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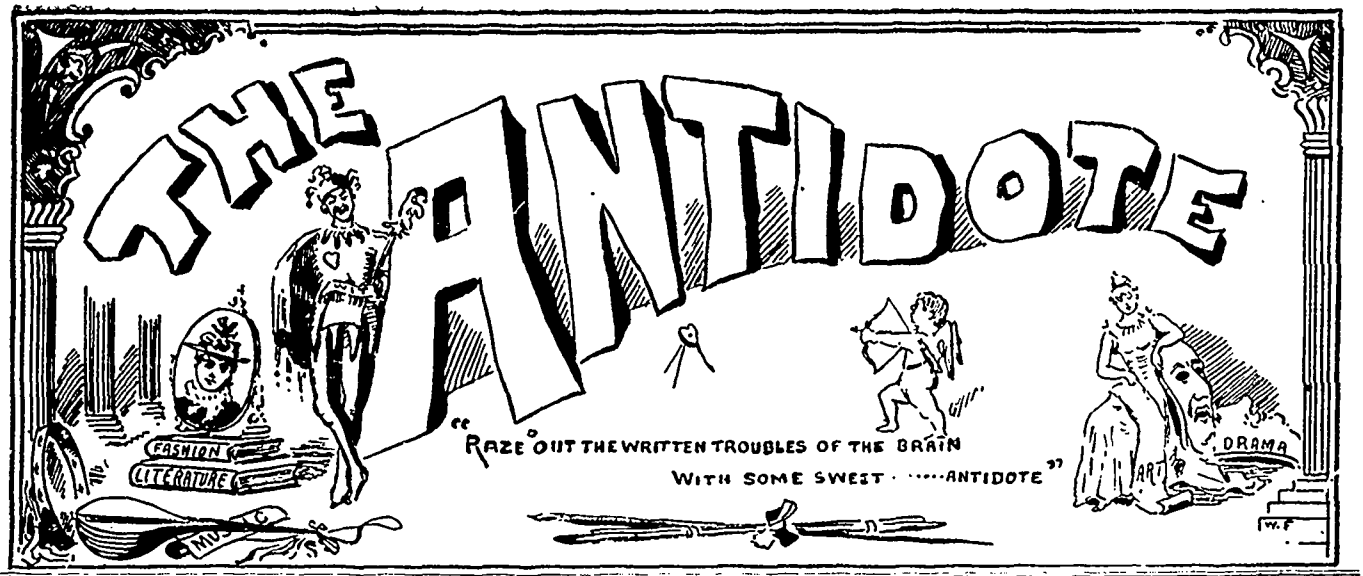

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VOCATIONS & AVOCATIONS.

Vocation in its primary meaning, the call to some special career or work, is in its secondary and more frequent meaning, the career or work to which their is this call. It is, or it should be, the business to which a genuine sense of fitness has dedicated us and which we carry on steadily as our main task in life.

Avocation, the call off—a word significantly rare in the singular—means any demand on us which takes us away from the main task and spends our time and attention coercively on affairs irrelevant to it. Yet so many persons use avocation as but a lightly modified synonym of vocation, that the two words bid fair to become merely interchangeable; and even educated persons, not unaware of etymology, will speak of a man's avocations in reference to the central duties of the profession to which he has given himself.

There is the irony of truth in the wrested meaning sometimes; for in only too many lives the calls aside, the minor intruding occupations that hinder and perhaps mar the essential one, take so large an importance, that the duties of the vocation may more fitly be described as avocations from them, than they as avocations from those duties.

Apart from cases, where it is a man's fault that he lets his time and zeal be lost from the work he has undertaken, or ought to undertake, as that of his vocation, it is the misfortune of many professions—professions which especially require concentration of the faculties and consecutive energy—that the exoteric world had never been able clearly to comprehend that unimpeded freedom to work is needed by those who exercise them as much as it is by any handicraftsman whose time no one would think of claiming from him for unwaged labor or mere gossiping.

If a man has an office or a counter he is safe; his acquaintances perceive him to be labelled "business man," and a "business man's tim," they will say "is money"—as if everyone's time were not, rightly looked on, money, or some higher coin—and they will think even his leisure hours sacred to his own refreshment from labor, and not to be needlessly hampered.

But occupations of study, scientific research, literary production—of brain work; in sum, of any kind that is carried on in the worker's private home, with no visible reminder of customer or client—are taken to be such as can lightly be done at one time as well as another, and resumed after no matter what interruptions, like a lady's embroidery which she can take up again at the very stitch she left her needle in, and if the lost time should matter at all, sew at a little the faster. Professions of this sort not only admit, but in many instances require considerable variation in the amount of daily time directly bestowed on them—directly, for the true student, the true artist, is not at his work only when he is ostensibly employed, but whenever and wherever he may have his head to himself—and there is no measure of visible quantity for the more or less results of application.

Often, too, the best successes of the student or artist seem, as it were, born of a moment, flashed on without forethought and half unaware. It is but seeming; for thoughts, however suddenly they burst into light, must have had their sowing and their germing time—if, that is, they were flowers, not fungi but the seeming gives confirmation to the popular idea of the unexacting, haphazard nature of the work whose triumphs come by what, whether it be called genius or talent or skill, is in fact but favoring chance, or to take what with many is but the more flattering synonym for chance in such matters, inspiration. And so it comes about that persons with only the protection of these professions to keep them their time for themselves, are liable to have it used by others as open property of no value to any one in particular, which it would be mere churlishness to grudge to all comers.

The painter, to some extent, fares better than the other brain workers—for it is plain to his acquaintances at large, that though ideas may come to him by chance and between whiles, 'mid interruptions, or may be done without, paint will not dab itself into shapes on the canvas with the painter out of the way, and thus some necessity for his sticking to the easel is appreciated.

The literary man probably fares the worst of them all. He is not merely protected by the manual part processes, but it is his danger. It is so easy—what everybody can do at any time. Even people who rarely write a letter think nothing of putting pen to paper at need, and what can it matter to a man who half lives pen in hand, to have a few additional letters or articles to write in the course of his "avocations"? What trouble is there worth counting in a little gratis exercise of his literary skill, to oblige an acquaintance's acquaintance? But whoever fares best and whoever fares worst, the assumption is that men belonging to such professions as are here spoken of, are able to accomplish their works in odds and scraps of broken time, and have for their primary duty to society, all the docilities which idle acquaintances lawfully claim of idlers.

Personal.

Mr Wentworth J. Buchanan, late general manager of the Bank of Montreal, is the owner of one of the best violins in the city, and he plays on it too.

Our courtly and popular fellow-citizen, Baron Hugel, has returned from the winter resorts on the New Jersey coast, whither he went on a trip some time ago with his "vera brither," Sir William Stephen.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Beggar (at the surgery door)—"Doctor, might I be so bold as to ask you for a little relief; I am very badly off. I've got four little children, and—" Doctor.—"Hum—show me your tongue?"

