



MISS MAUD EARL, the celebrated animal painter, has been inspired by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," to paint a picture, which she has presented to *The Daily Mail*, to be sold to the highest bidder, the sum acquired going to increase the amount of the war fund of that enterprising journal.

"I HAVE often noticed," said a society man recently, "that a girl in red (always providing that she is fairly popular) is more taken out in a cotillion than those who are dressed in white, the explanation probably being that on getting up suddenly a man is always more or less in doubt as to whom he shall select, and the bright color attracts his eye."

In regard to this involuntary attraction toward a bright or an unusual object, it is said that women do not half realize what an aid anything of the kind may be made in alluring partners. A clever widow who had made up her mind to have a season in London cudgelled her brain as to what she should do to avoid being "lost in a crowd," as the saying is.

"I am fairly well off," she argued to herself, "but I am not rich enough to make any stir, I am not bad looking, but am no beauty. I talk well and dress well, but so do nine-tenths of the women who go out. It is obvious, therefore, that unless I do something to make myself different from the others I will make no impression whatever."

After much agitation on the subject she decided that she would attract attention by her jewels. "Conspicuous gowns would be in bad taste," she argued, "but jewels, if they are good, can be worn in any combination." So, after many consultations with a famous Parisian lapidist and jeweler, a wonderful necklace was evolved, for which she used a number of her more conventional ornaments, at the same time adding a few unique stones.

Her first appearance in London after her presentation was at a smart ball given by the Duchess of —, to which she wore the strange, but magnificent, arrangement of jewels. As she had foreseen, the necklace attracted attention at once. Women as well as men contrived opportunities for a nearer view. Her introductions were numerous, and as she herself was most unexceptionable in every way and at the same time pretty and interesting, those who came out of curiosity remained for pleasure. Her campaign was won, for, as everyone knows, a successful "first night" is more than half the battle. It goes without saying that as a wise woman she wore the famous necklace very rarely, but it is her mascot, she says, and whenever she finds that attention is lagging she has only to put it on and she renews her triumph.

This is her story, at all events, but perhaps those who are sceptical about the efficacy of her methods may find an explanation in the fact that she is really a charming woman, despite her distrust of her own unaided charms.

BEAUTIFUL hair is the gift of nature, but many more could possess it if nature were assisted. The hair should be combed thoroughly every night before retiring, with a coarse toothed comb. Do not use vigor enough to bruise the scalp, but rather a light scratching movement to stimulate and open the pores all over the head. Then brush with a stiff long bristled brush, dividing the hair into several parts, that all the roots may be reached. Brush gently but firmly, carrying the stroke to the ends of the hair. Then braid the hair loosely, or, better still, leave entirely free until morning. After shampooing, do not dry by artificial heat, but by towels, friction and fanning.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, whose new novel is nearing its completion, finds time in the midst of her busy literary and social life for a quite wonderful amount of philanthropic work. She is the mainspring of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, taking the very keenest interest in all that goes on there, and herself taking a class of boys each week. Her especial department at the settlement, however, is the school for invalid children, which has been, through her exertions, connected with the London School Board, the board providing the specially-trained teacher and the furniture, and the settlement giving the rooms, the playground, the services of a nurse superintendent, and also a special ambulance for taking the children backwards and forwards. Dinner is provided for each child at the nominal cost of three-halfpence, and a number of volunteer helpers go down every day during the dinner hour to serve out the food and play with the children.

IT is news to many of us that the first telescopic comet was discovered by a woman. "On the evening of October 1, 1847, the Mitchells were entertaining a party of invited guests," writes Amelia H. Botsford, in an article on "The Mother of the Stars." "But Maria Mitchell was not to be deterred by 'company' from following her custom of sweeping the heavens with the telescope every clear night. She slipped away and ran up to the observatory. Soon afterward she returned and told her father that she thought she had seen a comet. He hurried up to the observatory to look himself, and declared that it was indeed a comet. This discovery entitled Miss Mitchell to the gold medal that had been offered some years before by the King of Denmark to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet, and it was struck off and forwarded to her."

GERALDINE.



## TWO WOMEN.

SHE crept into the vacant church  
Through empty aisles and bare;  
A faint perfume hung o'er the gloom,  
Vague as an unprayed prayer;  
In robe and crown each saint looked down  
And frowned to see her there.

Each gazed upon her from his place—  
Peter and John and Paul;  
She found nor peace nor pain's surcease,  
So coldly looked they all,  
As she faltered lone to the altar stone,  
Where shone the candles tall.

And there enthroned, immaculate,  
Tender and pure and wise,  
She saw the grace of a woman's face,  
The love of a woman's eyes;  
And Mary's smile bent down the while  
Above her mute surprise.

Not hers to know the might that lies  
In throated majesty;  
She could but guess the tenderness,  
The sister sympathy;  
She made her prayer to Mary there  
With lowly heart and knee.

The tall saints watched her as she went,  
Each in his gold and blue,  
Aloof from her, a trespasser,  
Stern men they stood, and true.  
But Mary smiled, and the clasped Child  
He understood and knew.

THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.