

THE MEADOW.

I know a way--will you go, my dear, Will you follow the path with me-- The path that leads from the Now and Here Forth into Acready?

THE LOST GRANDMOTHER.

One comes upon the Azores Islands like gorgeous phantasms rising beyond a tumbling, tossing sea. It is such as though, walking through a hot street of Naples in midsummer, one should suddenly behold a vista of real blue sea meeting upon the curbstones, while indifferently clerks gossip over the soda-fountains in the shops.

At any rate, that was much the effect that the first sight of the islands had upon Mr. Josiah B. Landseam. He clutched the sides of his steamer, and leaned forward like a man who was seeing things. "Look over there," he demanded, when at length he became aware of my presence. "Do you see anything?"

But perhaps it was wise to pause at this point and recall the fact that I had made my acquaintance in a more or less one-sided manner, a few hours after sailing from Boston on a ship bound for the Mediterranean.

"You're an American citizen?" he inquired, confronting me upon the promenade-deck, where he had been moving to and fro restlessly. I admitted that I was, but silently determined not to sign any petitions thus early in the voyage.

"So many foreigners on board, I'm beginning to lose confidence," he explained, smiling blandly. "Met a man a little while back, that I thought was an American, from his clothes, so I spoke to him. 'No parlor,' says he in reply. 'Try the smoking-room,' said I. 'No parlor,' says he again; and the steward came along and told me that he was a Dago and couldn't talk American. My name's Landseam--Josiah B. Landseam, real estate; not for speculation, but for investment. This is my first trip across the big pond."

I could do no less than give my own name, and state that I was a journalist going abroad partly on business and in part for pleasure; and that the knowledge in no way disconcerted him.

"We'll get along," he remarked. "I'm something of a hustler myself. My father made his money in groceries; I've made mine in real estate. I own something over seventy buildings. You can see real estate, and you don't know what you are getting when you buy stock." He lowered his voice confidentially. "My money earns me from eighteen to twenty-four per cent.," he said. "That's better than any stocks I know."

I believed at the time that he was boasting, but I knew that he was telling me the truth. His reliance was in real estate in a double sense, for soon after this preliminary conversation he disappeared from view and I did not see him again for two days. At the end of that period the sea had quieted down a bit, and the empty chairs in the dining-saloon began to be occupied by pallid, uncertain passengers. Mr. Landseam had changed so that I hardly recognized him at first sight. He appeared to have lost a certain amount of his rotundity, his round red face had become haggard and gray, and a mournful pair of eyes peered out from behind his goggles rimmed spectacles. "Stomach no good," he explained, pathetically. "Been suffering from indigestion. Sea's no place for me, and I ought to have stayed on land."

I encouraged him with the assurance that he was now over the worst of his troubles, and he began to get his sea legs from that day; but he did not cease talking of the land. Real estate appeared to have gained a new and sacred value in his mind. It was under these circumstances that he failed to return my nod upon deck one morning, and I observed that his eyes had the fixed stare of vacancy.

"Look over there," he demanded, when at length he became aware of my presence. "Do you see anything?" "What do you mean?" I asked in assumed surprise. "Right over there," he indicated, with a motion of his finger. "Can't you see a mountain rising out of the ocean right up in the clouds? Can't you really, now?" "Who ever heard of a mountain in midocean?" I replied, skeptically. "And that settled him. 'Hey, steward!' he called, weakly. 'Send for the doctor. I'm sick. I'm in bad condition.' I was obliged to countermand the order and explain to him that we were approaching the Azores Islands, and that what he saw was a volcanic mountain upon one of them. 'You don't mean that there's land way out here?'" he exclaimed joyously. "Well, I am comforted."

After that he hunted the ship's officers for information, and when we began to run along the coast of Saint Michael a few hours later, and he learned that we were to anchor off the coast of Ponta Delgada for the night, and land passengers there in the morning, he was the happiest man aboard, not excepting even the returning Portuguese immigrants on the lower deck. Ponta Delgada is one of those island cities that have a certain charm of their own because they relieve the monotony of the sea. It is a bit of old Portugal set down there hundreds of years ago and all but forgotten; drowsy and contented in the mild intoxication of its own sweet odors. Coming to it from the deep, the senses are ravished with the delicious perfume of flowers and fruits; the city itself is still an irregular mass of white stone buildings; and the eye is not disappointed, upon coming closer, to note that no great docks are there for the accommodation of steamships or merchantmen, and that he who elects to go

ashore must do so with such humble conveniences as the port itself affords. Columbus dropped an anchor here in 1493 on his return from his first voyage of discovery, and Ponta Delgada was asking idly in the sunshine even then.

