

Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

"A WOMAN'S WOMAN"

N the general criticism to which we all subject others, and to which we ourselves are in turn subjected, it is not unusual to hear a woman described as a "woman's woman."

While each sex is undoubtedly the best judge of its own members, it is however, more than doubtful whether any woman would ever really feel flattered at hearing herself thus described. For one thing the phrase suggests that her popularity is confined to her own sex. Gratifying as the universal admiration of her fellow women may be the female has yet to be born to whom the undying devotion of even one man would not possibly prove more sustaining. At the same time it must be admitted that the description like that of a "man's woman" is misleading, giving as it does the impression that men and women do not like the same type of woman—nothing could of course be more absurd, for while there are a certain number of women who are conspicuous for the fact that they are only appreciated by men and others who appeal only to their own sex, the really popular woman is equally popular with both sexes. It is of course commonly supposed that jealousy is the cause of the average woman's dislike of the "man's woman."

This however, is not the case. The "man's woman" is disliked by her own sex simply because she is a fool, and there is nobody so unpopular in feminine society as a fool. Everybody is down on her, even her fellow fools being only sorry for her. And when one woman is "sorry for" another, it can only mean one thing—that is—there is nothing to be feared from her.

The first thing to the other hand which a clever woman bent on social success does is to ingratiate herself with other women, especially with married ones. She knows that the amount of male admiration will avail her anything unless backed up with feminine approval. Though women, as a rule, like having pretty and attractive women friends there is no doubt that a great deal of consolation is to be derived from the possession of at least one sufficiently dowdy and dull to ally the inherent suspiciousness with which the membership of the female sex usually regard each other. One friend of this description indeed, is indispensable to a woman. She may be a bore, on the other hand her very lack of imagination is one of the greatest assets she possesses in attracting the friendship of other women, for it means that she will never criticize men, and only a woman knows the relief of feeling herself in the presence of another woman who will not pick her to pieces the moment her back is turned. The worst of the "woman's woman" is that she is surrounded by impossible females, and when she marries—as of course she frequently does—her house immediately becomes an asylum for all the "poor things" of her acquaintance. Nothing but the most exquisite and much as the number of strange females to be found hanging round her neck at odd times, and nothing scares men more from their homes than a bevy of plain, but affectionate spinners who are always to be found seated round the drawing room of the "woman's woman" at tea time.

At the same time, in a way, there is no doubt a natural suspicion attaches to the woman without feminine friends. Women, if bad judges of men are seldom wrong in their estimate of other women, and if they are inclined to be harder on each other than a man would be, on the other hand, they are so easily provoked that a woman who is unpopular with her own sex has really only her own tactlessness to blame.

In nine cases out of ten her unpopularity is simply due to the fact that she does not consider it worth her while to obtain the goodwill of her own sex and that she cannot resist parading her triumphs over her less successful sisters.

The really popular woman on the other hand, is always considerate towards other women, and in a thousand little ways promotes that feeling of satisfaction with themselves without which they will only feel jealous of her. She invariably makes a point of telling them how they look and what they wear, and ears some flattering remark she has just heard made about them. So long as a woman of this type keeps the members of her own sex in good humor with themselves, so long will she keep their good will towards her and so prove her superiority not only over the "man's woman" but the "woman's woman."

FASHION'S FANCIES

Shepherd's plaid always seems to recur every autumn with a regularity that is most pleasing to those who appreciate this extremely useful and generally becoming material. An exception however should be made to the latter qualification, for a good complexion is essential to the wearer of so severe a contrast of black and white. Given that condition, most women look their best in a check of this type. It may be embellished with a collar of black satin and innumerable little buttons of the same set very close together. The skirt of the costume is of the same material, and the bodice is of a contrasting color, the sign of any diminution of favor, the only question is to see that they are of the right kind, and put on in the correct manner. Of course, as a rule, they have obviously been specially made for the particular costume.

