestures and sets her whole being vibrating violently and delicately before you. She makes a drama of each song, and she creates that drama over again, in her rendering of the intentions of the words and of the music. It is as much with her eyes and her hands as with her voice that she evokes the melody of a picture; it is a picture that sings and that sings in all its lines. There is something in her aspect—what shall I call it?—tendacious; it is a woman who is an artist because she is a woman, who takes in energy at all her senses and gives out energy at all her senses. She sang some tragic songs of Schumann, some mysterious songs of Maeterlinck, some delicate love songs of Charles van Lerberghe. As one looked and listened it was impossible to think more of the words than of the music or of the music than of the words. One took them in simultaneously, as one feels at once the softness and the perfume of a flower."

Here is a new art, exclaims Mr. Symons, "made up of a new mixing of the arts in one subtly intoxicating elixir." He confesses that its success is dependent entirely upon the personality of the artist. Madame Leblanc is "an exceptional artist," and she has made an art after her own likeness, which exists because it is the expression of herself, of a "strong nature always in vibration." The dramatization of song, adds Mr. Symons, done by any one less completely and less sincerely an artist, might "lead up into something more disastrous than even the official concert, with its rigid persons in evening dress, its notes set down for them to the best of their vocal ability."

There seems to be considerable interest in London in the "new art" of which Mr. Symons writes. Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, recently lectured in Clifford's Inn on "the art of speaking verse to a pitch sounded by a musical instrument." He was assisted by Miss Florence Farr, who spoke lyrics to a psalter made for the purpose by Mr. DeLamater. In this connection it is also interesting to recall the performance in New York a few weeks ago of Richard Strauss' music to Tenyson's "Enoch Arden," as an accompaniment to Mr. George Riddle's recitation of the poem, presenting a form of musical art closely akin to that of which Madame Leblanc is the exponent. Says Harper's Weekly: "We do not recall, in a retrospect of an exceptionally full and active winter, a musical occasion more completely satisfying, from an artistic standpoint, than this production by Mr. Riddle and Mr. B. J. Lang of Strauss' beautiful piano-forte commentary on Tenyson's verses—the more satisfying, it may be, because of its modest preliminary heralding and the engagingly sincere and earnest spirit which characterized its realization. In undertaking a musical paraphrase of 'Enoch Arden,' Strauss set himself a task of the most perilous and delicate nature—a task requiring, obviously, the utmost poetic tact, an unerring sense of dramatic values, an unflagging and inveterate exercise of intense imaginative expression, and, most difficult of all, an effective solution of the problem of suitable structural form. To say merely that he has fulfilled these vital requirements is far from acknowledging a recognition of the largeness of his achievement. Not only has he made his accompaniment a vivid and adequate commentary on the text which is, at its best, one must admit, of indifferent poetic value, but he has caught the underlying reality, the essential emotional substance of the poem, and has bodied it forth in his music with exquisite poignancy, with noble poetic truth, and with a rare and beautiful clarity of musical form. Writing in a mode of dramatic composition which is so untrammelled in its conventionalities, it is rich in opportunities for bombastic and turgid emotionalism, this master of musical modernity has achieved a formal lucidity and a dignity and continence of expression scarcely characteristic of the musical Zeitgeist. We could wish, though, that Strauss would apply the precise expressive methods that he has employed in this work to a poetic text worthier of his genius."

