

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

With the Magazines.

The March number of the *New England Magazine* holds on the title page the name known and dear to every girl's heart, Louisa May Alcott. Here are "Recollections" of her by Maria Porter, whose intimate acquaintanceship with the Alcott family makes her article very readable and valuable. Many touching little anecdotes are told of the author of "Little Women," and some very fine photographs of her are given. A novel departure is made in the article on "America in Early English Literature" by Isaac Basset Choate. The capital illustrations which delight the readers of the *New England Magazine* from month to month are noticed particularly in "Bryant's New England Home" by Henrietta S. Nahmer, and "Milwaukee" by the ever-popular writer Captain Charles King. Certainly the most attractively illustrated bit of writing is William Dana Orcutt's "Clubs and Club Life at Harvard. The pictures of the students as taking part in the various theatrical societies as ballet-girls and heroines of all kinds is unusual enough to be more than ordinarily striking. "Negro Camp Melodies" by Henry Cleveland Wood, gives words and music and all. The stories are Mary J. Garland's "Aunt Martha's Secretary" and "A Providential Leading" by Mira Clarke Parsons.

Current History is now in its fourth quarter and is more than keeping up the promise of the first issue. The silver bow is now a bright disk and on it are reflected all the news of the world. No one who wants to keep up with the events of the year can afford to do without *Current History*. There is a capital article on "Canadian affairs." The frontispiece illustration is a charming view of the city of Ely.

The *North American Review* for March discusses the issues of the Presidential Campaign in articles by well-known governors and politicians. The articles perhaps of most interest to women-readers are Dr. Cyrus Edson's "Do we Live too Fast?"; "The World's Columbian Exposition by the Director-General, Dorman B. Eaton, the second paper on "Olympian Religion" by Mr. Gladstone, and "Consumption at Health Resorts" by Dr. Walter F. Chappell. The *North American* is a very much alive publication and is almost as speedy as a newspaper in keeping up with the times.

Short Stories, the sister-publication of *Current Literature*, has no less than seven "special features" for this month. One of the particular attractions of *Short Stories* is the re-printing of famous stories. March number contains "The Lianhan Shee" by Will Carlton. The Magazine contains nothing but short stories and only the best of these. They are in the main reprints from the story-publishing papers of the world. Some original etchings are always in each issue and one finds frequently translations of the tales of all lands and from all languages. *Short Stories* is certainly an addition to any home. A very bright bit of writing, the cleverest in fact, of the whole collection is, this month a story called "A Ramble with Eulogia" by Gertrude Franklin Atherton. There are no less than fifteen stories in the issue and all of great merit.

Miss Ingelow and Her Work.

Miss Jean Ingelow, who lives with her brother at Kensington, has given an interviewer for the London *Woman's Herald* some particulars of her career and work. In summer she sits in a beautiful conservatory, from the garden behind which a view is obtained of the grand old trees in Holland Park. When the winter comes Miss Ingelow retreats to the dining-room, "where her writing occupies her some two or three hours in the morning, for 'she only writes when the spirit moves her.'"

Miss Ingelow, who is a native of Lincolnshire, is the daughter of a banker. There were eleven children, and she was not esteemed the cleverest by any means. "My favorite retreat," said the poetess "was a lofty room in the old house, where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write up verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them are transmitted to paper and preserved."

It was Miss Ingelow's brother who helped her to publish her first volume of poems. "He offered to contribute to have the MSS. printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher's (Mr. Longman). He was most kind, and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of 1000 copies each were sold, and this first volume has been republished again and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition."

Miss Ingelow's outspoken frankness on women's rights seems to have rather staggered the interviewer. "I don't approve of them at all," said Miss Ingelow. "We cannot have rights and privileges, and I prefer privileges. I have got on very well without so-called rights; besides, I think we have as many rights as we need, and we can do pretty well what we choose. We shall lose our privileges when we demand our rights by force."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his Critics.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written for the entertainment of Anglo-Indians a characteristic narrative of his recent visit to Lahore, the city in which he spent no small part of his early life. It is prefaced with some irregular stanzas beginning—

