Yet Strong as Diana, Is the French Woman Who Is Recognized Mistress of the Stage.

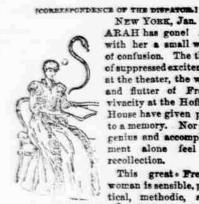
SHE SLEEPS BUT FIVE HOURS

And Loves the Open Air, While Her Bath Is a Rare Combination of Luxury and Hygiene.

ETST IS A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

Her Will Is Moster and Like Nanoleen, She Car

Make Morpheus Come at Her Beck



NEW YORK, Jan. 2. ARAH has gone! And with her a small world of confusion. The throb of suppressed excitement at the theater, the whirr and flutter of French vivacity at the Hoffman House have given place to a memory. Nor does genius and accomplishment alone feel the recollection.

This great . Frenchwoman is sensible, practical, methodic, absolutely methodic, despite all the whirlwind inconsistencies laid to her door. Witness the good, plain sense, as exemplified in her dally private life.

Madame, how would you define reposerest"" inquired the writer, in a recent interview in madame's bedroom at the Hottman House.

She Must Have Her Joke. The immediate answer was a look. Such a look! of archness and mischief, as only La Bernhardt can give. The waywardness of

this unione nature fairly danced into the eyes, and for an instant she was like a young kitten with a mouse. "Par example," came next with a ripple of migh and fun, "Absence of reporters! To be miles from that fraternity! Voila!

There would be rest indeed!" But somewhere smid all the waywardness, beats a warm heart, and when Sarah had relished her little shot at journalism, she consented to get right down to business, and proceeded to speak of her internal me-

al, ah yes; that should come first. You all know that in France we breakfast au lit. Now my coffee and rolls come to my hedside early. When I wake, you understand, sometimes an egg-I am fond of eggs-I cat them frequently. But it must be always with regularity-when I waken when my mouth and face are freshened.

the Breakfasts at Noon. "At 12 o'clock, always promptly, is my breaktast, what you call inneheon—a variety, fruits, meats, vegetables—at 6 o'clock I have a some and a chicken, or some small bird—and always the table set for six. It is after attrice of the theater at night that I he my heart a meal to recuperate strength. is a complete course dinner, invariably friends, though you would call it a supper. Whether on land or sea, in cities or in travel, these meals occur with systematic routine. It is best so, four meals with regularity, and not much at a time.

"How long does madame sleep?"
"Five hours generally, in a cool room

By the by, madame carries her own bed lines with her everywhere plus an eider-down "comforter" quilted in pale pink estin, and innumerable small and large pillows of finest linen coverings, lace trimmed and monogramed. They are the last things packed, wherever she goes, and the first to be unpacked on arrivals.

Keeping the Ankles Warmly Covered. se one has said that I do not take much exercise in open air. Please correct that statement. I take exercise continually. I live an grande air." From early morning in traveling madame is up, some days spending the entire day in hunting or driving, to get glimpses of new country, and walking! Plenty of fresh air! That gives



My Idea of Rest.

vigor. Exercise! Walking out of doors in the sun-hine invariably. There is no such as genuine health without it. But in verywhere, even "at home," look

in the goes everywhere a robe-durthe relivarishs, in driving, in sitting still where the limbs are inactive, they have to be covered. Women are not careful enough thout their ankles. Gauze stockings, slip-pers, low shoes, and the dress falling this and that, they are sure to get cold. cannot be too careful about draughts covering warmly the ankles. And ur countrymen say it is 'Teutonic' to do h is slittle soap and water as possible.

The very first thing I do after re-

The Miracle of Madame's Bath.

"Before visits, before eating, before anything at that hour I bathe. The maid has it in preparation, all. First goes as a coverthe tub a large white sheet; into warm water is poured. Small daining finely grated soap in bran, or fine meal, perthe a little orris root, are used in onge. They are covered with oth, and when their contents whiteness, a delicious odor and softens the skin like a baby's. Only a few moments in the bath, but morning and night. The first thing in the morning and late at night. When ready to step out, the maid has a peignoir ready, which in reality is a bath robe made of crash toweling. This is heated and the body enveloped in it. Then gently rubbed to get up a friction of the

ometimes at rehearsals I have a moist rub down with the following prescription, which is very refreshing: Topid water, a small quantity of ammonia, borax, a dash of hay rain, and the whole sweetened with good cologne, sometimes violet, sometimes other things, so many essences are sent to me to try. It is a simple bath, but restful. Change is what constitutes rest, you see, y rest. I am never absolutely idle. If argus of ennui, fatigue appear, at one occupation, turn to some other. It is not necessary simply to do nothing in order to

rest, but vary what you do. Change the of your thoughts, there is the secret.