AN ANCESTOR IN FLESH AND BLOOD.

Baron (to renowned savant)—Have you any ancestors, Herr Professor?

Savant—"No; but my grandchildren have one."

The Captain of the School.

When Peterkin, who is twelve, wrote to us that there was a possibility ("but don't count on it," he said) of his bringing the captain of the school home with him for a holiday, we had little conception what it meant. The captain we only knew by report as the "man" who lifted log-balls over pavilion and was said to have made a joke to the head-master's wife. By-and-by we understood the distinction that was to be conferred on us. Peterkin instructed his mother to send the captain a formal invitation addressed "J. Rawlins, Esq." This was done, but in such a way that Peterkin feared we might lose our distinguished visitor. "You shouldn't have asked him for all the holidays," Peterkin wrote, "as he has promised a heap of fellows." Then came a condescending note from the captain, saying that if he could manage it he would give us a few days. In this letter he referred to Peterkin as his young friend. Peterkin wrote shortly afterwards asking his sister Grizel to send him her photograph. "If you haven't one," he added, "what is the color of your eyes?" Grizel is eighteen, which is also, I believe, the age of J. Rawlins. We concluded that the captain had been sounding Peterkin about the attractions that our home could offer him: but Grizel neither sent her brother a photograph nor any account of her personal appearance. "It doesn't matter," Peterkin wrote back; "I told him you were dark." Grizel is rather fair, but Peterkin had not noticed that.

Up to the very last he was in an agony lest the captain should disappoint him. "Don't tell anybody he is coming," he advised us, "for, of course, there is no saying what may turn up." Nevertheless the captain came and we sent the dog-cart to the station to meet him and Peterkin. On all previous occasions one of us had gone to the station with the cart; but Peterkin wrote asking us not to do so this time. "Rawlins hates any fuss," he said.

Somewhat to our relief, we found the captain more modest than it would have been reasonable to expect. "This is Rawlins," was Peterkin's simple introduction: but it could not have been done with more pride had the guest been Mr. W. G. Grace himself. One thing I liked in Rawlins from the first: his consideration for others. When Peterkin's mother and sister embraced that boy on the doorstep, Rawlins pretended not to see. Peterkin frowned, however, at this show of affection, and with a red face looked at the captain to see how he took it. With much good taste, Peterkin said nothing about this "fuss" on the doorstep, and I concluded that he would let it slide. It has so far been a characteristic of that boy that he can let anything which is disagreeable escape his memory. This time, however, as I subsequently learned he had only bottled up his wrath to pour it out upon his sister. Finding her alone in the course of the day, he opened his mind by remarking that this was a nice sort of thing she had done making a fool of him before another fellow. Asked boldly—for Grizel can be freezing on occasion not only to her own brother, but to other people's brothers—what he meant, Peterkin inquired hotly if she was going to pretend that she had not kissed him in Rawlins' presence. Grizel replied that if Rawlins thought anything of that he was a nasty boy; at which Peterkin echoed "boy" with a grim laugh, and said he only hoped she would see the captain some day when the ground suited his style of bowling. Grizel replied contemptuously that the time would come when both Peterkin and his disagreeable friend would be glad to be kissed; upon which her brother flung out of the room, warmly protesting that she had no right to bring such charges against fellows.

Though Grizel was thus a little prejudiced against the captain, he had not been a day in the house when we began to feel the honor that his visit conferred on us. He was modest almost to the verge of shyness; but it was the modesty that is worn by a man who knows he can afford it. While Peterkin was there Rawlins had no need to boast, for Peterkin did the boasting for him. When, however, the captain exerted himself to talk, Peterkin was contented to retire into the shade and gaze at him. He would look at all of us from his seat in the background and note how Rawlins was striking us. Peterkin's face as he gazed upon that of the captain went far beyond the rapture of a lover singing to his mistress's eyebrow. He fetched and carried for him, anticipated his wants as if Rawlins were an invalid, and bore his rebukes meekly. When Rawlins thought that Peterkin was speaking too much, he had merely to tell him to shut up, when Peterkin instantly collapsed. We noticed one great change in Peterkin. Formerly, when he came home for the holidays he had strongly objected to making what he called drawing-room calls but all that was changed. Now he went from house to house, showing the captain off. "This is Rawlins," remained his favorite form of introduction. He is a boy who can never feel comfortable in a drawing-room, and so the visits were generally of short duration. They had to go because they were due in another house in a quarter of an hour or he had promised to let Jemmy Clinker who is our local cobbler and a great cricketer, see Rawlins. When a lady engaged the captain in conversation Peterkin did not scruple to sign to her not to bother him too much; and if they were asked to call again, Peterkin said he couldn't promise. There was a remarkable thing the captain could do to a walking stick, which Peterkin wanted him to do everywhere. It consisted in lying flat on the floor and then raising yourself in an extraordinary way by means of the stick. I believe it is a very difficult feat, and the only time I saw our guest prevailed upon to perform it he looked rather apoplectic. Sometimes he would not do it, apparently because he was not certain whether it was a dignified proceeding. He found it very hard, nevertheless, to resist the temptation, and it was the glory of Peterkin to see him yield to it. From certain noises heard in Peterkin's bedroom it is believed that he is practising the feat himself.

Peterkin, you must be told, is an affectionate boy, and almost demonstrative to his relatives if no one is looking. He was consequently very anxious to know what the captain thought of us all, and brought us our testimonials as proudly as if they were medals awarded for saving life at sea. It is pleasant to me to know that I am the kind of governor Rawlins would have liked himself, had he required one. Peterkin's mother, however, is the captain's favorite. She pretended to take the young man's preference as a joke when her son informed her of it, but in reality I am sure she felt greatly relieved. If Rawlins had objected to us it would have put Peterkin in a very awkward position. As for Grizel, the captain thinks her a very nice little girl, but "for choice," he says (according to Peterkin) "give him a bigger woman." Grizel was greatly annoyed when he told her this which much surprised him, for he thought it quite as much as she had any right to expect. On the whole, we were perhaps rather glad when Rawlins left, for it was somewhat trying to live up to him. Peterkin's mother, too, has discovered that her boy has become round-shouldered. It is believed that this is the result of a habit he acquired when in Rawlins's company of leaning forward to catch what people were saying about the captain.—J. M. Barrie.

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

St. Peter—Who's there?

Spirit—I, Jay Gould.

St Peter—What have you ever done to gain admission here?

Spirit.—I never made a display of my charity by having full accounts of my benefactions printed in all the papers with my picture at the top; I never——

St Peter—That will do; come in.—Brooklyn Eagle.

