

Kitty's Social Evolution

By Eugene L. Didier.

One morning Stuart Allston went to his studio two hours earlier than usual, as he wished to give the finishing touches to a portrait which he had promised to deliver that morning. As he entered the room his eyes fell upon an object the sight of which almost paralyzed him with astonishment. In the middle of the studio, on her hands and knees, with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and her dress pinned to her waist, was a young girl engaged in the most undignified of occupations—scrubbing the floor.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" asked Allston as soon as he recovered from the first surprise caused by the sight of the beautiful girl. "I am Kitty Armstrong," faltered the girl. "My mother is the janitress of this building. She is not well to-day, and I am doing her work. That is why I am here."

"But you—you are a lady," exclaimed the young artist, gazing with wonder and admiration at the enchanting creature before him. "This is no place for you—for you in your young innocence and beauty. You have a face which artists would love to paint, and a form which would teach grace to sculptors. Will you sit down and have a talk with me?"

"He handed her a chair with all the politeness of a prince to a highborn lady. "Tell me something about yourself." "As I said, I am Kitty Armstrong. My mother is the janitress of this building. I have just finished my education at the Academy of the Visitation. While at school my father failed in business and died soon afterwards, leaving my mother with five children, of whom I am the eldest, and I am only sixteen. She had to do something to support her family, she could not wait like Mr. Micawber for something to turn up; her children wanted bread, home, shelter. The friends of her better days treated her with cold indifference; she could no longer contribute to their entertainment; she was now out of their world. At last, when starvation was staring her in the face, she secured the place as janitress of this building. I know nothing about the change in the fortunes of my family until I returned from school. When I left home last September we were living in elegance. You can imagine my distress at finding my poor mother reduced to her present position. I determined to do all I could to help her, and that is why I am here to-day."

"But, Miss—Miss Armstrong, I must not, I cannot, I will not allow you to scrub my floor. I will not allow you to do anything which a lady should not do." "But my mother—" began the girl. "Your mother shall no longer have to do what she has been doing." "What can she do to support her children?" "It is not what she can do, but what you can do. I came to my studio two hours earlier than usual this morning in order to finish the portrait of Mrs. — (he mentioned the name of one of the queens of American society). She has left town quite unexpectedly, requesting that the picture be sent to her. I have still her arms to paint; she was to give her last sitting this morning. Until to-day I thought she had the most beautiful arms in the world. If you will allow me to use your arm for a model I can finish my best portrait, please Mrs. —, win golden opinions from herself and friends, and add greatly to my reputation as an artist. I can arrange the whole matter with your mother in two minutes. And thus it happened that Kitty Armstrong furnished the beautiful arms that were so much admired in Mrs. —'s portrait.

Stuart Allston's father was a rich merchant. His mothers and sisters were proud, worldly people who lived only for society. They had at first opposed his becoming a painter; their idea of an artist being of the long-haired, velvet coat, paint-stained variety usually represented on the stage, men who live in garrets and are unknown in fashionable society. He received no sympathy or encouragement from his family during the time he was struggling for recognition, but when his genius was recognized, and he became a fashionable painter, with the most beautiful women contending for the privilege of sitting for their portraits, they were proud to claim him and enjoy the reflected light of his artistic reputation. Young Allston had mingled in the best society—had been thrown in contact with all sorts of women, socially and professionally. Many a proud girl smiled upon the handsome young artist and would gladly have given her hand to him. But he seemed wedded to his art, and no particular lady claimed his love. Such was the state of affairs when he saw Kitty Armstrong in her fresh young beauty—simple, natural, graceful—a Hebe in loveliness. His artist-soul was touched by her rare charms, and she inspired him with a love which the trained glances, the artistic graces, and studied manner of the more worldly favored women in their velvets, brocades and jewels had utterly failed to inspire. The Armstrong family removed to a cosy cottage in the suburbs of the city. The eldest boy was placed in old Allston's counting-room; the second, a bright little fellow of fifteen, was taken into the studio as a factotum and to play properly for Kitty, who was installed as the general utility lady of the establishment.

From that time a new beauty appeared in Allston's pictures. A brighter light shone in the eyes of his women; a richer color glowed in their cheeks; a more enchanting sweetness wreathed their lips, for Kitty supplied the eyes, the color and

the mouth. It was a great triumph of female loveliness—the golden apple would have been instantly given to Kitty Armstrong as the prize of beauty. Allston, who was a professed admirer of beauty, found his highest ideal realized in this matchless girl—this warm, blooming, peerless flower of young womanhood. "This lovely being, scarcely formed or molded—A rose with all the sweetest leaves unfolded."