No Sleep in the Day Time. "I never sleep in the day time. One is sure to take cold in going out again. Will self to vary your thoughts, and by will and habit, learn to sleep at once when the time comes. Napoleon could sleep at will always. It is simply will and babit, and if taken when needed is always refreshing. You see, then, the secret of endurance is carefulness and regularity and the complete mastery of self; study to know how much you can do, and through study you will be astonished to find how much you are able to do. But remember, vary your occupation, change completely your thoughts often. And look out for colds. Colds are insidious

-treacherous-one can never count upon the end of a cold. "My finger nails-ah! There is a little woman in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, who manufactures nail pomade to soften and whiten them—who has her own invention of files. This red pomade comes in tiny clive wood boxes, and is put on at night, taking care to cover the nail with a thin coating of this paste perfumed. In the morning wash off what remains that has not been absorbed—but never use a nail brush—it ruins the fine tender flesh about the finger tips. A little cotton on the end of an or-



Plenty of Fresh Air. ties or soil or stain. And never use scissors or knife. It hardens the nail to cut

them; makes them brittle. Her Finger Nails Are Limber.

The little files I speak of are about five inches long and very thin and fine. They are not to be had in this country, being an exclusive manufacture of the little manicure in the Rue St. Honore. Burnish your nails with chamois skin; it keeps them healthy, and never use any hard substance in cleaning them. Always add the small quantity of cotton, and they will remain both delicate in appearance and so limber that they can be bent backward without

breaking.
"Too much water for the hands, without other ingredients is injurious. Most skins take well to oils or ungents. A good thing for the hands is equal parts of lemon, gly-cerine, a small quantity of borax and triple extract of violet, to sweeten the whole. Use this occasionally, but not for all times and seasons. Vary it—learn to know what

Mme. Bernhardt prefers not to name manufacturers of essences, as she uses many, but would still have to leave out some and advertise unduly others. But she has a strong penchant for odors manufactured from roses. She has an overwean-ing fondness for rose leaf perfumes, both as sachets, i. e., the dried leaves salted and the oil essences—like otter of roses.

Never Uses a Marketed Perfuma. Just now she has a predilection for what s in reality an old fashioned rose geranium. It is so penetrating that the impress of her hand on your glove or shoulder inevitably leaves the trace of this perfume. She also

uses it through a spray on throat, hair and You may always be fairly certain of one thing in regard to her perfumes—that they are something distinctly her own—when placed upon the market she chooses something else. For she is continually having early productions of all sorts sent for

approval or rejection. You would hardly think of comparing the divine Sarah to a Dresden shepherdess, now would you-candidly-and yet you see she is as dainty as a bit of Saxomy, though as healthy as Diana.

HELPING THE PHYSICIANS.

Mothers Often Deficient in the Description

of a Child's Symptoms. IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 A well-known doctor once complained to the writer that he had the greatest trouble when treating sick children, in getting any

lucid and helpful resume of their symptoms from day to day, from the mother. "Here is a case in point," said he. "A few days ago a young mother came to me about her little boy, who had what she called a 'pathetic little cough.' Now, pathos in a cough is a symtom of which pathology takes no note. So I asked more definite particu-lars, 'what kind of a cough is it?' I asked

again.
"Oh such a pathetic cough,' she "But is it a loose cough, or a wheezing cough or a tight cough, or a bark cough?'



He Has a Pathetic Cough. " 'I'm sure I don't know,' she said, sadly puzzled, 'but it is a sad' little cough.' that is a fair sample of the way a great many physicians find themselves puzzled about babies. The mothers or nurses seem

to have so little skill in interpreting their symptoms.' A young mother with a first baby may find herself a little puzzled for the first few weeks to recognize the most striking symp-toms in a haby's illness, but she ought soon to be able to make a very intelligent diag-nosis of ordinary ills. She ought to be able to tell whether the baby is in acute pain or not and, in most cases, where the pain is linen. Bread rises most satisfactorily, aclocated; whether his cry is a tired cry or a cording to tradition, at a temperature of hungry one, or a sick one. She ought to be from 74° to 86°; but I have used a much able to take its temperature and its pulsebeats, as accurately as a physician, to dis-criminate its coughs and way of breath-ing. The condition of the bowels should be significant to her also, and even of the skin. These are all matters that come with a little attention in watching and a little knowledge

THE TABLE, THE BOUDOIR, HOME DECORATIONS

CONFESSIONS OF A COOK.

