

Overheard in Arcady

By CHARLES C. ABBOTT

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"Ah, well-a-day, what eye may see
The forest tops of Arcady?"
I have seen daily not only the forest tops of Arcady, but have known the way since childhood. My own feet have worn the path thither, and whatever the season, whether the dog star rages or winter rules the world, it is always Arcady under the old oaks. My sense of hearing distinctly gains by lending no other to its assistance. Blind to all about me, not a sound but is more distinct and few escape recognition. So, comfortably sequestered, I close my eyes and listen. Then it is that charming tales are overheard in Arcady; and only then do those whisperings reach the ear that are not intended for other delectation than that of the whisperer. There are the songs of birds free to all the world, and those meditative melodies on so low a key that only a favored few have overheard them.

Probably the first time my attention was called to the whisper songs of birds was forty years ago, when, one brisk March morning, I recorded of a foxy sparrow that "it was whispering to a withered oak leaf." As I look now at the tinted and stained page of the old notebook I vividly recall the day.

But a truce to comparisons, the bane alike of profitable meditation and of accurate description. The simple fact was, a foxy sparrow very near me began singing in so low a tone that I was in doubt whether it were a bird or a musical vesper mouse sitting in the doorway of his bush nest. I had to look long to make sure of my first impression. It was a sparrow, and, as I then wrote, it "was whispering to an oak leaf." So it seemed, that is; but let that pass. It was singing to itself. Surely not a note was loud enough to be heard half a rod away. There was little variation in the sound as I heard it; it was a humming rather than singing, and bore no resemblance to that delightful sunset hymn so characteristic of the bird. My single impression of it was that of personal gratification. The bird was in a meditative mood. Its thoughts ran to music, as we should say of ourselves, recalling the words of some familiar song. As this is no uncommon trait among mankind, I do not see why the same habit should not be indulged in by birds.

Twice I have witnessed under most favorable circumstances the movements of a cardinal grosbeak when uttering what I venture to call his meditations, or whisper song. The same counts for little, because all description must fail in accurately portraying this feature of bird life.

In the early summer of 1896 I had a disabled rose-breasted grosbeak in a cage. It soon became contented with its surroundings and was not startled by the near approach of any of the family. Every morning, commencing soon after sunrise, it sang as vigorously as any of its kind flying about the yard; and this with us a common bird, nesting on the hillside and in the orchard. Again at evening the bird was given to singing in its matchless way, and I could detect no difference between its song and that of those about the premises. Besides this ordinary song of the rose breast, I was frequently treated to a widely different one, heard only when all was quiet. It was truly a whispered song. It bore little resemblance to the grand outburst of melody intended for all the world to hear. It can be described best, I think, by calling it the echo of a distant flute. That the bird was intensely absorbed by its own music appeared evident from the swaying motion of the body at the time and an occasional trembling, accompanied by a ruffling of the feathers and nervous twitching of the tail. No "wood notes wild" that I have ever heard are comparable to this wonderful whispered song of the rose breast.

All observers are familiar with the incessant chirping of migrating birds, and many are the sweet songs when the red wings through the marshes and clouds of gables sweep across the meadows. These birds are each a merry race, nowise akin, but lovers of the same scenes, and they have set the October landscapes to a lively tune. At times among the trees we hear the sweetest voices of some passing flock, perhaps of purple finches, the warblers, wax wings, cow-pen birds, or larks. These are forever coming and going during delightful autumn days and add a joy to every hour of the mellow sunshine. Not one of these birds that I have named is ever mute or moody, and now, if we are alert and quick of ear, it will be found that they often twitter in so low a tone that it can be only intended for self-gratification. It is not whispering to a neighbor, for single birds separated from the flock are constantly chirping in that quiet way so suggestive of meditation. The nearest to a silent flock of birds is when we have the wax wings passing over. The cow-pen bird is more voluble and not unmusically so, especially if we give it credit for good intentions.