BRIDGET WAS IN IT, WITH BOTH FEET.

The Roman kitchens were marble paved and furnished with pictures and statues.

THE FASHIONS.

The female form divine has appreciably altered in some of its outlines during the twelvemonth just gone by. When 1892 began the close-fitting skirts, with their invisible "tie-backs," caused some wit to remark that women appeared to be a one-legged race, and some other wit soon afterwards discovered that they were also practically one-handed, so invariably did the up-holding of the long skirt then in favor rob the wearer of the use of five of her fingers. That is all changed now. The little train is gone, and much that was disagreeable went with it. Those who held it up looked all askew, and those who let it trail earned the positive dislike of the imaginative, for if "things seen are mightier than things heard," and we all know they are, things imagined are more abominable than things seen. The bell skirt now reigns. Fashion must have novelty. Without it there would be no fashion, for it is the essence of this latter to keep in touch with the new things she devises for her own purposes. The bell skirt is no improvement upon the sheath-like variety of last spring. It is heavier because it is wider, and the hem is often stuffed with a roll of something stiff in order to make it stand out in the orthodox wavy line about the feet.

In smaller details much is changed, but these appeal rather to the initiated. The single band round the border of the skirt has disappeared in favor of three narrow ones. The width of the sleeve upon the shoulder is much the same as it was a year ago so far as volume is concerned, but whereas it then pointed upward to the ears, it now stretches outward in a horizontal line. This width is out of all proportion to the rest of the figure, but women with their illogical minds (we refer to fashionable women of course) rather like the lack of symmetry, since it serves to make the waist look smaller. Her waist is the idol of the fashionable female. As the carefully cultivated moustache of a man is to him, so is the rigidly-trained waist of a nineteenth century lady to her a treasure indeed.

Another important change is that which deals with the arrangement of the hair. The new coiffure is alarmingly suggestive of the days of the chignon, the more so that the "teacake" at the back is often supported by an internal and invisible circle of slender wire covered over with hair of the tint of that with which it is to be worn. But why should all this hirsute wealth of natural adorning be devoted to the erection of the hideous and inartistic chignon? Yet things seem tending that way, and there are cassandras who assert that 1893 is bringing the crinoline skirt along with other things that as yet we know not of.

Another question that 1893 will settle for us is whether women are to garb themselves in the short waist of the Empire period, or in the quaint and not particularly pretty styles of 1830. There is is one accompaniment of the dress of the latter date which will probably be never revived—viz, the boots with indiarubber gussets let in at the sides, the whole reaching only about an inch above the ankle. One would be sorry to see these reappear.

Our illustrations this week show a handsome evening gown in emerald-green velvet, adorned with Irish lace and jet embroidery in brilliant shades. Front of skirt in brocade, edged with velvet ruching. This dress could also be made in yellow velvet, trimmed with black lace.

The second is a lovely evening cape in Satin de Lyon, wrought with old-gold and silver, intermingled with jet studs. Bands of mink fur edge the cape.

From London Queen.

A DISCERNING FATHER.

Charley Penceless, fondly—"You are my treasure."

Maude Munny—"Yes and the only one you're ever likely to have, papa says.

"What is the matter with Bedloe? He seems all upset." "Well, the fact is his plans have miscarried and he is troubled with nervous frustration."

When a man is generous to a fault it is never one of his wife's.

AN AGREEABLE COMMISSION.

Mayer," says the principal on the 29th of December to his assistant, whose services are very unsatisfactory, "I have a very poor memory, and forget most everything. Remind me on the 1st that I'll discharge you."

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

Lipper—wasn't you surprsied to hear of Tippler's mysterious disappearance?

Chipper—Not in the least.

Lipper—Had you any reason to expect it?

Chipper—Certainly. What more natural than that a man of his convivial habits should be spirited away?

A DOZEN IN A DOZEN YEARS.

Within less than a dozen years the literary world has lost Carlyle (1881) George Eliot (1881), Longfellow (1882), Emerson (1882), Matthew Arnold (1888), Browning (1888), Kinglake (1891), Lowell (1891), Walt Whitman (1892), George William Curtis (1892), Whittier (1892), and Tennyson (1892).

"Did you ever see a ghost?"

"Once."

"Were you scared?"

"Was I scared? Was I? My false teeth were in a glass on a table three feet away from the bed and they actually rattled so loud they woke the neighbors.

Present-Giving.

There has been a sudden and marked revival of the practice of making presents at Christmas which, though universal fifty years ago, has latterly died away,—drowned, one would fancy, in the flood of Christmas-cards now visibly ebbing. Those cards to be endurable, demand artistic invention; and the supply of that faculty great as it is, has of late been hardly equal to the demand on it; so that kindly folk, a little tired with indifferent pictures of snow and churches, and dogs, and children in cloaks, have fallen back upon the older way. Articles in silver, ivory, bronze, and Viennese leather, Japanese knicknacks, lamps of novel design, pieces of china, and turkeys, are all advertised as "suitable" Christmas presents, and are all we dare say, as acceptable as the barrels of oysters which it was once imperative on Londoners who wished to be thought at once polite and liberal, to send to friends in the country. We have no objection to raise to the practice except as regards the selection of a fixed time of year for its indulgence. The habit of making presents is in itself a good one, and one to be carefully cultivated, so that the chain of etiquette which at present hinders it may be broken link by link.

We are all apt to forget too much the necessity of keeping friendship warm and it is true that friendship between the distant tends to grow cold, or to die away. Nobody can, in our day, write those amusing long letters in which all household events were so carefully reported that the readers seemed to remember all that had been going on, and lost for the moment the sense of separation; and there is nothing, not even the despatch of magazines, with their "contents" crossed to indicate what should be read—a most healthy and Christian practice especially favoured by old and intellectual persons of limited means—which satisfactorily supplies its place. Visits may be inconvenient invitations seldom hit the right time, and it often comes to this, that families sincerely attached to each other drift apart from sheer inability to think of methods of keeping alive their mutual recollection. The habit of present-giving furnishes, at all events, a palliative for that tendency. Nobody ever received a present from a friend, more especially if that present reflected clearly his own hobby or the giver's, without a sensation, however momentary, of pleasure; and nobody ever sent one without a kindly thought of the receiver, and what he or she would feel or think as the strings or seals of the parcel fell beneath a gentle assault of curiosity. (N.B.—Never untie the string of a gift-parcel: it is a piece of meanness indicating coldness of disposition.) There is grace both in giving and receiving such gifts, and there would be more if the etiquette were sufficiently established, so as to put away or dissolve the cold English pride which so often prevents not only acts of kindness, but displays of friendly sympathy. There must, however, to render such presents pleasant, be some care and painstaking on the giver's part. They should never, or hardly ever, consist of the little objects manufactured by the million with the express object of being given. Those things are formalities, as much as the "wishes of the season."

