SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

This Is Her Season in the Center of the Stage.

SIMPLICITY TO BE THE FASHION

Worldly Girls Go Out of Favor for the Time Being, at Least, and Miss Mull-and-Innocence Is the Heroine of the Hour—About the Woman Who Cheats—Learning to Walk on the Stage—Vaine of Lemons as a Toilet Accessory.

When four such young women receive degrees as those who were made M. S.'s and B. A.'s before a smiling, congratulatory audience at the Columbian University a week ago, the world begins to realize that the sweet girl graduate is not always a mere mass of fluff and flowers, planted on a stage, done in daisies and immortelles, and carrying a roll of very insipid white paper tied with blue ribbon. The graduate of 1899 is a distinctly modern institution. Twenty years ago it was thought that to be clever was a crime against womanliness. Ten years ago, in the day of the new woman—and let us hope her day is quite past—it was argued that a womanly woman could not possibly be clever. To-day our sweet girl graduates are both clever and womanly. This is evolution, and it is better than evolving from a monkey, too.

And the oddest, prettiest part about it is that the girl who took the highest honors and knows more about the stars and the moon and the solar system and latitude and longitude and logarithms than all the rest has a mass of beautiful golden hair, two round rosy cheeks, and a fondness for giggling and practical jokes that would shock the most frivolous boarding school miss. This Master—or shouldn't we call her Mistress?—of Science smiles all over and blushes on the slightest provocation, and makes the very best chocolate eclairs that a certain young man ever tasted. This should be sufficient to refute any arguments against the nineteenth century woman; but it isn't.

There are still young men who declare that M. S., when bestowed on a woman, means Mistress of Silliness, and that a feminine B. S. has a worse moral effect than a masculine B. S., which means a brandy and soda; but then they are mere men and cannot understand the glorious exultation a woman feels at being acknowledged clever.

The Boarding-school Girl.

She is coming back again, the once famous in story and song boarding-school girl graduate. She has always been with us in her muslin frocks and her charming innocence; but for a long time she has been supplanted by the girl of the world in the hearts of men and the eyes of the world. Now men are beginning to weary of the girl who knows it all, who is mistress of brilliant repartee and of every situation and has forgotten how to blush. The bread and butter girl with her smiles and dimples and curls, her fresh originality and gushing little heart, her ambitions, her romance, her poetic views of life, in which her lover is a fairy prince and his castle only a vague sort of affair, which doesn't matter, is beginning to look very attractive.

And yet, how the girl graduate longs to become a girl of the world. With what awed rapture she listens to that oracle, whom she occasionally meets in her mother's drawing-room. There is a subtle fascination about the worldly girl, something alluring in her perfumes and laces, and the rosebud of innocence wonders if she can ever climb those dizzy heights of conversation and gain that perfect poise and charm of manner. Dear little thing! She doesn't know that her own freshness and enthusiasm are twice as charming; that to talk to women who are astonished at nothing, admire nothing, and believe in nothing becomes disgusting and wearying after a while; and that her first duty in life is to preserve her own faith in God and man and the devil.

Yes, it's a sad thing to see the good old-fashioned devil losing his popularity; for verily he has kept more women in the path of righteousness by virtue of his awe-inspiring horns and tail than ever the Sunday-school can claim. The only woman whom he cannot frighten, the only woman who defies him and the whole world and actually revels in the glory of her sin is "the woman who cheats."

The Woman Who Cheats.

Of all modern abominations, the woman who cheats is the most abominable. She is a distinctly up-to-date institution, and she is omnipresent at this time of the year, when there are soda-water clerks and ice-cream dealers as well as trolley-car conductors to be robbed of dimes and nickels and quarters. The writer of this article has seen men who were most unscrupulous about street-car matters, but she has never seen one who was as boldly, brazenly, defiantly, artfully avaricious as the woman who cheats. Why, she will actually board the trolley for the mere pleasure of "doing" the conductor. When he comes round for her fare she will look across and over and through him with a sweet, far-away expression that would disarm any man; and nearly every time he will pass her by, scratching his head and wondering whether he has really collected her fare or not, but too delicate to disturb her about it. Then the woman who cheats chuckles to herself exultantly, and hugs the ticket tucked away in the palm of her hand.