When the fleet of rowboats put off from the shore in the morning to land the steamship's passengers, I was actuated by some motive of charity or other prompting to offer my services to the Landseams for a few hours they might have ashore. I have not mentioned the fact that Mrs. Landseam was a modest, self-possessed little woman, who appeared to have discounted her husband long ago and gone her own way more or less without him. They both appeared to be grateful for my proffer of assistance, and I went ashore together, landing at a weedy flight of very old granite steps just below the custom-house. As I had a small matter of business to transact at our consulate, I took them to the Church of Saint Sebastian, close by, knowing well that they could probably spend a half-hour thereabouts. It is by no means the most wonderful basilica in the world, but it is the finest religious edifice on the island, having been erected in 1523 as a propitiatory offering to God after a plague had ravaged the city, and it is always alive with country people on a market day and well worth a visit.

The Landseams were still enjoying the inspection of the building when I returned for them with an open carriage. The driver had been recommended to me at the consulate as one who had picked up quite a knowledge of English from returning American--islanders who had lived in the United States for a few years and come back with their savings--and who was qualified to act as guide, counsellor, or friend; but I had also been warned that he made it a point to seek out American tourists because he had lost track of his mother-in-law in the United States and lived in the persistent hope of getting news of her. The consulate had done what it could for him through official channels, but so far without success.

Manuel proved to be fully up to his recommendation, and the Landseams were delighted with him. We had visited the old Franciscan monastery (now turned into a hospital), the theatre, and the college, and I don't not that the morning would have passed without special adventure had we not driven next to the Graca, as they call the public market, and returned to the city. You must fill in the picture for yourself as I describe it; booths and stalls upon three sides of a rectangle, against a background of acacia trees; beyond the trees, mules browsing contentedly amid a litter of empty baskets and merchandise already purchased to be taken back to the country; within the market-place tempting piles of fruits and vegetables that bore testimony to the lavish productivity of the semi-tropical land. Here were pyramids of violet maracuja; baskets of golden nespers; quantities of fresh-picked mountain strawberries; purple green capuchin peppers; recognized for the gooseberry of the islands; great clusters of luscious grapes; pineapples so ripe that one could eat them like a juicy pear; golden oranges that may have come down from the fabled fruit of the Hesperides; the red pimento, which is much esteemed for stew; the lupin bean, almost a staple article of food on the islands; open sacks of the bright yellow tramoca cordiro; artichokes and great sweet-potatoes; apricots brought over from Pico in open boats that very morning; and yams gathered in Furas.

Man is a very material creature at best, and Mr. Landseam was not above the average. There was something about that market-place which appealed to him with a compelling fascination, nor was he satisfied with a repeated promenade about the premises. "It's no use," he said at length, paying some heed to our polite intimation, that there were other points to be visited about the city. "You can't bring me up to any more buildings after seeing this, and unless you want to drive out in the country where these things grow I'll stay right here until the boat sails."

As this was by no means a bad suggestion, it was agreed that we should drive into the country--a plan that caused Manuel to beam upon us with approval. In deed, he knew beautiful drives, he explained, and if we desired to see some of the hidden gardens and vineyards, the vicar Karajntas and perhaps that of some other small farmer, he could obtain the permission to enter. So we visited the estate of the vicar, which had an endless variety of bamboos, and among other things some shrubby mallows from Syria, and then drove on by villas and farms to visit the "little farmer." The islander who lights the sunburst of his estate, whether it be large or small, with a wall; and each wall in turn is alive with cacti and fuchsias and delicate creepers ablaze with blossoms--a barrier that fascinates by its very suggestion of hidden gardens and vineyards.

Manuel dismounted at length before the wooden gate of snob wall, opened it humbly, and with hat in hand bade us enter. "My home, if you please," he said. "Please oblige me to be welcome."