Abusing the cow-pen bird, like abusing "cranks" among mankind, is to criticize adversely the stronger elements of a community but for which the world would become "stale, flat, and unprofitable." The cow-pen bird has its place in nature and fills it quite as creditably as some who have let up to be its judges. Aside from its one sin of not nursing its own young, it is a bird worth noticing, particularly in winter—it is always common here at this season—when, associated with tree sparrows and snow birds and in the bright sunshine of a January day, it adds its quota to the fun of a winter jubilee. As has been well said, his "forlorn, broken-winded whistle" is at least "amusing," much more so than the silliness uttered about the bird.

There is no instance when the whisper song is so readily overheard as in the case of the white-throated sparrow. Indeed, for days together, as these birds linger on a hill's south side and scarcely move from the thicket they frequent, there is little else heard than the meditative, self-enterprising notes. As all are singing at short intervals, it would seem as if no one individual had time or inclination to listen to the others.

Now, the white-throated sparrow is not with us an active bird. It is restless at times, but not given to violent exertion. With a full stomach, the height of its ambition, existence becomes a period of restful meditation, and it is little wonder that with nothing else to do these birds should whistle. Not like the cardinal, clear and loud, or mandatory, as the Carolina wren, shouting "Listen! listen! listen!" but like the weary man who is at last at his ease, and hums a few notes or whistles a bar or two as an expression of relief.

"Easy, easy, let me be!" warbles the white throat; occasionally so distinctly that the woods are filled with the sound, more often set at so low a pitch that you must be very near to determine that it is this, or, indeed, any, bird that you hear.

I think both the tree sparrow and the snow bird have their whisper songs. Certainly they twitter without ceasing except when asleep, and they are here during those months when vocal efforts may be classed as necessary rather than voluntary or not musical for the music's sake. But there is one variation from this. If you creep carefully into a thicket and wait until your presence causes to cause suspicion, the chances are that you will hear a few low notes of the typical nesting-day song. Observing the bird's manner at such a time, it reminds one of a person trying to recall a song by whistling in an undertone. This surely the bird is not doing, but singing in a whispering way to please its passing whim.

Two birds very familiar to the persistent rambler are the tree creeper and winter wren. Weeks may pass and you will hear nothing but a chirp, and often the wren will not so much as twitter when alarmed, but patience will probably be rewarded at least once in a winter by hearing a few sweet notes, perhaps several times repeated, and then the old mute manner is resumed.

In the case of the tree creeper, the petulant squeak is not always uttered even when you go quite near and interrupt the bird's progress about the trunk of a tree. The same is true of the winter wren. It is swift and silent as a mouse at times, and rarely chirps while here, in winter, except as I have mentioned. It can scarcely be denied that when these two birds do give way to song there must be some strong incentive, and the few warbled notes have no reference to aught beyond themselves.

The woodpeckers are a noisy race mechanically and vocally, but no note of theirs can be called musical, nor has any the significance of a thrush's song. The golden-winged woodpecker, forever screaming, chattering, and much given to exclamations of surprise, occasionally also thinks aloud, for I have often surprised it, when alone, chuckling and chattering to itself, as I have known some very old women to do.

The surroundings tell the true story. The bird is meditating. Possibly what I have heard is analogous to the grunt of satisfaction after a full meal. The song of the English robin has been stated to lack in autumn "the joyousness of spring, and the bird, in sympathy with the departing season, seems to breathe a plaintive and melancholy strain." I prefer, after much observation, to use in such instances among our own birds the term "meditative" rather than "melancholy."