A Book From Paris. Henry F. Keenan, in his entertaining "Old World Themes" in the Era Magazine, writes: "Since the 'historical novel' has preempted the public attention, I shall be doing the eager searchers of history in somewhat doses a service to signalize a book which has just captivated Parisian readers, 'The Youth of the Great Mademoiselle.' Madame Arvede Barine is the writer of this admirable work, and if Balzac were alive he would probably confess that his 'Human Comedy' has little to offer in comparison with the tumultuous life of this princess of the blood, who outshined the wildest flights of the romancer's imagination. The world which reads history knows that the 'great mademoiselle' was the daughter of Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. That she was the richest princess in Europe; that she was sought in marriage by kings and princes, and though she was dying to marry, she was not allowed this luxury until the time came when she had to take what she could get, not what she dreamed. There is nowhere in the history of the heart a more comically pathetic story than the adventures of this Orleans princess in search of a mate. The stranger who visits Versailles today sees among the speeches of the era of monarchical greatness a portrait labeled the 'Grande Mademoiselle,' and wonders why this demoiselle should be pictured among the personages of French history. Even the most devoted believer in 'divine right' realizes that the grand demoiselle must have passed the fortieth year and even indulged in fatuous conjecture why she should be embalmed for the wonder of the present. The courtier painter has represented the lady as Miss Mopse—a mature Minerva, indifferent to the infidelities of Jove, let us say. Armed as a warrior-like, the Great Mademoiselle exactly represents the epoch in which she made herself the joy of a certain part of France. Denied love, denied the womanly privileges which make women doubly precious, the Great Mademoiselle plunged into revolt. She yearned to be a warrior since no warrior seemed to yearn to make her wife and she undertook to shake the throne of her boy cousin, Louis XIV. She was part of the Fronde, and when the revolt ended she found herself the slave of the court convention. She saw no reason why she should not marry her young cousin, Louis XIV, but he saw many of reasons and laughed her advances to scorn. Meanwhile by death and accident she became so rich that even the king's mistress thought it wise to conciliate her. She was not only the king's cousin, she was the head of a dozen principalities; she was duchess in scores of provinces; she drew a three-fold larger revenue than the king and could have paid the debts of any of the lesser monarchs of Germany."

Not of Love.

Sing of love? Wherefore? Thousands sing its praise each day. They've not made the test, Or in language drear By imagination, they Claim for it far more Than for gods was claimed of yore.

Sing of love? Why so? Should I tell it as 'tis found You would disbelieve, Or you'd sadly grieve And your youth in tears be drowned. Sing of love? Ah! no! Dream your dream, 'tis better so. GRACIE CORNETT.

Paper Pellets.

If all dreams came true, there would soon be nothing left to dream about. When a woman laughs it means mischief. Disappointment gives us the pleasure of continuing to want things we have not got. When circumstances overcome the man, that's tragedy; when the man overcomes circumstances, that's comedy. The poet is an aeronaut. Black care rides behind the bachelor; if you ride double, with a wife on the crupper, there isn't any more room. B. R. F.

Among the Current Magazines.

Scribner's Magazine for August is one of the best magazines ever published. It opens with "Wireless," by Rudyard Kipling, which is a story no less wonderful because of the Marconi wireless telegraphy therein described than on account of the curious psychological condition of the young apothecary lover, who resembled the poet, Keats. It is one of the most original stories ever written. One of the best of the tales of Strange Islands in "Sinbad on Burrator," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Mr. J. M. Barrie's new serial, "A Little White Bird," begins in this number, and the opening chapters are quite up to that famous author's average. F. Hopkinson Smith's novel, "The Fortune of Oliver Horn," is concluded. Edith Wharton has an article, "A Midsummer Week's Dream—August in Italy," by Richard Harding Davis. "Captain Macklin" is continued. There is a picture of Frank Stockton by Dora Wheeler Keith, with sketches of Mr. Stockton's former home at Convent, New Jersey. There are poems and other articles of interest.

The Critic for August opens with an article by Sofia De Fornara on "Italian Writers of Today," with pictures of D'Annunzio and other Italian literatures. The second paper of Leo Weiner's "Sketch of Russian Literature" appears, and the second paper of Charles Hemstreet's "Literary Landmarks of New York." Two excellent articles are "Edgar Allan Poe—World Author," by Charles F. Richardson, and "American Humor and Bret Harte," by G. K. Chesterton. "A New Dialogue of the Dead," by an Oxford don, is a very original satire upon Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses." Mr. Frank Norris' "Salt and Sincerity," one of the regular departments, is brightly written.

Everybody's Magazine for August contains an article by Martha McCulloch Williams, "Blind and Sighted." There are a number of short stories. "Sawed in His Own Country," by Juliet Willough Tompkins; "The Honorable Betsy," by Justus Miles Foreman; "Love, Law and the Line," by Frank Dana; "Tangled Up in Beulah Land," continued, as is also "Danny," by Alfred Ollivant. "Customs and Costumes of the French Watering Places," describing Trouville and Hyeres at the height of the season, with colored illustrations showing the costumes, will interest feminine readers.