Kitty had never been in what is called society; she had never been to a ball, a dinner party, a reception, a card party, an afternoon tea, or to any of those functions which make up the fashionable life of the time. But she was a natural born lady, and there was a dainty beauty in her life which enchanted Stuart Allston and opened to him vistas of happiness and dreamed of before. For weeks they were thrown together in daily life, hourly intercourse—he in his glorious young manhood; she in all the delicious freshness of youth and beauty. Love is the master of the world—the Great Conqueror. Kings have stooped to raise beggar-maids to their thrones, all for love. Stuart Allston was not an enthroned king, but he was a prince among artists, and he had a kingly soul. It was his charming privilege to lead this enchanting creature through the flowery fields of literature—to visit in imagination Prospero's magic island, the fairy court of Titania, and sweeter still, Juliet's tower, where bold Romeo told his burning love. With Milton, he wandered through the lovely groves of Eden or joined the glittering train of Comus; Tennyson took him to King Arthur's court to meet the gallant knights of the Round Table. And so the days passed—days of romance, poetry and love. He found Kitty's mind delightfully receptive, enthusiastic and susceptible of instruction. It was planting the seed in fertile soil—it grew, it flowered, it bloomed. Other ladies he had known who prattled like magpies on the subject of dress and beaux, but on art, literature, poetry or any intelligent subject their vocabulary was as limited as a parrot's.

As the days extended into weeks and the weeks into months, Allston noticed a softer light in Kitty's eyes, a richer glow upon her cheeks and a deeper beauty in her whole face. A woman always knows when she is loved, but when she is in love herself it is a secret which is buried in the deepest recesses of her heart. She will scarcely admit to herself the existence of the tender passion, but nevertheless, it adds a new charm to her life, a rarer grace to her womanhood, and a sweeter joy to her heart. "How sweet is life!" Kitty said one evening, as she and Allston were watching the sunset from a vine-covered bowel in the garden of her cottage home.

"Yes, life is sweet, but you can make it sweeter to me," said Allston. "Kitty, do you think you can love me—love me well enough to be my wife?" "Love you! I adore you. You are my hero, my prince, my king. Without you, what should I be? With you, my life will be crowned with the beauty—the glory of the world. With you, Paradise Lost will be Paradise Regained."

Kitty's answer was not the conventional one—not what two women in a thousand would have made to a declaration of love; but it came right from her heart, and went right to the heart of her lover. The fashionable world was aghast when it heard that Stuart Allston was engaged to the poor and unknown Kitty Armstrong. All the mothers who tried to win him for their daughters, and all the daughters who had tried to catch him themselves were loud in condemning the folly of the young artist for throwing himself away upon a girl with a pretty face, but when Kitty took her place in society as Mrs. Stuart Allston her astonishing beauty, her incomparable grace, her unaffected elegance gave assurance that her social evolution was completed, and that a new star had risen destined to shine with unrivalled brilliancy.

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His Views President Hadley, of Yale, was traveling in Yellowstone Park, when he chanced upon a young man whom from his appearance he judged to be a student. "This is a wonderful scene, isn't it?" said the professor. The stranger smiled, nodded to his question, and turned without speaking to look at the view. "Do you think," asked President Hadley, now confirmed in his idea that he was talking to a student, "that this chasm was caused by some great upheaval of nature? or is it the result of erosion or glacial action? What are your views?" "My views," said the stranger, quickly, opening a bag he carried containing photographs, "are only \$2 a dozen, and are cheap at the price. Let me show you some samples."

"I reckon, my friends," began a somewhat moss-grown, but eminently astute, candidate for the Arkansas Legislature, addressing an outpouring of the toiling masses of Izard County, "that everything that was worth sayin'—and considerable more, too—about the tariff and silver and the inickertous trusts, and all such as that, was said before I broke into the political arena, so I'll just remark that if I'm elected, I'll be too busy attendin' to my duties to do more than come back here after a spell and make you all a short speech of thanks; but if I ain't elected, I'll have plenty of time to make you two long speeches, and mobby more, and kiss all the babies, and otherwise prepare the way for bein' elected, the next time. That is all I've got to say at present, except that I am in your hair from this time forth, and the leg is over yonder in Plunk Sage's barn, right now. A word to the wise is, or to be, sufficient."

It is almost redundant to add that this broad-minded patriot was at election time rushed into the office he craved, with all the whoop and eclat of a cattle stampede.