The newest tweeds are either very rough or like a smooth cloth with a faint diagonal line. If our choice must rest on something which will have to do for town wear, one of the latter fabrics is, of course, most suitable. But for the girl who wants a knock about costume, a rough tweed gown is a very desirable possession. It is true that even the most conservative houses are making models of coats that illustrate various passing fashions in the suits actually bought and worn by their customers show very little variation year after year.

I have just heard of a charming and attractive afternoon gown carried out in a pale green cloth. The skirt was made as though it buttoned up on either side with flat, satin buttons, and the bodice had a tiny cravat wear of fine lace with a little gold stitchery introduced here and there. These elusive touches of metallic thread are certainly very effective. The only trimming to this gown was an applique of cloth in a design borrowed from oak leaves. The subject of tea gowns is always absorbing at this time of the year and both crepe and soft satin can be brought into service. Nylon and chiffon of good quality are still as much used as ever in the evening and I have seen a most charming lace coat made out of the remains of a lace robe which met with an accident in the front width.

The prettiest of the lace coats for indoor afternoon wear have a wide sash which carries the back up fairly high waisted, passes beneath the immediate front and then descends down the skirt in long ends. It is easy enough to get some lace for the sleeves, which will accord with the rest of the design, and another lovely model in the way of a coat which took my fancy very much, was a long coat laid down in long tufts of small pink ribbon, which had a touch of cerise colored satin and a collar or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a stole of silver embroidery. People sometimes forget that we live in an age when we can wear exactly what we please, and that it is a successful result—skirts are cut on the straight and on the cross, and the same may be said of sleeves and bodices, and what with added hems and wide insertions, and the other vagaries of fashion, we are enabled to do many things which would have been quite impossible a short time back.

In Paris the rage is all for classical draperies composed of long scarves which are draped round the hips and held together by a knot in front. These draperies, of course only look well when composed of transparents, such as tulle, Grecque, and it is quite evident that whatever may be said to the contrary, which is best known as the classical vogue will dominate the fashions of the immediate future.

HOW TO BE POPULAR

There are not so very many keys upon this bunch! One of the most successful is the power of telling good stories. The plainest woman, or the most insignificant of men is welcome if he, or she, is an amusing raconteur.

Look out upon society and see how the gift is a perfect "open sesame" to every door! A simple enough accomplishment—this of story-telling—so one would imagine. But it is not so. Good story-tellers are as rare as prima donnas. The role simply bristles with difficulties. To begin with the story-telling talent—this of course we must be born with—has to be accompanied by tact, or we shall tell our best stories at the wrong time and place. After having embarked on an anecdote to change it or cut it short from a feeling "It won't do here," requires more readiness than most of us possess.

Freshness must be aimed at though nothing but constant practice keeps the hand in. A good memory is indispensable—so is imagination to clothe the naked fact and make it lively. Words must be few, and side issues resolutely barred. Above all the point must not miss fire by a hair's breadth.

The most terrible thing that can possibly happen to a story-teller is to forget the point at the last moment, perhaps when a roomful of people or a whole dinner party are anxiously awaiting the climax!

Nothing but an earthquake can save the situation! In story-telling there is no such thing as mediocrity. Either you are a distinct success or a dead failure! But you may succeed in different ways. If a woman you may pick up odds and ends of funny things for what they are worth. You may weave little stories out of them—not good enough to keep—but first rate for immediate use.

They are "morning gathered" as it were and have the sparkle of champagne. This is where women excel. In all other respects women are not half as good at the game as men are.

Men's stories are better told as a rule and have more point. So they should, for men have wider opportunities for anecdote-collecting. They are much more in the habit of telling stories to each other too, and so they get more practice. On the other hand men are far more prone to tell the same tale twice than women. It is seldom that you hear a "chestnut" from a woman.

The line that divides the bore from the successful story-teller is so fine that one cannot be surprised if sometimes it disappears altogether. The bright key may turn rusty and crack in the lock, better throw it away altogether, in good time.