"The Lord shall change the hearts of men,
The earth and sky and shore;
But I'll go back to my own folk
And be with my kin once more,"

and is full of glimpses of Indian life. Lahore, with its houses piled on houses, and "its sunlit river bed of people whose daily passage has oil-polished the wooden posts of the shop board, smoothed the angles of the brickwork, and faced the very ground with glair as a glacier polishes a rock," furnishes the best picture. Mr. Kipling is impatient with those who complain that he does not describe the India that the English mostly know. "How," he asks, "could a Swede from the Baltic write of Algiers?" The Punjab, however, comes before us in this narrative of "a homesick pilgrim" with all the brilliant colour in which it abounds. It is in Lahore that there returns to him the memory of the murmurs of "a little city called London," a city "where there is neither light, nor color, nor air." Some one, it seems, "over there" has accused him of "extravagance of description." But "what would he write," he scornfully asks, "if he were here now—between that broken hatted, unbuttoned English loafer slinking redosed in the sunshine and the dusty swaying plantain leaves of the Badami Bagh—here where I stand looking up at the heaped-up roofs of the city, the proud arch of the gateway, and the torrent of color that rolls beneath it, what would he write? And if he had seen that Jubilee night '87, when the city of Lahore flamed out of the dusk as a jewelled queen from the door of the palace of night—dome, minaret bastion wall, and house-front drawn in dotted fire, what would he have said of extravagance then? But who," he asks "can show a blind man colour?"

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Month of March.

March is again here and the only comforting fact in its being here, is, that April follows closely in its wake. For all the disagreeable seasons of the whole year, March certainly bears off the palm. In England, November is considered the gloomiest month in all the year. It is said there are more suicides committed there during that month than any other, owing solely to the inclemency of the weather. But our Novembers are overwhelmingly pleasant in comparison with March. In fact, occasionally it is one of the most delightful months in the year, when we are favored with an Indian summer. But March with its storms and mud, wind and rain, blowing and blustering, like a choleric old man, with an occasional dash of fickle sunshine that some croaking old weather prophet "knows is a storm binder" with a knowing shake of his hoary locks. And his prophecy generally proves true, for March sunshine is a very uncertain tantalizing pleasure. One never knows what to expect next. When you retire at night, you may awake to find your roof flown from over your heads, by an ill-mannered cyclone; or to find five or six feet of snow, with a picturesque resemblance of mid-winter, but you realize that it means as many feet of solid mud, as a consequence, and it loses its picturesqueness somewhat thereby. Usually, you are favored with a little of every description of weather, that any other month in the four seasons lays claim to as their own individually; besides a great deal of weather that no other month would be guilty of having anything to do with. And, as for its being bad form, to discuss the weather, it is literally an impossibility not to discuss it, for it is a topic that obtrusively thrusts itself at you, at every turn. The misery you undergo at its hands is so real all the time, you cannot help talking about it. It is aggressively uppermost in your thoughts, naturally it comes out. You cannot indulge in a quiet stroll either constitutionally, for pleasure, or for business without some mishaps occurring, either smaller or greater, sometimes they are ludicrous, sometimes pathetic. You usually feel yourself that they are pathetic. When you laugh at the man chasing the hat down the street with his cane, and point him out to your companion, "To just see how funny that man does look," and all the people going home from church stop and watch him, and think it is funny too. You are all getting very much excited over the race when happening to put up your hand, you find it is your own hat causing all of that levity. And when that man kindly and politely returns the obnoxious and forlorn looking specimen of millinery to you, you feel that there is nothing ludicrous about it but that it is very pathetic to have your best hat rolled over, and over, in the mud in that style. And you are firmly convinced, that it truly is, "an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and surely, that wind is a March one.

You invariably come in after a super-human struggle to go down street and back, with your back hair down, and your carefully curled bangs blown out so that you closely resemble "Wild Moll of the Woods." Your best silk umbrella has turned wrong side out several times and come out of the fray with a few broken ribs, and you are thankful for that small favor. For an old lady's umbrella in front of you went sailing off over the way, and was a hopeless wreck by the time she recovered it. There are a great many good umbrellas that depart this life during March, and everybody always looks so out of humor all through March, even if they do not lose an umbrella. The weather, of course it is the weather, seems to have a little way of stirring up even the sweetest of dispositions, and making folks feel testy. Even the stray blue-birds, and robins, generally have such a disconsolate time of it, that their peaceful breasts must be filled with the most withering scorn and contempt for March and her faithlessness. After decoying them here as she often does, with the prospect of unlimited sunshine, then to turn round and treat them to a regular December snow storm, or peradventure a cyclone. Well, there are a good many vain and fleeting illusions in this transitory life! Even robins have to find that out. But there is another thing decidedly more aggravating than a snow-storm for the robins. Besides, all the other evils connected with and appertaining to a March wind: There is nothing any more trying to your feelings, or plays greater havoc with your temper. You are madder than the proverbial March hare, every time you look in your mirror, and behold those ever

