Literary Department.

IMOGENE L. MATTHEWS, Editor.

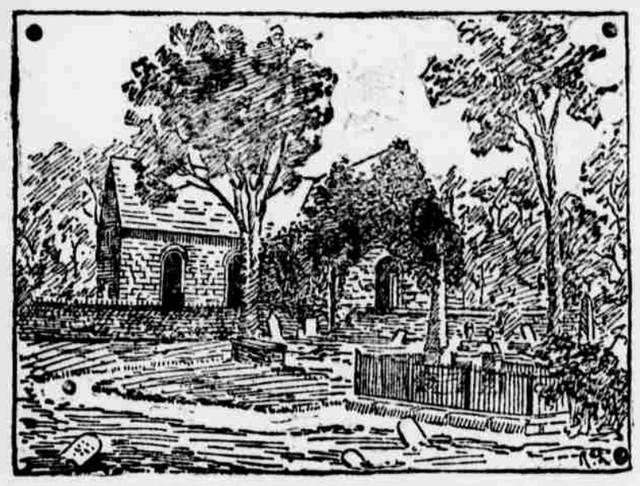
DECORATION DAY IN OLD DOMINION.

A few years ago it was our good fortune to spend the thirtieth of May in Petersburg, Va., the guests of a delightful Southern family. It had not occurred to us that it was Decoration Day until our host invited us to drive out to the cemetery in the afternoon, adding: "I think you will be interested in the old church which is quite famous because of its age, having been built early in seventeen hundred."

It was an ideal day for the purpose, the air soft and balmy, the sun veiled by light clouds toning the brilliancy of the landscape, which with its rich verdure was like the latter part of June in the North; flowers in variety were in full bloom giving a wealth to lay above the dead. Many beside ourselves were wending their way to the silent city, much more interest being manifested by people of every class than with us.

After driving about a mile Blandford church arose before us, a beautiful, Gothic ruin, one gable entirely covered with English ivy, through which the arched windows looked out upon the graves of two centuries. The church and surrounding yard were enclosed by a high wall, the brick for both having been brought from England. The wall had partly fallen in places, but the irregularity only lent an added charm, nature having covered every gaping wound with glossy ivy and sweet flowering honey-suckles, filling the eye with beauty, and the air with fragrance.

The dates of some stones proved the graveyard half a century older than the church. Some of the stones were broken and bent, some graves unmarked, while others had been most carefully surrounded by a wall of brick on which the large, heavy stones, graven with



OLD CHURCH AT PETERSBURG, VA.

quaint and curious, many with elaborate epitaphs, were horizontally laid. One marked the resting place of some scion of a noble race, for the arms of the Gordons was beautifully cut upon the stone, the last tribute from the old home across the sea.

Through a wide gap in the wall we stepped out into the modern cemetery which stretches away through vale and hill, a scene of sylvan beauty. On a little knoll across the small ravine the service was just closing with the firing of a volley across the confederate graves by the Petersburg Greys who came marching up the path shortly after headed by their captain who, we were told, was a "New York man, elected to the position after a few years residence in Petersburg. Surely "old feuds were done away."

Standing there in the waning light of the late afternoon, the ivy-mantled church in the foreground with its picturesque environment of gray stones, flowered wall, deep dales and swelling hills covered with grand old trees, a more beautiful scene could hardly be imagined.

Retracing our steps we entered the church which had become simply an enclosure. Not a vestige of the furnishing remained save a few fallen timbers that had supported the old gallery, floor and all had disappeared, leaving only the earth beneath our feet.

The walls were smooth and bare save at one end where hung a black wooden tablet on which was engraved the following verses which were found penciled on a paper left in the church by a visitor in 1841, who was supposed to be an English actor.

Thou art crumbling to the dust old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.
The worshipers are scattered now,
Who knelt before thy shrine;
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
When oft, in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High.
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still forevermore.

How doth ambitions hope take wing—
How droops the spirit now;
We hear the distant city's din,
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves,
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows,
The grass above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain—
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again,
How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The light of other days.

IMOGENE L. MATTHEWS.

GREEN RIDGE LIBRARY.

This little library is the outcome of the "Green Ridge Book club," which came into existence in 1891 with thirty-five members and about y forty books. The membership, books and interest increased until in 1890, the club felt warranted in becoming a library; an object it had in view from the beginning. Accordingly, after the necessary preliminaries (a charter, and a very successful fair, the proceeds of which formed a nucleus for a building fund) an attractive and serviceable building was erected on a site given by the Sanderson estate, corner of Green Ridge street and Wyoming avenue.