There are one or two rules for story-tellers. They must not giggle while telling their stories. Afterwards they may giggle as much as they like, or make some remark such as "Isn't it funny?" which seems to put everybody in a good mood and ready for the next "sally." They must keep their temper under the most exasperating contradiction, and smile blandly at the oblivious listener who insists on correcting details.

A pleasant face and manner are great helps, or in men a quietly serious face.

People are amused. A well-dressed pretty woman who has the knack of story-telling is more certain to draw at an amateur concert or entertainment than any singer or musician.

Remember Schopenhauer and not long afterwards Beethoven. The power of mimicry and making up droll stories. With all her faults she was entertaining. In short good story-tellers greatly add to their popularity in life, and richly deserve the popularity they get.

THE ART OF COOKING

How to Cook a Cutlet

"When in doubt play trumps" used to be the motto of the good housewife. It is certainly true, when what was the fashionable pastime of the day. "When in doubt order cutlets" might well be the motto of the modern housekeeper, when she is in that state of mind bordering on despair, which all housewives know so well.

Who amongst us does not know the vain longing that someone might "invent a new animal" when repeating vaguely to oneself "beef, mutton, veal, pork, oh what shall we eat?" and then, after a long and regular turn during the last fortnight and there seems nothing else left?

Then, say I, in such moments, fall back on cutlets. There seems to be no end to the variety of ways in which they may be served, but unfortunately, although it is really an everyday sort of dish it is very seldom properly prepared, and it is by no means an inexpensive luxury when ordered from the butcher as "cutlets" and not as it should be, in the round.

There is quite an art in trimming a cutlet, but once the process is thoroughly grasped it presents but few difficulties.

First of all when ordering cutlets, always see that the neck of mutton is properly hung, and have the chine bone, that is the top of the ribs, removed by the butcher, as then the joint can be easily divided into cutlets by simply cutting along the backbone. Each bone with a sharp strong knife. If however, the neck of mutton is a large one the line of the bone should be followed allowing a small margin all round, and thus leaving a boneless piece of meat between every two cutlets.

There are always seven cutlets in a neck of mutton, so if more are required these boneless pieces of meat can be trimmed and served alternately with the cutlets proper.

Take each cutlet separately, place it on a wetted meat board, and with a wetted knife or even a wetted rolling pin beat it into shape so as to make the meat level with the bone.

Then trim off all superfluous fat and skin; put the point of the knife in just where the lean meat really ends, cut right down to the bone, cutting away everything down to the tip, and scrape the bone quite clean.

When the cutlets are all trimmed chop the bones to an equal length, and then the cutlets are ready for use. But as well as neck cutlets there are loin cutlets or noisettes, which are certainly simpler, but not quite even more careful trimming to make them shapely, and not merely unsatisfactory "chops." Remove the meat whole from the loin, and divide this into cutlets of the desired thickness.

If the loin has been already jointed, free each cutlet from the bone, in either case trim off all superfluous fat, roll and fasten with a skewer; this skewer is taken out before serving.

Sometimes the bone is removed from the cutlets proper when they too are served as noisettes. Never on any account order ready trimmed chops or cutlets from the butcher.

This is a most extravagant course; instead order the whole loin or neck, as the scraps end answers admirably for haricot, Irish stew, hot-pot, Scotch broth, etc.

Lamb cutlets are usually treated exactly the same as mutton. Veal cutlets are usually cut from a fillet of veal and should not be more than half as large again as a dollar piece. The best end of the neck may however be used. Pork cutlets are obtained from the best end of the neck, trimmed neatly with a margin of about half an inch of fat all round. Below I append some excellent recipes for cutlets. But first I must tell you

How to Lard Cutlets

Cut some strips of fat bacon of a size to fit the large end of a larding needle; push the point of the needle into the meat, holding the other end firmly, about 1/2 inch deep, and bring out the point about two inches away, draw it through leaving a piece of bacon at each end, take the next piece through about one inch apart and so on. Trim the ends of the bacon neatly.