We entered into a garden in which was set a white washed stone cottage of two or three rooms, and beyond it the sheds that served as stables for the cattle. It was possible to see at a glance that the dwelling, built from the basaltic rock of the island, was primitive in its construction and minus all those necessities that are classed as modern conveniences; yet every inch of the small estate not occupied by the buildings or the narrow paths was teeming with abundant vegetation, such as compelled one to marvel at the thrift of the tenants. The vegetable garden were beyond the sheds; about the cottage there bloomed in abundance striped Lancaster roses, the fragrant rose de Alexandria, yellow bonina, sweet-scented basil, a health shrub covered with small white blossoms, and other plants and shrubs that were unknown to me. Do not assume that I dwell upon these details with too much fancy. I am deliberately sketching a humble home in the Azores, that you may contrast it later with the habitation that so many an immigrant finds when he becomes a tenement-dweller in the United States; for behind this story is a serious purpose, otherwise it had not been written.

There appeared to be a recognized etiquette for the entertainment of visitors. Manuel's arrival had been greeted by the shouts of half a dozen brown-eyed children, and his wife, a good looking peasant, had followed and made a shy courtesy, after which she had withdrawn within the house, leaving the children after her. But upon our return from an inspection of the garden, we found that refreshments had been spread upon a rude table that stood beneath a primitive grape-arbor, and we were urged, with a hospitality that could not be turned aside, to partake of fruits and native wine and a few precious wafers in an American tin box. Neither Manuel nor his wife partook of the refreshment with us, but stood and served, happy in the service of foreign guests.

"You've got a fine place here," said Mr. Landseam when he had refreshed himself, feeling that some such statement on our behalf was necessary. Manuel shrugged his shoulders with a pleasant depreciation. "Your country very gran," he replied. "No leedle house like this. All big, gran."

"He's got the right idea," observed Landseam, with a wink at me. "Yes, we've got something to talk about over here in this country. Might have seen 'em, humming night and day. You'll probably be over to see it yourself some day."

"Much Portuguese people in United States," said Manuel, seriously. "You know some Portuguese people, mebbe?" "Can't say that I do," replied Landseam humorously. "Might have seen 'em, though, and couldn't tell what they were."

"Have any of your own family gone over?" I inquired, in order to shorten the preliminaries to what I felt sure was coming. Manuel turned to me eagerly. "Yes, please," he said. "Our gran'mother, she lost over there. Her boy Jose ran away from San Miguel three year ago so not to be in Portugal army. You understand? He forget to write to her, an' she all time say 'he goin' over and fin' him. She make the home here with us since I ask her daughter to marry Jose. That's all Jose, he don't write. She don't write, too. My babies, they wan' their gran'mother. You understand? English from returning American--islanders who had lived in the United States for a few years and come back with their savings--and who was qualified to act as guide, counsellor, or friend; but I had also been warned that he made it a point to seek out American tourists because he had lost track of his mother-in-law in the United States and lived in the persistent hope of getting news of her. The consulate had done what it could for him through official channels, but so far without success.

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By this time I had become very familiar with the genesis of the sium and its process of development. Behind every dilapidated, reeking tenement block was a landlord who had acquired the secret of making his money earn a greater profit than the richest trust stock in the country could offer. Much of the property had been built originally, but it had run down and finally been bought in at a sacrifice. And this was where the sium landlord came in. He never repaired unless forced to do so by the last stages of disintegration; but he subdivided tenements, divided rooms of decent size into two or more rooms by partition--often leaving one of them without windows--and added ugly upper stories where none were ever intended. The newly arrived immigrants, finding uncertain employment and forced to husband resources, was driven into these tenements. He was charged a high rental in proportion to what he got and what the landlord paid to the city in taxes, and he was obliged to pay in advance for gas. While he had a dollar left he paid the toll.

The sium that I had come to examine this day was a particularly bad one. Here was building after building, weather-beaten without and dilapidated and unsanitary within, where the most pressing need of cheap and fresh paper had been denied. It seemed impossible to believe that such conditions could exist; much more that these buildings could house hundreds of people.

I had come out of one of these such blocks facing a muddy court, when I found myself face to face with a young priest who had crossed from an open door on the other side. "You are looking at a bit, perhaps," he suggested.

I told him briefly why I was there and gave an outspoken expression of what I thought of the surroundings. I listened just left a man in the advanced stages of tuberculosis, and there were nine persons in his family all huddled into three rooms, one of them without sunshine.

"Yes, yes; it is not beautiful," he said, wearily. "This is a part of my parish. In this block behind me are eleven of my Portuguese families--Azore Islanders. I have made many complaints to the authorities. But you see?" He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

So here was a part of an American Portuguese parish, I noted him under what conditions I had found his people in the Azores and yet how eager they were to leave their homes to emigrate. Was it possible that all were driven to such straits as this?

