

her boarders as the entering wedge for universal laxity, but she is not compelled to regard them as being pledged to a hand-to-hand conflict with her in which she is obliged, for the sake of perpetuity, to conquer. This style of woman is usually spare and active, quick of eye and foot, arranging household matters with care and orderliness, attending to business affairs with intelligence and promptness. Yet when she is the loser peculiarly by some unavoidable mischance, she is seldom pitied, for she does not attract sympathy. In her early days of struggling she does not hesitate to comment impressively at table on the high price of aliment furnished to avid boarders. In carving and serving, she has been known to mark the difference between those of prompt and tardy pay. There is a speculative and unpleasant glitter, as of calculated profit and loss, with which she views any unusual consumption of viands. The necessity of thriving does not teach her tact, and her special distaste to certain individuals is unconcealed. With her young women boarders she is censorious, commenting freely on hours which she thinks late, or on suspected flirtatious tendencies. Unlike the landlady previously discussed, she has a profound distrust of human nature, justified, possibly, by her experience: she looks with open scorn on romance or sentiment. She has a piano as a concession to a general weakness: but it is not to be practised on and only to be opened at limited and stated times. And she gives prompt notice to anyone who uses a musical instrument in his bedroom, or who smokes anywhere near her drapery curtains. It is regarded by some as the only mitigating circumstance to the severities of this house that she refuses to admit children.

Appearing thus as a sort of dragon, it may naturally be wondered at that she has guests at all, unless the proverb, *de gustibus*, be called to mind. But there are people who willingly endure rigidity, sharpness and sparseness, when combined with regularity and neatness. There are people who prefer a house whence children are excluded. There are people who do not care to play on a musical instrument, or even to hear one. There are people who do not wish to flirt. There are people who would like those amusements, languidly, but finding themselves in a groove are too indolent to get out of it. Lastly, the people whose means compel them to choose such an abiding place are usually busy men and women whose vocations lying outdoors a large part of their time, care little about the few hours spent within, solacing themselves for the numerous domestic shortcomings by dreams of better arrangements in the more prosperous future.

About this landlady, such as she is, there are two traditions more or less supported. One is that she marries among her boarders more frequently than any other landlady, the reason assigned being that finding himself hopelessly in her debt, rather than confront the terrors of her voice and frown, the man compromises in this manner. Of course, this does not apply to an expert knight of industry, who would smoothly and dexterously extricate himself and be heard of no more. But a timid man, after one or two paralyzing interviews, might see no other way but to marry her and thereafter run errands and carry the matutinal market basket to and fro. The other tradition, sounding perhaps more incredible, is that under her sharp face and manner there remains something human and pitiful, discoverable by the few who have cared to pierce through the crust formed by hard experiences and conditions of life not much more enjoyable than a galley-slave's.

Of the landlady as a lodging-house keeper, such as one finds in the pages of Dickens, or actually meets in an idle, purposeless, rambling, delightful month or two in London, our metropolis presents but few, this quaint type being exotic. Her peculiarities would hardly flourish or long survive, even if transplanted, the half-humorous, half-impatient American temperament ill enduring a too rampant or aggressive individuality in those who serve it. A landlady who helped herself habitually to his tea and jam, who had a fixed and well-authenticated habit of listening at key-holes, who sampled his spirit-flask to an extent which induced her to insist upon sitting in his room and helping to entertain—incoherently—his callers, would not long keep the meekest of American lodgers under her roof. Saul such a one, breezily, some time ago to a young lady travelling in England: "I suppose as 'ow you've come over 'ere to 'unt up a 'usband?" and had no idea she had offended, being obsequious to the point of servility.

On the other hand, visitors in our city looking for suitable quarters have their own criticisms to make. An Englishwoman, during a recent visit to New York, went, accompanied by an American friend, on a tour of inspection, with a view to securing pleasant rooms for the Winter. They had seen many undesirable ones, when they chanced upon a landlady more than usually untidy, not to say slatternly, as were her belongings. After fluent dissertation on the merits of these, she paused and observed sharply: "You ladies don't seem to have nothing to say." "Oh, yes," replied the Englishwoman, calmly, "I was just about to say that I did not know which to call the nastier, you or your rooms."

Among the less pretentious class of landladies, there are many whose inoffensive eccentricities appeal to the humorist. Such a one always recommended fruit of domestic canning as being "horizontally sealed with my own hands." She pronounced either and neither, "eyether and nyether," as the very acme of elegance, and complimented her most admired boarder as "a perfect Apollyon." She had a big black dog trained to fetch and carry, and would say with entire unconsciousness: "Oh, either Cesar or Billy (her husband) can run with it for you." Her clarion tones rang through the house on Mondays giving the command: "Jemima, accumulate the towels and table-linen!"

The said Jemima, a maid of African descent, was at times her closest confidante, at others berated with bitterest reproach as "a black scorpion." So common, indeed, was this term of odium, that graceless boarders were wont to call her place "The Scorpion's Nest." She told one of these that his singing was "fit for the spears," which he pretended to construe as akin to the famous: "Do not shoot the pianist. He is doing his best;" but which, there is evidence to prove, really meant the heavenly spheres. In fine, her blunders were a perpetual delight, not unmingled with derision, until a few of the deriders came in sickness to taste of her kindness and her beef tea, after which gratitude and liking tempered and mellowed their amusement.

They saw, as all must, that the Landlady, with other orders of womanhood, is not all good nor all bad; not all pleasant nor all repellent; not a friend, possibly, yet not necessarily an armed adversary from whom all comforts must be wrested. And she certainly seems to be, while human fortune is so unequal and until Utopian dreams of a vast co-operative housekeeping system are realized, a necessity—at least, in a hungry, struggling, overcrowded metropolis.

DESCRIPTION OF FIGURE SHOWN ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

FIGURE D 73.—This consists of a Ladies' cape and skirt. The cape pattern, which is No. 9377 and costs 1s. or 25 cents, is in eight sizes for ladies from thirty to forty-four inches, bust measure, and may be seen again on page 391. The skirt pattern, which is No. 9289 and costs 1s. 6d. or 35 cents, is in nine sizes for ladies from twenty to thirty-six inches, waist measure.

There is an air of refinement and good style about this toilette. The cape is pictured made of velvet with plaitings of chiffon and jet gimp for decoration, and the skirt is made of cloth and trimmed with velvet ribbon, dainty buckles catching the center of the ribbon bows. The cape has long, narrow tab fronts and on the shoulders the fronts are joined to a narrow yoke that forms the upper part of the back. A broad double box-plait is arranged at the center in the lower

part of the back and the circular sides fall in deep, outstanding flutes. A large, smooth, fancy collar bordered with plaitings of chiffon set on under a row of gimp gives an elaborate air and a novel flaring collar rises high about the neck.

The seven-gored Princess skirt has a fan back.

So popular are the short, jaunty capes that stand out in flute-like folds that every available material is brought into requisition for them. Velvet and corded or brocaded silk for best wear and cloth suiting goods of novel weaves, cheviot and tweed for ordinary use are appropriate and the trimming may be rich or simple to harmonize with the fabric in the cape. The skirt may be of cloth, silk or velvet.

The felt hat is trimmed with velvet, a fancy buckle and feathers.