The best present, as we have said, is that which reveals in some way the idiosyncrasy either of giver or receiver,—of giver, if the friendship is distant, because that is more natural; of receiver, if the friendship is close, because that is a truer sign of appreciative affection; and the next best, though it demands almost too much tact, is that which supplies some need, not a great need to be met by a cheque admissible as a volunteered present only between relatives, but a little need which, not have been ordered from a shop with- because of its littleness, is keenly felt. Any thing, however, will do, that has in it some flavour of individuality, and could not having been seen, considered, or picked out. The character of message is the essential of a friendly gift. Whether such present or any present should be costly or not, is a question which has often been discussed, but has, we think, essentially little meaning.

No present should ever be made which involves a grudge the giver, or creates a painful sense of obligation in the receiver; but these considerations being excluded, value should hardly be recognised at all. That indicates nothing except circumstances which may be purely accidental, and neither adds to, nor detracts from the grace of giving. We suppose there is a limit to this doctrine, and that a poor man give one pair of gloves instead of the the expense leaves no grudge, or a rich man give one pair of gloves instead of the half dozen; but the matter is primarily governed by self-respect, and has little connection with the friendliness which we want the giving of presents to help to maintain. We could wish in this regard that the sending of cheques were not so completely forbidden except at weddings for the cheque would often be the most welcome of friendly tributes: but it would not be honest to deny that with English manners the pain given would often outweigh the pleasure, or that there would always be risk of awakening a secret expectation which, if disappointed, would leave a sting, or, if realised, would create rather a sense of gratitude and inequality than an increase of friendliness. The most gratifying present, however, that the writer ever received was a cheque. It was for rather a large sum, and was accompanied by these words from a correspondent whom the receiver had never seen. "In order that by its distribution in some act of charity which interests you you may taste yourself something of the pleasure you have given me."

The grand difficulty of all present-giving is that it is ruined by custom; and it is custom which is created by selecting fixed days for present-giving. The pleasant sense of surprise and unexpectedness, which is more than half the battle, is wholly lost if a day is fixed; and the giving descends from an act of friendliness into what is, at best, an act of courtesy. There is a tendency, too, as in wedding-presents, to "heft" the present received on a fixed day and therefore to maintain a standard, and a standard once fixed, there is an end of spontaneousness altogether. The giving becomes a custom, the custom a rigid observance, and the rigid observance a nuisance, which compels unwished-for expenditure at the wrong moment, and is sure, in the end, to lead to a sudden and nearly universal revolt. It is worse than the giving of wedding-presents, for nobody really has an instinct of awakened affection on the same day towards twenty people at once; and if present-giving becomes as widely diffused a custom as the sending of Christmas-cards threatened to be, a circle of twenty would be unusually small. Nothing is so fatal to any friendly etiquette as to become a bore; and a day on which present-giving is expected always tends to become one. Spontaneousness, in one word, is the secret of friendly present-giving, with this single reserve,—that society must help a little by using its absolute power to decree that presents receiving shall be considered unless special circumstances intervene, "good form."

And yet we feel, that we are not certain whether one reserve more ought not to have been made. We suspect that, to children, the fixing of a day, by exciting expectation and by allowing comparisons, enhances the pleasure of receiving presents. Children want pleasure in groups; and without a fixed day for a pre-arranged celebration, there can be no grouping. The gladness may be positively increased, like any other strong emotion, by communication from one to the other, each receiving, in addition to his or her own pleasure, something of the pleasure of all. If that be so, God forbid we should interfere with the tinies' enjoyment; and it must be so, or the institution of the children's day would not be so universal. Germany is not the only country with its Santa Claus, though it is the only one in which the best story ever told of Santa Claus could have been actually true. We wonder if every been actually true. We wonder if every one of our readers know that story: we suppose so; but for the sake of the two or three of the young who may not recall it, we will run the risk of boring older readers.

In the reign of Frederick III. of Prussia, the weak man whom Napoleon crushed, an employé of the Post Office informed his children that, his salary being in arrear they could have no presents on St. Nicholas day. The children, greatly fretted, resolved to pray for the presents, and as the most solemn way of doing so wrote out their petition, addressed it to Jesus Christ, and two days before the festival put it in the post. Santa Clause arrived and it rained costly presents, until the parents, learning their children's secret, declared a miracle had occurred. We shall not say no miracle had happened; but if so, it was worked through most characteristic instrumentality. Germany was honeycombed with Secret Societies, and the Post-Office clerks sure that an address to Jesus Christ must be a secret signal and cover treason, took the children's letter to Queen Louise, who, in her motherliness discerning the truth at once, gave a hint to her ladies which filled the little house to overflowing. Only in regard to a fixed day could children have felt that vexation, and therefore only on a fixed day can they experience the perfect enjoymnt which comes from realised expectation.

We adhere to what we have written about the presents of friendliness, but we must we fear, in spite of our sogeness, leave the babies their fixed day for Christmas presents.

It is entirely too much to say that if the cat has not been let out of the bag the world would not be bothered by it on the back fence.

Mrs. Hinton—I have been reading a description of the magazine gun. Where do you suppose the inventor found the idea of firing it so rapidly?"

Mr. Hinton—I suppose from watching the magazine poet fired.

JONATHAN'S DAUGHTERS.

(Max O'Rell, in Strand.)

In a recent article I ventured to hazard the opinion that the typical American does not exist, as yet: that the American gentleman differs not at all from a gentleman of any other country, and that no citizen of the Great Republic can be pointed out as typical, although in the ordinary American are to be found two traits which are very characteristic of him, and of other dwellers in new countries, viz., childishness and inquisitiveness.

But, although I failed to find a typical American man, I am very strongly of opinion that the American lady is typical. Good society is apt to mould all who frequent it into one pretty even shape, and it is all the more astonishing, therefore, to find the American lady with such a separate individuality.

Of the ordinary American woman I am not in a position to speak. In my wanderings through the United States I made acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men; but, coming to the petticoated portion of the community, I had practically no opportunity of studying any but ladies.

The American lady, in my eyes, is a distinct type; her charm is distinct from the charm of any European lady, and is certainly equal in extent to any. Two traits struck me very forcibly in her, and to the first of these I think she owes a great part of her success. They are, naturalness, or utter absence of affectation, and—shall I say it?—a lurking contempt for man. Not a militant contempt, not a loud contempt, but a quiet, queenly, benevolent contempt. I talk about her owing her success to the first of these; but who shall say whether her triumphant progress has not been greatly due to the second?