In wondrous contrast to the woodpeckers are the two foremost resident song birds, as joyous and as given to singing in January as in June. These are the Carolina wren and crested tit. Either can be heard a full half-mile away on a still, clear day; yet I have surprised both these birds singing their familiar songs, or parts of them, in so low a key that it was by mere chance that I heard them at all. These birds clearly indicate that "whisper songs" are not an evidence of any peculiar physical condition. The moment following their utterance they may cause the woods to ring with their exultations, for no songs in the Jersey woods are more suggestive of victory—not over a fallen foe, but over the efforts of winter to dislodge them—not even those of the host of summer songsters. The Carolina wren and crested tit nearly reach the highest ideals in the bird world.

But one conclusion can be drawn, I think, from the study of these trifles of melody that scarcely break the silence. They point to a higher plane of mentality than we usually credit birds with possessing. They point to appreciation of leisure, of a relief from the many cares that enervate their lives. As the tired laborer goes homeward from his work at close of day he is apt to express his pleasure by whistling as he walks. Akin to this is the meditative undertone of many a bird when, contented and safe, it expresses its feelings in a whispered song.

CHIC PARTY DRESS

Attractive Outfit for Girl of Twelve to Fourteen

May Be Built From Crepe de Chine, Satin, Georgette, or Crepe Meteor Materials.

The sketch shows a party dress for a girl of 12 or 14 years which may be made of crepe de chine or georgette or of satin or crepe meteor. The skirt is plain and straight at sides and back and the front is finished with half a dozen wide tucks, the lower one matching the other five in width and general arrangement, but being in reality a hem. The frock buttons in the center back. Tucks finish the short



Party Frock for Young Girl.

leaves and a wide sash of velvet ribbon in black or some dark rich color tied about the waist with a flaring bow under the left arm. The side fastening of the sash is a trifle smarter than the usual back fastening solely because it is different.

The evening frock that is not only smart but serviceable is really the wisest selection for the growing girl, whose frocks hardly last through one season without some alteration being required.

FASHION HINTS

Bugle trimmings have tinkled their way in via Paris.

Embroideries in silk, wool or bend-zes are discreetly used.

Box pleated ruffles are accentuating the silhouette of those who are slender.

Some of the imported evening gowns have used ostrich as a trimming. It is effective.

Ribbons, too, have reappeared as trimmings and accessories, and why not? What is more feminine than laces and ribbons?

Pendant ball trimmings, slightly reminiscent of several generations back, has been smartly used on some advanced models.

Silk floss pompons have a chic that may descend from Pierrot, but these pompons are most effective fastening a belt or sash or decorating the ends of sash and draperies.

Laces are coming in through the extremes of entire gowns or modest little tuckers, collars, cuffs or vestees—these lesser trimmings being invariably of real lace, real Vals, filets, etc.

Ribbon With Pliot Edge.

Narrow moire ribbon with a pliote edge is used on many dresses of chiffon as the only trimming, being either of darker or lighter shade than the chiffon and successfully replacing the beads and bangles of which we have wearied somewhat. A delightful pale pink georgette frock has as its only trimming bands of this narrow moire ribbon of a deeper rose shade, put on in block design exactly as the beads heretofore have been used. The belt is made of several rows of ribbon, not placed close together, but spaced so as to reveal the lighter pink beneath.

Brighten Your Browns.

A good deal has been written this season concerning the brown shades, and the use of this color has been extended to evening wear, for which it has sometimes been considered too somber. When so used, it is almost invariably lightened by touches of metal or paillette effects, and the fabrics chosen are of themselves sheer.

Plain Wool and Plaid Suits.

Premet presents for this season tailored suits of plain wool material and Scotch plaids combined with velvet. For afternoon dresses their choice of materials is silk, velvet and georgette developed singly and in combinations.

MAKING EVERY INCH COUNT

Business Girl Devises Clever Plan to Utilize Spacious Wardrobe Trunk in Living Room.

"Here's my latest space saving device," said the business girl to her friend, as they entered the cheery apartment which served as a living room and bedroom combined. "Incidentally, I don't think it's bad looking at all, do you?" she asked, quite confident of the negative reply.

