

owes its greatest debt of gratitude. Many distinguished writers and authors are now on its rolls.

One of Mrs. Lincoln's happiest journalistic hits was writing up ex-Senator Thurman and his "red bandana," when he was candidate for vice-president. The red bandana became a party color.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Lincoln must possess unusual strength of will to be able to accomplish so much. She is not only a good worker, but likes her "hours of ease." She has for many years received hosts of friends on Tuesdays during the society season. She is a dainty housekeeper, fond of being well and suitably dressed, and withal a genial hostess, making every one feel at ease in her presence. I happened to be present one evening at a literary gathering in her parlors, at which Olive Logan was the guest of honor and for the first time in Mrs. Lincoln's home. Turning to a lady who sat near her she said admiringly, "The home of an artist!" At that time Mrs. Lincoln's drawing-rooms were draped with maroon hanging and the walls covered with pictures or *souvenirs*.

Mrs. Lincoln's occasional "teas" are served in delicate bits of china, and in the dainty way that suits her style. The pretty writing-desk, the round table with papers, magazines and work-basket in loving proximity testify to her being an essentially domestic as well as a literary woman. Indeed she often surprises one with a bit of embroidery or sewing in hand. "She looketh well to the ways of her household also, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

During these recent years she has not been idle, but has devoted all her available time and strength to a work that would do credit to the brain and brawn of a man: "Central Figures in American Science," a book that is now almost ready for the publisher.

If Mrs. Lincoln ever carries out her idea of making a collection and selection of "Beech Leaves," they will be found to cover almost every event of prominence in social life at the capital for twenty years after the close of the war. I find one dated Saturday, May 25th, 1878, preceding the marriage of Lieutenant Hoxie and Vinnie Ream. She thus speaks of Vinnie's girlhood.

"Vinnie Ream was born in Madison, Wis. Her first brilliant success was in literature, for she won a prize in a class of five hundred young ladies when at Christian College, Missouri. She afterwards was the honored essayist of her class, her composition having the distinction of being published. Vinnie was once made May Queen and carried in triumph to her throne; so had the world by chance never had Vinnie, artist, as poet and writer Miss Ream might have won laurels."

I find this sentence at the head of a "Beech Leaf" which needs no date for it is as true this year as it was last or even twenty years ago:—

"The lights and shades of office-life are as variable as the officials who hold the balance of power evenly, until some 'sub' whose creed is red tape, winks at the scales and over they turn entirely on the wrong side, leaving justice in the lurch, and the 'sub' holding the reins. Recently while waiting for the benignant smile of a great official, a young man whose age I should judge was about twenty-two came in, and, placing a letter before the secretary, said, 'Mr. Secretary, just add your signature and it will settle that man's case. He has been hanging round here two months for an office; guess he's half-crazy anyhow by this time.' Without a moment's hesitation the official added his endorsement, when the man who had waited for weeks to get a chance to speak for himself, had his case 'settled.' The tears came to my eyes in spite of my efforts to crowd them back, when I thought of the man outside whose pale, pitiful face had such a look of misery, it was enough to make one's heart ache to see it."

How many such disappointed office or place seekers who still go away sorrowful of heart because lacking in "influence" enough to command attention without which "civil service examinations" are usually of but little avail.

The next "Leaf" I turn to relates to the scene immediately following the assassination of President Garfield, but as that is all painful history we will not quote now only this one:—

"It would not be possible to imagine a more exciting scene than was witnessed in any of the waiting-rooms or corridors of the White House, as people came and went, or lingered near the door of the bed-chamber, intense pain written on every face. My readers will pardon me if I introduce a rather mournful reminiscence of the President's inauguration—a gloomy inauguration as the Romans would have called it.