I have often tried to explain to myself this gentle contempt of American ladies for the male sex; for, contrasting it with the devotion, the lovely devotion of Jonathan to his woman-kind, it is a curious enigma. Have I found the solution at last? Does it begin at school? In American schools, boys and girls, from the age of five, follow the same path to learning, and side by side on the same benches. Moreover, the girls prove themselves thoroughly capable of keeping pace with the boys. Is it not possible that the girls, as they watched the performances of the boys in the study, have learnt to say: "Is that all?" while the young lords of creation, as they looked on at what "those girls" can do, have been fain to exclaim: "Who would have thought it?" And does not this explain the two attitudes: the great respect of men for women, and the mild contempt of women for men?

* * * * *

When I was in New York, and had time to saunter about, I would go up Broadway, and wait until a car, well crammed with people, came along. Then I would jump on board, and stand near the door. Whenever a man wanted to get out, he would say to me, "Please," or "Excuse me," or just touch me lightly to warn me that I stood in his way. But the ladies! Oh, the ladies! Why, it was simply lovely.

"THEY WOULD JUST PUSH ME AWAY."

They would just push me away with the tips of their fingers, and turn up such disgusted and haughty noses! You would have imagined it was a heap of dirty rubbish in their way.

* * * * *

Just as one of the hardest ways of earning a living is to be a middle-class English wife, so one of the loveliest sinecures in the world is to be an American lady. A small, sometimes no, family to bring up; very often no house to keep; three months' holiday in Europe; a devoted, hardworking husband ever ready to pet her, worship her, and supply the wherewith; an education that enables her to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life; a charming naturalness of manner; a freedom from conventionality; a bold picturesqueness of speech; a native brilliancy; all combine to make her a distinct type, and the queen of her sex.

* * * * *

When a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman converse together, they can seldom forget that one is a man and the other a woman. It does not prove that a Frenchwoman must necessarily be, and is, affected in her relations with men; but it explains why she does not feel, as the American woman does, that a man and a woman can enjoy a tete-a-tete free from all those commonplace flatteries, compliments, and platitudes that badly understood gallantry suggests. Many American ladies have made me forget, by the easiness of their manner, and the charm and naturalness of their conversation, that I was speaking with women, and with lovely ones too. This I could never have forgotten in the company of French ladies.

On account of this feeling, and perhaps also of the difference which exists between the education received by a man and that received by a woman in France, the conversation will always be on some light topics, literary, artistic, dramatic, social, or other. Indeed, it would be most unbecoming for a man to start a very serious subject of conversation with a French lady to whom he had just been introduced. He would be taken for a pedant or a man of bad breeding.

In America, men and women receive practically the same education, and this of course enlarges the circle of conversational topics between the sexes. I shall always remember a beautiful American girl, not more than twenty years of age, to whom I was once introduced in a New York drawing-room, as she was giving to a lady sitting next to her a most minute description of the latest bonnet invented in Paris, and who, turning towards me, asked me point blank if I had read M. Ernest Renan's last book, "The History of the People of Israel." Well, I had not. I had to confess that I had not yet had time to read it. But she had, and she gave me, without the remotest touch of affectation or pedantry, a most interesting, detailed, and learned analysis of that remarkable book, almost in one breath with the description of the Paris bonnet. I related this incident in "Jonathan and his Continent." On reading it, some of my countrymen, critics and others, exclaimed: "We imagine the fair American girl wore a pair of gold spectacles."

"No, my dear compatriots, nothing of the sort. No gold spectacles, no guy. It was a beautiful girl, dressed with the most exquisite taste and care, and most charming and womanly."

An American woman, however learned she may be, is a sound politician, and she knows that the best thing she can make of herself is a woman, and she remains a woman. She will always make herself as attractive as she possibly can, not to please men, to please herself. If in a French drawing-room I were to remark to a lady how clever some woman in the room looked, she would probably closely examine that woman's dress to find out what I thought was wrong about it. It would probably be the same in England, but not in America.

A Frenchwoman will seldom be jealous of another woman's cleverness. She will far more readily forgive her this quality than beauty. "Oh! how I should like to be a man!" once exclaimed a French lady in my presence. An American lady would probably have said to her: "My dear, you are ever so much better as you are!"

Of all the ladies I have met, I have no hesitation in declaring that the American ones are the least affected. With them, I repeat it, I feel at ease as I do with no other women in the world.

With whom but an Americaine would the following little scene have been possible?

It was on a Friday afternoon in Boston, the reception-day of Mrs. X., an old friend of my wife and myself. I thought I would call upon her early in the afternoon, before the crowd of visitors had begun to arrive. I went to her house at half-past three. Mrs. X. received me in the drawing-room, and we soon were talking on the one hundred and one topics that old friends have on their tongue tips. Presently the conversation fell on love and lovers. Mrs. X. drew her chair up a little nearer to the fire, put the toes of her little slippers on the fender-stool, and with a charmingly confidential, but perfectly natural, manner, said:—

"You are married, and love your wife; I am married, and love my husband; we are both artists, let's have our say out."

And we proceeded to have our say out.

But, lo! all at once I noticed about half an inch of the seam of her black silk bodice was unsewn. We men, when we see a lady with something awry in her toilette, how often do we long to say to her: 'Excuse me, Madam, but perhaps you don't know that you have a hairpin sticking out two inches just behind your ear," or, "Pardon me, Miss, I'm a married man, there is something wrong just under your waist belt."

But we dare not say so. We are afraid we shall be told to mind our own business.

Now, I felt for Mrs. X., who was just going to receive a crowd of callers, with a little rent in one of her bodice seams, and tried to persuade myself to be brave, and tell her of it. Yet I hesitated. People take things so differently. The conversation went on unflaggingly. More than once I had started a little cough, and was on the point of—but my courage failed. The clock struck half-past four. I could not stand it any longer.

"Mrs. X.," said I, all in a breath, "you are married, and love your husband; I am married, and love my wife; we are both artists; there is a little bit of seam come unsewn just there by your left arm, run and get it sewn up!"

The peals of laughter that I heard going on upstairs while the damage was being repaired, proved to me that there was no resentment to be feared; but, on the contrary, that I had earned the gratitude of Mrs. X.

* * * * *

Inquisitiveness, I have said, is a characteristic feature of American men; but I imagine that this feature is also to be found in the daughters of the Great Republic.

"INQUISITIVENESS."

During my second visit to the States, it amused me to notice that the Americans to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced, refrained from asking me what I thought of America, but they invariably inquired if the impressions of my first visit were confirmed.

One afternoon, at an "At Home" in Boston, I met a lady from New York who asked me a most extraordinary question.

"I have read 'Jonathan and his Continent,'" she said to me, "I suppose that is a book of impressions written for publication. But now, tell me 'en confidence,' what do you think of us?"

"Is there anything in that book," I replied, "which can make you suppose *that it is not the faithful expression* of what I think of America and the Americans?"