"Oh no," he reassured me, with a shade of annoyance. "Many had prospered and had established a sympathetic business; only the times were hard just now, the factories were not running on full time, and many families had been reduced to want."

"It is only at this that I complain," he said, warning me of his subject now that he felt disposed of a sympathetic listener. "These people are gentle and home-loving, and they believed that this great country would be a hundred times better than their own. And you see what they have found!"

He shook his fist threateningly at the tenement blocks about him and raised his voice in anger. "For years ago, in the degradation, and they pay higher for what they get than people who hire expensive apartments. They are laughed at when they beg for the most simple repairs; they are denied even God's clean air and the sunshine that has blessed them as home since the day of their birth. And I, their leader, with authority over them, cannot raise my voice loud enough to be heard. I, who am teaching them to become good citizens of my adopted country, cannot gain these simple things that the law ought to compel. It is, I disclaim, God's curse upon the times!"

He stopped abruptly as a fellow countryman came hurriedly through the narrow passage that led from the court to the street and they saluted.

"Good morning, Doctor." "Good morning, Father." "Good morning, Mother." "The old lady sent for me this morning. She believes that she is soon to die."

"It is a sad case," replied the Portuguese physician. "I suggested, 'No,' the physician answered, thoughtfully. 'She is homesick, and in time she will die of it.' 'Homesick?' I exclaimed in surprise. 'She came over from Saint Michael in the ship with the family who have befriended her,' the physician continued. 'They have had a hard time of it, but have been very good to her. The man, Marohelis, changed his name to Marshall in the hope that he might find work. Her own name they never tell.'

"She told it to me just now," said the priest in even tones. "Her name is Maria Souza, and her people live beyond Ponta Delgada in San Miguel." "Maria Souza, did you say?" I demanded. There came to my mind all at once the picture of the white-washed cottage in the country with its roses and the fragrant basil, and the little brown-eyed children who were waiting for the return of their grandmother. No wonder that the heart of the old woman was breaking! No wonder if amid this squalor and decay she pined for her home and its blessed sunshine!

But I wasted little time in speculation. I related the story to the priest and the doctor briefly, and we went within together and up the narrow broken stairways to confirm it. There in a little room in one of the top tenements we found the woman I sought. The family with whom she found shelter had done all in their power to make their tiny apartment clean and home-like. They had pinned up penny newspapers to conceal the remnants of the stained wall-paper; and there was even a yellow bird in a gilded cage in the room where silent, homesick Maria Souza lay.

The priest went over to the bedside and, stroking her withered hand gently, told her that he had brought a visitor from San Miguel, one who knew Manuel and her daughter and who had a message from them. The message was that all were well and waiting for her return, and that they had tried many times to find her. Why the excitement of this news did not kill her I do not know, unless it be true that joy is never fatal. She burst into tears and then talked wildly, the priest translating such broken sentences as I did not understand. Her daughter had many children, she said. Manuel had been very good to her in the years that she had made her home with him, but she could not burden him for the money to pay her passage home, so she had kept silent and not written, for she was a proud woman, but it had been her heart.

I had been thinking rapidly while she was speaking. The recollection of that day on the island had also brought back to my

mind the Landseams and the debt that the man still owed. Somewhere within an hour his name had flashed through my mind before, but without claiming recognition. I hastily drew from my pocket the printed assessors' tax list with which I had provided myself when coming to the city. It took but a moment to locate the sium that I had been exploring; yes, and here was the owner of the greater part of the property, including the blocks facing upon the muddy court--that was J. C. Landseam.

"You were saying something about her son not being able to send for her," I said to the priest. "Please tell Mrs. Souza that I know a man in this very city who is indebted to Manuel, and who will see to it that she is sent home as soon as she is able to travel."

The physician raised his eyebrows. "You are wise to say that so soon?" he asked. "The knowledge that she could return to her people would very likely work a recovery, but a disappointment--"

"There will be no disappointment," I told him. "And I can promise you that she will not return steerage."

"I have said to her that God has wrought a miracle," the young priest whispered a moment later. "I think that she will be able to make the journey. Since you are able to do this, you will not forget the other things of which we have spoken; you will remember those who cannot return?"