Octave Thanet Owns Up to Bad Luck With Bread-Four Danger Signals Hung Out -Her Compliments to Mrs. Ewing-No Cast-Iron Rules.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] It may not be an encouraging remark, but an imperious conscience forces me to confess that I was years puttering with yeast and flour before I got beyond a hit or miss knowledge of bread. Lite is too short for me to begin to tell of the many regular, well-approved rules for bread that I followed with anxious exactness, with tremulous hopefulness, with discourage-

ment, with exasperation, with-despair, Then I flung them all aside and experimented. I have tried hop yeast, I have tried domestic yeast, I have tried a mucilaginous compound of intoxicated potato. I have tried the weird magic called salt raising, I have tried yeast that comes bubbling in a jug and the yeast that is left at the front door in an envelope, "for the lady of the house." Lastly, I have tried compressed yeast. You can-if the Lord has given you a patient temperament—make ad-mirable bread out of all these yeasty substances, and you can make perfect bread out

of the last! No Cast-Iron Rule for Yeast,

Without going into the scientific aspect of the subject, I must say, in the beginning, that there is no cast-iron rule possible for yeast. No feat of the cuisine demands more of the eye than the making of perfect bread. But there is this compensation, an eye once accustomed to the proper looks of bread dough, in all its stages, is equal to any kind of flour or any kind of yeast. It was my good fortune while I was struggling with bread to meet one of the best bread makers in the world, Mrs. Emma P. Ewing. I then had arrived at the point where I could make a loaf of bread an exact copy of either French or Vienna bread as I desired.
I did not see how Mrs. Ewing's bread was
to be better than the bread that I had eaten
abroad; nevertheless, I went to her lectures. She did not teach me to make any better bread than the bread of my ambition, but she did teach me to make the same bread in a simpler and more speedy way; and I am glad, after many years, to acknowledge my obligations to her thus publicly. In brief,



Good Bread Must Be Beat.

suspect, but, no doubt, would have taken year or two to verify—the fact that in moulded white bread the sponge is a work How to Make White Bread.

Since that time I have never used it. Here is the manner in which I make white bread: To a pint of milk or a pint and a half if not in a hurry, I take a cake of Fleischman's compressed yeast. I heat the milk (which must be fresh, I prefer the merning's milk), to a point just before boiling. I have heard old-fashioned cooks call it "to a scum." When the milk begins to wrinkle I take it off and cool it to sifted flour in a bowl. A quart of flour will do—not more—and you make take less. I pour in the milk, a little at a time.

I beat it vigorously with a wooden or a silver spoon. I take it to the door and beat the fresh air into it. I go on in this way, beating and adding milk until I have a pretty batter which has no yeast in it, but bubbles with the honest fresh air that it contains. To this batter I add a half teaspoonful of salt. Then I crumble up the yeast cake into a half teacupful of milk half. If yeast is fresh and good it will crumble like stale putty; if it is stale itself, it will stick like fresh putty—that is the difference between yeast and putty. I throw it in as an aid to memory. Good yeast acts like poor putty, to the touch, and poor yeast acts like good putty.

Perils of Thickness and Thinness.

I mix the yeast with the tepid milk thoroughly. Then I pour it into the bat-ter. I now beat again and more and more flour until the batter becomes a dough. Now comes peril! I wish to wave the first danger signal over a pit wherein I have stumbled no end of times. You may make dough too thick or you may make it too thin! If you make it too thick you will have a closely woven bread that will shortly be given to the domestic animals! If you make it too thin you will see your shapely loaves spreading and lopping in a painful fashion, and in extreme cases rising on a level and running over the bread pans I am inclined to think the peril of thinnes. is worse than the peril of thickness, for much may be done for the overthick bread by raising it longer, while the case of the overthin bread is hopeless!

Therefore I make a dough until I cannot stir longer. This dough I scrape out of the earthen bowl in which I have made it, on to a floured bread board. Euter peril No. 2. You may be in haste and may not knead your bread enough. Well, you will be sorry if you don't, that's ali! The texture of your loaf will be uneven; there will be ragged holes instead of a fine levity. Knead your bread therefore—but you have no rea-son to knead it after it has absorbed enough flour to work free of the board without flouring.