accumulating and aggressively prominent brown freckles that that March wind is fetching to light, and that gaze back at you with sturdy defiance written on the face of every one of them. They fairly shriek at you, "Its no use, for you cannot help yourself, or hide our light under a bushel, or beneath that spotted face veil that you vainly endeavor to cover us up with and are ruining your eyes thereby. Our friends, the March winds, and sun carries too many guns for you." They say there is an ounce of beauty beneath every freckle. It may be so, and if it is, and you do not happen to possess any too great an amount of the article in question, in the first place, you do not feel as if you could afford to lose more than a few pounds of it without being uncomfortably aware of its loss. Of course March certainly is teeming with trials, innumerable and unmentionable in a limited space. But still it may be blessed with its good points too. There is always some good connected with nearly everything, even evil occasionally. And in spite of its wind, rain, mud, blowing and blustering, freckles, country roads etc., yet I will not positively affirm it has no good attractive pleasant characteristics. Only I never happened yet to be situated in any place where I could really appreciate and enjoy them. A pleasure that is still in store for me, is a pleasant, agreeable, enjoyable March. Jo.

How Women Bathe in Paris.

The Seine is a narrow, greenish, snake-like river, and it doesn't look inviting from a distance. But on entering the swimming baths formed of boat-like sides, containing the dressing-rooms, it looks clear and cool. Black bathing dresses trimmed with red braid can be hired for a franc upward, and hundreds of ladies, with their children, daily afford themselves amusement at these places. There is no effort at fashion, gentlemen not admitted, and the top being covered by canvas to shield them from the eyes of people on embankment or boulevards. Swimmers among the attendants are frequent, and they dive and float, swim and sink at will, and teach the children and ladies to do the same.

Some of the French women are expert swimmers, and they go around in their black, baggy suits, chasing about the platform, eating sandwiches or drinking penny syrups or clarets and end the performance by diving into the water and swimming a race. Trapezes, swings, etc., are suspended above the water and gymnastic exercises are indulged in by the younger and more ambitious.

On leaving the baths they dry their hair sufficiently, put a crimped perruque over her own straight locks, a dash of powder and a bit of lip salve (a stick which every French woman carries in her pocket), to slightly color and eliminate any dryness and with a deft adjustment of the inevitable black veil, my lady is well coiffed, and if her dress be suitable, can take a drive before going home.

Light Rooms.

"I shall get quite enough darkness when I move into my last home," said a bright, cheery housekeeper, as she threw open the shutters and let the southern sun into her sleeping-room. "I think, of all follies that a housekeeper can be guilty of, one of the worst is the darkening in of rooms and the habit of closing window blinds. I think the superb health of my family is to a great extent chargeable to the habit that we have of almost living in the sunshine. Every bright day all of the shutters are thrown open, and the entire house gets the benefit of the sunlight. It drives away dampness and mold and microbes and blue-devils, and puts us all in good humor and good health. I cannot imagine good sanitary conditions and darkness. Even my cellar is as light as I can possibly make it, and whatever fruit and delicacies need to be shut away from the light I put into close cupboards or covered boxes. I have sheets of canvas that can be thrown over them before they are put away, and always take pains so to arrange my stores that nothing will be injured by any abundance of light.

Women of Common Sense.

"What I admire," said the practical man, "is the honest woman of common sense." Then he told this story. He met one evening a woman who takes an interest in prints. He has a collection of which he is a little proud, and told her about it. She begged him to come around "any afternoon." He is a busy man and does not have many afternoons to himself, but when he got one he took some of his prints and went to make a call, expecting a pleasant half-hour's talk, and promising himself that he would leave the prints for her to look over. When he reached the house where he was to call, the young woman said to him frankly; "It was very good of you to come and bring the prints, but we are just going to dinner. Now we never dine until three hours later than this, but we are going away, and we are going to eat a hasty dinner and run away." So the man did not have his chat. "But," said he, "999 women out of 1,000 would have never had the honesty to tell me that. They would have let me make the call, going without their dinner and having a headache on the train, which would make them hate the caller." It should be added, for those who wonder how the affair came out, that the next time the man called the dinner was served at the regular hour, and that by this time the young woman had seen and "talked over" all the prints which the man owns.

JAPANESE women are said to be the most feminine of all women. They do not care a mite about woman's rights; they don't long to be men, and they don't go in for "higher education." But, poor things! they are no more than the goods and chattels of the household to their husbands, who may divorce them on the smallest pretext. A Japanese woman must be submissive; first to the father, then to her husband, and when a widow, to her eldest son. Her lot is not a happy one.