I parted from him in the court below, for he had other parish calls to make thereabouts; and I left the slums for a healthier part of the city and soon had the satisfaction of finding Mr. Landseam in his own home--which was a bit overdone and showy, but bore evidence of his wealth.

He said that he was delighted to see me and bated to send for his wife. Yes, they had enjoyed their foreign trip immensely, he told me, and were now preparing for a trip to Jamaica. Had he ever found Maria Souza? He admitted with some confusion that he had not done so; he had been so busy with his own affairs that he hadn't gotten around to it. "But tell me what you are doing in town?" he asked, at length, with a proper curiosity to hear of my own affairs.

I did not tell him at once the object of my visit, but went into the details of the fight that was being waged against tuberculosis, relating what had been accomplished already and what remained to be done. Then I made clear to him how we had conducted ourselves confronted by the slum problem because of the greed of the rich landlords, and how we were preparing to give them publicity until, as we confidently believed, public sentiment would pull the rotten walls of their infested tenements down over their own heads, as it were.

"I suggested that a statement of fact did not constitute a libel, even if it chanced to injure a man's standing in the community, and that the course was quite justified by the circumstances. Then I resumed the narrative and described the reeking, squalid tenements that I had entered that day and of finding Maria Souza in one of them. Mrs. Landseam cried out in sympathy at the recital, but her husband wiped a brow already damp with apprehension. He knew well enough what the climax would be, but he cringed, nevertheless, when I declared that he was the owner of the property.

"I didn't know," he stammered. "My agent looks after the property." Then he took another tack, after his kind, and assumed the offensive. "Suppose that I do own the buildings, does that give you the right to come here and meddle with my private affairs?" he blustered, loudly. "I want you to know my tenants ain't any worse treated than anybody else's. They get what they pay for, and it's plenty good enough for 'em, too. You cheap reformers make me tired, the whole tribe of you. Perhaps you think money is made nowadays out of fool theories?"

"I interrupted his flow of abuse to point out that I had come solely to remind him of his promise to Manuel for saving his life, and that but for that I should not have called upon him, but gone about my business of turning the search lights of publicity upon his real-estate holdings quite as cheerfully as though he had been a total stranger. And at this he began to raise signals of distress, and to attempt to justify himself by blaming his misdeeds.

"Of course I'll send Mrs. Souza home," he added. "I'd have done it before if I'd been known where to look for her. I'm a man who always calculates to pay my just debts."

"And likewise exact payment with a pound of flesh," I thought, but did not make the comment. Mrs. Landseam had been sitting during this conversation with her eyes riveted upon her husband in a manner that finally attracted my attention. I thought that I could detect surprise, humiliation, and some new purpose flash over her face in turn, and I was not unprepared for what followed. She arose from her chair and, after a moment's effort at self-control, turned her back contemptuously upon Mr. Landseam and said to me: "If you will take me I will go to Maria Souza at once. I am very glad that you had the courage to come here and speak plainly, for otherwise I should never have known. You may do as you think best about writing up Mr. Landseam's tenement; but whether you do so or not, I can promise you that the wrongs you have found will be righted."

She turned upon her husband suddenly with a fury quite beside her former self-control. "Do you realize what you have been doing all these years?" she cried. "You have been robbing and cheating these people at our very doors, while I have been posing as a worker for foreign missions. No wonder that you have never allowed me to meddle in your business affairs!"

Landseam, apparently taken quite by surprise at this outbreak on the part of his domestic partner, tried weakly to offer an explanation, but she disregarded him and swept from the room to make ready for her visit to the tenements.

Of course our appearance there created a mild sensation, because the Portuguese family with whom Maria Souza had found a refuge had spread the tidings of her good fortune far and wide among their country-calling and smiling faces greeted us upon every landing as we made our way to the top of the block. And I felt certain, if I read Mrs. Landseam's face aright, that her coming ushered in a new era for that particular slum that had grown up under her husband's avarice.

Mrs. Souza had been crying since I left her, but her proud old face gave us, as ever welcome that was not to be mistaken, and the necessary arrangements for sending her home by the first boat were concluded in short order through an interpreter

called in from one of the neighboring tenements. We drove from the court directly to a telegraph office in order to send the good news to Manuel by cable. Whom should we encounter there but Josiah B. Landseam, his sang-froid quite recovered, busily engaged in writing upon a telegraph blank. "Thought I would send word right over to Ponta Delgada," he explained when he noted our presence. "How does this strike you?"