WHAT TO DO WITH EGGS

Eggs are preferred to meat by most persons for summer breakfasts, and they may be varied in a host of ways. For Spanish omelet cook a tablespoonful of minced onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter until it is a golden brown. Then add a cupful of canned tomatoes and cook until most of the liquid has boiled out. Add two tablespoonfuls of sliced mushrooms (either canned or fresh), a tablespoonful of chopped olives, a dash of tabasco sauce or paprika and salt. Cook slowly for three or four minutes. Make an omelet in the usual way and turn the sauce into and around it.

A delicious plain omelet is covered with chopped green pepper just before it is folded. Another filling is made by cooking minced onion in a tablespoonful or two of butter, then adding chopped green pepper and fresh tomatoes. The mixture should be seasoned with salt and paprika or pepper.

If eggs are scarce this omelet recipe will be found convenient. Make a batter with half a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, a saltspoonful of salt and two eggs. Beat the eggs very thoroughly without separating whites and yolks. Put a tablespoonful of butter into the omelet pan, and when it bubbles turn in the batter. As it cooks keep lifting the omelet from the pan with a flat knife, so that the uncooked center may run through. If more butter is needed add it little by little. When the omelet is set brown and roll it. This omelet is particularly nice spread with jelly or with chopped pineapple, rolled and sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Eggs baked in tomatoes make a slightly and tasty breakfast dish. Pick out apple shaped tomatoes, cut a thin slice from the top of each and scoop out enough of the pulp to leave a space that will admit an egg. Season the cavities with salt and pepper and drop an egg into each. Cover the bottom of a pan with hot water, put the tomatoes into it, and bake about fifteen minutes. Season with butter and serve the tomatoes on toast, garnished with parsley.

Eggs may also be baked in green peppers. Cut the stem from the end of each, so that the pepper will stand firmly. From the small end remove a slice and take out the seeds. Then boil the peppers just long enough to make them a little tender but not too soft to stand up. Drain them, brush the inside of each with melted butter, sprinkle it with salt and drop an egg into it. Bake in a pan with a little hot water until the eggs are set. Serve on toast.

French poached eggs are a breakfast dainty. Poach the eggs and have slices of crisp bacon. Put a slice or two of the bacon on a piece of hot buttered toast and a poached egg on that. Turn over the whole a rich cream sauce. The powdered yolks of two or three eggs may be mixed with the sauce.

In the restaurant delicately fried eggs served in individual baking dishes with little sausages and a tomato sauce are known as "Spanish eggs." Put the tomato puree into the bottom of the dish, on it arrange the fried egg, and around the egg put a little sausage and a slice of crisp bacon. A slice of broiled tomato served on scrambled eggs over hot buttered toast not only looks attractive but is toothsome.

Egg and tomato scallop may appear for luncheon. Make a mixture of a cupful of canned tomatoes, half a cupful of cracker crumbs, a teaspoonful of butter melted, two saltspoonfuls of sugar and salt and pepper to taste. Butter individual ramekins and fill them two-thirds full of the mixture. On the top of each break an egg, season with salt and dots of butter and bake until the egg is set. Send to the table very hot.

To stuff eggs for a picnic luncheon or for a home luncheon or supper, boil the eggs for ten minutes. Then peel, cut in half and remove the yolks without breaking the whites. Rub the yolks to a cream with melted butter and season them with chopped chow-chow, pepper and salt, moistening them with mustard sauce from the chow-chow bottle. Fill the mixture into the whites. If the eggs are to be taken on a picnic, put the two halves of each egg in waxed paper, and for a home use, wrap the filling and round it nicely over the top, cut a thin slice from the bottom of the egg so it will stand, and arrange the halves on a bed of green salad—either lettuce or cress.

Stuffed eggs may be served as an entree at dinner or a substantial luncheon by covering a deep platter-shaped dish with a rich, thick, white mushroom sauce and arranging the halves of the eggs in it. To make the sauce, allow two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour to a cupful of rich milk. After the sauce is made season it with salt and pepper and add a small bottle of button mushrooms cut small. Scald all together. Serve the dish cold. A delicious sandwich for the veranda tea or picnic luncheon is filled with hard-boiled eggs and olives, both chopped as fine as possible. Cream the two together with melted butter, and season with salt and a trace of paprika. Pimientos may be added.

This is the way to devil eggs: Boil six eggs hard, and when they are cool take off the shells, cut them in halves crosswise and take out the yolks without breaking the whites. Rub the yolks to a cream with the same butter, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham or tongue and season with salt and paprika. Fill the mixture into the whites and serve on a green salad.

To prepare an egg salad, slice cold boiled eggs and arrange them on a bed of lettuce. Dress with oil, onion juice, minced parsley and aromatic vinegar.

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