



THE higher education of women means more for the future than all conceivable legislative reforms. Its influence does not stop with the house.

—David Jordan.

## The Domestic Adventures

By Joshua Dasakam Bacon  
(Continued from last week)

HE sold the picture very well, too, and gave Chloe a studio to celebrate. I made over a little lace jacket that she picked up at a really ridiculous bargain in one of the horrid Sixth Avenue places, as she calls them, and Anna Stuyvesant gave her a Virot hat that certainly suited her far better than it could ever have suited Mrs. Stuyvesant herself.

I couldn't get it. I was really too tired to bother with dressing, as any one will understand who has ever chased a Great Dane half over the town, and dried him, and then sustained him so that he wouldn't roll in the road too soon afterward. He belongs to Sabina, and has won a prize at the Madison Square dog show. I have often thought that Pluto was one of Sabina's chief reasons for coming into the country. A friend of hers kept him for a week; dog, the idea was, as some little village beyond Harlem, where Sabina could visit him often, but all he watched was the road to the station that Sabina came by, so the friend was quite willing to relinquish him. Sabina is terribly afraid somebody will steal him—he weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and has a voice like a foghorn—and at least once a week I have to go out late at night to see if he is still in his house. Mr. Ogden washed him for me, very kindly—Pluto likes him better than the old dorky who washes people's dogs. It is fifty cents a dog, but sixty-five for Pluto, because of his size. Mr. Ogden said it out of gratitude to me for having done Chloe's Angora cat the week before. That was with cornmeal and very fussy, and Diana of the Cross Ways disliked her very much. She was given to Chloe by a very elderly admirer, and she used to spend most of her time at the dog and cat hospital, at his expense, because the girls at Miss Mason's overfed her so. She has taken a great fancy to me, and seems to prefer me to Chloe, though she is so uncertain in temper that no one knows how long the preference will last. The country is very good for her, but she gets frightfully dirty, and Chloe can't bear to rub in the cornmeal. She offered to pay Mamie for doing it, but Mamie was afraid of cats, and wouldn't even feed her.

And yet that is the only thing that Mamie ever deliberately refused to do. She really had a very sweet disposition and I never expect to be met at the door with a more charming smile. She liked to sew, too, only she sewed very badly, and there would have been some satisfaction in seeing her with her sewing behind the vines on the side porch if she hadn't ruined everything she touched but dishes, and it was absurd to hem those

by hand, with a sewing machine in the house.

Another friend of Chloe's, a woman who makes photographic studies—that dim, artistic kind that always pleases the sitters so much till their friends catch them, who it is—made a big panel picture of Mamie framed in vines on the side porch, and won a prize with it. The prize was twenty-five dollars, and she got Mamie five, advised the girl to put it in the bank, but I afterward found out that she had bought ten copies of the art magazine in which the picture appeared, and sent them to her female, and the postage to Ireland was heavy.

I never thought that was very good for Mamie, particularly after the photographic woman posed her pulling out Sabina's breakfast chair, and opening the door to an imaginary guest with the Dutch silver car, to use her words, immunity from domestic litigation, suggested that it would be preferable if she had a conscious instinct for book agents. That was what bothered Sabina most, the calm, detached manner that Mamie would assume when she turned away important contributors and illustrators, who might happen to have anything in their hands, and told book agents, who always have cards, of course, and nothing else if they are clever, "Oh, yes, sir," with the sweetest smile. "Miss S'binas' are lyin' down, but I'm sure she'll be wantin' to see ye if ye'll just step in, sir."

It was the affair of the Oakleigh sister that definitely settled Sabina's point of view. Of course, everybody else's magazines are after them and what big prices they get, but very few people think that Sabina discovered them. She saw two drawings and a little story in some small, unimportant English paper that was left in the office, and she took a fancy to them. So she wrote to M. M. and V. V. Oakleigh, asking them to send her some of their work and showing her she appreciated it. They sent a number of sketches and three good stories, and were so delighted with the check she sent them that they came straight to us from the States, and as I happened to pass them in the road—I was exercising Pluto—and took a long, interested look at them, without of course, having any notion who they were. I am obliged to admit that they would strike anybody, in this country, at least, as a

They were dressed in tan flannel slippers, tan shoes and large, floppy

picture hats; Miss May Muriel was dragging everything she had ever written in a worn Gladstone bag, and Miss Vera Vance positively staggered under an enormous portfolio. They gave a loud rap at the door, and a long ring, and as Mamie was late in changing her dress, and always consumed more time in the operation than any two of us, they did it again. This may have vexed Mamie, for the account given by the Misses Oakleigh was certainly not pleasant. They expected to throw themselves on Sabina's breast, you see, and they were both wearing a basket of flowers, and it must have been discouraging to be told that the ladies were lying down and couldn't be disturbed, that they had company to dinner and more for the evening, and that Pluto didn't care for strangers in the porch.

So they went straight back to town, looked up the first publishing firm in the directory, which was Addison's, of course, and offered them everything. They got the stories, illustrated, at an average cost of ten pounds apiece!