"As the grand cortege was returning from the Capital after the new President and ex-President were about midway between the Capital and the White House, I noticed a gap in the procession a short distance behind the carriage of the President. Suddenly there wheeled into the line a hearse. I threw up my hands in astonishment. 'There is a calamity for the White House.' I am not superstitious, but it was so strange a sight. There, amid waving banners and gaily-comparisined horses, while drums, and bands, and guns, and human shouts rent the air with joyous vibrations, moved solemnly the car of death, its plumage and drapery shivering with every pulsation and causing a shudder to run through all beholders. On no previous occasion have I seen the ensign of death obtrude itself among the myriad features of the inauguration triumphal procession. Of course this incident meant nothing; it could have no possible bearing upon the mournful event of July 2nd, but in retrospect it looms up with strange fancied significance."

Here is a "Leaf" that contains some interesting bits of information in regard to State dinners in the Presidential mansion:—

"The impression prevails in many parts of the country that the government has to bear all the expense of these dinner-parties and official entertainments given by the President. This is entirely erroneous. The President pays for every item of expense, the government only providing for the service, but this does not include the *chef* or steward, whom the President hires himself. People here sometimes complain because the President does not entertain

more, but I am of the opinion that dining from fifty to seventy guests every week or so is decidedly liberal. I could suggest but one worthy departure, and that would be to give the journalists and press people a dinner, but that of course his enemies would say he did for political effect."

The above extracts will serve to show why Mrs. Lincoln's "Beech Leaves" were so popular the world over. They told the story of official life as it appears in Washington, in a graceful and entertaining style that lifted those affairs above the commonplace. They were especially appreciated by ladies of leisure, who looked longingly forward to enjoying the kaleidoscopic life of a Washington winter sometime.

Mrs. Lincoln is very social in her nature. She attracts women to her through the bonds of sympathy, for her ear is ever open to the pitiful stories of women struggling to enter upon the inevitable trials and perils of a career. She is helpful in council and always encouraging. Out of her own hard struggle, where others failed, she has learned to know what is the heart of a brave and true woman, and to "lend a hand."

Mrs. Lincoln is a thoroughly loyal wife and a devoted mother. Having but one child, a son whom she idolizes, she could not but be good to one who is dear and essential to his happiness. She now also rejoices in being a grandmother. They dwell together under one roof in perfect domestic happiness. Time is beginning to scatter his frost upon Mrs. Lincoln's rippling hair, but we hope he will spare this courageous little woman, who is as good in friendship as other things, for many a year yet, to those who truly honor her. I could speak of close business connections existing between the writer and Mrs. Lincoln for some months, but it is only necessary to say, they ended as they began, in perfect peace, without the traditional "squabble" that women are supposed to get into whenever brought into close business or social relations.

Mrs. Lincoln, who is best known by the pen name of "Bessie Beech," has equal claims as poet, literateur and society woman.



Yours very truly,
Mrs. M. D. Lincoln
"Bessie Beech"

She is small and dainty, almost girlish in figure, and possesses a face, the delicacy of whose expression the accompanying picture utterly fails to bring out.

Notwithstanding the fact that Washington society is more open than any other to representatives of the Press, there are certain qualifications requisite to a successful social correspondent, without which it is useless to attempt an entrance into the penetralia of its social life. Mrs. Lincoln possesses these qualifications, and with them that essentially feminine love of pretty things to wear that so many of our society reporters, whether consciously or not, most inappropriately neglect. Since her youth Mrs. Lincoln has been a constant contributor to various newspapers throughout the country, beginning in her native place, Canandaigua, New York, and in the first prosperous years of her married life she found this experience of service to her when reverses and ill-health came upon her husband, compelling him to seek a milder climate than that of northern New York. It was then that they came to Washington to live, and Mrs. Lincoln took up the burden of the family support to share it equally with her husband. Her first reporting for metropolitan journals was done when ex-President and Mrs. Hayes gave their silver wedding. This was reported by her for the *New York Times* in 1878, and for the *New York Tribune* she reported subsequent official social events for the *New York Sun*.