Cutlets Sautes (Hot)

Have ready a well buttered saute pan, lay the cutlets in this, taking care not to let them touch one another, pour a little wine over them, season with pepper and salt. Cover with a buttered paper. Place

the pan on a clear fire, and turn occasionally. They must be very carefully cooked.

Stewed Cutlets (Hot)

Grease a pan well and line it with sliced vegetables, a small slice of ham, or bacon, and salt and pepper to taste. Lay the cutlets in this, and let them fry for a few moments until the vegetables begin to brown, then pour in just enough stock to cover them and cover up the pan and simmer slowly for about an hour. Arrange in a pile of cooked carrots, and pour the gravy round, and serve very hot.

Fried Cutlets (Hot)

Egg and breadcrumb some cutlets, place in a frying basket, and fry in an ample quantity of clarified fat for about 15 minutes. Let them drain and serve on a hot dish, on a border of mashed potato, tomato, French beans, etc.

Cutlets en Papillotes (Hot)

Spread some trimmed cutlets with a purée of pate de foie gras. Oil some oval pieces of kitchen paper, fold one neatly over each cutlet and broil. Serve in their papers. (These are very good indeed, and if foie gras is unobtainable or not liked, a purée of mushrooms, tomato, onions, or potted ham may be used.)

Spiced Cutlets (Hot)

Have ready some cutlets. Mix together one tablespoonful of minced savory herbs, four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of parsley, the same of minced shallots, one tablespoonful of grated lemon peel, and pepper and salt to taste. Dip the cutlets in clarified dripping, then into beaten egg yolk, then in the above mixture. Fry a nice golden brown, and serve with a good brown sauce.

Fricasseed Cutlets (Hot)

Flour some cutlets lightly. Fry a sliced Spanish onion, and three or four tomatoes seasoned with pepper and salt, then put in the cutlets and fry till nicely browned; remove them and then place another saucepan with the tomatoes. Strain the gravy from the onions, etc., thicken with a little flour, and cook for ten minutes. Have ready some nicely browned rice, pile this up in the centre of a dish, arrange the cutlets round it, and pour the gravy round them.

Mutton Cutlets for an Invalid (Hot)

Cut three nice cutlets, trim them especially carefully. Tie all three together with one outer one, project rather. Broil over a clear fire till the outer ones are burnt; the middle one will then be ready and may be served with a little potato snow, or spinach or artichoke purée.

Cutlets a la Reforme (Hot)

Have ready some fresh breadcrumbs and finely chopped ham, season the cutlets with pepper and salt, dip in beaten egg, dip in breadcrumbs and then in the ham, fry in oil or a little butter. Meanwhile, cut into neat strips one slice of ham, the white of one hard boiled egg, some gherkins, a truffle, heat these in a pan with a little good stock, drain the cutlets and lay them on a platter, pour the sauce over them. With them serve Reforme sauce which is made as follows: Melt a piece of butter, add to this a teaspoonful of flour, and stir till it just begins to brown slightly, add a little of good stock, two or three cloves, three or four peppercorns, a very thin slice of tongue, a sprig of parsley and a bay leaf and season with salt. Boil this sauce for ten minutes, then skim well, and add a small winged salt of pork-bell well for ten minutes more, strain and use.

Note: This dish makes a very good entrée at a smart dinner party.

Cutlets a la Souffle (Hot)

Roll some cutlets, and serve on a wall of mashed potato with Souffle Sauce which is made as follows: Blanch two medium onions in salted boiling water, drain them and chop up finely. Put this on again with one ounce of butter or clarified dripping and cook till quite tender but do not let it color. Take the pan off the fire, stir in two glasses of white sauce, boil up skimming it well. Boil it again to reduce it and pass it through a sieve, repeat adding at the last a spoonful of cream which preserves the whiteness of the sauce. This makes another good entrée.