Although opened as a subscription library in June, 1891, it has not attained a growth or been as helpful as anticipated, because of the munificent gift to the city at about this time of the "Albright Memorial Building," for the purpose of a library. But it has struggled along endeavoring to do some good, and not allowing local pride to be wounded by its magnificent rival, in the central city, since we believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number," and we never could have done as grand a work as the "Scranton Public Library" is doing.

ITS FAR REACHING VALUE.

To keep abreast with the true library spirit, the Green Ridge Library was made a free library November, 1892. It is now supported by subscriptions from its generous friends, and by entertainments of various kinds, a course of illustrated lectures this winter being more instructive and successful than any previously given.

This library does pioneer work in getting the youth of the enighborhood interested in reading and studying, and when they exhaust our resources they go to the larger library. It also does good work in supplying books to people outside of the city limits (yet in Green Ridge), who, for that reason, are debarred from the privileges of the Scranton Public Library.

Since the opening of the Green Ridge Library nearly a thousand people have registered; over five hundred are at present taking out books. No doubt the number would be greater, but, unfortunately, with our limited means at command we cannot afford to open the library other than in the evening, and that, of course, does restrict the reading attendance. But, notwithstanding the many drawbacks this suburb would greatly miss the little library on the hill.

EMMA A THOMPSON.

FRIVOLITIES.

Let us call things by their proper names; this is the frivolous column, wherein no burning issues, no deep questions, no controverted points will be discussed. Serious minded persons are warned off by the title, which will also keep the men from reading it. Only a few careless ones may sandwich it between the courses of solid pabulum offered elsewhere. Its erratic jottings will be like thistle-down on the wanton breeze, or the aimless flittings of the butterfly in the summer sun.

There was once a small scion of royalty who would some day be king when his years should permit his mother's regency to expire; and because the throne was waiting for him, he was forced in knowledge and hedged about with dignity.

One day after listening to tutors who tired his poor little brain, finishing with a solemn state function, he saw while driving home some dirty little boys making mud pies. "Mamma," said he, "please let me get down from the carriage and make mud pies a little while, I am so tired of being a king."

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The Scranton women, bless my soul!
Ain't this a funny caper?
With tousled hair and pen in air,
They're makin' of a paper.

Don't ask for stews, creams or ragouts
Made by their fingers taper;
Unless you'll take them served with ink,
They're makin' of a paper.

Mrs. Osgood, of Maine, president of the first federation of Women's clubs, tells that years ago when in her husband's newspaper office and any of the staff appeared, he would tell her to "run away, as her presence disturbed them;" adding, "I am happy to have lived to see the day when women have a place in the newspaper world without disturbing the men."

This millenial state of things, though doubtless true of the larger centers, has not yet obtained in Scranton, where, to most women, a newspaper establishment is a mysterious and uncanny place, and we have watched our pioneers in this field (Miss Dickinson and Mrs. Penman) go in and out with interest not unmixed with awe, for who has not read of the impatience, to use no stronger word, of editors as a class; how the office would be blue with language quite unfit for phonographic immortality, when some unlucky wight chanced to incur their displeasure by a want of directness, an irrelevant question or an ill-timed suggestion; and yet these two women have apparently bearded the lion in his den, though, of course, we can only conjecture how near they get to the sanctum-sanctorum.

Apropos of editors' directness, we had occasion once to visit an office in the interest of some enterprise, and contrary to our expectations, were received by the editor-in-chief, who waved us to a seat, drew a pad toward him, picked up a pencil and fixed his keen, blue eyes upon us with a come-to-the-point expression which drove our little speech entirely from our mind, and, for the first time in our lives we felt sure we were going not only to stammer but to actually stutter. Somehow, before we had fairly begun to unfold our scheme, it had been ventilated, defined, put down in black and white, we were bowed out of the office and reached the sidewalk trying to pull ourselves together and think how it all happened.

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But the editor is not the only bete noir. He has a familiar of whom we were taught to speak with bated breath. The manager of The Tribune did once upon a time offer to chain this satanic personage if we wished to visit the building, but the gnashing of teeth is a blood curdling sound—a sort of music with which we did not wish to burden our memory. What will be done with him when the women, who, by instinct and inheritance, are his foes take possession? For they are to be enthroned for a day; privileged to penetrate these mysteries, open up the gruesome places and fraternize with the powers that be; unless, indeed, there latter follow the examples of their brothers of the quill, who, under the maddening strain of a similar experience, betook themselves and their pads to beer saloons, livery stables and other places where the women dare not follow.