The woman who cheats the soda-water man sips her soda cautiously and slowly, abstracting her full money's worth of sweet enjoyment therefrom and keeping the anxious red-faced young man behind the counter waiting half an hour for her glass. After she has swallowed the last spoonful of ice cream and drained the last drop of soda, she will suddenly discover that—dear me—that she hasn't a cent change—nothing but a check. Will the young man wait until she goes down town and cashes it, or shall she pay next time she comes in? Of course, the young man says, "Oh, that's all right." The woman who cheats finishes him with a sweet smile and a look of heavenly gratitude, and that's the end of it.

The woman who cheats the ice-cream dealer is beyond description. The coolness with which, after having swallowed two saucers of four kinds of cream and half a dozen macaroons, she sails past the "Pay Here" desk would preserve army beef over summer in Washington.

But you will never meet her, and if you do you won't recognize her, for you can never catch the woman who cheats. She is careful to cover up all her tracks, and commits not a single act from which she cannot gracefully and smilingly back out; and therein she is much wiser and crattier than the man who cheats.

Simplicity the Style.

Girl graduates should remember that at the commencement ceremony, at any rate, simplicity should be the order of the day, and that the time will soon come when they can no longer wear white muslin and baby waists. A graduating gown may be as expensive as you like, but it should be girlish, plain, and unconventional. A low-necked gown on a school girl is as ridiculously out of place as a bathing suit on a bride, and a train is positively prohibited by good form. Flowers are the emblem of innocence, and the graduate cannot wear too many of them in her hair, at her corsage, and at her throat. Let her remember, too, that she is likely to be very thin from overwork, undue excitement and underfeeding, and that French organdies, mousselaines, and Persian lawns are calculated to display all such horrors as collar blades and stringy throats, unless a complete high-necked under suit of silk or muslin is worn with them.

A girl's manner and carriage at the commencement exercises are apt to have as much effect on her audience as the theme of her essay. So many girls spend weeks planning pretty dresses and practicing songs, orations and recitations, only to spoil all by stumbling onto the stage or coming down front with shaky knees and stiff arms.

The principal of a fashionable boarding school in the West End has engaged an ex-actress with a long experience in walking parts to train her girls in the art of graceful entrance and exit. This young woman has a professional eye to the front, and she drills that class of giggling, blushing school girls for half an hour every day to cross the stage with the proper foot forward to produce a three-quarter view on the audience. She also insists that for stage wear, skirts should be very long and perfectly even all around, and that chins should be held up and arms carried in a manner that is not suggestive of a patent automaton. This would be good practice for some club women the writer has seen, who lose half their prestige as Presidents by the set of their skirts and their awkward stage presence.

Lemons and Enthusiasm.

Of course it will be the duty of every girl who has a theme to deliver or a song to be sung to develop a sore throat or symptoms of tonsilitis, and nothing is so tenacious and harassing as a spring cold. Whole quarts of lemon juice will be imbibed; but a girl's mouth doesn't look pretty after it has been pursed up in a lemon all afternoon, and the practice is apt to develop sour stomach and a failure to appear at the last moment. A cold compress or an old-fashioned mutton-tallow cloth just before going to bed, together with a hot bath and hot lemonade, are as effective cures as can be found.

A lemon, as the worldly girl will tell you, is, of all the accessories to the toilet table, the most important. A sip of it just before "going on" will clear the throat wonderfully. Every day the hands should be rubbed in the soothing yellow juice, if you wish to keep them their softest and whitest. Dark creases around the throat, made by torturing collars, can be removed quickly and effectually by a lemon application. Teeth, black from tea-drinking or claret, need only be rubbed off once or twice with lemon juice in order to become veritable tooth-wash advertisements in their whiteness and brilliancy, and finger-nails, sunburnt noses, and spotted white gowns can be made charmingly snowy and virgin by this efficacious little fruit.

Enthusiastic? Of course, the girl graduate is enthusiastic. But there are worse things than being enthusiastic. Enthusiasm is a good thing when it calls up a color into your cheeks and a glowing light into your eyes. Enthusiasm is a good thing when it spurs you on to becoming an ideal woman and to achieving great things. Enthusiasm is a mighty thing when it enables you to weep over a novel, laugh over a play, stand by a friend, or wage war with an enemy. In short, enthusiasm is becoming when it forces you to be your real self; for the artificial girl is going to that bourne from whence old fashions never return, and the real girl, the true womanly woman, is coming in as fast as the tide of public favor can carry her.