Cutlets a la Bretonne (Hot)

The same as above only the sauce is allowed to brown. Cutlets can be served in a variety of ways by varying the sauces and garnishes. For example:

Cutlets a la Financiere (Hot)

are simply broiled or breadcrumb cutlets, served with a Financiere garnish which can be bought in bottles.

Veal Cutlets (Hot)

Dip some neatly trimmed veal cutlets in egg and breadcrumbs, fry a golden brown and serve on a wall of mashed potatoes with nicely fried rolls of bacon and a good sauce, made by diluting some brown veal stock made from the veal trimmings poured round them.

Veal Cutlets au Gratin (Hot)

Sprinkle some cutlets on both sides with salt and pepper, and a little slice of bacon, also a little shallot, a little tarragon, and parsley, mix it well together with a raw egg. Spread this farce on to each cutlet and brush over with some egg yolk. Butter a baking dish, lay the cutlets in this with a little pepper and salt, place the cutlets in this with a little egg of stock, and bake till nicely cooked, when the stock, etc., will be almost all absorbed.

Pork Cutlets (Hot)

Cut as many as you want from the best end of neck and trim them. Roll over a clear fire from 15 to 18 minutes as they must be well cooked, and serve with tomato, apple or any rather sharp hot sauce.

SMALL TALK

The question of matrimony is always interesting, and it is always a marvel why so many people do marry one another!

Some folks—as sages have remarked, seem born to be loved or hated, but the generality of mankind is of such negative excellence that it must be propinquity solely that persuades Mr. Brown to lay his heart and his fortune at his lady's feet. Beauty may be vain, but I cannot help thinking that some of the unfortunate alliances one hears about would be less unfortunate if the pair could only have a little more care and trouble to preserve her appearance as the years roll on.

Some men are absolutely blind to appearances and never have the vaguest notion whether the wife who adorns their table looks pretty or ugly. I have even known a wretched man who had been told by his sister that he did not pay enough attention to his pretty wife's appearance, or take a sufficiently intelligent interest in her endeavor to compensate for the error of his ways by congratulating her in a studied and effusive manner on her smart appearance, when she was really wearing a frock in which she had adorned society for the last three years, and an ancient hat which had graced all too many assemblies.

Such farcapes as these are really unpardonable, and since, in spite of the preachers, we have, not altogether eradicated vanity, I wish something could be done to alter matters! The youthful husband of a summer dress his wife an angel and probably tells her so, but it is after the first enthusiasm has fallen off, that the draggle-tailed appearance is apt to begin. I see no reason why wives should always save their old clothes for home consumption, or imagine for a single moment that all men enter the world with a single mind to do nothing of the sort. Loveliness may not need the foreign aid of ornament, but I very much doubt if there are ten women of our acquaintance who

can afford to disregard their frocks and appearance generally.

It is very difficult to look nice always, and so much depends upon the mood of the hour. On Monday it may require a stupendous effort to do one's hair nicely and put on one's clothes with care and success, and may require when everything seems extremely bright and happy, a successful appearance will be achieved with the aid of the oldest frock in the wardrobe. But Nemesis pursues us relentlessly if ever we let ourselves dress in a slovenly manner, and who knows what the fates ever have in store for any of us?

I never admire the terribly masculine young woman with the stiff linen collar and the intimidating expression, yet really I think she is preferable to the girl who never by any chance wears spotlessly clean attire. A girl who makes a muddle of her wardrobe will probably do the same with her house, and the assistant young man who is wise enough to recognize the fact may seem unromantic at the time, but is to be congratulated. Romance is a thing which is bound to disappear under the constant pressure of bad and inefficient housekeeping, and the perennial mutton chop with a clunder in the gravy, and a table presided over by a dowdy wife.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

A Man's Room

Just as every small builds his house to suit himself, so every man should be allowed to furnish his own den after his own fashion.