"The latest device" proved to be an attractive, low shelf arrangement, which projected from the wall about a foot, and was neatly finished with draperies of the same lovely plum shade to match the window hangings, couch cover and two handmade rugs. The shelf itself was beautifully covered with the plain, rich material, and finished around the edges with an inch-wide band of old gold braid, which gave it a quiet dignity. A low center bowl of colorful Ruskin ware, in which several golden nasturtiums stood gracefully from their individual base supports, was placed at one end of the shelf, and several interesting curios and an old book broke the severity of the remaining space. The "device," whatever it might be, was certainly a real addition to the room.

"And this is the reason," said the hostess, as she drew back the curtains and revealed the two compartments of a wardrobe trunk, opened out flat against the wall and displaying a number of garments hanging within. "I simply had to have a place for that splendid trunk; it was too useful to allow it to take up closet space to accommodate it. I finally hit on this and now I have been finding it a great convenience. I have ever so much more room for my clothes than I had before," she explained. "Also I've found a place for my bowl on a table that I use for other things, or on that low-boy which serves as my bureau," she said practically. "I have to make every inch count, if I am to look presentable at all times and be comfortable as well."—Christian Science Monitor.

PANNIERS BACK IN FASHION

Styles Prominent Two Centuries Ago Are Seen Today—Wide Waistline to Be Maintained.

The advent of panniers in the new dresses at the Paris races suggests eighteenth century fashions, but they are much softer and slimmer than at Versailles under Louis XIV. The underdress is tight fitting and the panniers, no matter what their shape, are limp. They are made of many kinds of materials; filmy lace is one of the most successful. For winter the pannier will mean wider hips, and the skirt with wider hips is the most striking of the coming fashions.

This fashion will need most careful handling. In the interests of art it is to be hoped that women will not rush blindly into hip draperies. That first fashions must always be modified is the first rule in the game of dress. They cannot be accepted wholesale, and some woman must always transform them to make them becoming.

The French woman passes from one fashion to another, and changes her figure, complexion, coiffure and gait with greater ease than the women of other nations; therefore she can be more daring, but fashion has decreed that the wide waistline shall be maintained.

ATTRACTIVE FOR FALL WEAR



Dark Blue Satin and Gaberdine. The Blue Satin is Prettily Embroidered in Sand Color and the Tassels of Same Material Make an Effective Trimming Especially on the Bell Sleeves.

Slip-Over Blouses.

Colored handkerchief linen blouses of the slip-over sort are one of the loveliest of the fashions. They are made in all the pale shades—mauve, yellow, rose and blue.

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 1 red winter, \$2.28½; No. 1 red garlic, \$2.36½; No. 2 red winter, \$2.35½; No. 2 red garlic, \$2.33½; No. 3 red winter, \$2.32½; No. 3 red garlic, \$2.30½; No. 4 red winter, \$2.28½; No. 4 red garlic, \$2.26½; No. 5 red winter, \$2.24½; No. 5 red garlic, \$2.22½.

Corn—Track yellow corn, No. 2 or better, for domestic delivery, is quotable at \$1.70 per bu asked, for car lots old on spot.

Cob Corn—Some inquiry for bag lots of new yellow cob on the wharf at around \$7 per brl.

Oats—No. 2 white, 77½@78c; No. 3 do, 77@77½.

Rye—Nearby rye, \$1.35 per bu.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$21; standard do, \$30@30.50; No. 2 do, \$30; No. 3 do, \$25@27; No. 1 light clover mixed, \$29.50@30; No. 2 do, \$27@28.50; No. 1 clover mixed, \$27.50@28; No. 2 do, \$25@27; No. 1 clover, \$27, nominal; No. 2 do, \$25, nominal; sample hay, \$20@22.

