THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—West Virginia has no debt and a surplus of $1,000,000.

—Nebraska's corn crop this year is estimated to be worth $37,500,000.

—The mines of Bavaria (coal and metals) yielded only $2,700,000 in 1897.

—Ninety thousand men in the British army have good conduct badges.

—In Japan coins are generally of iron and in Siam they are chiefly of porcelain.

—Sir T. J. Lipton's attempt to capture the America's cup will cost him nearly £60,000.

—In 1886 the expense to Prussia for each child in school was $6; in 1896 it was nearly $9.

—Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world. It is cheapest in China.

—Some 7,000,000 tons of coal are annually used in the United Kingdom in the manufacture of gas.

—The unusually warm fall weather started a second growth of all kinds of berries in Michigan.

—Vienna policemen are required to understand telegraphy and to be able to swim and row a boat.

—Mexico continues to furnish the United States with more than half of its supply of mahogany.

—The largest organ in the world is in the cathedral of Seville, Spain. It has fifty-three pipes and 110 stops.

—More cases of suicide, in proportion to population, are reported in Russia than in any other European country.

—The most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffle: it has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers nor seeds.

—An ordinary passenger car on a steam railroad costs from $4000 to $5000 and weighs 38,000 pounds, or 19 tons.

—A telephone company in the interior of Pennsylvania paid 1 cent recently as the revenue tax on its business for one month.

—A curious butterfly exists in India. The male has the left wing yellow and the right one red; the female has these colors reversed.

—A traveler in Porto Rico says that a cigar equal to the present average American 10-center can be purchased there for 2 cents.

—The old custom of watchmen calling the hour at night is still retained in two localities of London, namely, New Inn and Ely Place.

—The largest gold coin in existence is worth about $315. It is the ingot or "loof" of Annam and its value is written on the coin with Indian ink.

—A phonograph is being made for use at the Paris exhibition of 1900 which is expected to be of sufficient dimensions to be heard by 10,000 people.

—Sand registered the hours during the Middle ages. For this purpose black marble dust, boiled nine times in wine, was a favorite recipe with learned monks.

—Boston's system of guarding against poisoning by illuminating gas escaping from defective gas fixtures has received the approval of the American Health association.

—The Twenty-first Lancers, whose charge was the feature of the battle of Omdurman, are to be presented with a gold shield by the nation on their return to England.

—A subterranean city exists in Galicia, Austrian Poland, which contains a population of over 1000 men, women and children, many of whom have never seen the light of day.

—In the advertising columns of a German paper of recent date apoears the announcement that "a medical student wishes to exchange a well-preserved skeleton for a bicycle."

—Artificial flowers were unknown to the ancient civilized nations of Europe. They are first mentioned in Italy in the Fourteenth century, but in China they were known at an earlier date.

—The Bulgarians have erected 306 monuments in commemoration of events in the Russo-Turkish war, and are now sending to the Czar an album containing illustrations of all of them.

—Many acres of canary seed are annually grown in Kent, many persons there being solely canary-seed farmers. The straw of the canary-seed plant is highly valued as fodder for horses.

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—One cigar manufacturer in Detroit who employs girls has estimated a saving in cigar consumption by employes of $20,000 in ten years, on the basis that male workers use three cigars daily.

—The crown prince of Siam, who can write fluently in three European languages, is a boy author of some note. He has written several stories for children's magazines published in English.

—It would be difficult to imagine more extraordinary digestive powers than those of the hyena. One of these beasts has been known to swallow six large bones whole without crushing them.

—An Edinburgh professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in Elinburgh for only one professor, three lawyers, two doctors and a reporter.

—The electric line between Sioux Falls and East Sioux Falls, S. D., has been torn up by the Eastern owners. The line paid dividends at one time, but during the last two years it has done no business.

—In Abyssinia it is the law that the murderer be turned oved to the relatives of the dead person, they, if they please, to put him to death in the same manner in which the murdered person was removed.

—Despite the fact that hundreds of persons have killed themselves because they have been ruined by the Vienna municipal lottery, the Viennese continue to regard the institution with favor. It keeps down the taxes.

—For rebuilding Spurgeon's Tabernacle insurance companies have paid £22,000. Also £4570 has been subscribed, while the pastor's birthday gifts, to be devoted to the various Tabernacle institutions, exceed £700.

—Members of the Mexican board of health have just imported from Europe an X-ray apparatus. It is to be used for inspecting cans of preserved meats and fruits, "to determine if they are fit for consumption."

—Chinese brides, when putting on their bridal garments on the eventful evening, stand in round, shallow baskets during their lengthy toilets. This is supposed to insure them placid and well-rounded lives in their new homes.

—Joachim Murat's remains, which have been resting since 1815 in the castle church of Pizzo Di Calabria, where he was shot, are to be transferred to Naples and buried in the Church of Santa Maria among the former Bourbon kings.

—Vauxhall bridge in London is disappearing after an existence of a little over eighty years. The contractors have been engaged upon it now for several weeks. It is expected that the whole structure will have vanished in about nine months.

—When the prime minister of the Chinese Emperor has a grudge against one of the nobles he advises his royal master to pay him a prolonged visit. This visit generally means ruin, for the Emperor travels with a retinue of 10,000 persons.

—Pio Nono bequeathed to the church 50,000,000 francs in gold. Leo XIII. has almost doubled that sum, which is deposited among various European banks. The Holy See has no debts, those which existed having been all paid by the present Pope.

—It is said that until recently in Lewes cemetery all the graves have been dug by a woman named Mrs. Steel. She is now 60 years old, and being unable to do such heavy work any longer she is employed in filling up the graves and in caring for the mounds.

—When a lead pencil is used in manuscript or addresses, and it is best to set the writing so it will not rub, try holding the writing over the spout of a boiling teakettle for a few moments; then let it become thoroughly dry before allowing it to be touched.

—The Tuskegee institute of Alabama has just received its first student—a fine-looking and promising young colored man—from Porto Rico. Other students from Cuba and Porto Rico will enter Tuskegee as soon as the government quarantine regulations will permit.

—The old steamer Prof. Morse, which assisted the Great Eastern to lay the first cable across the Atlantic, is lying at the Fulton Iron works, San Francisco, and will probably be broken up. She was purchased in New Orleans for $18,000 to run to the Klondike.

—John L. Elliott, the last survivor of the original members of the Athenaeum club, died recently at the age of 94 years. The club was founded in 1824. He had held Queen Victoria in his arms, when she was a baby, and walked across the Thames when it was frozen over in 1814.