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Alas! The first announcement of the woman's paper said: "The women of the city are going to issue a model paper, showing everybody how it should be done;" thus putting us in a corner at the outset, since before the mental eye of the reader arose a band of strong minded females with craniums rising to a cone at the back, chins well up, and mouths compressed, grim resolution and proud satisfaction in every line.

So, we start out by disclaiming any intention of the kind. We are not going to assume superiority, teach any lessons or pay any grudges. Not even to answer the perrenial jokes about mother-in-law, house cleaning, overdrawn bank accounts, ignorance in regard to checks, Eve and the apple, etc., which have so long helped to satisfy the craze for antiquities, and about which we feel much as did the girl in a recent story, who, on being asked why she allowed a man to hold her hand, replied: "It didn't hurt her and it seemed to give him pleasure." Just here we would say, however, if anyone questions our knowledge of the check business by sending us a few signed for the Young Women's Christian association, we will demonstrate our ability not only to endorse, but if desired, to fill them in with neatness and dispatch.

We would like to reassure our friends, placate our enemies, and most difficult of all, disarm our critics, most of whom have fixed and definite ideas of "woman's sphere."

We hasten to assure them that the business of our lives is cooking, sewing and tending babies, and this venture is merely a little ramble into Parnassian fields, before setting out upon which, every button has been put firmly in place, all the stockings darned, the larder filled, the children's faces shining, our husbands well fed, well groomed and well content; so prythee, good masters, have patience!

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After all, there is no happier being than the egotist, and in the long run no more useful one, for he unhesitatingly accepts positions the diffident would decline, and accomplishes much one of equal ability and less confidence would fear to undertake; and if we can repress a natural feeling of irritation and look only upon the funny side, what amusement is afforded.

There is the breezy, happy, buoyant type who "talk right on," only pausing to ask us if "we catch their meaning" or "see the point," reminding us always of the man who on meeting a friend said: "There was great preaching at Tangletown last night." "Indeed, who preached?" "I."

We once knew a representative of the ponderous type in whom egotism rose to sublimity. He possessed a grave dignity of face and manner, bearing himself like the wise doctors in Hogarth's immortal picture.

Lying on his table one day was a fresh quire of foolscap, upon the first page of which was written with many Spencerian flourishes: "The remarkable sayings and doings of Charles Rundle Bliss." Charles was evidently about to begin a diary. The same Charles after gravely and critically studying an addressed envelope, told us we "wrote a very good prescription."

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I know a dell where violets grow—
big, velvety blue ones—others sweet and white, with yellow centers—cunning little dog tooths—great yellow discs with black hearts, and myriads of tiny pale blue ones.

The ground is soft and oozy; you must try each step carefully, but if you walk that large moss covered log you can reach all you care to gather.

Here the sunlight never comes in full flood, but filters through a million leaves making a golden twilight, and the deep woods guard it round. Mosses green and lush grasses nestle the flowers, and a tiny waterfall gurgles a dreamy song. Like the "horns of Elfland faintly blown" come bird songs in soft echoes from the sunny world outside, or the nearer twitter of some nesting mother brooding in sweet content. Yet the silence is replete with life, if only of a higher organism we could hear a thousand tiny voices of the growing world around us. Here let us rest while care falls away from the spirit, and nature's healing touch gives peace to the soul, for these lovely haunts have nearly all been destroyed by the cutting away of the trees.

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Away to the hills, to the hills away,
'Tis the bonnie sweet month of May,
When heaven and earth, and air and sea,
Are chanting a roundelay.

Through sunny green fields, where the cowslips bloom,
Through the greenwoods flowery way;
The world is thine, the world is mine,
'Tis the bonnie sweet month of May.

SCRANTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Albright Memorial Library.

This library is an institution in which our city justly takes much pride. Its site was given by the heirs of Mr. Joseph J. Albright, a well-known, early and long resident of Scranton, while the building, which is one of the finest of its kind, was erected by Mr. J. J. Albright, of Buffalo, as a memorial to his parents, Joseph J. and Elizabeth Albright.

Such a monument is a well-chosen memorial. It perpetuates the memory of the donor, and also helps to uplift and educate those who have high aspirations without means to cultivate them. A study of the building is an education in itself. Messrs. Green and Wicks, the architects, carefully carried out the ideas of Mr. Albright, who, in his travels, saw the

CHATEAU DE CLUNY

in Paris, admired the Gothic style of architecture, and wished to make this building in its exterior resemble that; which, as far as possible, has been done.