Straw—No. 1 straight rye, \$17@18; No. 2 do, \$15.50@16; No. 1 tangled rye, \$14@14.50; No. 2 do, \$12@12.50; No. 1 wheat, \$12@13; No. 2 do, \$11@11.50; No. 1 oat, \$14@15; No. 2 do, \$12.50@13.50.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 66@67c; do choice, 64@65; do good, 61@62; do prints, 66@68; do blocks, 65@67; ladies, 46@47; Md. and Pa. rolls, 45@47; Ohio rolls, 43@45; W. Va. rolls, 42@45; storepacked, 43@44; Md., Va. and Pa. dairy prints, 43@45.

Eggs—Md., Pa. and nearby firsts, 58c; Western firsts, 57@58; West Virginia firsts, 56@57; Southern firsts, 55@56.

Live Poultry—Chickens, old hens, 4 lbs. and over, 34c; small to medium, 32@33; white leghorns, 31@32; old roosters, 21@22; springers, large, 33@34; small to medium, 33@34; white leghorns, 31@32; ducks, young, Pekings, 2 lbs. and over, 30@31; puddle, 29@30; muscovy, 29@30; smaller, thin, 25@26; old, 25@26; pigeons, young, per pair, 25@30; old, per pair, 25@30.

Potatoes—W. Md. and Pa., No. 1, per 100 lbs., \$2.40@2.55; E. S. Md. and Va., No. 1, do, \$2.40@2.65; N. Y. and N. J., No. 1, do, \$2.30@2.50; native or nearby No. 1, do, \$2.50@2.65; all sections, No. 2, do, \$1.50@1.75; do, No. 2, 75@81; per 150 lb. sack, \$3.75@4.25; sweets, \$2.75@3.25; Rapp-Potomac, do, \$2.75@3.25; yams, all sections, No. 1, do, \$2.50@3; sweets and yams, culls and No. 2, do, \$1.50@2; do, native or nearby, No. 1, do, \$3.25@3.40; do, native, per 4-8 bkt., 50@60c.

Calves—Veal, choice, by express, per lb., 21c; do, do, do, by boat, per lb., 21; do, do, light, ordinary, per lb., 18½@19; do, heavy, smooth, fat, per head, \$30@35; do, rough, do, \$18@25; do, small, thin, do, \$10@12.

Lambs and Sheep—Sheep, No. 1, 7@8c; old bucks, as to quality, 6@7c; common, 4@5c; lambs, spring, choice, 14½@15; fair to good, 13½; poor, thin lambs, 11@12.

Hogs—Straight, 15@16c; sows, as to quality, 12@14; live pigs, 14@15; shoats, 15@14.

Beef Cattle—First quality, 11@12c; medium, 9@10; bulls, as to quality, 6@9; thin steers and cows, 5@8; oxen, as to quality, 6@9; milk cows, choice to fancy, per head, \$60@80; common to fair, per head, \$30@50.

NEW YORK.—Wheat—No. 2 red, \$2.35½, track New York, export billed.

Corn—No. 2 yellow and No. 2 white, \$1.53½, cost and freight New York.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$2½c.

Butter—Creamery, higher than extras, 67½@68c; creamery, extras (52 score), 67; firsts, 56½@66; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 46@46½.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 67@68c; extra firsts, 64@66; firsts, 60@63; State, Pennsylvania and nearby Western henry whites, fine to fancy, 85@86; State, Pennsylvania and nearby henry whites, ordinary to prime, 70@83; State, Pennsylvania and nearby henry browns, 70@73; do, gathered browns and mixed colors, 66@69.

Cheese—State, whole milk flats, current make specials, 31@31½c; do, average run, 30@30½; State, whole milk twins, current make specials, 30@30½; do, average run, 30@30½.

LIVE STOCK

CHICAGO.—Hogs—Top, \$15.25; heavy, \$14.50@15.25; medium, \$14.60@15.25; light, \$14.25@15; light light, \$13.75@14.50; heavy packing sows rough, \$13.25@13.75; pigs, \$13.50@14.50.