—Two years ago the Khalifa's influence stretched in an unbroken line from Sarras, above the second cataract, to Bedden in Equatoria, 1100 miles from north to south, and from Guru to Matemnch, 800 miles from west to east. Now it would be difficult to say exactly where it extends.

—The largest library in the world is that of Paris. It contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 160,000 manuscripts. The British Museum contains about 1,500,000 volumes and the Imperial library at St. Petersburg about the same number. These are the largest libraries in the world.

—A patent has been recently issued in Germany for a reflector by which a piano is illuminated from within by a combination of a lamp and a mirror in such a way that the music is easily read by the player. The light from the lamp is reflected by the mirror on the music and the keyboard.

—The latest reports concerning the Anglican church in Hawaii, which may be transferred to the American Episcopal church, show that there are in the islands seven clergymen, seven churches and a membership of 1500, of whom fifteen are Hawaiians. There are 30,000 Congregationalists and 26,000 Roman Catholics in the islands.

—The list of persons who have killed themselves because they have been ruined by the Vienna municipal lottery is a long one. The other day a woman who had spent all her money in buying tickets, and had never won a prize, hanged herself. Nevertheless, the citizens of Vienna look with favor on the lottery, as it keeps down taxes.

—The German Emperor takes for his breakfast a small white loaf, the top of which is covered over with salt, and which accordingly goes by the name of salt bun. After this he consumes a small special kind of bun, known as a "lucca eye," then some sandwiches, for which another kind of bread is required, baked until the outside is quite black.

—It has been less than two years since the law making life imprisonment instead of death the penalty for murder in Colorado went into effect, and yet agitation has already begun looking to a revival of the death penalty. It is asserted by those who wish a re-establishment of the gallows that the life imprisonment law has resulted in an epidemic of crime.

—Massachusetts has a remarkably trustful board of cattle commissioners. It received such a small appropriation this year that it had to abandon the principal part of its work in April, suspended its clerical help and served without compensation; yet it has continued to serve the state at its own expense, hoping that the next Legislature will reimburse the members for their outlay.

—People often ask how many books are in the British museum, but nobody seems to know. In fact, there are so many that it is impossible to count them. Some years ago it was estimated by measurement that there were 2,000,000 books there. Since that estimate was made the number has considerably increased, so that at the present time the total is probably nearer 3,000,000.

—The mustache first became common in the British army at the beginning of the present century. The Hussars adopted it, and not long afterward the Lancers. It was not until the beginning of the Russian war that the infantry adopted the mustache. Whiskers disappeared after 1870, and at present the mustache has come under the Queen's regulations for all branches of the service.

—The New York Times points out that while Indian names usually make admirable designations for the mountains and rivers of this country, the appellation bestowed upon the newly-discovered mountain in Alaska that towers higher than Mount St. Elias is not euphonious. "Bullshae," says the Times, "is not a good name. No peak, however tall, could wear it and look dignified."

—Tug boats are the draught horses of the sea. New York harbor has 400 of them, and the average run is about $30 a day. This makes a daily average of $12,000, or $72,000 a week, or $3,744,000 a year, which gives an idea of the amount of shipping that is handled there annually. As many as 300 ships have entered the harbor in a day. The price of a tug ranges between $5000 and $12,000.

—A perilous feat was performed by a Cossack in a menagerie at Moscow. He was directed to clean the cages of some of the tame animals and sponge the brutes. By mistake he entered the cage of a savage tiger with a bucket of water and coolly proceeded to wash the animal. The tiger liked the noved sensation and quietly submitted, delightedly turning every part of its body to the Cossack.

—Boston is preparing to celebrate the twenty-sixth anniversary of the big fire of November 9, 1872, in which $80,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. If things were managed on the Boston plan in Philadelphia it would be in order about this time to hold a great carnival of rejoicing over the 150th anniversary of the fever plague of 1793, in which nearly 5000 persons lost their lives out of a population of 45,000.

—It will interest all readers of Dumas to know that the island of Monte Cristo, in the Mediterranean, is uninhabited and covered with woods that teem with many sorts of game. For a time an Italian noble had a shooting box in it, but he seldom visited it, and now the Prince of Naples has leased it for a hunting ground and for a house in the wild and solitary surroundings that his Montenegrin wife craves.

—According to statistical returns the suicide rates per annum a million of population have risen during the past thirty years from 67 to 80 in England and 40 to 54 in Scotland. It is asserted, however, that the tendency to conceal the occurrence of death by suicide has diminished since insanity has become more widely recognized as a disease; and this leads to the belief that suicides on the whole are not increasing.

—The latest Englishman to write a book on this country objects to what he calls American hotel customs. He dislikes to be asked by "a raw, bony, freckled damsel" if he would have his eggs "straight up or turned down." It pained him also to be supplied with a knife of silver-plated iron that wouldn't cut, and to have more than a dozen small dishes dumped before him in which "the doses are infinitely small."

—Switzerland has a business-like compulsory education law. If a child does not attend school on a particular day the parent gets a notice from the public authority that he is fined so many francs; the second day the fine is increased, and by the third day the amount becomes a serious one. In case of sickness the pupil is excused, but if there be any suspicion of shamming a doctor is sent. If the suspicion is found to be well founded, the parent is required to pay the cost of the doctor's visit.

—Not long ago a Frenchman died and a clause in his will set forth his desire to be conveyed to his last resting place in a motor car arranged as a hearse. Near Marseilles there has just taken place a christening of a new order. The christening party consisted of nine persons, and they were conveyed to church by a motor brake. A French paper thinks it will be a source of satisfaction to the parents of the child—it was a boy—to say that he began very early to patronize the new locomotion, which is described as "le sport a la mode."

—There has been no religious census in France since 1872. All religions are equal before the law, and the Roman Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews have allowances from the public treasury in proportion to their numbers, as follows: Roman Catholics, 41,126,923 francs; Protestants, 1,495,100 francs; Hebrews, 206,530 francs. According to the latest census of Russia, the religious division in 1892 was as follows: Orthodox Greek Catholics, 73,000,000; United Church and Armenians, 55,000; Roman Catholics, 8,300,000; Protestants, 2,950,000; Hebrews, 3,000,000; Mohammedans, 2,600,000; Pagans, 26,000.

—A peculiar state of affairs exists in the Indian territory. Reports from the Kiowa and Comanche reservations, of which William Walker is agent, are that many of the Indians are dying of disease caused by being stopped from eating mescal beans. For some years the Indians surreptitiously have been eating these beans, and the agent was never able to learn how they managed to get drunk. It seems that the bean, which was smuggled to these Indians from Mexico, had the effect of intoxicating them. It also prevented consumption, as medical experts who have just returned from there bringing this story testify. As soon as the Indians are stopped from eating the beans they take sick and die.