Here's to the sweet girl graduate,
All dimples and smiles and curls;
With her eyes aglow and her heart elate
She is queen of the garden of girls.

To her in her simple white mull gown,
With her young life all in tune,
We drink from the flowers of spring's own hours
In the dew of the roses of June.

IRENE ROWLAND.

WHERE NUNS SHOE HORSES.

Sisters of St. Dominic Have a Blacksmith Shop in South Africa.

From the New York Press.

The Sisters of St. Dominic, near King William's Town, Cape Colony, South Africa, have established a blacksmith's shop, and have adopted the role of the new woman in a brand-new character. The Sisters of St. Dominic, eager to sow the seeds of religion in Africa, turned their backs on the time-honored convents of Europe and established a settlement in Cape Colony, where they purchased an extensive farm. Finding that farm laborers were scarce in a land where most of the digging was for gold and diamonds, a far more profitable use of the spade than digging for potatoes, the nuns quietly put their hands to the plow. But accidents will happen even in a convent, and in time the plowshare was broken.

There being no blacksmiths in that region, the nuns sent to Cape Town and got the materials to build and the tools and implements to supply a smithy. A blacksmith as a tutor was secured, and now the nuns have learned how to do their own smith work. They have thus far proved not only their equality with man, but their superiority to him, for, when the blacksmith, disregarding his religious environments and the respect due to the noble women who hired him, went on a prolonged spree, they bounced him out of the settlement.

In the new country where the nuns have set up their habitation, the Boer neighbors regard their work with suspicion and resentment, the English stand and wonder, and the natives look on with awe and reverence. The visitor who rides to the convent from King William's Town comes upon the nuns, brown clad and busy hoeing, plowing, pruning and grafting, or perhaps driving strong-limbed oxen to the water. At close range the most striking effect in the appearance of a Sister of St. Dominic as seen in South Africa is her rosy, tanned face, so different from the bloodless, white complexion of the nun under ordinary conditions. This natural bronze is well earned. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the nuns toil at the forge and in the field, exposed to the rays of the African sun and the fierce heat of the forge.

The feminine blacksmiths of the Dominican convent are experts. The precision of the hammer-swinging nun seems to exercise a sort of fascination over the rest of the sisterhood, for they will go out of their way on their daily tasks to gaze at their hard-working sisters of the smithy.

A recent visitor to the Sisters of St. Dominic, who had the good fortune to possess a letter of introduction from a Bishop to the Mother Superior, entered the occasion in detail in his diary. The abbess proved to be a woman endowed with uncommonly good sense. She was practical, and her personal spirituality was so aided and tempered with a knowledge of human nature and a sense of humor that she captivated the visitor. After a tour of inspection of vines, fruit trees and growing crops, the abbess drove him to the blacksmith shop. The smithy was a long, narrow building, with a strong frame, the sides clapboarded and the whole surmounted with a red cupola, with slatted sides, through which the smoke of the forge drifted. Within were a well-built brick forge, a strong, capacious bellows of oxhide, and all the customary paraphernalia incidental to the vocation of votaries of Vulcan.

Tethered to a strong oaken rack in the center of the shop was a draught horse whose big bones and shaggy fetlocks proclaimed the Flemish animal. With nail box beside her, a nun bent over the nigh hind foot, with the foot resting in her lap, and with a pair of tongs was fitting a red-hot shoe to the scorching hoof. With the assistance of a sister, the nun nailed the shoe, and, patting the side of the horse, she proceeded to lift another hoof and repeat the performance with a second shoe.

Once or twice the nun drove a nail in a direction that did not satisfy her. Such she withdrew, but at last the shoe was firmly nailed, nails clinched, and sharp corners all neatly rasped down, and big horse was shod as neatly and as well as the average blacksmith could have done it.

While the horseshoeing was in progress another nun was busy making hinges, hooks and staples, ringbolts, and other articles of builders' hardware out of small rod and bar iron. She hammered away in rather an experimental fashion, and frequently exhibited her work to the nun who had shod the horse, seeking her advice upon knotty points of the smithy's art. Another nun was repairing farm machinery, and seemed to be an adept at the work.

She Knew His Footsteps.

From the New York Tribune.

They are telling a story up on the West Side—which may or may not be true—about a rising young politician who has unusually large feet. His mother is a lovable old woman, and quite deaf. She lives in a flat in the neighborhood of Grant's tomb, and is always delighted by a visit from her son. When the United States cruiser Brooklyn, which was anchored in the Hudson off the tomb on Memorial Day, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the old lady was observed to start, fix her cap, and smooth down her apron. Then she said, with a sweet smile: George is coming; I hear his footsteps on the stairs."