Then I butter a fresh earthen bowl, roomy enough to allow for the dough's ambition and put the dough in it. I always brush the top of the dough with the nicest of melted butter. This is to cover every inch of the dough with an air-excluding film; for here enters peril No. 3, a peril of the most awful character! On bread not protected by this oleaginous coat of mail, no matter how closely covered, it is 10 to 1 the air makes a stiff crust and that stiff crust will repress the ambition of the yeast germ as gently and effectively as the editors re-

press "unavailable" genius.

The dough being protected I cover it closely with a flannel cloth kept for the purpose and a clean white towel. The towel is underneath. I do not suppose it makes a particle of difference whether higher temperature with no evil results. The higher the temperature the quicker the rising of the bread. I have made rolls in an hour and a half; and I am told Miss Par-los makes delicious bread in an hour! The These are all matters that come with a little attention in watching and a little knowledge in interpreting, and brains.

If a physician has been called, the mother should have a little book in which she should be able to note down all the most important symptoms from hour to hour.

LOOK to your interest. You can buy Salvation Oil, the great pain cure, for 25 cents. takes from two to four hours for its first

The Danger of Overrising. Now comes peril No. 4—insidious and wicked. Most cooks raise their bread too long. Cook is busy and she removes the dough to a cooler place, and it rises to the rim and bubbles over before she is ready. Some cooks push their bread back and have it rise another time. Rising so much takes the life out of bread. And everyone knows the tragic end of dough whose vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself; how it collapses with a clammy thump into a leaden mass that never hopes again. When dough begins to look transparent, when it has not



Rhead R Thoroughly, cracked on top, but shows that cracks are imminent, then I take out the dough and mold it slightly and knead it into

The shape of the loaf depends upon your fancy. Does one wish to eat the bread at once the French twist or the Vienna loaf once the French twist or the Vienna loaf are good shapes and easily managed. A pan comes for the French twist, that is to be found at most tinsmiths or furnishing shops. For bread that is to keep, the so-called brick loaf pan has pleased me best. I raise my loaves in their pans an hour or a little less. An hour in most cases is quite long enough. I always brush the surface with butter as compularly as I butter the time. butter as scrupulously as I butter the tins. The common, but very fair, test for sufficient rising in this case is whether the dough rebounds if pressed by the finger. An educated eye will soon learn the exact moment that is best to stop the raising.

The Rules of Baking. Now comes the baking attended by divers perils. The oven can spoil the most carefully reared and beautiful dough. It should be a very moderate oven at the first, increasing in heat until the bread has risen to its full proportions. It should rise gradually and symmetrically. Bread too stiff with flour or bread too slowly baked, will creak. Bread too soft myariably spreads. erack. Bread too soft, invariably spreads. Bread properly baked, will have a fine, firm, but not too thick crust on all four sides. If you cannot attain such a crust in the pan, take the fully cooked loaf out of the pan and brown one side after another. The value to the keeping qualities of the bread, is great enough to warrant the trouble that it may cost you.

After bread to all intents and purpose is baked, I open the oven door, half-way, and let it (the bread) bake five minutes or so, longer. Old-fashioned cooks call this "soaking." It adds a final touch to the complete condition of bread. I may add that it according to many that the that it is especially important and that the five minutes may be doubled without harm. I now finish my varnishing the loaf with milk or water. I paint it all ever with a large, flat brush. (I use the same kind of a brush to paint the dough with butter.) It should come out of the oven a sightly loaf, snowy white within, a delectable, even brown without; and it should taste better even than it looks. OCTAVE THANET.

A WATCH ON YOUR SHOULDER.

Very Pretty, but Also Very Convenient for the Light-Fingered. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Where do you think the swagger young woman is wearing her watch just now? Ou her shoulder, not on the top of it, to be sure, but just in front of the arm. The chatelaine attachment which used to fasten it to her belt is gone, and the watch is



Where She Wears the Watch. held in place by a brooch made for that In the form of a true lover's knot, or the fleur de lis, and pinned up conspicu-ously on her shoulder, inside her wraps on her gown? Not a bit of it, outside where any passerby can see the time o'day, and where it must be excellent prey for the skillful fingers of thieves.