Gossip for the Ladies

The Old Man's Dreams.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy—
  Give me back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
  Than reign, a graybeard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
  Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page
  And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my lifeblood stream
  From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
  Of life all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
  And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
  Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
  To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
  To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind,
  Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind;
  I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
  And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
  And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
  Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
  With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
  My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
  I'll take my—girls—and—boys!

The silent angel dropped his pen—
  "Why, this will never do;
You cannot be a boy again
  And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
  The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
  To please the gray-haired boys.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

How a Business Women Ought to Dress.

What a business woman should wear is a question of deep interest to the many women who are now supporting themselves. Before it was universally the custom for women to take care of themselves, it was not necessary to think so much about what they should or should not wear when they went to work; but every thinking woman now realizes that it is a matter of great importance to her how she shall dress, even more than when she did not have to work, says Annie T. Ashmore in Harper's Bazar.

To begin with, a woman who goes to business every day soon finds that it is necessary for her to have her gowns well made, for, as a rule, the wear upon them is much harder than anything she has ever before known. A gown that has to be worn every day, rain or shine, becomes shabby very quickly if it is not well made and if it is not kept in good order all the time. Money apparently saved in buying cheap things, is in reality thrown away, for nothing that is cheap and poor will last.

Separate waists have been a boon, indeed, to business women. In winter, the silk shirt waist; in summer, the waists of wash material have helped a number of women to look neat and trim who otherwise could never have attained to it; but, on the other hand, there are a great many women who cannot wear shirt waists, and who are obliged to have a neat, trim, well-fitting lining, or if they have a lining made of silk or percaline made just like a waist, boned and without a wrinkle, they will then be able to wear the unlined, unboned ready-made shirt waists, providing the waists are of a good shape.

The first costume a business woman ought to buy is her street gown, and she will find it much the best plan to have it black or a very dark blue. Too heavy cloth is not a good purchase; the light weight of storm serge is the best thing, and it should be made up on silk. There are a good many ready-made suits to be found lined throughout with silk, which will not cost over $20 or $25; but it is not worth while to buy them, unless they can be bought to fit. Very rarely can they be altered to fit satisfactorily.

When a ready-made suit cannot be bought the only thing to be done is to have one made by some tailor who thoroughly understands the figure. There are a great many tailors who will make gowns between seasons for $10 or $20 less than the regular price. These gowns will be all as well finished and as well cut as when they cost the full price in the very height of the season; and, if care is taken of them, will last two years at least —not two seasons, be it understood, but two years.

Such a gown as this will cost $40 or $50 to start with; but if made by some responsible tailor, and of well-sponged material, such as responsible tailors have, will do duty summer and winter without losing color or shrinking. A well-fitted skirt and a well-cut coat, made on the simplest lines, will stay in fashion a surprising length of time. It is only the fancy styles that change often, and tailor suits have an acknowledged fashion of their own, which does not change every spring and fall.

Great attention should be paid to the lining of the suit. It is not a good plan to put anything but a black lining to the skirt, as when that wears out it can easily be renewed, whereas if a colored lining is used, it is almost impossible to match the silk when it needs renovating. The coat, on the contrary, may have the fancy lining, if so desired, and, of course, will look smarter if it does. With this sort of gown, the business woman will feel and look well dressed, if she keeps herself provided with separate waists enough. Two silk ones in winter are sufficient, if they are well made; while, in summer, half a dozen made of wash silk or wash materials will also do, and these will often last from one season to another.

It is really what to wear out of business hours than in business hours that needs most to be considered. There is a great sense of social obligation among women. Many people who have lived a life of ease and prosperity for many years are suddenly forced to support themselves, and are most anxious not to in any way lose the look of refinement which they have always possessed, and they are more anxious than ever about the right sort of clothes to wear. Again, black is the best thing to choose, and a black silk will be found the best of friends. It should be made with a handsome skirt, and two waists—one for theater and reception wear, and the other for evening wear. The trimming on the waists can be varied as the fashion changes, but the waists themselves will last for years and years, if a good quality of silk or satin is chosen. This style of gown should, however, never be bought ready made. It is better to have it made than to pay a large price in the shop for it.

When there is money enough, a handsome cloth suit should be bought—not a business suit, be it understood, but one that is suitable for church wear, and made on a more elaborate style. It need not be made by a very good tailor, but must be plain enough to wear downtown if need be, and yet possible to wear uptown, by having additional revers, or a fancy vest piece, or something of that sort, which may be added. It will be found that such a suit is absolutely necessary.

In summer an India silk must be bought if possible. If a taffeta is bought it will not require silk lining; if an India silk, it will; so this must be remembered in choosing the silk.

The one thing above all desirable for a business woman to buy is a smart tea gown or matinee that she can put on in the evening when she comes home tired. It is a great mistake ever to wear the street dress in the house, and if a street gown is taken off as soon as one comes in, and is well brushed and hung out in the air for a time, it will last twice as long. Then the tea gown or matinee should be donned. This gown may be made from some old evening gown by the aid of a clever seamstress by the day. Of course there are very few days when a business woman can be at home to oversee this; but there are a great many women who will come in and fit the dress in the evening and then finish it at home. A tea gown does not need to be so well fitted; it is rather in the trimming and general effect that it should be all right.

Careless Speech.

The habit—for it is often nothing more —of deteriorating speech is so common that it would be well for all of us to stop and think about it, says Harper's Bazar.

This sort of thing is so often heard: "I don't think she is so very pretty as people say," or, "I don't think he (or she) is so very clever"—or economical, or stylish, or bright, or cheerful, or a thousand other things. We do not stop to think that while perhaps, as we have heard, we do think her pretty; and, again, if not very clever, surely interesting, and all the others in like measure. It is merely a habit with many people, not skin-deep, but just the cruel and unfortunate habit of depreciating speech. A woman with a sharp tongue, but with the tenderest of hearts, the most generous of natures, but with a keenly-critical mind and a rare intuition as to character, was brought up "all standing," as she expressed it, after she had been talking one day with a friend about several people, and before a young girl who was visiting the friend.

In a sudden lull in the talk the girl said, as if by uncontrollable impulse: "Don't you like anybody?" "What do you mean?" "Please pardon me, but it seemed so." Little more was said; it was passed off and passed by, as in the polite world things that are unpleasant are passed over; but into the heart of that woman the criticism sank deeply, and from that hour she watched and guarded her tongue. Now she does not depreciate in speech, and, if she cannot appreciate, is silent. It is well to remember the wise words of Emerson: "Omit the negative propositions. Don't waste yourself in rejection nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good." What a changed and better world we should all live in if we only followed that advice.