"Well," she said, "it is so complimentary, taken altogether, that I must confess I had a lurking suspicion of your having purposely flattered us, and indulged our national weakness for hearing ourselves praised, so as to make sure of a warm reception for your book."

"No doubt," I ventured, 'by writing a flattering book on any country, you would greatly increase your chance of a large sale in that country; but, on the other hand, you may write an abusive book on any country, and score a great success among that nation's neighbours. For my part, I have always gone my own quiet way, philosophising rather than opinionating, and when I write, it is not with the aim of pleasing any particular public. I note down what I see, say what I think, and people may read me or not, just as they please. But I think I may boast, however, that my pen is never bitter, and I do not care to criticise unless I feel a certain amount of sympathy with the subject of my criticism. If I felt that I must honestly say hard *things of people, I would always abstain* altogether."

"Now," said my fair questioner, "how is it that you have so little to say about our Fifth Avenue folks? Is it because you have seen very little of them, or is it because you could only have said hard things of them?".

"On the contrary," I replied, "I saw a good deal of them, but what I saw showed me that to describe them would be only to describe polite society, as it exists in London and elsewhere. Society gossip is not in my line, boudoir and club smoking-room scandal has no charm for me. Fifth Avenue resembles too much Mayfair and Belgravia to make criticism of it worth attempting."

I knew this answer would have the effect of putting me into the lady's good graces at once, and I was not disappointed. She accorded to me her sweetest smile, as I bowed to her, to go and be introduced to another lady by the mistress of the house.

The next lady was a Bostonian. I had to explain to her why I had not spoken of Beacon Street people, using the same argument as in the case of Fifth Avenue society, and with the same success.

* * * * *

At the same "At Home," I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blank, whom I had met many times in London and Paris.

She is one of the crowd of pretty and clever women whom America sends to brighten up European society, and who reappear both in London and Paris with the regularity of the swallows. You meet them everywhere, and conclude that they must be married, since they are styled Mrs., and not Miss. But whether they are wives, widows, or 'divorcees,' you rarely think of inquiring, and you may enjoy their acquaintance, and even their friendship, for years, without knowing whether they have a living lord or not.

Mrs. Blank, as I say, is a most fascinating specimen of America's daughters, and that day in Boston I found

"MR. BLANK WAS ALSO VERY MUCH ALIVE."

that Mr. Blank was also very much alive, but the companions of his joys and sorrows were the telephone and the ticker; in fact, it is thanks to his *devotion to these that the wife of his* bosom is able to adorn European society during every recurring season.

American women have such love for independence and freedom that their visits to Europe could not arouse suspicion, even in the most malicious. But, nevertheless, I was glad to have heard of Mr. Blank, because it is comfortable to have one's mind at rest on these subjects. Up to now, whenever I had been asked, as sometimes happened, though seldom: "Who is Mr Blank, and where is he?" I had always answered: "Last puzzle out!"

The freedom enjoyed by American women has enabled them to mould themselves in their own fashion. They do not copy any other women, they are original. I can recognise an American woman without hearing her speak. You have only to see her enter a room or a car, and you know her for Jonathan's daughter. Married or unmarried, her air is full of assurance, of a self-possession that never fails her. And when she looks at you, or talks to you, her eyes express the same calm consciousness of her worth.

Would you have a fair illustration of the respective positions of women in *France, in England, and in America?*

Go to a hotel, and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-rooms.

Now, don't go to the Louvre, the Grand Hotel, or the Bristol, in Paris. Don't go to Claridge's, the Savoy, the Victoria, or the Metropole, in London. Don't go to Delmonico's in New York, or the Thorndyke in Boston, because in all these hotels, you will probably run the risk of seeing all behave alike. Go elsewhere, and, I say, watch.

In France, you will see Monsieur and Madame arrive together, walk abreast towards the table assigned to them, very often arm in arm, talking and smiling at each other—though married. Equal footing.

In England, you will see John Bull leading the way. He does not like to be seen eating in public, and thinks it very hard that he should not have the dining-room all to himself. So he enters, with his hands in his pockets, looking askance at everybody right and left. Then, meek and demure, with her eyes cast down, follows Mrs. John Bull.

But in America! Oh, in America, behold, the dignified, nay, the majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a perfect queen going towards her throne, bestowing a glance on her subjects right and left—and Jonathan behind!

* * * * *

! They say in France that Paris is the paradise of women. If so, there is a more blissful place than paradise; there is another word to invent to give an idea of the social position enjoyed by American ladies.

If I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and my birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice:

"Oh! make me an American woman!"

Recipes.

Tripe and Oysters.—Boil a piece of tripe until thoroughly tender. Cut into pieces quarter of an inch square. Put your oysters in a pan with just enough of the juice to cook them. Add butter, peper and salt, with a little onion. When the oysters are done add the tripe and a little good sweet cream; serve very hot.

Lobster Croquettes—Mince finely a small quantity of lobster, toss it in butter on the fire adding a pinch of flour, a little white stock, salt, pepper, and spice to taste, and lastly the yolk of an egg and some lemon juice. Spread out the mixture to cool, divide it into portions, wrap each into a a piece of white wafer, dip it in batter and fry.

Escalloped Sweetbreads.—Three large sweetbreads, one and one-half pints of thin cream, three tablespoonfuls (heaping) of flour two even teaspoonfuls of butter, a slice of onion, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half cupful of rolled crackers salt and pepper. Mince the sweetbreads fine, season and add lemon juice. Scald the cream, adding a pinch of soda. Melt the butter in a frying pan and stir the flour into it. Cook a few moments without browning, then pour the hot cream gradually upon it, stirring it well to free it of lumps. Let the onion cook with the gravy a couple of minutes; remove, and season with pepper and salt. Mix with the sweetbreads, pour into a baking dish and sprinkle the cracker crumbs over the top. Bake 20 minutes, or until the crumbs have browned delicately.

Minute Pudding.—Beat three eggs, add half a cup of milk and five tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, stir together until smooth, have one pint of milk scalding hot over the fire, stir in the batter and cook three minutes, stirring rapidly all the time; serve with a bowl of sweet cream, sweeten with white sugar.

Flannel Cakes.—One teacupful of boiled rice, flour to make a pancake batter, two eggs, one quart of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix in the same manner as rice waffles and fry on a soapstone griddle, which requires no greasing and makes a very light and wholesome cake.

Sponge Biscuit.—Beat the whites of six eggs, add the beaten yolks andt oss them together, add the juice of one lemon,t hree cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour; stir well, put in patty pans, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and bake.

Potato Cakes.—Mince cold boiled potatoes fine; to one teacupful add two beaten eggs, a pinch of peppar and salt and milk to moisten, so it can be made into small, round cakes; fry in butter, and serve hot.