A BAG MADE OF FAR-WORK Pretty and Useful Article Any Nimble Fingered Gir: Can Make.

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

It may be called that because it is made

out of a Japanese fan with the brass pin removed from the sticks, so that the entire fan lies flat and smooth. Then the two outer edges are gummed firmly together and a ribbon threaded in the holes through which the brass pin passed and then drawn closely, giving the fan a conical form. Ribbons are then passed in and out be tween the sticks and tied in bows at the terminus, Long loops of

ribbon suspend the fan-bag at the top, and inside of it is set a paste board box lined inside and out with silver pa-per, and large enough to slip about halfway down in the recep-tacle. Before the box is slipped in, the bag may or may not have a lining of this china silk drawn to a point inside. This little bag is used for spools and light needle

Our Fame Is Abroad Once More Clothier and Furnisher.] Winkworth-I have a brand new suit of clothes that you can have, if you want to. It's a little bit light in color and I sha'n't ar it any more. Spindle—Why not?

Winkworth-I am going to Pittsburg to

work.

FOR EVENING WEAR.

Both Ugly and Beautiful, bu Fashionable-The Classic in Shoulder Outline-The Inartistic Brocades-Elegant Things for Young and Old. '

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, Jan. 2.- Evening gowns this winter are more classic than French in shoulder outline. That is to say, the prevailing vogue is a rounded or oval outline of only moderate lowness, leaving enough width of waist over the shoulders to give the appearance of ample support.

Diaphanous fabrics and rounded necks are for the most part appropriated by the young. Older women like a waist devised to cover the shoulders at the sides and yet appear low. For them there is the open oint at back and front; the square front and high back, or the high back and surplice front over a low chemisette. These waists go with rich, heavy and stately fabric. The season's materials are some of them ugly and some beautiful—both equally fashionable. The perrennial brocade is here, and is a failure from the point of beauty. The reason for brocading a cloth is to enrich the material in its texture and color. This the brocades now on the market do not do. They are of satin grounds with isolated bouquets in colors, or in gold or silver, and they look precisely like the same styles in wall paper. The effect is preposterously bad. Making Up a Brocaded Gown.

But if you must have a brocade gown because it is fashionable, make it up by itself, or with plain satin with a ground of the same color. As a model for the brocade the tollowing design may be suggested: Make the back of the bodice high and lay it in plaits on the shoulders. Lay the front in



the same folds, and draw the opening to houlder seams, let the front be longer than the back by the space of the inside fold. Join to this fold a detached fold of the brocade, which let pass round the back in a soft roll or collar, which may be high or low, as becomes one most. There should be no break in continuity where the folds The chemisette is of white satin with

white lace laid over it, and may be as high or low as one pleases; but, whatever other outline it has, do not make it straight ward toward the shoulder. The sleeve is of white satin, overlaid with lace, giving the effect of a lace chemisette over a sleeveless



brocade. It is simply made with seams, and meets the glove just above the elbow. The lower edge of the bodice is slightly pointed and finished with a belt of satin ribbon four inches wide, folded and fitted on. The rib-bon ties at the back in a knot, without loops, and hangs to nearly the bottom of the skirt. The ribbon may be of white, or of the prevailing color in the pattern.

The Amount of Material Required. The skirt has a train of 18 inches. Make the plaits at the back carry the W line of the waist plaits down, a la princess. The shirt border may be of lace, laid over a rib-bon of the color of the flowers in the bro-cade. Sew two rows of lace along the edge of a four-inch ribbon. Let the under one hang, and festoon the upper one along the edge of the ribbon. A dress requires 15 yards of brocade, and \$2 a yard will buy a good one. Point lace and Irish points are in use. The Irish laces are not expensive. Perhaps the most beautiful of the neavy evening fabrics is bengaline. It is heavy



and soft at the same time, and its undulating, corded surface is very rich. Ladies' cloth of the same tint is often combined with it, and lace may be used, but it should

be made simply. White bengaline is superb Chiffon, tulle and crepe, over satin of the same tint, are the materials used for young girls. There is required seven yards of these materials, where the satin is covered. The garnitures are flowers and narrow ribbons. A gown from a French house worn by a debutante at the recent Patriarch's ball, is of white crape over white satin. The satin skirt is bell shaped and the crepe one is in very full, gathered breadths behind. The crape is hemmed. At the foot The crepe is hemmed. At the foot



of the front and sides is a wreath of close pink tied with narrow watered ribbon of the same color. The wreath is lifted slightly higher at the sides, and under it the crepe is cut to permit the adding of a little fullness below, toward the ends. The bodice has the crepe shirred on. The shirrs run up and down around the waist.