The Four Hundred.

Much has been heard of the fashionable "Four Hundred;" but the most surprising statement of all is that made by three of the most prominent ladies who figure in it—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs—that it is "dull." Reading in the daily and Sunday papers of the endless round of dinners and balls and luncheons and drives and the multitude of "functions" of various sorts, one could not reflect upon this mad whirl of gayety and wonder how the society people stood it. But now we are told by those fashionable ladies—the very highest authorities—that all these are "stupid events, calculated to bore people to death."

The source of complaint seems to be that the circle of the "Four Hundred" is too limited. The charm, as all along supposed, lay in the fact that our best society was so exclusive; it was next to impossible for an outsider to get in. Brains did not matter much; but you must have wealth and family, the wealth especially, and with them would go generally manners, the art of wearing good clothes, various small accomplishments, and, in some instances, an accent. The "Four Hundred" is the very cream of our social possessions, and many an envious glance has been cast by the wealthy and ambitious who were not of that circle but who longed to be in it. There are rich women who would have given half their earthly possessions to be in the same set with Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs. And now we learn from those ladies themselves that the privilege is by no means so desirable as commonly supposed. The very exclusiveness is the drawback. It is like the famous Beefsteak club to which Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and a few other great men belonged; it was pleasant, but as Beauclerk said, they had all traveled over one another's minds and were familiar with the opinions of one another on almost every subject. Each would tell what the other would be likely to think on any possible topic that might come up. Dr. Johnson resented the idea that so vast a mind as his could be traveled over; but the criticism was an apt and just one nevertheless.

Not only is the circle of the "Four Hundred" so circumscribed and uninteresting, but there is the further report that half the people within those charmed bounds are on bad terms with the other half. There are deadly feuds, and with them go malice, slander and sometimes open quarrel. The attraction is greatest from a distance.

Soon Tire of a Pretty Face.

A clever woman, provided she be not sarcastic and too fully alive to a sense of her own importance, is generally an attractive one. Men may be charmed for a time by a pretty face, but they soon tire of mere prettiness. Nor does it follow that all women of good sense and sharp intellect are necessarily plain. Bright thoughts enliven the most ordinary face until the reflection of the mind shining out in all its radiance makes one forget that the features are not pure Grecian, and leads us to believe that such a woman is in reality a great beauty.

The vivacious creature of varying moods and quaint fancies is the one to charm. A man forgets the type of beauty she may or may not possess, so interested does he become in the pleasing study of a mind that renders her face ever winning, irresistible and pleasing, because like the surface of a lake, there comes a change with every varying motion.

The attractive woman should cultivate the mind, for a grace of soul and education of spirit count far more than limpid eyes, a rosebud mouth and a dimpled chin. She should be ever teachable, for there is not one iota of lovablenesss in the man or woman who thinks he or she knows it all.—Boston Herald.

Avoid Idleness.

It is only to be expected that a young girl has not—cannot have—much experience, if any, of the various little social duties that are required of and from a married woman, says the Philadelphia Times. She has perhaps been a member of a large family, and has lived a quiet country life, with the simple round of interests and amusements that constitute the society of so many country places.

Naturally, therefore, she must feel somewhat at a loss what exactly to do when called upon, without any special training or experience, to not only order a household, but to receive guests, return visits, and act the part of hostess to people who are probably one and all absolute strangers to her. For in most cases the young wife not only leaves the old home, but even its neighborhood, and begins her new life among neighbors of whose very names she has hitherto been ignorant, but with whom, of course, she hopes and wishes to live on friendly terms.

Often, too, this very desire to like and be liked has the effect of making a girl shy and nervous, and, therefore, she does not show herself off to the best advantage, for to do this a person must be at ease, and be sure of herself and of what is the right thing to do and say, a confidence which a few people have by nature, but which comes to most of us only with time and experience.

When the husband, as is generally the case, has business or work that occupies him during the day, the young wife will naturally at first find it a little bit dull and lonesome to be left all day to her own company and devices; but it never does to let this feeling grow upon one, or to let it become a grievance and source of trouble. It is what most young wives have to meet at the beginning of their new life, and for their own sakes must overcome. The only way in which she can do this is to find or make an occupation for herself. Avoid idleness, is the best advice that can be given to or taken by a young wife, for work is the only real talisman against boredom, ennui and hysteria.

Society's "Caged Canaries."

It is a pity for young persons to be brought up as so many are in what is termed good society, without any horizon, to view life through a keyhole, and as a natural sequence to believe that what they see constitutes everything that is desirable in the way of social intercourse. People who are not in their exclusive set are not worth the knowing, an egotism that is pitiful when one considers the extremely limited extent of these self-satisfied young people's knowledge and opportunities and the vastly superior culture of the people to whom they fancy themselves superior.

"I think it is too foolish to bring up those children like caged canaries," said a woman speaking of the family of one of her acquaintances. "They are beautifully educated, and what are called admirably brought up, but they are bound to be narrow to the end of their days, living their contracted lives in their small world with perfect content, never realizing that there are larger possibilities within their reach. My little daughter came home lately from a class which she attends with the Tiptop girls quite in disgust.

" 'Only fancy, mamma, what impertinence!' she exclaimed. 'Clara Tiptop, wh has hardly spoken to me all winter, cam up to me today in the most genial wa

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saying: "I am so glad to find out that my mother visits your mother. I always thought you seemed different from those Browns that you go with so much."

"'Imagine her speaking that way of dear Nelly and Tilly Brown, who are just as clever as they can be and so splendid. "I never hope to be even their equal," I told her, "and certainly could not ever dream of being their superiors."'

"'My mother never allows us to get into a street car or an omnibus,' said another tame birdling. 'We have never been in anything but a carriage in our lives.'

"Poor little creatures, caged by custom and with wings clipped by prejudice, no wonder they lose the instinct of soaring aloft and are content behind their gilded wires."—New York Tribune.

Education for Average Women.

What does the average woman need? In the first place, a thorough manual training. She needs to know how to cook a wholesome meal properly, to put it on the table appetizingly, and to do this with the minimum expenditure of energy. It is one of the most hopeful signs in elementary education that kitchen gardening and household training are being introduced into those schools which the children of the general population attend. The need of this practical domestic training for girls has probably been sufficiently emphasized, but in the general readjustment of occupations and duties going on between men and women it is more and more apparent that boys, as well as girls, need a certain amount of elementary domestic training.

Housecleaning.