A NEW WEDDING CAKE

At a recent wedding I noticed a wedding cake which might be adopted at nuptial ceremonies with advantage. The bride's cake was made of alternate layers of cake and almond paste with a thin coating of sugar. In place of the classic temple withg hastly plaster of Paris figures, the decoration consisted of garlands of white roses and maiden hair fern.

Our Metrical Charade.

We have received no correct answer as yet to the charade given last week. The verses, it is needless to say, are not very new. The nearest answer given is "Shotgun."

The barber can hold another man's jaw when he can't hold his own.

The Man of the Midnight Sun.

Paul Du Chaillu, the African traveller, the man who is accredited by some people with having discovered the gorilla, has been paying a visit to Montreal. This ubiquitous Frenchman, although leaving Montreal with a pocket fairly well lined after his recent lecture, was not altogether satisfied. Some of the city papers gave him a weight of between 70 and 80 years which is scarcely to be wondered at, considering his historic reputation; but Paul is still a bachelor, and not by any means ill looking, and he seriously considered the advisibility of entering an action for damages against them. While being entertained at one of the clubs, the doughty traveller recounted one of his stock anecdotes to which our repetition can do but little justice, lacking the manner of its telling. It seems that after one of his visits to the Land of the Midnight Sun, returning to his hotel late one night in New York, a respectably clad gentleman encountered him near the upper end of Broadway. The man seemed unable to find his way home, and Paul volunteered to give him his arm. After a somewhat devious course along the broad flagway, they arrived in the course of about 20 minutes, at the door of the gentleman's residence, who turned round to thank his benefactor, and in somewhat hesitating tones requested the honor of his name. On being told that it was Paul, the man staggered for a moment, and recovering himself, said "Paul, eh?" "Tell me, did you ever get any reply to your Epistle to the Ephesians?" M. Du Chaillu is still wondering whether he had been made the victim of a hoax.

A man is the architect of his own reputation—and often puts up a job no other man would take off his hands.

His efforts never turned out right,
His pleasures never lasted;
His hopes, I think, were charged with dynamite,
They were so often blasted.

The Bachelor's Bon Mot.

An old bachelor recently gave utterance to the following jeu d'esprit: He was introduced to a beautiful widow of the same name as himself. The introduction was in this wise:

"Mr. Evans, permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Evans."

"Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spirited bachelor· "the very lady I have been in search of for the last 40 years!"

'Jinks, why don't you give up writing and make tombstones for a living?" "Tombstones!" "Yes—they pay so much more per column."

SOCIETY STUDIES.

(Mrs. Arthur Bruce, a young widow, is *walking rapidly down a shabby East* End street. As she is going down she meets, going up, Miss Amy Hunt. They stop in the middle of the sidewalk, obstructing traffic.)

Mrs. Bruce—Why Amy? is this you? And what on earth are you doing here. I hear that 'shimming' is out of fashion, so it isn't that! I am hunting a new plumber who is said to 'plumb' according to the latest germ theory. The microcci fly at the sight of his bills, I presume. This, however, doesn't seem to excuse you.

Miss Hunt—Don't try your autocratic *airs on me, Eva. I won't be brought* to book even by you, dear. I am hunting a mysterious little French girl who can mend laces—well, like a French girl—that's enough, goodness knows! How ever do they have such insatiable patience? But If I find her I shall keep the secret.

Mrs. Bruce—Ah, keep her—do! I can mend my own laces; they taught me that, at least, at the convent. It happened to be the one thing one actually could learn there.

Miss Hunt—But what are plumbers to you? I thought you rented and endured *in silence like the rest of us. Is* there a movement on foot to establish a home for retired members of the species, or a competitive examination in sanitary science, or what?

Mrs. Bruce—Simply that I'm a-building of myself a house, a residence, a domicile, a lair for my l a r e s, and I mean it to be as nice as possible. I've found already that three new wrinkles and sever gray hairs and eternal vigilance is the price, but I believe that I shall finally succeed—a succes d'estime at least, for my $3,000 house won't cost after all but $5,000. Isn't that a triumph?

Miss Hunt—How I envy you! When its done do have a "housewarming bee." They are quite the thing now. We all bring our work and sew for you. You get lots of "truck," of course, but usually one or two things you really want.

Mrs. Bruce—Oh! I mean to have everybody there, but I'm afraid I'm a trifle too independent for the thing you mention. I know a woman who got her baby's whole wardrobe that way. Such obligations would keep me awake nights, and I can't afford at my age to lose an hour's beauty-sleep. I am going to have one thing though—a pin cushion! One of those bits of oriental embroidery with lace. Anna Martin is making it for me—(looks at her watch). Gracious! that plumber has had time to make a fortune and retire from business while we've been chattering.

Miss Hunt—Yes, and there comes a policeman to ask us to camp out or move on. Be charitable to people who don't have any new house, and come and see me in my old one.

Mrs. Bruce—I'll try, but it will be a come down. Good-bye. (They seperate. Miss Hunt does her errand and returns uptown. On the steps of a store she meets Mrs. Merrithew.)

Miss Hunt—Ah! Mrs. Merrithew, there you are at last. Why weren't you at the Palmers' last night? I looked round corners and up stairways for you until I was afraid of getting cross-eyed. It was a lovely party, lots of men, lots of punch, and a divine salad.

Mrs. Merrithew—You haven't got a husband to bring, my dear girl. You can't imagine how hard it is to induce Mr. Merrithew to go out. Induce isn't the word either—it ought to be hypnotize, for he won't go when he is in his own mind. The truth is he is growing stout. You know the old joke—"Not lost but gone before"—that expresses it with eloquence! When you do marry, Amy, pick out one of those thin dried up nervous men that never do get stout. They're irritable, of course, but at least they like to go about. Mr. Merrithew has all the inertia of the good natured, and I can't bear to tease him into gayeties that are simply death to him, a real petit maitre.

Miss Hunt—Poor fellow! I know he must be an angel. I've just seen Mrs. Bruce, looking at least ten years younger since her husband's death. Her new house is nearly done, and she is simply crazy with delight. Ah! by the way, Anna Martin is helping her furnish it.

Mrs. Merrithew—That's queer! I thought Anna Martin was a "philanthropist." They never help anybody unless they are awfully poor or awfully wicked, do they? Hasn't Anna Martin an unmarried brother?

Miss Hunt—Of course, Philip Martin, a lawyer, about 37, and a great catch.

Mrs. Merrithew (significantly)—Ah! And is Mrs. Bruce going to live in her new house quite alone?

Miss Hunt—No. With her queer old aunt, of course.

Mrs. Merrithew—Why, of course? She is extremely attractive, I hear, and a woman who had a tough time with *her first husband makes an appreci*ative wife. Any man of sense would prefer her to an exacting young girl or even to a girl like you.