SECRET OF CURLY HAIR

Why Some Have Straight and Others Kinky Locks.

ONLY THE FINEST HAIR CURLS

The "Wool" of the Colored Man Is Really the Most Delicate in Texture of Any Hair—A Muscle Causes the Follicle to Stand Erect, but if the Shaft Is Too Ribbon-like to Stand It Bends Beneath the Pressure, and Curly Hair Is the Result.

New York, June 9.

Why should the hair of one man or woman curl naturally, while that of another is as straight as the proverbial string? It sounds a simple question, and one not possessing very weighty importance to the body politic. Yet it has puzzled scientists for ages, and no more industrious effort was ever made to force the disclosure of a hidden secret of nature than has been put forth in the search for the reason of this peculiarity of the hirsute part of the human make-up. The cause and meaning of the difference in the head covering of one person from that of another have at last been discovered, and science can now divert the energy that has been expended in the direction of a solution of this problem to that of some other channel of research.

The gentleman who can claim the honor of discovering why the human hair curls is Arthur Thomson, M. A., and his explanation of the matter, divested of the complex terms and scientific jargon with which he rendered his meaning occasionally a hidden one to the laymen who interviewed him, is as follows:

How the Hair Stands.

"I suppose it is known that the question of the manner of production of the straight and curly varieties of the hair has long been a matter of conjecture, and hitherto no satisfactory explanation has been forthcoming. In speaking for the benefit of the public, I want to explain first that each hair follicle is provided with a gland and a muscle. The size of the gland varies considerably in different individuals, and from my observations, appears larger and better developed in the negro races. The muscle, I may state, has an influence on the position of the hair, causing its erection by pulling forward the root of the hair, thus converting the shaft into a lever. To illustrate the action of these muscles, I would remind you of the tail of the enraged cat, on which the hair stands erect.

"Before explaining the action of the muscle on the appearance of the hair it is as well to consider the structure of the hair follicle. The structure of the skin consists of the dermis, or true skin, and the epidermis, scarf skin or cuticle, which overlies it; the latter is further sub-divided into two strata, a superficial horny layer and a deeper, juicy layer; between these there is an intermediate folium. If you can conceive these two superficial layers as pushed downward around some solid cylinder into the substance of the true skin or even onward into the subjacent tissue, you will be able to form some idea of the manner in which the sheath of the hair is formed.

Straight Hair Is Thicker.

"In pursuing my investigations, I discovered that straight hair is always circular in section and is usually thicker than curly hair, which is ribbon-like and fine, the finest human hair being that met with in the Bush and Andaman races. These facts have a most important bearing on the subject. In order that the muscle that I have described to you may act as an erector of the hair, it is necessary that the hair must be sufficiently strong to resist the tendency to bend. If the hair is so weak as to bend before the action of the muscle, the lever-like tendency is nullified. When the hair is fine and ribbon-like, the action of the muscle bends it into a curve, and this is the reason why the hair assumes the curly form of the Bush scalp. The hair is bent from the action of this muscle, and, each individual hair being forced in the same shape, gives the negro his curly pate. The curly hair of the colored man is not therefore coarse hair, as is popularly supposed, but the finest hair, so fine, indeed, that it bends, as has been explained, to the action of its own muscle, while the straight hair is sturdy enough to resist the lever-like action of this force.

"Another important factor is the placing of the gland between the muscle and the hair shaft, so that during the action of the muscle the gland must necessarily be subjected to pressure, aiding thereby the expulsion of its contents. The influence of this gland on the curvature of the hair is this: If a scalp in which the follicles are curved be examined, the gland is seen to be placed on the concave surface of the curve, and the muscle is attached to the same side of the follicle just below the gland, thereby forming a mass of greater resistance around which the follicle may be curved by the traction of the muscle, thus leading to the characteristic form of the follicle met with in races with curly hair. At the same time it may be noticed that the base of the follicle is often hooked backward, as may be seen in the Bush scalp, and this, presumably must be accounted for by its vascular connections, which are here best developed, and which will tend to withstand the strain exercised by the muscle. The follicle thus becoming more or less permanently curved, it naturally follows that the softer cells at the root of the hair will accommodate themselves to the curve, and becoming more horny in their consistence as they advance to the surface, will retain the form of the follicle in which they are molded; the cells on the concave side of the hair being more compressed than those on the convex side.