Among the most essential things preparatory to housecleaning are: Storing the winter coal in the cellar, dusting and putting away summer garments and cleaning rugs and carpets.

Dust is the housekeepers' greatest enemy, and there is nothing that creates more of it throughout the house than putting in coal. It is well, therefore, to defer the fall cleaning until that has been done.

October has been decided by housekeepers to be the best time for housecleaning. When the rugs and carpets have been sent to the cleaners the first thing to do is to call the plumber in to look at the pipes. Many a housekeeper has deeply regretted not taking this precaution when a leak has occurred immediately after the house has been put in order. All other repairing should be attended to, with the exception of the painting, and that should not be done until the coal is in the cellar.

After the coal has been stored and the summer garments carefully folded and laid away, without being starched or ironed, the general cleaning should begin.

One room is sufficient to upset at a time, and if this is done systematically the family will not be made uncomfortable.

A well-regulated household is a woman's pride, and when it is clean and in order she truly feels that she is "monarch of all she surveys."

Begin a room in the morning, and have it completed before night, or so nearly so that its owner will not be troubled by the lack of the few last finishing touches. In this way the entire house can be renovated in less than two weeks.

Plants for Window Boxes.

The plants commonly used for window boxes are geraniums, fuchsias, begonias and the foliage varieties. All these plants should be potted in October and put into good rich soil. The pots should be small, as it is better to crowd the roots a little than allow them too much space. Set the slips in a shady place for about a week or ten days, when they will throw out new roots and can then be placed in the full sunlight. After they have begun to show their strength they can be repotted or placed in boxes. It is not well to put too much soil about the roots of winter plants intended for blooming.

Window boxes can be made of wood; more fancy ones are of tile, set in a frame of wood and lined with zinc, the tile being only a veneering on the outer side of the wooden frame.

An ideal window box comes in terra cotta. This kind possesses the advantage of being porous, clean, lasting and conducive to healthy plants. Care is necessary in handling these boxes, as terra cotta is somewhat brittle.

Pictures in the Hall.

It is becoming more and more common to line the staircase well with pictures. On consideration, the idea is a good one from other points of view than the artistic. The climb, particularly of a long unbroken staircase, is to many persons an affair of minutes, and it is not at all unpleasant to be cheered its length by some attractive pictures. In some houses there are series of photographs along the stair, those of celebrities being more often selected than the pictures of the friends of the family.

Wilhelmina's Favorite Flower.

The young Queen of Holland is very enthusiastic about horticulture. Her favorite flower is, not unnaturally, the tulip. The royal gardeners make superhuman efforts to keep these flowers in bloom all the year round, in view of the peculiar favoritism which their mistress has for them. There is one special variety called "Queen Wilhelmina," of which she is particularly fond. It is brilliant orange, with flame-colored stripes.

BABIES WITH BLEACHED HAIR.

Physical and Moral Detriment Done to New York Tots.

Bleached blondes of 5 years and up are becoming common in New York—so common, in fact, that medical men have begun to talk about the matter and inveigh against the abominable practice. One of these physicians is quoted as follows:

"If I were going to inaugurate a reform in this city I should begin with certain swell matrons who are instilling into their children the germs of physical and moral ailments. I refer to these mothers who are bleaching the hair of little children, hardly more than infants in arms. Wherever one may turn in New York the disagreeable contemplation of artificially-colored hair on the heads of innocent tots is forced on him, and the increase of the bleaching is really alarming, for it is nothing less than the harbinger of bodily and moral infirmities.

"In the first place, the bleaching of children's hair is almost certain to result in diseases of various sorts. In the second place, it is meant as a deception which, sanctioned by maternal authority, the only law of right or wrong known to the child, must convince the tot that it is right to deceive, and so prepares the way for a long list of moral offenses which spring from duplicity. If the sense of right and honesty is not sufficiently strong in a woman to prevent her inculcating such pernicious principles in the heart of her children then there should be some legislative enactment to protect them.

"In an hour's walk in Broadway you will pass at least half a dozen little people who are just in the wane of babyhood and whose naturally black or brown hair has been bleached to a sickly, dirty, lifeless yellow. So far from contributing to the physical beauty of the child, it is a detraction and must provoke the protests and opprobrium of all right-thinkink persons.—New York Press.

Making "Pulque" in Mexico.

In "Eleven Months in Mexico and Central America" in the International, the author, Lambert de Sainte-Croix describes the process of pulque making or gathering in Mexico. He says:

"As we were impatently waiting for our train, other trains passed, loaded with nothing but pulque, for the whole region is covered with fields of maguey from which the drink so prized in the country is made, and which is cultivated with incredible ease, bringing in rich profits both to the landowner and to the railway companies. When the plant is ripe, they cut into the cabbage-like center, and insert in the opening an empty gourd, from which the workman sucks the air through a tube. The liquid then rises into the vessel and the harvest is made. The juice is taken to the hacienda, where it is allowed to ferment for a very short time; it is then put in reservoirs in special cars, and in a few hours it is in Mexico. It generally reaches the city about 3 o'clock in the morning; the taxes are quickly paid, and special cars carry it to retail and wholesale dealers. By 6 o'clock in the morning there is nothing left of the immense quantity of liquid, everyone supplying himself as if it were milk, which it slightly resembles in color."

A Magnificent Tomb.

The most magnificent tomb in the world is deemed to be the palace Temple of Karhak, occupying an area of nine acres, or twice that of St. Peter's at Rome. The temple space is a poet's dream of gigantic columns, beautiful courts and wondrous avenues of sphinxes.

An Enormous Negress.

A colored woman who actually tipped the scales at 475 pounds was the center of attraction at Camden Station a few days ago. She seemed to enjoy attracting general attention, and gladly consented to be weighed. She was a passenger for Philadelphia.—Baltimore American.

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Young Folk's Column

Fritz and His Puzzle.

Fritz is a beautiful brown-eyed boy,
Running over with fun and joy.

Now and then his questions bother
His beautiful, youthful, brown-eyed mother.

"I wish," she said, one day last week,
"Dear Fritz, I wish you would let me speak."

But Fritz had a number of things to say,
And he pratteld and rattled and lisped away.

Till she said, "My boy, if it's not unkind,
Do try for a while your own business to mind."

The brown eyes fell with a puzzled droop.
The small mouth puckered itself in a loop.

"I fink," said Fritz, in a tone resigned—
"I fink I have no business to mind!"

Queen Counts the Wash.

