

CLEVER ST. JOHN WOMEN.

MRS. JOHN E. LOGAN AND ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

Their Works in the Lines of Nursing and Literature—Miss Scovil Conducts the "Mother's Corner" of the "Ladies Home Journal"—Mrs. Logan's Good Work.

In their respective fields of nursing and literature there are perhaps not any among present-day women of this province who have won the distinction that has fallen upon Elizabeth Robinson Scovil and Mrs. John E. Logan, both of them St. John women by birth, both of them St. John women by activity.

Among St. John families there is no one who has not a relative or friend connected with the nursing profession. It is the "go" now to learn the mysteries of nursing and to enter hospital, and there are many St. John girls in the hospital wards of the Republic. They and their friends will be interested to know something about one who is a leader in the profession and a fellow of their birth as well.

Miss Scovil was born at St. John, the daughter of the late Samuel J. Scovil, and with the exception of a few years in her childhood spent the first two decades of her life there. In the year 1878 she entered the training school for nurses connected with the Massachusetts general hospital and remained there two years until her graduation. She immediately took charge of the infirmary at St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., a large boarding school for boys with three hundred pupils. In 1888 she was appointed superintendent of the Newport hospital at Newport, R. I., and she remained there until the autumn of 1894 when a serious illness obliged her to give up hospital work.

With her large experience and thorough mastery of her profession her contributions on the subject of periodical literature and her books have been highly prized. It was in 1879 that she began to write, a series of her articles on nursing appearing in the Outlook, of New York, then the Christian Messenger. The same year she had an article in Scribner's Magazine. Since that time she has been a regular contributor of papers on practical subjects to American periodicals. A short story, entitled "Mistress Dorothy," appeared in the Christian Union, and she has even essayed, and very successfully too, the realm of poetry, her verses having been printed from time to time in the New York Churchman.

Her literary work obtained for her marked recognition, and in 1890 Mr. Edward Bok, the editor of the Ladies Home Journal, requested her to take charge of the department in that magazine then known as The Mother's Corner. She was placed upon the staff of the journal as one of the associate editors and still holds that position, contributing a large amount of original work to the pages of the publication.

The editorship involves a large correspondence and in 1892 in response to more than twelve hundred letters asking for advice she wrote a small book called "A Baby's Requirements." The book has gone through eight editions and the ninth is now in preparation. It was first published by the Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, and is in pamphlet form.

The success of this led her to the writing of a larger work "The Care of Children," which was published by Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, in the summer of 1894, and has already passed into the second edition. This is a complete work of about 350 pages and has been pronounced an invaluable book for mothers. Her first book was a pamphlet on "The Art of Nursing," published in 1888.

Miss Scovil puts down some interesting reflections about nursing and nurses. Many Canadian young women, she says, and not a few from St. John, have been trained at the Newport Hospital, and it is an accepted fact that Canadian made efficient and valuable nurses. They are sensible energetic and possessed of great endurance, which stands them in good stead in their hospital life.

Speaking of the profession of nursing in general, she considers that it affords an excellent opportunity for an educated woman to earn her own living in work which is peculiarly suited to her sex. If her talents and capabilities permit her to excel in it there are positions of trust and responsibility open to her when the remuneration is larger than she can obtain in many other employments.

It is a work, she thinks, in which those who have an aptitude for it delight. It is its trials and its disagreeable features, but so has any other occupation by which is earned the daily bread, while on the other hand its rewards, both material and intangible, are such as few other occupations can offer.

Just now Miss Scovil is enjoying a period of rest from activity at Meadowlands, Gagetown, a pretty farmstead on the east

side of the river opposite the mouth of Gagetown creek. The March number of the Trained Nurse has a sketch of her with a very good photograph, showing a pleasant and benevolent face, such a one as a sufferer would like to have bending over him.