The average married man is condemned to live in a "mist" room, in which he never feels really at home.

When he enters double harness he furnishes it, perhaps like a glorified office, roll top desk, revolving chair, a solid, sturdy useful table, good reading lamp, and everything practical and workaday. And then his wife comes along and decides that it isn't homelike and cosy. So she volunteers to give it a few "comfortable woman touches."

Lace chair backs and cushions are lavished round, much to her husband's annoyance, though he doesn't like to hurt her feelings and to criticize. But in private he says a good deal about the confounded macassars which hang on to his shoulders and coat tails with the pertinacity of the Old Man of the Sea, whenever he gets out of his comfortable arm chair.

A man of simple practical tastes, he wanted a plain hermit-like room, nevertheless he is obliged to inhabit a fussy, feminine room decorated like a wedding cake with ribbons and bows. The keynote of the average bachelor's room is comfort—everything for use, but nothing in what a woman calls its "right place." The ladies he asks to lunch or tea, long to "tidy" his den in general, re-arrange and dust his pipe rack and sort the miscellaneous collection of tobacco pouches, photographs, letters, match boxes, ash trays and odds and ends on the mantle piece.

But he knows exactly where to lay his hands on anything he wants at a particular moment; the room suits him, his chair stands exactly where he wants it, he has taught him they ought to be. The furniture is not arranged to suit other people, or to conform to fashion and convention.

It is for his own use and pleasure! "I could make it look so pretty" sigh the girls who would like to manage both the bachelor and his surroundings for the rest of his life.

But he has no wish to live in a "pretty" room—comfort, convenience and suiting himself are the foundations of the living room of the everyday sensible man.

"Variety undergirds, young Guardsman, musician, or artist sometimes affect a florid style of furnishing. They pride themselves on a "color scheme." Collection crazes leave their mark on the room of an artistically-minded man.

There are first editions in plain substantial book cases lining the room. On the walls are horned beasts as wild as some of the living creatures of the Apocalypse. A fisherman dearly loves to have a few of his favorite flies in evidence in his den, the golfer frames caricatures of links celebrities for the decoration of his walls, a cricketer, billiard-player or motorist delights to surround himself with reminders of his hobbies.

Left to himself, nearly every man contrives to make his own room characteristic of himself, his pursuits and amusements. The reason why so many men achieve such ugly, unsuitable and un-individual rooms is that nearly all of them are obliged to conform to a good woman's ideal of the kind of room a man likes. Somebody in skirts, even if it be only a landlady or a maid-of-all-work, conspires to keep a man's room "tidy" and all the character of it is promptly stamped out.

Little girls are allowed a voice in the decoration of their own bed-rooms, but boys are "broken in" very early—like young colts to the fact that a light femine rein is going to be kept over their room. They learn that no "litter" will be allowed and anything left about will be ruthlessly "tidied" away into drawers and cupboards.

Consequently though many of them know how very well the kind of room a man likes, they realize that a woman mostly has the casting vote in the kind of room a man shall be allowed to have!

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

Mr. Paul Woodroffe has made a series of beautiful color illustrations for an edition of Shakespeare's "Tempest" which has just been published (Messrs. Chapman and Hall). The book is a beautiful and fairy fantasy and deep allegorical suggestion of the "Tempest" have never been so exquisitely rendered. The songs in the play have been set to music by Mr. Joseph Morant.

Mme. Modjeska has written her "Memories and Impressions" in two volumes. The first deals with her life in Poland, where her friends included Paderewski, the De Reszkes, and Skieniewski, the author of "Quo Vadis." The second volume tells of Mme. Modjeska's early life in America. She did not go there in the first place to act but as the leader of a group of Poles who hoped to establish a new Utopia in California.