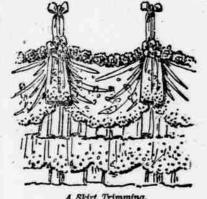
The Philosophy of Gathers. This is a mistake and produces no effect

but that of a mere effort to use up material. Shirrs or gathers should be used only to confine the fullness upon the shoulders and about the waist, and such simply shirred bodices are very much is vogue. But it must be noticed that they do not hang off the shoulders like the old "baby" waist, but are considerably higher and are drawn close round the top, to a fitted lining.

Bodices for young women are round or else slightly pointed on the lower edge. They may be finished with a sash belt, fitted about the waist, and such simply shirred

closely, and tied behind in a knot without loops, but with ends; or with an edging of narrow ribbon, tied into rosettes at inter-vals, say three 10 ettes along the front and as many behind. The neck is finished with a garniture of flowers tied with narrow ribbon rosettes at intervals, for ball gowns, or else a fall of lace; or the shirring may be drawn up with a narrow ribbon and flowers be placed only on one shoulder.

Sleeves are of the thin material only, simply made; either straight, with one seam or gathered very full—puffed under. To make this puffed sleeve take material twice the length of the sleeve, and, gather-ing the lower edge, turn it under and sew it also into the armhole, or to a short band ruffle. Sleeves reach nearly to the elbow.



A Skirt Trimming. Simpler gowns, for less dressy occasions, are without any garniture.

Garniture for a Ball Skirt. A fashionable garniture for a ball skirt, here illustrated, has for foundation two bands of pink watered ribbons, to each of which is sewed a ruffle of tulle, the upper one the longer, and overlapping the under. Over each tulle ruffle is sewed one of point lace, the upper one festooned with pink roses and rosettes. Pink roses are sewed close together along the upper band.

A fabric that merits description is a flow-er-printed mousseline de soie, which looks as if it came out of an impressionist's studio. The ground of one is of black. Over it are strewn crimson flowers that are gray in the shadows, and are mostly in the shadow. The crimson shows only here and there in broken lights and half lights. shadows are lighter than the ground and shadows are lighter than the ground and are transparent, as shadows ought to be. The eye is caught on the surface of the texture only where the high lights strike—just as an artist would have it, and where, here and there, polka dots of black silk are woven solidly in. It is charming, and it is characteristically French. This is the highwater mark of French art in this direction this season. Such material cannot be made too simply. It wants no garnishing but a sash ribbon. This symphony in color

print costs \$3 a yard.
ADA BACHE CONE. THE PAD OF THE HOUR.

Society People Have Gone Stark Mad Over the Emblem of France. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Seldom has the decorative idea been so

dominated and possessed by any one design as it is just now by the emblem of the golden lilies-the fleur de lys of France. The fleur de lys is the iris or blue flag so well known in flag so well known in this country, and even better known in France.

It was Louis VII. whadopted it as a part of his own coat of arms and gave it the name of fleur de lys, or Louis flower, causing the national standard to be thickly strewn with it. Two hundred years later Charles VI. reduced the number to three, the mystical church number, and it then

took the present conventialized form in which it appears to-day.

It doesn't look much like the iris flower now certainly. And its lack of definite resembla ce has troubled people before now. There was a time when the idea that it was intended for the blue flag was wholly re-pudiated. Givillim, who wrote about heraldry and who even knew more things than he put into his books, declared that the de-vice was never that of a flower at all, but that it was a conventionalized toad erect, leaping, which is the reason why Nostra-towns, in the sixteenth century called damus in the sixteenth century called Frenchmen "toads." After that some wise men started the theory that it was neither an iris nor a jumping toad, but a

bee flying. These were Frenchmen who objected to be called toads. objected to be called toads.