I took the paper from his hand and read: "To Manuel Silva, Ponta Delgada, Azore Islands. 'Have found your grandmother. Will ship by first boat. J. B. LANDSEAM.' We rewrote the cablegram before sending it--the Lewis E. MacBryane, in Harper's Weekly."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. "When you smile another smiles And soon there's miles of smiles; And life's worth while If you smile."

Some afternoon, when the children are restless and the weather proves too bad for them to venture out of doors, gather them about the library table--or the porch table if it is big enough--and let them make histories.

Histories, or biographies, which latter is really a better name, are most interesting to make, and have been tried most successfully at grown-up "affairs," much to the amusement of all the guests. But they are just as interesting to little men and women, possibly more so, for the novelty may be more appealing to the younger generation.

The articles needed are a dozen or two of old magazines (illustrated ones) half a dozen pairs of shears, a couple of pastepots and the "histories." These latter should be prepared ahead of time, but are easy to make. Get plain sheets of white paper, about notepaper size, allow about ten or a dozen to each book, and fasten the sheets together with clips. On the front sheet of each write "An Illustrated Life of Margie Blank, by Tommie Jones." The names, of course, are left blank, the hostess simply writing the names of one guest or child on each book. The hostess distributes the little books--those of the girls are given to the boys, and vice versa. The person who prepares the history writes his name on the blank left for it.

On each page of the blank history there is a caption or heading. "At the age of three," "How he looked when he was six," "His first love," "Future occupation," "Greatest ambition," "Final career," and any others along the same line that may suggest themselves. The idea is to put out illustrations from the magazines and paste them on the pages signified to carry out the idea suggested. The pictures may be wise, funny or semi-serious, just as the historian desires.

Simply dump the pile of magazines in the centre of the table, give each child a blank history and let them go to work. The advertisements of the magazines are rich in suggestion--some of the famous "varieties." Blank's Soap, Somebody's Paint--they will furnish abundant illustrations for the child with a sense of humor and an eye for the ludicrous.

When the histories have been completed and each page is properly filled--for more than one illustration may be put upon a page--the little books should be exchanged and returned to their owners. And what fun they will have "seeing themselves as others see them!" It will keep small hands and minds free from mischief when time hangs heavy.

A seasoned camper, who has learned many things to make an outdoor living comfortable, has given this rule for hanging a hammock. The head should be two feet higher than the foot. This gives a comfortable curve. The proper distance is about six feet from the ground for the head end and four feet for the foot.

Another important point is to have the head rope shorter than that at the foot of hammock. If the head one is about a foot long and the other four and a half feet, the head of the person will feel little movement while the body swings. This overcomes that feeling of nausea, which keeps many persons out of a hammock. There are many improved hammocks these days. Those with stiffening for both ends give almost the effect of an open air bed. Some of them have slightly raised sides to prevent falling out.

The thrifty housewife carefully shakes out every crumb from her paper bags and keeps them for future necessities. Too often they are loosely stuck in a drawer and grow dusty or crumpled. The best way to preserve them is to have a long shallow box, divided into different sized compartments by a strip of cardboard, and put the bags neatly in these, according to sizes. Another useful way to keep them is to hang a paper cup, or even a spring clothes pin, in storeroom or closet, and suspend the bags from them, after they are emptied. If the largest bags are kept at the back and the others are graduated toward the front, it is easy to get the size needed at a minute's notice. Although much protest was made last winter about the reappearance of the "bang" across the forehead, it seems to be rather firmly entrenched now. The majority of women will wear it this winter. In large measure it will be becoming. It will compel women to lift from the foreheads that low-hanging mass of hair, now the fashion, and substitute it with a tiny, wavy fringe. It is absurd to cut the hair to make this bang. One can buy it by the piece in any hair shop and attach it under one's own hair by an invisible hairpin. One should be extra careful not to get it thick or straight. The poodle bang, once so fashionable in the 80s of the 19th century, also promises to return. It has already done so in Paris, but there, it like the wavy fringe, only accompanies the fattened pompadour. Both of these have been introduced to give softness to a forehead from which the hair has been lifted, and also to give a showing of hair under the hat. They should never be worn with the hair severely parted in front. One of the new conceits is to have one's jeweled hat pin of the same shade as the dominating color of the hat. There is more and more talk about the revival of the eash, and it will probably be welcomed on its return. Advertise in the WATCHMAN.