Mr. Fisher Unwin published last month a new novel by Mr. W. H. Williams entitled "The Prince's Marriage." The story depicts in a veiled way the short and brilliant career of the late Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. It does not pretend to be an historical novel, but many of the incidents are sufficiently true to fact. A love story at once poignant and natural, woven with the Prince's career, and the plotting against the Prince because of his good ruling of his adopted country is seen in its nakedness and thrilling development.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish Mrs. Coulson Ker's new novel "The Sin of Gabrielle." It shows how the life of a man of high ideals may be wrecked by the artifices of a beautiful but unscrupulous woman.

Mr. Murray will shortly publish "The Waters of Jordan," by Horace Annesley Vachell. "The Waters of Jordan" as the title indicates is a story of the regeneration of a strong and lovable man who has fallen low by the seduction of a woman of high intelligence, the sinner's struggles to rise to higher things. In its general scope and treatment this novel will recall a former book of Mr. Vachell's—"Brothers." The scene is

laid in London and the New Forest, and its publication should prove one of the events of the season.

Another interesting novel which Mr. Murray promises is "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly" by Mrs. L. Allen Harker. Readers of "Paul and Flametia" will expect to find in a new novel by Mrs. Harker originality, refinement, and a true sense of humor, and they will not be disappointed in "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly." The accomplished Oxford Don, who had to retire from the world in consequence of an inefficient tendency to drink, and takes refuge as a guest in the house of Miss Esperance, on the shores of the Firth of Forth is a well drawn and a true character as is his delightful and well bred hostess. The death of a nephew of Miss Esperance involves the couple in the charge of two high-spirited boys aged two and six respectively and the education of these "pickles"—on the education of the educators—is a fresh theme admirably worked out.

POETICAL CLIPPINGS

"Seventy" and "Seven"

"What does my darling say?
"Seventy years of age today,
Please, Grace, excuse me and play
Down in the glen!"
Nay! I'm too weak and old;
Seventy long years have rolled;
Most of life's tale is told—
Three score and ten!

"Once I could romp and run,
Eager like you for fun;
Powers called me one by one,
Scarce know I when.
Youth, you will find, will flee;
You, too, may live to be—
Three score and ten!"

"Ah! how I love to trace
A year in your childish face
One who held the foremost place
In my heart then!
Child of my child, mine own,
Oh, how the years have flown,
Leaving me so alone—
Three score and ten!"

"Bright are your baby eyes,
Blue as the baby's sky,
Something within them lies
Past human ken;
Priceless beyond compare!
Keep it troth and fair!
Grant that it still be there—
At three score and ten."

Rev. I. Hudson, M.A., in "The Gentlewoman."

Light of My Life

Wake, Light of my life,
Why tumbler thou?
The night's soft skies
With radiance glow—
The roses are gemmed
With bright, frosty dew,
But my lone heart sighs,
My sweetheart, for you.

Wake, Light of my life,
Yonder fair star
Is beaming on us—
In blue skies afar!
And on silver clouds
The stars are shining—
Wake, Light of my life,
Soothe my heart's unrest.

Wake, Light of my life,
A rose-kiss of dew
The shy zephyrs wait
To wait on you!
The soft, sweet sighs
With love from me
Will rest on your lips
Long and tenderly.

Oh, Light of my life,
From her shy dreaming
Zephyrs have awakened.
Her eyes love-beaming,
She lifts to my sight
With lips smiling apart—
Ah, Light of my life,
Take me now to your heart!

—Augusta Wall.

The Land of Any-How

Beyond the Isle of What's-the-Use,
Where Elphinstone Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The Land of Any-How.

Don't care was king of all this realm,
A cruel king was he,
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would slight
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He said, "Don't rebel! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow!"

But when in after life they longed
To make proud Fortune bow,
He let them find that Fate men smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long way on
From Land of Any-How!

Love's Springtide

My heart was winter-bound until
I heard you sing:
O voice of Love, hush not, but fill
My life with spring!

My hopes were homeless things before
I saw your eyes;
O smile of Love, close not the door
To paradise!