The young man and the young woman buy it in silver and gold for scarf pins, brooches and sleeve buttons. It is worked into the newest wall hangengs and four-in-hand ties and the thinnest lace bears its figure. Hat ornaments and foot-stools are in the shape of the fleur de lys; prayer books are studded with silver heads in the same design. It is in drinking glasses and umbrells handles and the covers of books and watches. A GEM FROM OLE VIRGINAY.

ute of a Grateful Mistress to a Servan From the Sunny South. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

Twenty-seven years ago she came to me in a blue-checked sun bonnet. A very dark cloud that turned into sunshine, and a answer to my half-dozen questious, she said in the quaintest manner, "I is dun called Raspberry, caze dat is my name, and when I wakes up at rooster crowin' time, ebery mawnin' now, I sez to myself, sez I-git up niggah-git up-bress de Lawd yo is,free! Ole Virginny is dun sole yo fo de last time! My ole missus dun treat me like her own sho nuf child'n! Yes miss, we wus twins. Two ob us hawn, boff ob us at one birf! One ob us, dat's me, had a raspberry mark on its back, an' de odder one, dat ain't me, had a strawberry mark on it. When we wus bouter ten days ole, one ob us died, dat ain't me! Mammy, she cum in an' dun turned us boff ober! Den she dun grunted an' said Raspberry is alibe, sho! Den dey toted Strawberry off to de grabeyard an'

put her in de yawnin' grabe, an' Raspberry, dat's me, dun growd up."

The magic spell around Raspberry's cradle left an indelible imprint that have not been effaced in the years that have gone by. Sometimes there has been a glitter in her eye, but never a sting in her voice.

The stateliness and pride that always existed in he eld slave servant has now left her. She has always been proud of her Virginia mistress. Proud of having been

the property of a master who could afford to own her, and of a mistress who knew that white was white and black, black. She came to me with the swift, warm blood



Each Proud of the Other.

of health in ever vein. No cruel exactness, because of her great knowledge of an art of which I was plainly so ignorant. My home was located on a busy corner in a large city. Soon there was a garden of riotous color and perfume. I had given her a parcel of ground overlooking the thronged street, at the side, to take the place of what I knew she must long for. Early in the spring it was alive. Later on it was blooming and nodding—poppies—onions—bachelor buttons—beets—sweet williams-parsley—bouncings and Ramberry could be -bouncingbets, and Raspberry could be be seen altogether peering through the iron fence paling "just a wunderin" if the judgment day had sho nough come."

Years of joy and years of sorrow dawned and died. Raspberry was 12 years in advance of me. Now and then she would say:
"Missis, I is growin" old—bery old." But

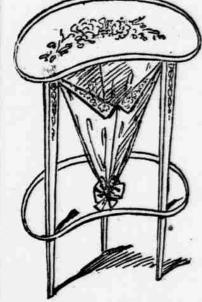
when she noticed threads of gray gathering about my temples, she never mentioned it, RASPBERRY'S MISTRESS.

A POPULAR WORK TABLE

Pretty Combination of Furniture and Needlework for the Snuggery. (WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

By all odds the prettiest combination of furniture and needlework that has been nade this winter is a work table like the cut. It is of pine, enameled in white and decorated in pink and gold. Its form is the opular kidney shape, and it has two helves. Between the two is suspended the work bag, which is made of art cretonne, blue denim or some other substantial stuff. There are two sticks nailed on the under ide of the upper shelf, meeting at an angle of about 60°. On these two sticks the top of the work bag is nailed stoutly.

The construction of the hag, by the way, needs a word. Cut the bag in one piece and fold as for any bag. Sew across the bottom and half way up the side. Then fold the upper corners slightly back on themselves, making what would be called "revers" if the article were a gown instead of a bag. When that is done you will see that the shape of the bag at the top just fits the shape of the cleats fastened on the under



side of the upper table. It would, no doubt, occur to you to fasten the bag to the cleats even if you weren't told to do so, because they look so as if they belonged together. When that is done gather the bottom of the bag together with a bow of ribbon, and if it is made right it will be a delightful bag with a wide, hospitable mouth, into which you can slip things easily and where you will always be able to find things, a great desideratum in a bag.

PAPERS FOR CLUBS.

Anna L. Dawes Points Out the Dangers in Women's Organizations.

white turban in the early autumn. In | THE FASCINATION OF HISTORY

Leads to Duliness While Brilliant Asides Obscure the Subject.

WORK TO REQUIRE OF EACH MEMBER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.)