Miss Hunt (sharply)—But Mr. Martin isn't a marrying man.

Mrs. Merrithew—Oh! you've found that out, have you. Don't talk like a baby. Any man is a marrying man until he is dead.

Miss Hunt—So you think——

Mrs. Merrithew—I think—That's my car. Good-bye, Amy. Present me soon to a fiance of your own. A t h i n one, mind! (Mrs. Merrithew boards an electric car, and immediately recognizes an acquaintance in a young lady upon her right. They proceed to talk violently, raising their voices to be heard above the noise of the car. At intervals Mrs. Merrithew casts indignant glances at a shabby young man at the door, who is smoking a deleterious cigarette and scribbling on the edge of his cuff)

Mrs. Merrithew (addressing Miss Rose Leaser)—How badly you're looking Rose, dear. You go out too much. But when Lent comes you will take a rest.

Rose Leaser (blushing slightly)—I've been very busy and mamma is not at all well. That's her only luxury.

Mrs. M.—Poor thing! I know just how she feels. Do you know Amy Hunt? I just left her at M's. She's up on some new "ology," I suppose, but she is miserable just the same. She hates Winnipeg. She came here because she heard that marriageable men were as thick as poppies, and she has found out her mistake. I can always put her into a perfect rage, and I can never resist the temptation. It's one of the crimes of opportunity.

Miss Rose Leaser—Why, Mrs. Merrithew, how can you? If she is so unhappy, one ought to be all the nicer to her.

Mrs. M. (laughing)—What a little prig it is! Oh, I'm not half so wicked as I seem. It does her good to hate me—it's a distraction. She is "madder" than ever to-day because she has just heard of the engagement of a woman who has had one man already, and who is older than she is too.

Miss Leaser—Is it a secret?

Mrs. M.—No, but it is not announced yet. Don't say I told you, any way. It is Mrs. Bruce—Arthur Bruce's widow.

Miss Leaser—That's nice. I'm so glad for her. But who is the gentleman? I never see her out anywhere, except with her little boy.

Mrs. M.—That's just it! It all came about so romantically! Anna Martin helped her to furnish her new house, and she met the brother often, and then cela va sans dire.

Miss Leaser (slowly)—So it is Philip Martin?

Mrs. M.—So I hear. Why, Rose, dear, you are so pale! What's the matter?

Miss Leaser (quickly)—Nothing! This is my corner. Good-bye.

Mrs. M.—Good-bye! Don't tell anybody it came from me.

SCHERZO.

From the society column of a certain paper: We hinted, some weeks ago, that handsome Philip Martin was contemplating matrimonily. To be sure it was only a rumor, but what we are about to tell you is something more. Still we won't vouch for its truth, but give it for what it is worth. It is said that the lady who has captured the heart of the hitherto invulnerable lawyer is no other than Mrs. Arthur Bruce, one of the brightest and most versatile of all the accomplished women who now shine in the social circles of this city.

APPASSIONATA.

(Miss Rose Leaser sits at the piano improvising improvements on Mr. Richard Wagner. There is a spirit of determination about her lips and a twinkle of humor in her left eye. As Mr. Philip Martin is announced and enters, she turns slightly toward him, nods, lightly, and keeps on with her arpeggios.)

Philip Martin (trying to seize her hand as it runs by him to the end of the key-board)—Rose, darling! aren't you glad to see me? Please stop that racket a minute. (Miss Leaser smiles a provoking smile and goes on with a thundering bass.) What is it, anyhow? Anything that's got to be done to-night?

Miss Leaser (significantly)—It is the "fire motif," sir.

Mr. Martin—Well! I wish you would borrow a little more warmth from it then.

Miss Leaser (whirling toward him on the piano stool)—Mormon!

Mr. Martin (starting back)—Are you crazy, dear. Have you got a headache—or are you ill? Can't I do anything?

Miss Leaser (coldly)—Thank you Mr. Martin, I never was better in my whole life!

Mr. Martin—Well, then, why aren't you sensible? Look here! Rose, there is a limit to my patience, even if I am engaged to you, and I insist——

Miss Leaser (in a high key)—And this to me? You poor thing. Philip you'd never make a real hero after all! You can't even remember over night to whom you a r e engaged.

Mr. Martin (bewildered)—When I left this house last night I was engaged to the only woman I ever loved, and——

Miss Leaser—So you don't even love her. Worse and worse. It's just downright mormonism.

Mr. Martin (wildly, and seizing both Miss Leaser's hands)—Rose Leaser, will you be kind enough to give me the diagram that goes with this very peculiar joke? I'm not "clever" enough for you, that's certain.

Miss Leaser (snatching one hand free and pointing dramatically to a crumpled paper on the floor)—There! there! there!

Mr. Martin (picking up a copy of the society paper and reading the marked passage)—Damned impertinence! Liars!

Miss Leaser—Oh! Philip!

Mr. Martin—And you believed it? Why I wouldn't believe your engagement to anybody else if I saw it in a million papers.

Miss Leaser (frigidly)—Very likely you think nobody else wants me, I suppose.

Mr. Martin (eagerly)—Rose, darling—

Miss Leaser (in great agitation)—Oh, leave me, do leave me! I see it all now. You haven't even denied it. You took this cruel way to let me know that you regretted our engagement. And it hasn't been twenty-four hours. You wanted the engagement kept a secret, you miserable man, and I——

Mr. Martin (absolutely dumbfounded)—I wanted it kept? Why, I was so happy and proud, and should like to have shouted in everybody's windows—

Miss Leaser (in a tone of resignation)—And now it is too late. It would be only polite now for you to marry her. They say she is extremely nice and——

Mr. Martin—Yes, she is—but—(hastily as he looks at Miss Leaser's face) that's neither here nor there. What can I do darling, to make you trust me?

Miss Leaser—And people will say she jilted you and I was your second choice—a dernier resort! Don't sit there staring at me like—like a chump! Act, act! do something! "Oh! that I were a man! I'd eat his heart i' the market place."

Mr. Martin (apprehensively)—You mean him? (pointing to the paper.)

Miss Leaser—Assuredly, sir.

Mr. Martin (heroically)—You want me to do something——

Miss Leaser (calmly)—Violent—or lingering.

Mr. Martin (drawing a deep breath between his set teeth)—I will. But suppose I should not find him?

Miss Leaser (decidedly)—You need not come back until you do!

Mr. Martin (tragically)—Good-bye, darling.

Miss Leaser (frivolously)—Auf wiedersehn, dear.

(Mr Martin plunges from the house, and Miss Leaser after executing a step a la Loie Fuller, begins her arpeggios, while muttering to herself.)

Miss Leaser (solus)—Now this is something like living. I wonder what he will do? I hope he won't kill him. How he loves me!

Finale.