The young Queen has—necessarily more than other children—always had a good many lessons to learn, a good many tasks to perform, a good many duties to go through, says A. C. Kniper in telling the readers of St. Nicholas about the youthful ruler of Holland. But she has had her holidays as well as other children, and certainly enjoyed them quite as much. She, of course, particularly liked the Christmas holidays, and the pleasant surprises they brought with them, and one of her special pleasures was to prepare a Christmas tree for an elderly court lady, of whom she was very fond.

The winter of 1895 made no exception to the rule. Queen Wilhelmina's old friend was, under some pretext or other, induced to go out. Her retreating footsteps were eagerly listened for; then the girl Queen of 15 years gave strict orders that no one—no one—should interrupt her or enter the room while she was busy with the tree. The lackeys bowed low, and promised obedience; the tree and the decorations and the presents were carried into the old lady's room; then the Queen, left alone, began to work.

She had been busy for some time, now and then standing on tiptoe to fasten a bright bit of orange ribbon on a higher branch of the tree, when there was a knock at the door. With indignant eyes the Queen looked up, or rather looked down, from the tree to the door. Who was it that dared trouble her, contrary to her most positive commands? She knitted her brows, and went on with her work, feigning not to have heard the knock. Surely they would not dare to repeat it? Hark! there it was again. It was too bad! She quickly walked up to the door, opened it a very little bit, and asked impatiently, "Why did you knock? Who is it?"

The answer was given without the least hesitation. "It is me, the washerwoman."

The washerwoman! Queen Wilhelmina was perplexed. She did not wish any one to see the tree, and could not send for the court lady, or any of her attendants. So opening the door, she said kindly:

"Well, come in and put down the basket, but don't look around."

The woman did as she was told. She had never seen the Queen of Holland, and she felt perfectly at ease in the presence of this young girl, almost a child, who was very simply dressed in some dark woolen winter material.

"Good afternoon, missy," she said. "Where shall I put the things?"

"Put them? Has the basket to be unpacked?"

"Why, of course it has, missy. That is always done."

"Oh, indeed! Then put the things somewhere, and make a little haste, please."

The woman nodded and obeyed. When the basket was empty, she handed the Queen a bit of paper, and said:

"You will see that the things on this list are all there, won't you, missy?"

"Missy" began to enjoy the joke. She consulted the list, and counted the things to see that all was correct. Then she said kindly:

"It is all right. You can go now."

But the washerwoman was not satisfied.

"Go?" she repeated indignantly. "No, indeed, I shan't go. I'll be paid first. The lady always pays me directly."

"Does she, really?" asked the Queen.

"Indeed she does. You can ask her, if you like."

The Queen saw that she would have to act her part of "missy" to the end. She found the situation amusing, and casting down her laughing eyes, she took out her purse, and counted the money into the laundress' hand.

"That's all right, and thank you kindly," the woman said, taking up her basket, and going to the door. Then, with a glance at the half-decorated Christmas tree, she added good-naturedly: "And I wish you much pleasure. Good-by, missy."

A gay, musical laugh rang through the room when "missy" was alone again. Her majesty, the Queen of Holland, was, indeed, not accustomed to be addressed by that unpretending title. How her sympathetic mother must have smiled with pleasure when the tree was ready, and the Queen of 15 years ran away to tell her what had happened!

Giving a Nut Social.

Winter approaches, and evening entertainments indoors are in order. A nut social is a novel thing, and it can be made amusing, mysterious, or instructive as you wish, with genuine nuts and metaphorical nuts—geographical, historical, literary or social.

Issue your invitations in a form to stimulate curiosity. You might put "Nut-cracking," "Nut Social" or "Mixed Nuts" as a title on the outside, with a big interrogation mark filling the center, and the words "Contributions requested" below, with date and place of entertainment in the lower lefthand corner. Or better still, perhaps, paint a large nut, or a group of small ones, with nut-crackers and picks, if you choose, in the upper lefthand corner, and the words "To crack" in the center, followed by place and date as before.

Your invitations may simply ask the pleasure of Miss Bessie M.'s or Miss Flora T.'s company. Engage several of your bright young friends to give a little description of some nut, impersonating it as far as possible, telling where found, its habits, mannar of growth, uses, and other interesting facts regarding it, concealing its name, and weaving as much mystery about it as possible. Have these descriptions only two or three minutes long, but as bright, catchy and witty as may be. Then, after each nut is described, give a chance for quizzes and guesses regarding it. Intersperse the chat with an occasional strain of familiar music, which, in accordance with the nut-cracking scheme, may be identified and the composer guessed. Brought in at unexpected intervals, it will require quick wits to name them readily.

To give variety to the entertainment, noted personages, books, characters in fiction, or works of art may be represented by the different guests, or an art gallery may be improvised by the hostess. The greater the variety of puzzling things, the greater will be the interest and the more enjoyable the entertainment. Everything, as far as posisble, must be in the nature of a nut—to be cracked.

The refreshments should be of nuts, or something having nuts as an ingredient, as nut-cakes, nut-candies, etc. Have a nut salad if you like—a dish of nuts decorated with autumn leaves, intermingled with slips of paper containing conundrums, enigmas, puzzling questions, etc., to be guessed by the recipients; or you may have nut bonbons of the same kind. Or, after carefully cracking English walnuts, substitute for the meats your paper nuts, unite the two half shells with a drop or two of mucilage, and serve with each plate of refreshments. Provide every guest with paper and pencil to record his guesses as he makes them, and give a prize for the greatest number of correct answers, and a booby prize for the least. A silver nut-cracker or a set of nut-picks would be appropriate for the former, and a hammer for the latter. Try it, and you will like it.

The Troub'e with a Tutor.

"Dou you go to school, Willie?" queried the visitor.

"No," said Willie, who has a tutor. "School comes to me. I wish it didn't, too. Some days are too wet for me to go out, but there ain't any too wet for Mr. Diggins."

The Soldier and the Mirrors.

He was a soldier, and from his appearance it was quite evident that he had seen service in the fever-stricken camps of the South, where pay days were far between and food scarce and none the best. He, with several others of the wearers of the blue, were viewing the curiosities in the museum at Ninth and Arch when their attention was attracted at the sight of a large mirror of the distorting kind over in the corner. "Come on, fellows," he shouted, "let's see what we look like." Going over to the mirror, he gave it a turn. The effect was ludicrous. He beheld himself as narrow as a beanpole and with a face as long as a bucket and as sharp as an axe. "Hully gee, fellows!" he ejaculated, in alarm, "look at Tampa." Then he gave the glass a twist the other way. A smile of satisfaction flitted over his face as he saw himself a jolly little rolypoly of a man, almost as wide as high. "Ah!" he shouted out, as he smacked his lips at the thought of some long-forgotten feast, "pay day, pay day!" The effect of his remark was not lost on the crowd.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TAKING LIFE MASKS.

