

OF AND FOR WOMEN.

THE old lady who offered Mr. Ballou £25,000 if he would not play golf on Sunday, should not be laughed at. She stands for a type of Christian that is rapidly passing away; she has the spirit that makes martyrs. But her views of morality must be a trifle twisted if she thinks that people can be bribed into virtue.

THE many admirers of John Strange Winter on this side of the Atlantic will be pleased to learn that she draws an income of not far from \$10,000 a year from her works, and lives in a villa which she recently built near Dieppe. The authoress is known in private life as Mrs. Arthur Stannard. Her husband, who is a son of one of England's greatest engineers, acts as her amanuensis and business agent. Mrs. Stannard is about forty years old, and before her marriage, about fifteen years ago, lived with her father in York, where he is one of the minor canons in the Cathedral. As York is also a garrison town, she gathered the material for "Boote's Baby," which made her name, practically in her own home. The Stannards seem to be partial to literature. Arthur's sister is the widow of the famous George Augustus Sala.

MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE, the writer of children's stories, was for years one of the cleverest writers on the Chicago press. She was not only a writer of fiction, but of editorials and of special news articles as well. Some of her work in the Chicago Sunday newspapers ten years ago is still traveling around the country in the newspapers, generally uncredited, sometimes partially disguised by local adaptation, but always readable. It is reported that Mrs. Peattie is now at work on a comedy for a prominent Western manager.

THE Society of American Women in London has reached a membership of 200, and is rapidly becoming the recognized centre of interest to the American colony. "Little America" and "Little Sorosis" are two nicknames often heard applied to the society. Its regular meetings at the Hotel Cecil take the form of a social luncheon the first Monday of every month, to which distinguished guests from the literary, artistic and philanthropic world are invited. In this respect it follows the New York Sorosis custom, and the speeches, clever, witty and pointed, as well as the elegant toilets worn, help to preserve the Sorosis atmosphere. All of the best-known American women in London are members of the society.

A CONFERENCE of leaders in domestic science was held at Lake Placid, N.Y., last week, the object being to set the aims and methods of the movement more clearly before the public. Amongst those who led the discussions were Professor Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Miss Anna Barrows and Dr. Mary E. Green, president of the National Household Economic Association, Miss Marion Talbot, of the University of Chicago, and Professor Helen Kimme, of Teachers' College, Columbia University.

THAT woman is most decidedly clubbable is now beyond question in so far as the Anglo-Saxon woman is concerned," says a woman who knows whereof she speaks. "The rapid and successful development of the woman's club movement during the last thirty years gives proof of that beyond question. While thus far England and America, with England's colonies, lead the van by long odds, Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland are following their example and making a good showing. Two women's clubs have just been successfully established in Paris, while Finland, South

Wales, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Austria, Norway and the Argentine Republic have also a good standing. Even Turkey—usually the last in every game where progress has any part to play—has (thanks to the heaven furnished by the brainy American women who form the faculty of the Girls' American College at Constantinople) joined the onward, upward march of the women who 'want to know things.'"

AT the END of a BOOK

By BLISS CARMAN



WHEN that old Vendor, to whose hand
The loveliest volumes come at last,
Shall thumb you for a trace of good
Enduring, though your day be past,

Be not abashed at your small worth;
His sense is keen; and there may cling
About your yellowing pages still
Some freshness of the Northern spring;

Some echo of the whitethroat's song
From lonely valleys blue with rain,
Ringing across the April dusk
Joy and unfathomable pain;

Some glamour of the darling land
Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
And green diked orchards by the sea;

A sweep of elm-treed interval,
And gravelly floors where herons wade;
A sigh of wind through old gray barns
With earliest music ever made

And will no hint of this outweigh
The faulty aim, the faultier skill,
To save our credit when we come
To the Green Dwelling in the Hill?

Ah, trust the Vendor, wise and kind!
He knows the outside and the in,
And loves the very least of those
He tosses in the dusty bin.