Mrs. J. E. Logan, of Montreal, is better known to St. John people as Annie MacFarlane, daughter of Mr. MacFarlane, the coal merchant. Like many other St. John people Mr. MacFarlane's family went to the United States to find a sphere suited to their attainments and his two sons and a daughter have achieved success in their chosen fields. His sons Wallace and William have risen high in the legal profession and made their reputation rapidly. Wallace MacFarlane is district attorney of New York, one of the greatest positions in the state.

Mrs. Logan commenced writing some years ago and she has already accomplished a great deal. She is opposed to placing her personality before the public and so her work has been mainly anonymous. Her earliest efforts were in fiction and miscellaneous articles for Frank Leslie's and other periodicals of that class. From these she graduated to the higher class magazines and she did a number of stories and sketches for the Harpers. She has published two family success novels, one anonymously and the other one her maiden name. Besides these various lines literary criticism has taken her attention largely and in fact she made her debut as a journalist in this line. She was on the regular staff of the Evening Post and Nation during a residence in New York and she is still a contributor of literary articles to these journals. She also writes literary criticism and articles on social topics for several other journals and magazines in the United States.

KNOWS MANY NAMES AND FACES.

Sherlock Holmes Starting the Elevator in a New York Building.

Jim Lovett, the elevator starter in the Postal Telegraph building, at Broadway and Murray street, New York, has succeeded in mastering the names of the 3,000 people who work in the offices there. Lovett's feat would be remarkable under any circumstances, but is particularly so in this case because the building has been open only a few months, and up to a week or so ago new tenants were coming in daily, each tenant bringing with him three or four clerks.

Among the people in the building Lovett is known as the walking directory. Clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, and typewriters, as well as the 180 men and girls employed in the company's operating room are all known to him, and in most cases he is able to give an accurate description of any of them. There are a couple of dozen John Smiths, and no end of William Joneses, to say nothing of a string of Browns and Whites, but if you happen to want any Greens, particular John Smith or Bill Jones, all you have to do is give Lovett a slight description of him and he will answer:

"Oh, yes, I know him. Got a mole behind the left ear. He's with Blank Blank & Blank, sixth floor, 605 Going up?" and before you realize what has happened you find yourself in an elevator going rapidly skyward.

In a modest way Jim Lovett is a sort of Sherlock Holmes. "I started in life as an elevator man in a hotel," he said, "and being fond of studying human nature, I made a practice of remembering the names and features of the guests of the house. I got so I could call men by name who had not been inside the house for a year, and who had been entirely forgotten by the clerks and other employees of the house. I discovered in this way that I had a good memory, and I can tell you it has served me in good stead many a time."

"I have been in hotels all over the country ever since, and have become a master of faces and names. My last place was at the Waldorf, where I had charge of the hat, coat, and umbrella stands, and there, more than any other place I was ever in, I had to exercise my powers of memory. I came here as an elevator man, and in a few weeks secured the place of starter. There are now about 500 tenants in the building, and including clerks and operators some 3,000 people. I managed to get the office holders in my head first, and in a few months had them all down fine. Then I started in on the others, and now I think I can tell you the floor and number of the room where anybody is employed."

Lovett is very proud of his accomplishment, and takes offence if anybody consults the directory by the elevator when he is around.

Don't Get Up Early.

It is said to be natural, that is, physiological, to rise early and enjoy the beauties of the sunrise; if we ask why, we are treated to various transcendental theories about the vivifying influence of the sun, and are told to take example by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, or so many of them as are not nocturnal in their habits. But, as a matter of fact, physiology, so far as it has anything to say on the subject at all, is all against the early rising theory. Physiological experiment appears to show that a man does not work best and latest in the early morning hours, but, on the contrary, about midday. The desire to rise early, except in those trained from youth to outdoor pursuits, is commonly a sign, not of strength of character and vigor of body, but of advancing age. Thus paternal families, who go to bed 11 p. m., want to get up at 5 or 6 a. m., and look upon his healthy son, who lies in bed till 8, as a sluggard. When this foolish interpretation of a proverb about the health and wealth to be got from early rising is combined with the still more foolish adage which says of sleep: "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a

Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company, established at Montreal in view of the French treaty, are now offering the Canadian consumers beautiful wines, at \$3.10 and \$4.00 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every swell hotel and club are now handling them and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address: Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal. Bordeaux Office: 11 Allée de Bostant.