Cattle—Choice and prime, \$17@19; medium and good, \$11@16.75; common \$8.25@11. Light weight: Good and choice, \$14.25@18.85; common and medium, \$7.75@14.25. Butcher cattle: Heifers, \$6.25@14.25; cows, \$6@12.50; canners and cutters, \$5@6; veal calves, \$16.75@17.75; feeder steers, \$7@13.

PITTSBURGH.—Cattle—Prime, \$15@15.50.

Sheep—Prime wethers, \$9.25@9.50; culls and common, \$2.50@3.50; lambs, \$7@14; veal calves, \$19@20.

NOT ALWAYS FAIR

Psychology Expert Decries Some Popular Tests.

Wrong to Judge Character and Intelligence by Means of Handwriting and Photographs, is Assertion of Prominent Kansan.

Judging character and intelligence by means of photographs and handwriting is a senseless custom, in the opinion of Dr. J. C. Peterson, assistant professor of psychology in the Kansas State Agricultural college. Even though the custom is maintained by at least two-thirds of school boards, a large number of employment agencies, and many leading universities, it has no basis of proven accuracy, as an excuse for its use, according to Doctor Peterson.

Persons applying for teaching positions or for fellowships in colleges are almost always required to submit applications in their own handwriting and to send photographs with the applications.

"Too often," says Doctor Peterson, "a pleasant smile and clear, regular penmanship outweigh years of experience and testimonials of scholarship."

"A belief in the claims set forth by handwriting and feature-reading experts has become widespread. And no one will deny that a few persons of more than ordinary insight have been more successful in determining character and mental endowments by a study of features and handwriting. But these experts have not been able to explain their methods so that others, less gifted, could follow them and obtain satisfactory results."

"Twelve children, ranging from the weak-minded to those of superior intelligence, were tested for mentality by the psychology department of the Ohio State university. Photographs of the children were then submitted to 63 judges, among whom were physicians, psychologists, teachers, college students, and business men and women.

"When the estimated intelligence reports were compared with the actual mentality determined by the mental tests, it was found that they did not correspond. One girl who was an inmate of an institution for the feeble-minded was judged by most to be of superior intelligence, while a boy who was really superior was judged to be on the border line of feeble-mindedness."

"Handwriting tests have shown largely the same results. Handwriting experts are almost unanimous in the opinion that pride and ambition are shown in an upward slanting of lines; that bashfulness is indicated by fine lines; force, by heavy lines and heavy bars on 't's; perseverance, by long bars on 's'; and that lack of these qualities is indicated by a lack of the corresponding characteristics in penmanship."

"Holding that a person's traits of character can best be determined by the combined judgment of many acquaintances, psychologists of the University of Wisconsin judged 17 students of the university, ranking each according to the degree of each trait possessed. Specimens of handwriting, all written under the same conditions, were then secured. These were carefully measured and graded, and the result compared with the ranking previously given. There was no appreciable correlation."

The Joy of Living.

With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted, but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Can't Lose It.

Adolph Tandler, symphony orchestra leader, was commenting on the demand that music by German composers should not be played.

"There is so much music that is German, that I doubt if it can be done," he remarked, and added, with a laugh, "besides, they tell me that they are using it at the peace conference, or, at least, that is the claim of a certain German musician I used to know."

"This German, after listening to the uproarious discord attending the peace celebration, cried:

"Hal! Observe that in order to celebrate they have to raise to the Wagnerian style of music!"

There in Profusion.

Mary had been promised a visit to a certain camp, which was in an adjoining town. The promise was fulfilled one pleasant day and Mary, on tiptoe with excitement, started on the trip. Each time a soldier appeared she exclaimed: "Oh, see the khaki boy." But when the camp was at length reached Mary had nothing to say. Her mother, noticing this, asked her why she did not talk about them. Drawing a long sigh, Mary exclaimed: "Oh, mother! there is a whole forenoon full of them."