"This is the real reason why some people have curly hair while others have straight locks that require the curling tongs to make them temporarily acquire the beauty that the wave in the hair is supposed to possess."

"SQUASH" THE NEW GAME.

Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt Is Building a Court at Newport.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., is building a "squash" court at Newport, and undoubtedly all those who can afford it will soon have them in that summery resort, as society women are taking it up.

Workmen are starting her new court, which is to cost $1,000. It is the talk of society.

One wonders every year what new pastime society people will invent.

There must be something new; one can't go on playing the same thing year after year. And now the latest fad, or fads, for there are two this summer, are to be "squash" and badminton.

"Squash" is the familiar English game called "fives," only instead of being played with the hand a regular tennis racket is used to bat the ball against the walls.

To play this new game one must have the proper building, which costs about $1,000 to erect. It consists of a long hall, oblong in shape, with a solid wooden floor, ceiling and walls.

Around the top a little railing runs, where the spectators are supposed to sit and watch the players. These are usually two in number, who are divided from each other by a line marked on the floors. One of these, the server, strikes the ball against the wall, within a certain line marked also on the walls.

Her companion catches it on the bound with her racket and she in her turn throws it against the walls, and so on, until the ball falls.

Around the top of the building are little windows covered with wire netting.

If the ball strikes one of these that play is "out," also if it strikes a band of sheet iron that runs around the building.

The game is simple and exhilarating and promises to be the most popular pastime.

FORMING LOW-BRANCHED TREES.

Should Be Pruned in Spring or Summer, Not Winter.

From Meehan's Monthly.

Some fast-growing trees get finally too tall for the purposes for which they were originally planted. Through the winter season, when employment for what are popularly known as tree butchers is scarce, the ax and saw are vigorously plied to head back these trees. It is thought this is the proper method to make the trees throw out wide-spreading branches. Any careful observer may see that this is never accomplished. The butchered tree only endeavors to go up more rapidly than before. If this topping business were to be done late in the spring, or in early summer, when the tree is in mature leaf, and starting to grow vigorously, the effect would be very different. The growth-force is not sleeping at that period as it is in the winter season; but in active operation. The force intended to be expended in the upward growth must exhaust itself somewhere. Suddenly checked in its upward course, it is diverted into the lateral branches, which are strengthened accordingly. The care-taker of hedges, or, as they have come to be termed with us, live fences, understands this very well. He cuts back the strong shoots at the apex severely, and thus manages to have the hedge as thick at the bottom as at the top.

Unfortunately, the tree-butcher is usually at his day's work in the summer time. It is only under the starvation stress of the winter season that he whispers in the owner's ear that his trees need pruning.

A BLUE SERGE BATHING COSTUME.

This blue costume has rows of white braid for trimming. The waist and bloomers are continuous and the skirt is added, thus obviating any danger of separation.

THE FADS OF THE HOUR FOR THE SHIRT WAIST GIRL.

These are, first, a white sailor hat, very small, of coarse straw, with a draped band and a knot of white crape. One or two quills thrust through this knot are indispensable. Next in order is a flannel shirt waist, in pink and white, or any of the new colors, and white, closed by gold buttons and worn with a crape stock and a whip belt. These belts are made of Mexican leather, and fasten with a cinch knot, or a buckle and strap. A Cyrano chain, and, at the back of her hair, to confine the falling love locks, a whip brooch, finish the tout ensemble above the waist line of the shirt waist girl on cool mornings.

QUEEREST PEARL EVER FOUND.

It Was the Exact Shape of the Torso of a Man, and Was Presented to Louis XIV.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A unique and beautiful gift was presented to Louis XIV of France by a Genoese, Gianetino Sameria. It was a pearl weighing a hundred grains, and had been brought from the Indies by one of this gentleman's relatives. But the most striking part of the matter was not its weight, but its form. It was the exact shape of the torso of a man from the neck to the knees. Semeria had the pearl mounted in so artistic a manner that it was the wonder of the French court. The pearl was utilized for the body of an armed warrior. The head and arms were of hammered gold, tacked to the pearl by gold nails. The casque and plumes were also made of gold and set with diamonds. The cloak and sash were of gold enameled in blue with gold fleur de lis scattered over it; the legs from the knees down were of gold; the lance was of gold, with a single diamond for its head, shaped to a point. Three large diamonds form a perfect fleur de lis, and are surmounted by a gold crown, set with diamonds, having a small fleur de lis on top. An angel, also made of hammered gold and carrying a trumpet in one hand, supports the large fleur de lis and crown with the other.