In women's clubs and societies there must, of course, be papers on all sorts of subjects. I wish to put in a word of caution here that, in writing upon any one of the divisions of any topic, it is not necessary to begin with Adam and the Garden of Eden! Five times out of six so much time is taken up with laying foundations that none is left for present' conditions. A very brilliant woman recently began a series of lessons on English literature, with Dobson and Lang, Tennyson and Browning, and gradually worked her way back to Spencer and

Chaucer, declaring that this was the only

way ever to reach the present times. Soon after the bombardment of Alexandris a certain club took Egypt for a subject, but so much time was occupied with its early sculptures, and the Hyksos Kings, that there was literally no opportunity for considering the political relations of the nineteenth century. Such discussions should not be Greek temples, all porch. But figures aside-in this case, the end is more important than the beginning. There is no objection-it is probably best-to leave out the early history entirely, or if necessary to touch upon it, it can be condensed into a paragraph. Even on these occasions where a series of meetings gives opportunity for more attention to this part of a subject, it should still be considered not by itself, but with reference to future history, not in any isolated way, but as the beginnings of their present.

Rend Up All You Cal. Having plunged at once into the middle

of things, and filled your mind very full of the subject, three or four times as full as you can possibly need, do not take every point seriatim, nor give details of each. Classify your knowledge and group it together, if it is a composite subject, like the "Natives of Alaska," the "Religions of India," or the "Poets of Italy," do not write an account of each tribe or group or individual, but give a phrase to general characteristics, a paragraph to peculiarities, a description of but one or two, and the details of about only the most significant or tails of about only the most significant or important. It it is theories to be deals with, characterize each in one or two sentences, give briefly their points of difference, or their line of development, and then explain the one now in vogue, or specially under consideration. Here also the question of time settles all others. Proportion tion of time settles all others. Proportion must be observed when the limit is definite-

ly set before you.

A few other points may be touched upon in passing. Special care should be taken to avoid trespassing on the ground of another, even if the temptation of some sparkling gem lie directly in the

No Special Pleading Allowed.

On questions of theory or practice, one should refuse stoutly to allow herself the luxury of special pleading, unless an actual debate is intended. It is, of course, to be expected and desired that every individual will make her paper exhibit her own line of thought and interpretation, but beyond this danger lies. A paper of Tolstoi's style would necessarily take one side or the other of the question of realism, but the higher education of woman has no vital connection with the Andover controversy, as within the memory of woman it has been conceived to have. Nor, to take a less extreme case, is it necessary to bring the negro question into a survey of Southern literature. But It goes without saving that if either future probation or the Southern problem is to be debated, that is another matter, and are ment is not only permissable, but obliga-

In general it may be said that quotations are a snare; they are indeed, attractive both as illustration of an author, and because they say so well what we must say so ill. But the printed page is always longer than it looks, and there is a certain hurried deadit looks, and there is a certain hurried deadness about the reading of it, which is apt to produce a heavy effect. Perhaps reading from the books themselves might be prohibited, and the extracts limited to such as could be copied, since the space occupied by written passages is a striking hint of their length when read. Statistics, too, should be very few and far between, and for the amsteur, always in round numbers, since the mind has a vexing trick of remembering the last number it hears.

Condensation Is a Good Thing.

To sum up the whole matter ask yourself, first: What do I want to tell, or what have I got to say? Then after writing down the answer to that question, read it over and see what can be left out. Omit everything that is not necessary to describe your subject, explain your position or justify your argument. And ruthlessly destroy all those fascinating little side issues which occurred fascinating little side issues which occurred to you as you wrote, and which are so telling, even if not exactly pertinent, but which also, let me remind you, so distract the attention of your audience. Keep to the point, whatever else you do, consider your limitations and let proportion be your chief aim.

aim.

In closing—there is one question to consider and one duty to mention: The first has to do with the management of these organizations, the second with their members. It is an open question worthy of care thought whether it is the true course is an open question worldy of careful thought whether it is the true course for such a society to get the best work it can, or the most workers. In those smaller organizations where the rules require the service of every member, the question disappears. But in missionary and philanthropic, and the larger literary associations, it is an ever undecided point.

The best work will always be done by the ablest members—a comparatively small circle. But the interest will be greatly increased if fresh talent is brought to bear, and less experienced, or even less competent persons are invited to do their share. The temptation is great to secure a brillian result, and it is by no means easy to determine whether this is not, after all, the most useful method.

ANNA L. DAWE.

Enquire for Them.

No housewife who has used any of Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts but will recommend them as the best articles of their kind in domestic use. They are the leading flavors in America and should be on the shelf of every wellregulated grocery. Enquire for them and do not take substitutes which if not poisonous will destroy the nicest delicacies. Dr. Price's Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., are just as represented.