The Cosmopolitan for August has an article on "London Society," by Emily Hope Westfield; "The Divisions of Some Millionaires," by Walter Grosvenor Robinson; "What Men Like in Men," by Rafford Dyke; "Captains of Industry," continued. Richard Le Gallienne's "Old Love Stories Retold" deals with Heine and Mathilde. The department, "Men, Women and Events," is particularly bright.

Ainslee's Magazine for August also has an article about the millionaires, entitled "Luxuries of the Millionaire's Country Houses," by Frank S. Arnett. There is an article on Coney Island by Harvey Sutherland, and a number of short stories of considerable merit.

The August number of the Era opens with "The Money Maker," by Alfred Matthews. "Marie Antoinette," by Henry Francis, is continued. Cyrus Townsend Brady has a story entitled "Steeping to Folly." Vladimir Viansky has a story entitled "The Kiss of the Lark." William S. Walsh's writings, "The Observer" and "Shakespeare-Bacon Parallels," is as usual very excellently written, as is Henry F. Keenan's "Old World Themes."

Wit and Wisdom From New Books.

(Compiled by the Era Magazine.) If a man is obliged to make a fool of himself it is best he should afford amusement to others while doing so.—The Minority.

American women have not awakened to the meaning of good citizenship, so they prefer civility to justice.—Abroad With the Jinxes.

If God didn't intend women for the place they has in de social system, it was mighty lucky for 'em dat man did so intend.—Chimnie Fadden and Mr. Paul.

There is a certain amount of grief and sorrow which comes with every great joy to give it a coat mark whereby we may always remember its value.—Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

Those who have not been imposed upon are a thief's equal, with a thief's discernment.—The Fool.

The woman who makes a fool of herself will always be trodden upon.—Fabius for the Elite.

One of the few good things about society is that until you are very successful indeed you can not do just as you like; you must fit your whims and inclinations into other people's grooves.—A Remedy for Love.

If not sure of the merit of your ideas, quote them as another's.—Myra of the Pines.

Completed Proverbs.

(By L. De V. Mathewman in the Era Magazine.) "Beauty buys no beef," but it does buy wine suppers and diamonds.

"Woman is the apple of man's eye"—the apple of discord.

"Listeners never hear good of themselves," and but rarely of anybody else.

"Hard words break no bones," but they do break hearts.

"Health is better than wealth," to him who has wealth only.

"The books which help you most are those which make you think the most," often by irritating you.

"The best advice is—don't give any away," don't take much more.

"Fools go in crowds," man loves companionship.

"Until a man finds a wife he is only half," thereafter he is still less.

"The man who minds his own business will always have business to mind," and what is more, it will be his very own.

Modern Types of Women.

The fact is we must build our hopes for the future upon our boy's unchanged, wholesome, honest masculinity—a masculinity which rejects the unsexed woman, and creates for women a standard of gracious and intelligent goodness; just as the normal woman's demand for truth and courage and tenderness creates a standard for men. Sarah recognizes this standard of moral and intellectual sweetness, though she embodies it in a somewhat rudimentary form; but Jane will see ever that good health does not necessarily imply rough, unburnt arms; health does not necessarily imply rough, unburnt arms; or "loud mouths," as the boys call the girls' slang; that good sense does not demand all lack of reserve in conversation? Will she ever acquire charm—the word that sums up all those qualities of heart and head which bring into the world of toil, and sport, and business something which we call loveliness. Nobody wants Dora's silliness or uselessness; but her fundamental femininity—that the world does want, and indeed will have, for nature can probably be trusted to make Jane extinct. Sarah has long since perceived what poor little Dora Copperfield never could have perceived, that the heart alone is idiotic; she knows, though she may not talk about it, that the head alone is unlovely and unlovable. With these two things in her sensible brain Sarah will draw a swift conclusion; graciousness and love and honor, the delight of the sweet reasonableness, make the ideal woman; they are the combination of heart and head which is the perfect human life.—MARGARET DELAND, in Harper's Bazar.