The trophies lying on the pedestal are a drum set with diamonds, a cuirass, buckler, another casque, a turban, a banner with a diamond for the head of the staff; a bow and an arrow with a diamond point, a saber and a gun. Thirty-two large diamonds, rubies, and topazes in alternation form the border of the pedestal, which is supported by four gold sphinxes.

Mabel's Unconscious Humor.

From the New York Tribune.

Mabel has just learned to read, and is proud of it. She is baby enough yet, however, to retain the nursery trick of always calling her mother "mummie." Her pet parent was much interested in a recently published account of the finding of the body of an ancient Egyptian king, and when Mabel insisted on reading something to her father, in order to show off, her mother handed her a back number of the newspaper which contained the story of the discovery, saying to her:

"Find the story there about the new mummy, Mabel, and read that."

"Shall I look in the birth or the death column?" said Mabel, demurely. And her father snatched her up and hailed her as a coming humorist.

Feminine Sympathy.

From the Atchison Globe.

An Atchison woman sews from 5 in the morning until 9 at night to support her family, and yet the women who patronize her roar when she charges them 5 cents too much. They would weep over her case if they ran across it in a story book.

Not an Easy Thing to Do.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

"We must at least give Maj. Marchand credit for one thing."

"What's that?"

"He succeeded in getting into France without upsetting the government."

No Wonder.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"She has a remarkable voice."

"In which respect?"

"In timbre."

"No wonder. She used to call a logging camp to dinner."

Every Little Helps.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Mawson—Do you find it cool at that river park?

Billets—Oh, yes. There's always a little air coming from the band.

Mousieur's Favorite Pastime.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First French Patriot—Are those your eggs?"

Second ditto ditto—Yes; I am laying for Loubet.

SORRY SHE'S DEWEY'S COUSIN.

Some Unexpected Embarrassments of Second-hand Fame.

Ida K. Dewey, in New York Journal.

Once I was proud that I was a Dewey and a relative of the great Admiral. Now I wish with all my heart that I could get away from the name for a little while. I came to New York from Walton, N. Y., three years ago. It was necessary for me to earn my own living, and I thought I could do best in a large city. At that time no one knew me. I could go where I liked and do as I pleased. I was not stared at in the streets, neither did people follow me nor write me letters.

My troubles began soon after the victory of Admiral Dewey at Manila. Of course, many people knew my name, and they asked me if I was any relative. In an evil moment I told the truth and said that we were cousins. That was the end of my peace of mind.

A day or two later one of the Sullivan County papers printed an article about our family and gave my address in New York.

Two days later a theatrical manager called upon me and wanted to know if I did not want to go upon the stage. I said most emphatically that I did not. That refusal did not seem to make any difference to the theatrical man. He told a reporter that I had "histrionic ambitions," and there was an article in the newspaper.

I cried half the morning over that first newspaper story, but I had to wipe my eyes to go down to talk with two other callers. They were both theatrical men, and they offered me more inducements than the first one. I still refused. That evening my fellow-boarders began to make jokes about me, and things grew far from comfortable.

After that I saw some newspaper men and told them all about myself. They printed exactly what I had said, and I hoped that it would stop the talk and make people let me mind my own business in peace. Well, it didn't. The only effect was to bring another theatrical man. He wanted me to take a part in a "Jekyll and Hyde" company. I told him that I couldn't act; that I didn't know a thing about the stage; that I didn't want to act, and, lastly, that I never could stand up before a whole lot of people and do anything at all.

That didn't bother him a bit. He said that the acting part of it was immaterial, and that if I didn't know how to act he would soon teach me. I don't like to confess it, but the fact is that he made me almost believe that all I had to do was to show myself upon the stage to be an instant and complete success. Then, too, he offered me quite a good salary, and—well, I had come to New York to make my own way in the world, so I accepted.

I went to just one rehearsal of the "Jekyll and Hyde" thing, and then I decided that I couldn't, and wouldn't, be stared at for a price just because I was a Dewey. If it had been for me, myself, it might have been different. I refused to go on the stage, for I saw in a minute that I could no more act than I could fly, and I asked the manager to take my name off the billboards. He said he would, but he didn't.