It is a Very Tedious Operation, Especially for the Subject.

One often observes when reading of the demise of a celebrity that a mask was taken by Mr. So-and-So, the celebrated sculptor, soon after his death, but really very few people know how this is carried out. They might have some idea that plaster of paris is put over the dead man's face, but there the idea ends.

A mask from life is taken almost precisely in the same way as after death, save that much greater care has to be used, as the subject's life hangs on a very thin thread, or, to be more precise, two small quills. It requires a great deal of nerve and patience to undergo, the sensation being most disagreeable. When a mask from life is about to be secured, the subject reclines on a long table, and towels are placed around his neck and forehead to prevent the plaster going where not intended. The face is slightly greased, but not enough to fill the pores of the skin. Care has to be especially taken with the eyelashes, as otherwise, in the subsequent operations, these are likely to be pulled off, which would not be exactly pleasant. A small quill is now inserted in either nostril to allow the subject to breathe through, and cotton wool lightly pressed around the base to keep the liquid plaster from intruding. A pair of scissors is always kept handy, so as to be able to cut off the tops of the quills, should by any chance the plaster splash up and cover them. All being ready, a few cheering words are spoken to the unhappy victim, and the plaster is mixed. This is carefully poured or sprinkled over the features. The plaster, through being mixed with warm water, quickly hardens, and in the course of about five minutes the mould is strong enough to be taken off. It has to be carefully done, as the subject is generally so very eager to get a mouthful of fresh air once again. A slight tap with the hands is given to the two side pieces, which relieves the joints made by the thread. The top or central piece is then lifted up and pulled slightly downward, so as to withdraw the quills from the nose as they come out with the mould. The sides are then taken off. Probably some of the hair may hold the mould, but with a little coaxing, or by the insertion of the scissors, it can soon be removed. Care must be used to get the ears, but without breaking either the subject or the mould. The ears are only taken on the front sides, cotton wool being placed at the back to prevent the plaster going around. When removed, the three pieces are put together and plaster placed on the exterior to hold and strengthen them.—Strand Magazine.

SOLD "LOHENGRIN" FOR $80.

The Great Composer Got Small Remuneration for His Operas.

"When—in the '50s—Wagner's works began to spread through Germany, one town after another put 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Rienzi,' 'Tannhaeuser' and 'Lohengrin' on its theater's programme," writes Richard Wagner's biographer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "At that epoch theaters in Germany gave no percentage whatever. The only obligation the law imposed on them was to buy the score. The price of the score was fixed in each special case between the theater and the author, and varied according to the population of the town and the success expected. Once the score was bought, the theater had no further obligation toward the author. Wagner usually got from $40 to $80 for a score, and rarely $120. What Wagner got—once for all—for 'Rienzi,' 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Tannhaeuser' and 'Lohengrin' amounted, therefore, all told, to something like $50 to $100 from each theater which put these works on the stage.

"Another source of income ought to have been the sale of the scores to the publishers, several of whom have made fortunes with them. But the fact that Wagner was always in want of money put him in a disadvantageous position. 'Tristan,' for example, was sold for $800, and 'Lohengrin' for $80."

Carlyle Calls No Man Master.

My new book, I may tell you now, is to be something about that same Civil war in England which Baillie was in the midst of; I think mainly or almost exclusively about Oliver Cromwell, writes Thomas Carlyle in the Atlantic. I am struggling sore to get some hold of it, but the business will be dreadfully difficult, far worse than any French Revolution, if I am to do it right—and if I do not do it right what is the use of doing it at all? For some time I tried actual writing at it lately, but found it was too soon yet. I must wrestle and tumble about with it, indeed at bottom I do not know yet whether ever I shall be able to make a book out of it! All that I can do is to try, till I ascertain either yes or no. For the rest I am grown too old and cunning now to plunge right on and attempt conquering the thing by sheer force. I lie back, canny, canny, and whenever I find my sleep beginning to suffer, I lay down the tools for a while. By Heaven's great blessing I am not now urged on by direct need of money. We have arranged ourselves here in what to London people is an inconceivable state of thrift and in our small way are not now tormented with any fear of want whatever, for the present. To myself my poverty is really quite a suitable, almost comfortable, arrangement. I often think what should I do if I were wealthy! I am perhaps among the freest men in the British empire at this moment. No king or pontiff has any power over me, gets any revenue from me, except what he may deserve at my hands. There is nothing but my Maker whom I call Master under this sky. What would I be at? George Fox was hardly freer in his suit of leather than I here—if to be sure not carrying it quite so far as the leather. Jane, too, is quite of my way of thinking in this respect. Truly we have been mercifully dealt with, and much that looked like evil has turned to be good.

Vermont's Tribute to Dewey.

The state of Vermont is considering the subject of providing a tribute to her distinguished citizen, Admiral Dewey. The Vermont Legislature, now in session, has the subject before it. A statue has been proposed, but a more practical method of proceeding seems to be finding most favor. It is to provide a "Dewey hall," to be used for drilling purposes in the state's military institution, Norwich university. This institution has long been famous as a military school and many of the most conspicuous officers of the Civil war were among its graduates. The Boston Herald says it is likely that the Legislature will appropriate a sum toward the addition of this hall to the university, and it is proposed also to raise money by popular subscription for the same purpose. This will be open to contributions out of the state, as well as in it, and those interested in honoring Admiral Dewey will find a fitting opportunity to do so by aiding in the projected work.

A London Eel Market.

Few Londoners know that an eel market of a quaint and interesting kind is held every Sunday morning near the south side of Blackfriars bridge, barring, of course, the times when the slippery fishes are not obtainable. It is said to be nearly 300 years old. The peculiarity of the gathering is that here you buy eels by the handful instead of by weight. Sixpence a fistful is the price, and although the fishes are generally small it is much cheaper than purchasing by weight.

Rosebery's Definition of Memory.

Here is a joli mot of Lord Rosebery's—would one ever expect mots from Lord Rosebery?—told in our garden by a woman who heard him say it at a dinner: Someone asked him what memory was. "Memory," said Lord Rosebery, "is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."—London letter to Harper's Bazar.

Bab's Bright Babble

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Just now, when chrysanthemums are in their ragged but great glory, nobody dreams of putting them in a jar or a glass or a fancy vase. Oh, dear, no! They must shine from a punchbowl. Their stems must be cut so that they fit in a careless, artistic way, for while the leaves are often taken from the flowers yet quite as often their foliage is framed all about them. The bowls most favored are those wonderful, deep, round ones of India ware—the quaint blue ones with the lovely ladies from Japan walking up ladders on their heads, or coming down in a sideways fashion—fine cut-glass bowls, or, best of all, great big silver punchbowls. These glitter, and seem to reflect almost like a mirror the white or yellow beauties that are the flowers of the season.