Mrs. Lincoln's hair is becoming silvery white, but she still retains the sweetness of expression and the old-time prettiness that was characteristic of her when she was placed by Mrs. Fassett in her remarkable picture of the recount of the Electoral College, in the Tilden-Hayes election, that hangs in the Senate gallery. Mrs. Lincoln is at present engaged upon a biography of scientific men in America.

Mrs. Lincoln was solicited by Charles Wells Moulton to become one of the editors of *A Woman of the Century*, but ill health obliged her to decline the honor. She was appointed by the Universal Peace Union of America as delegate from Washington, D. C., to the International Peace Congress which met in Rome last November. She is the President of the American Society of Authors for Washington, D. C.; Vice-President of the Woman's International Press Federation and corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Press Association of Washington.

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Hon. Mrs. Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
" 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.
" 10—Agnes Knox, Toronto.
" 11—Maud Ogilvy.

Literature.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

The Arena And Woman's Cause.

We take pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been perfected for the publication of an elaborate symposium of *Woman's Club Life*, which will be a feature of the August *Arena*. Among a number of prominent women who will contribute to this symposium we take pride in mentioning:— I. May Wright Sewall; II. Mrs. H. M. Poole; III. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; IV. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith; V. Catherine Nobles; VI. Ellen M. Mitchell; VII. Mary E. Boyce; VIII. Louise Chandler Moulton. Other names will be announced later. The interest of this symposium will be deepened by the publication of several finely executed photogravures of leading spirits in women's club work.

AN article that will attract and interest all members of evangelistic organizations, is "The Christian Endeavor Movement" in the June *New England Magazine*, of Boston, Mass. It is written by three hands, and deals with the beginnings and methods and aims of the organization in a thoroughly comprehensive fashion. The President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Rev. Francis E. Clark, whose name is inseparably linked with the movement as the originator of it, opens with an account of "The Early Days of the Society." Amos R. Wells, the editor of the *Golden Rule*, the organ of the society, deals with it as "A New Religious Force," and touches upon its relation and helpfulness to the churches; and John Willis Baer, the Secretary of the Society, in "The Outlook and the Opportunity," describes the possible growth and future of the movement. The article is very fully illustrated with portraits of many of the trustees and with most of the presidents of the different state organizations. In fact every Christian Endeavorer will find the familiar faces of old friends there, no matter which part of this great country he or she may hold friends in.

This great movement from New England is fittingly present in this great *New England Magazine*.

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June, "John Gray; a Kentucky Tale of the Old Time," is by Jane Allen, who gives his readers a tender historical picture of the region named, singularly apart from anything written against a Kentucky background heretofore, yet brimming with local knowledge, and rivaling in its exquisite sympathy and touch all that the author has before produced. The peaceful theme of the tale, under Mr. Allen's own marked originality of handling, only serves to enhance the interest of the story.

MURAT HALSTEAD furnishes the *Journalist Series* with a paper on his "Early Editorial Experiences," that cannot attract a re-awakening interest in the series.

HON. JOHN JAMES INGALLS contributes an article on the West, entitled "Westward the Course, of Empire takes its Way," bearing the impress of the ex-Senator's powerful style.

IN the *Athletic Series*, Frederick Weir gives a careful paper on the game of La Crosse.

One of the most interesting articles in the number is Prof. John Bach McMaster's historical sketch of The Struggle for the West.

"The Great American Desert," by Wm. P. G. Shanks, gives an amount of information about the growth of the principal cities in that region which will be new and of keen interest to most readers. The department "As It Seems" is as Western in spirit as the entire number, and discusses *The West in Literature*, Mr. Allen, and his novel, "John Gray."

THE short stories of the number are by Maurice Thompson and Patience Stapleton. The poetry is contributed by James Whitcomb Riley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Susie M. Best, Robert Loveman, Carrie Blake Morgan, and St. George Best.

In Bed by That Time.

Sally Humstead. "New York is a terribly noisy place. I should think the noise of the milk carts rattling through the streets at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning would drive you nearly crazy."

Madison Squeers. "Oh, well, you see, most of us are in bed and asleep by that time."