Finally I fell sick from sheer worry and humiliation, and had to be taken to the hospital for quietness. There were a lot of soldiers there, and, of course, I was interested in them just as other people might have been. While I was convalescing a man I knew slightly told me that one of the soldiers had been arrested while he was out for exercise. I said that it was a shame. The man said "of course it is," and suggested that, as the soldier had no friends, I should write a note to the Magistrate, or go to court and try to get the soldier set free. I was sorry for the soldier, and I went to court.

Do you think that the man who got me to go there was interested in the soldier? Not a bit of it. He went right away and sold a story to a newspaper of how "the cousin of the great Admiral had rescued a poor soldier from jail." That was what he did it for.

Only a few days ago I had a chance to work for a few days by exhibiting some new materials for children's wear in a store. It was not very nice work, for it necessitated sitting in a store window, but I did it because I had to live.

All I heard all day long was: "That's that Miss Dewey." "There's Miss Dewey, the Admiral's cousin." "Say, that's Miss Dewey. Do you think she looks anything like him?" "Yes, she says she's his cousin; I wonder if she really is."

Well, I stood that for two days and then I had to quit. I suppose I ought to feel flattered, but I don't. I want to be let alone. I don't want people I don't know to write to me or to speak to me on the street. I want to be just like other people and not be a walking billboard with "Dewey" pasted on my back.

Yes, I am the cousin of Admiral George Dewey. And I almost wish I was not.

NO SOFT SLEEPING THERE.

Mattresses and Pillows Unknown Luxuries in the Philippines.

From Leslie's Weekly.

"Look here! It is 9 o'clock and my bed isn't made up yet," I heard a new-comer expostulating to the interpreter in the corridor of the Hotel Oriente. We old stagers all laughed. We knew what was coming, but we contented ourselves with a smile.

"What are you laughing at?" the new-comer asked. "It may be a joke to you, but this blooming hotel furnishes the woodwork, and that is about all. There isn't a stitch of bedclothes, a mattress, or anything on my bed but a bolster."

We still laughed. The interpreter looked imploringly at us and then at the raw recruit.

"What is it that you desire?" he said, finally.

"Desire?" the new-comer snapped out. "I desire a mattress at least, two sheets, a quilt, and a pillow."

"I will go now and see the proprietor," said the interpreter, for that was what he always said.

"I got all ready for bed, raised the mosquito-netting, and found that there wasn't a thing for me to sleep on."

We all smiled pityingly and went on with our tales of camp and the firing-line. There was no use in trying to tell a new-comer that here in Manila we never used a mattress, a set of springs, a pillow, or a sheet. We would have deprived him of what he had come so far to learn by personal experience had we read him a homily on Philippine customs. The interpreter soon returned, and I heard him saying:

"The proprietor says, sir, that he will have you sent a sheet, but he is sorry to say, sir, that he has not a mattress or a quilt, nor a pillow, except the bolster that is on your bed."

The language of the new-comer that followed is unfit for publication. The mattressless and quiltless Filipino bed is a characteristic of the country. It is the one thing that is suitable for the climate, and we soon learned to respect this skeleton of a bed, the perforated cane bottom of which enabled us to keep cool in the hottest weather. It is quite a jump, though, from a comfortable tick and linen sheets to a bed no softer than the seat of a cane chair, but once taken, like other tropical luxuries, it becomes essential to comfort and rest.

Summer Wraps.

From Harper's Bazar.

The smart summer gowns this year are not always warm enough without the addition of some wrap. They are so designed that very often they look as though they were coats or outside wraps, when in reality they are simply the waists of the gowns; and it is necessary, for the sake of health, to carry some light wrap or something else to put around the neck to make them warm enough.

The wraps are just as fascinating as the opera cloaks of the winter, and very nearly as expensive, for, as a rule, they are made of expensive materials, and the fashion is so new as to make it impossible to have it copied by any but skilled workpeople. There is a dainty, old-fashioned and picturesque look about the wraps that makes them essentially different from anything worn for some time, and both the young girls and older women wear them, quite irrespective of age. One thing that must be said against them, they are not in the least becoming to the figure—in fact, hide all graceful lines. There is one style, for instance, made with a hood, that enlarges the shoulders below where the shoulders should be, and is extremely scant below the waist—a trying cut even for the most wonderfully formed figure.