

find another place which looks inviting, down they go again and are off in dreamland. You quietly creep near and begin to change your drawings to accommodate the new position; this performance must be repeated again and again if you have courage enough to go on.

Early morning study with all its illusions would be most delightful if one could employ aerial navigation, but walking through the dew-dropped grass so cold and wetting is an experience which demands a mind perfectly oblivious to comfort, and a body that scorns luxurious ease and warmth.

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THERE are, no doubt, reasons why women have not been great painters of landscape and out-of-door life; and at a not very distant time it was thought an impossible domain for a woman, but they are now venturing to test their possibilities in this direction, with no little success and promise for the future. The courage of conviction has strengthened purpose. A woman who means to work, however, must make up her mind to overlook all the uncomfortable situations, and dress for work. The dress-reform movement is making it more possible to adopt a more desirable and convenient costume. The next decade will see more followers of Rosa Bonheur. It is absolutely necessary for freedom in work and the conserving of strength, for the work-woman artist to consider her dress.

Innovations are constantly being made by serious, unconventional spirits. Only the other day an American art student in Paris was seen "disgusting lovers of the beautiful by donning a monk's robe," because it was the very easiest thing to slip into, a suggestion that a few other of the same stamp greedily adopted.

It has been the custom of students for some time past to wear the peasant blouse and short skirt in the *atelier*, and some habitually wear short cloth skirt, box coat, tie and collar. Surely it is a legitimate desire in woman to fit herself for daily work, and dressing for physical comfort, artistic power, and mental vigor, should not shock the taste or be so "disgusting" or unwomanly. Noting the whereabouts of some of the women artists whose work is best known on this Continent. It will be seen that they are not confining themselves to home subjects.

Miss Elizabeth Phelps is in Japan. Mrs. Amanda Brewster Sewall is still in Algiers. Miss Maria Brooks is in Europe, so that in the coming exhibitions we may expect to see the records of various experiences of many countries from well-trained and original hands.

—M. E. DIGNAM.

Social Providers.

HOW DANCING MEN ARE SECURED FOR LONDON DRAWING-ROOMS.

When a London hostess wishes to give a ball, she is usually forced to apply to certain well-known "social providers," who, themselves of mature age, are habitually to be found in those haunts of beardless youth, the Bachelors' and Isthmian Clubs. Like the poulterer, who is desired to send in so many quails and ortolans ready trussed for the supper, the provider will be requested to bring in so many dancing "men," and it must be owned that the faultless array in which they appear does him as much credit as the little birds aforesaid, each one resplendent in its waistcoat of fat white bacon or green vine leaf, reflect credit on the poulterer. Each contingent does its duty creditably.

The dancing men are active in the ball-room, the quails are succulent at supper, and the comparison might be made still more closely as regards the amount of brains which each contingent may be said to possess. But that these dancing marionettes (who are certainly as much hired out by their provider as if they had been sent from the establishment of the caterer) fulfill what is expected of them, there is no denying. Whether they like dancing or not, says Lady Colin Campbell, they know quite well that the eye of the "social provider" is upon them, and that if they do not acquit themselves of the task of whirling *débutante* after *débutante* round the room, their names will be struck off the provider's list, and they will sink back into obscurity.

Suffer Little Children.

"Suffer little children,"
Softly Jesus said,
As they came before Him,
By their mother led;
From the hands that held them
With no shy alarms,
Willingly they nestled!
In His loving arms.

"Suffer little children,"
For the way is long,
Sins and snares are many,
And the foe is strong;
I will hold them safely,
Guide them with my hand,
Bring them ere the nightfall
To the children's land.

"Suffer little children,"
Let them come to Me,
Still the word is wafted
Over land and sea;
Pity for the helpless,
Strength for those who fall,
In the heart of Jesus
There is love for all.

"Suffer little children,"
Lord, to Thee we come,
In Thy heavenly kingdom
We would be at home;
Keep us by Thy mercy,
Till we too shall stand,
And receive Thy blessing
In the children's land.

—MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

The Time to Eat.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to the best time for eating certain articles of food. For instance, we are advised not to eat meat late in the day, not to take fruit just before retiring, and to avoid tea and coffee in the evening if a wakeful night is not desired.

Men of mature years and good stomachs are not devoting much time to studying these questions. They will tell you that watermelon never tasted better than on a dark night when the dog was chained and the owner of the patch was sleeping after the weary labors of the day.

Apples never were so sweet as when an entrance was surreptitiously effected into the rear end of the orchard and the invader punished the stolen fruit with an assurance that the proprietor was not within eyeshot. Cakes, pie, and preserves were eaten whenever the eyes of watchful and solicitous parents were temporarily off duty. Green cucumbers were smuggled to bed and eaten in the still watches of the night, while raw turnips were generally enjoyed on the top of a stake.

BOOK CHAT, reviewing Marionettes, exposes a blunder that one of Julien Gordon's weaknesses has betrayed her into making; the writer says: "But the Princess de M——, that Austrian grande dame, should know the article *nobilaire* is always dropped in good society, and that she should have addressed M. de Meignan with 'Meignan,' and not 'de Meignan,' as she does in these pages; and, by the way, Mrs. Heathcote, who was evidently chummy with all the grand-dukes and mediatized princes of the Almanach de Gotha, made the same mistake in A Puritan Pagan, when she referred to the Prince de Breteuil as 'de Breteuil' in a conversation with the Puritan's outraged wife; she should not do it again; it is very provincial."

A COLORED girl carried off the second honors at the High School at Jacksonville, Ill.