Well, said another St. John man, as he bit off the end of his cigar, "I certainly didn't gather from the Progress article that the New York man meant to say that it was because he was from any particular place or country that the St. John people treated him so well. It was because he was a stranger—that was all."

"Well, maybe you're right," said the first speaker, "but I don't think so—that is, I don't think that was the idea he had in his mind. It's the right one, however. Now, I came here ten years ago, from a New Brunswick village. I was a stranger, and the people took me in—not in a worldly, but in a scriptural sense. I was at home in two weeks, and felt as if I had lived all my life here. And do you know, I want to live all the rest of my life here. I think a lot of St. John."

"Now, I just want to tell you what I think of this place," said an old gentleman who had been listening to the conversation. "I wouldn't leave it if I got rent free in any city of the States. I lived in the States for four years, but all the rest of my life I've lived in St. John. There's one thing about this place—a man's always sure of getting a night's rest. It's always cool at night, the whole year round, of course, there are other places in the provinces where it's just as cool, but somehow I don't like the other attractions as well as those of St. John."

"The town has a different air to me from that of Boston," said another man. In Boston there's too much tiring bustle—here there's just bustle enough for comfort. I like a town just about the size of St. John—a town where you can drive out into the woods and have a holiday any time you want to. I tell you I'm mightily in favor of the park scheme, too, and I guess everybody is that has any regard for the beauties of nature."

"But after all," said the first speaker, "the beauties of nature are nothing to the beauties of human nature. It is the people of St. John that I celebrate first, last and all the time. They are the people! And I'm proud to be one of them. I'm a pretty good fellow myself, and I like to get hold of a stranger, and convince him that this is the place to live. Before I came here I lived in a place where every one hated every one else, and it wasn't pleasant. But here the people seem to back one another up, and it's all for the glory of the town."

Several other prominent citizens were heard from on the subject of St. John as compared with other towns; and when the returns were all in, St. John seemed to have been elected by acclamation.

W. C. Rudman Allan, the King St. druggist, has added to his stock of drugs a full line of garden, field and flower seeds. Mr. Allan is a practical seedsman, having had a long experience with such firms as Hanington Bros. and J. Chaloner & Co. He is doing a large business and as all his seeds are from the most reliable growers it would be no doubt advantageous to purchase seeds from him.

A startling question from a Coffin. "Are they going to bury me?" was the question which was addressed to a terrified nurse as she hurried through the dissecting-room of the Tenon Hospital, recently on her way to one of the wards. The voice came from a coffin lying near the dissecting table. The nurse was so frightened that she hid to be put to bed. An investigation as to the cause of her terror led to the discovery that one of the patients in the hospital, an incorrigible drunkard, named Valentine Rouler, had managed generally under the impression when in a state of intoxication that he was about to die, he entered the coffin and began to pray. As the nurse appeared, he addressed to her the startling question as to the probable date of his burial.

Mixed Those Babies Up. Talk about babies being mixed up! Here's a case out of Indiana where a woman and her daughter each gave birth to a male infant on the same day, and those who handled the youngsters got them so hopelessly jumbled that no one knew which is the uncle or which is the nephew.

New Electric Light Bulb. Nicola Tesla is working now on an improved bulb for incandescent electric lights. The cost of making the glass bulbs has made it necessary to adopt something cheaper and more durable for film than inner threads of the bamboo has greatly

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Advertisement for American Perfection Hammocks. An American genius has devised for sleeping cars a system of beds made of rubber bags, which are to be stretched over the frames and inflated with hot air from the locomotive.

Advertisement for W. H. THORNE & Co., L. LIMITED, Market Square, St. John. Now till September first, lessons in vertical writing and the new vertical writing \$5; shorthand or typewriting, \$10; bookkeeping—actual business from first day, new method \$20.

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