There is something dignified about chrysanthemums, not to wear but to put about a room or to use to decorate a table. They have an odd way of standing up, as if they wished each visitor to realize that each one of them had a special dignity of her own, and she wanted you not only to realize it but to feast upon it. The chrysanthemum, to my way of thinking, is a healthy-looking flower. Even when it is a bit droopy, it simply droops its petals, permitting them to blow away, though they never curl up or manage to get an unpleasant odor, not they! They simply disappear into that famous innocuous desuetude, which is the one phrase that will carry one man down through posterity.

A girl I know has just come back from Sweden, and as she is a victim of hay fever she thinks of going to live there. The reason why? Because there the doctor never sends home a bill. But when you are cured you write out what you think the bill ought to be and forward the ducats to him. If you have made a wonderful hit in wheat, if you have been made viceroy of India, if the President of the United States has concluded that you are the proper person to be embassador to England, if any good luck has come to you, then you write on a visiting card $1500 or $5000. I cannot imagine higher than $10,000. But if you have had a hard time of it that year, if there have been a good many mouths to feed and they are tired of oatmeal, or if your oldest boy is beginning to see the charm of a dress suit and white kid gloves when he visits the young woman who is making a fool of him, why, then, after a long illness you send a modest card with your name written on it, and underneath it you put 50 cents or 75 cents or whatever seems suited to you, not to the doctor's good reputation, not to the doctor's ability, but perfectly adapted to that thin little pocketbook, which looks as if it had been to the circus and had been trod upon in a moment of airy persiflage by the largest elephant.

A thin pocketbook leads to desperation. If I wanted to make a woman a saint, if I wanted her to care for the poor, make the sick happy and well, give to those who are hungry, and make the little children all as happy as happy could be, I'd make that woman rich, and then I'd teach her how to spend her money. Do you ever think that the rich people are, after all, extremely kind? The average wealthy girl gets hundreds of letters a day, most of them from frauds, and the one true request among them must be treated like the fakes, or else we will have an anarchistic government, which means lack of repose entirely.

When I say repose I mean it in a variable sense. Some people consider sleep repose, there are others who drown themselves in a good book and consider that repose, while there are still others who trot around from here to there and really haven't the remotest idea of what repose is. Repose, as it used to be known, was dignity, and good dignity. There are only a few specimens of it to be found now. It is as rare as real old Sevres china and requires the same amount of care.

An elderly lady—she speaks of herself as elderly, although she is 80 years old—complains of the folly with which the girls of today talk. "Why," she said, "when I was young, it was considered vulgar to be purse proud, and the people who belonged to the real Knickerbocker circles, especially those who were very wealthy, were taught as soon as they could understand anything that it was extremely vulgar to make any display of their belongings or to talk about their possessions. Then, too, the old 'noblesse oblige' were taught very early that because they were what they were they must be gracious, tender-hearted and loving to everyone they met, but today the girls talk about the value of being rich, the advantage of having rich friends, what can be got out of Jack So-and-So and how much can be obtained from Mrs. Black Diamond. To me it is horrifying. I could not tell you just what I think it is, but the women who sell their immortal souls—poor wretches—are not any worse than those who see life in its hard and mercenary way and make no effort to find anything that is sweet, desirable, gentle or kindly in their behavior or in their thoughts."

"Whose fault?" That was asked of a great man, and, with a surprised look at the question, he said, "The mother's, of course." And we who looked at him wondered that the mother who thought she was doing right found, with a toss of her pretty head, that it was too much trouble to think about. Generalizing, most things are too much trouble to think about.

The eyebrow pencil or the light blue pencil to outline the delicate veins, the exact shade of rouge or just the clear, white powder that gives an ivory white look, all these are of importance, of great importance, but the smallest of the babies—well, it is a darling. It sits in the carriage beside its mamma, wearing its white cloth coat trimmed with ermine and its great white bonnet rich with little ermine tails and the high white ribbon bows until mamma and the baby make a lovely picture. Ten years from that time, when the baby is 13, an awkward age and decidedly in the way, he discovers that he has a soul; he learns that there is such a thing as a heart, usually from the kind servants in the kitchen, in which place he learns many other things that it is not so well for him to know. He hears divorce spoken of as if it were a jest, and he is surprised, since they squabble so much, that his "daddy" does not get a divorce from the "old lady," the beautiful names that he has learned at school from the other boys.

Do you know, it seems to me that if there had been put into my care an immortal soul I would love it, but I would care for it almost in fear, for I should remember that while in those commandments there is one which charges us to honor the father and mother we should also read it as demanding honor from the mother to the child.

Did you ever think that you have taken a heavy responsibility into your arms when you laugh and coo at the bundle of lace and mull, at the tiny face and funny little hands? Did you ever think that there is growing every day not only an immortal soul for which you must answer, but a heart to which you must teach the value of sweetness and love? We laugh at this phrase, you and I, but yet, when the oldest boy regards you with ingratitude, when the daughter neglects and makes a jest of you and when the other little ones find first amusement and then sarcasm in your pleasures, don't you feel a pain just where your heart is? Or have you so thoroughly hardened your heart that you laugh and count the children as bothersome and to be out of the way?

I can see before me a beautiful child 5 years old. Her mother was like a picture; but, like most pictures, there was no heart in it. Her father was a gentleman, and, seeing his wife's faults, he managed to cater to them without losing his own dignity. His pride protected him. But one day this baby of 5, looking like its beautiful mother and with the quickness of wit that belonged to its father, when asked where she had been all day, said, "Oh, I have been showing myself with the devil, but I am glad now that the good angel has come home!" That is the child of the century. Sometimes she conceals her feelings and lives a morbid life that makes her sarcastic when 12 years old and an unbeliever when she is 15. She is the girl who arranges her prayer books to match her gowns and thinks it bad form to go to a church with those who are not of blue blood. She is the grand-daughter of a lady, a lady who deprives herself of little luxuries that others might enjoy them, a lady who recognizes the value of caste, but who always has a kind word for those who serve her. One grows so very weary of the nouveaux riches. And yet they push themselves until they stand upon the steps of the house counted as of great glory. But will they even be allowed to open the gates of that Greater House where glory never ceases?

Bab.

—Mrs. Sampson, wife of the rear-admiral, has rented a house at Vedalo, Cuba.