It was all explained afterward, but it was very hard for Sabina.

This was partly Chloe's fault for she very foolishly told a basket of none of our callers would be likely to be carrying anything. She told us afterward she meant in the way of an acknowledgment of nothing, and said she had expected Mamie to see what she meant, and use her judgment—as if the girl could use what she never could see. I was right, too, that a good servant intuitively distinguished between classes, and would develop a sort of feeling as to who her employer's friends would be likely to be; but as Sabina remarked, she had no sort of feeling that she had ever developed had enabled her to decide of what class Chloe's next friend was likely to be. I don't know, and an alphabetically arranged list of them, with descriptions annexed, would assist Mamie to anything but mania. Moreover, she felt, when some of our friend of Satterlee Stuyvesant's who had met Chloe at a masquerade on the beach, and seemed very much smitten by this vision of a girl, and—she looked, he admitted, rather disreputable, but he wanted her to get them fresh—Mamie reproved him for coming to the front door, and told the ladies didn't want any fish today, anyway.

Chloe felt very bad about it, of course, though it amused Mr. Stuyvesant exceedingly, and he told us every night that she dined with them, until she confided to me that she sometimes felt that a great deal of money almost necessarily blunted one's sense of humor, which was a great deal for Chloe to say.

I didn't seem to me that this incident, and this vision, and the fact that Mamie—you see, I lived with Mamie all day long, and a thing like that could only happen once in a way—particularized this vision, and the girl who brought the fish took it very good-naturedly, and told Satterlee that Miss Chloe and her maid were all together too much for her one household, and he could hardly make up his mind which to abduct. That seemed to show that he bore no ill will.

But I think it set Chloe against her, and she grew more critical from then on.

"Which certainly proves that the girl is more than ordinarily stupid," she would say—as if the fact needed proof. I had to remind Chloe that when I first suggested that Mamie, though undoubtedly very stupid, did look to me overbright, to put it mildly, she had replied that what I thought was stupidity was only frank good sense. I don't think there was between the eyes was never found with mere vulgar sharpness. She said, too, that it was much better to take an unkindly look at a man, than just what we wanted than to struggle against the bad habits other people had formed

ed, though it might come a little harder on me in the beginning; and I must say other people of far more respectability than I am, have done the same thing. The only trouble with that theory is that it leads you to suppose you can make anything you desire out of it, rather than annoy. I can only say that I defy anybody to make anything but a photographic subject out of Mamie.

Ever since episode— But I find I can hardly write of it, with composure. Sabina says I exaggerate it, and that it was not so very dreadful—in fact, rather amusing. But Sabina is not the housekeeper of this family, and is thoroughly understood to have no responsibility beyond the share—the large share—the expenses paid by her. Chloe has been very sweet about it, and assures me that old Mr. Bullwinkle would probably have lost what little money she could have afforded to give him to make it, anyway—he is by no means infallible in the stock market. And he tired her to death, anyhow, she is good enough to add.

But the fact remains that he is an epicure and very irritable in spite of his jovial laugh. And he had given her Diana of the Cross Ways, in part to see Diana he came. He has paid so many of her board-bills that she has come to value her, Sabina says. Anyhow, I had spring lamb for him, and atrociously costly peas, and brandied peaches that Chloe's Kentucky aunt put up for us. Mamie's aunt once came in to make the ice cream and oversee the meat, and as I always do the salad and Sabina makes the coffee at the table, I really thought that Mamie might be trusted to attend to the mint sauce if she put her mind entirely on it. In due time I smelled the vinegar heating, and I had measured the sugar myself.

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## The Child and Society

P. C. Laverton Harris

In these days we are waking up to the importance of the foundations upon which the great social life of our nation is being built. When we view much of the material with which the work has to be done, the astonishment is that the superstructure has endured so long or so well. There have been serious breaks, but they will be breaks more serious, perhaps, the criminals, drunkards, the libertines of today were innocent children a few years ago. They were little babies, dear little babies, just a few years ago. How came they into the prisons, jails and asylums of our land? Not all of them, that much is clear. I am sure that a few of the children who are brought up in pleasant surroundings go astray, a large percentage of those who are in our prisons were kicked up, slapped up, starved up, cursed up to a life of evil. Almost all the religion they knew any thing about was a one in which God was a loving Heavenly Father, as was known. The name of Jehovah was heard by these children as an oath or a curse. Jesus Christ had no meaning to them, other than an historical character, who had been persecuted by the people who went to churches so grand and fine that they were afraid to enter lest they would be told that they were not good enough. People who were so far above these horrible conditions into which these lambs of the Divine Fold were born, that, although they met them on the street, they did not shake hands, and emaciated forms were not seen. Children who, when the wall-off were brought face to face with some of the very worst of the world, were not having been most unfortunate in being born in such conditions, and, well, it could not be helped and they had better be left alone.

And that is the picture of contrasts. Here is a home where everything is calculated to produce happy-