On the outside of the building, cut in the stone, are a dozen or more of the devices or trade marks of noted printers; on the stained glass windows are representations of celebrated bindings used during the sixteenth century. The Boston Public library has a magnificent building, one much grander than any library in the country, but, from an architectural and artistic standpoint ours is a more harmonious structure.

The Scranton Public library was opened for public use June, 1893, with 16,000 volumns; it now contains 26,000 volumns, to which additions are constantly being made. The library is miscellaneous in character, furnishing information on almost every topic, from popular fiction to the most profound philosophy and theology. The reference department, containing 7,000 volumns for use in the library only, is arranged on open shelves, free of access to every one. Few public libraries, except in the very largest cities, have a greater number of reference books placed so conveniently or subject to such unrestricted use.

In the reading room are to be found many monthly magazines, literary, scientific and juvenile. This department is very popular, as is attested by the numbers who frequent it at all hours. The library is largely used by the teachers and pupils of the various schools, and by the members of the many literary societies and clubs. Its future is in the hands of the people, as upon their liberality, represented by the city councils, depend its growth and progress.

CORA M. DECKER.

WHY DAISIES ARE WHITE.

There is a quaint Hebrew legend
Of the shadowy buried age,
When man's history lay written
On but one brief unturned page.
Part, illumined by the brilliance
Lent from bliss, as bright as brief,
Part recorded in the tracery
Of a pitying angel's grief.

To the gates of loved, lost Eden,
Sorrowing Eve each morning crept;
From the bowed head, golden glory
To the dust its bright length swept.
Veiled her brow in silken softness
As against the portals dread,
Beat the tender hands, forever
Reaching after peace long dead.

Never stain of Eden warbler
Wandered through that woeful bar;
Never gleam of silver river
Flashing under sun and star—
Ever stood the stern eyed keeper
Lifting steadfast gaze afar
From the woman, waiting vainly
For the gates to drift ajar.

Once she cried with bitter longing,
And next morn her startled eyes
Greeted a bright group of daisies,
That had slipped from Paradise.
Daisies then were blue as Heaven;
But 'neath that baptismal rain,
All their petals bleached and whitened
Bleached by the exiles pain.

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Still the daisies flecked the meadows
But their pure sweet faces rise
White, from tears our fair, frail mother
Wept outside lost Paradise.

HARRIET CLAY PENMAN.

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

(By Mrs. Joseph A. Scranton.)

Inferring that your readers will be interested in social and other matters at the Capital of the Nation I choose this as my theme for a brief communication. Women particularly will be interested in the varied and somewhat peculiarly distinctive features of social life in Washington. In one respect a novel difference from society usege elsewhere perplexes and embarasses the new comer into official life, for the ladies of members of congress, have their rounds of daily duties, which are quite as exacting and oftentimes as wearisome as those of the sterner sex who congregate in that vast wind-mill, known os congress, and located under the dome of the capitol.

OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE.

When strangers visit or locate in other cities, they expect the residents of the places to make advances in cultivating their acquaintance. In official life here, this custom is exactly reversed. An instance is given of a representative's wife accustomed to social leadership at home, who spent several weeks in neglected seclusion at her hotel, until at last learning the custom of new members' families taking the initiative and making first calls, she began to understand why she had no attention. The new member's wife coming here a total stranger, and being obliged to confront large receiving parties, in crowded drawing rooms, must undergo an initiation far from agreeable or inviting, and a sensitive woman would rather face a cannon's mouth, than the critical eyes of so many of her own sex.

Washington is largely an official city, and the regular weekly receptions by official families are open to the general public, and are made attractive by numbers of young lady assistants, by refreshments, and music. They are attended by hundreds in a single afternoon, etiquette requiring that each of these calls be returned presumably at least once during the season, which necessitates much clerical labor in recording the names and addresses of visitors, dates of their calls, and time returned. After the first call is paid, subsequent visits are optional. New comers must commence at the top, and visit everyone in official society, the family of the older members and senators must call on those ranking them in term of service and dignity of their office. Of course the president's wife, Mrs. Cleveland, being the first lady of the land, and a most delightful and Cgracious hostess, must have the first call.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S RECEPTIONS.

She "receives" every Monday afternoon after five o'clock, and holds other public receptions during the season. Next comes the vice president's wife, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson and her two charming young lady daughters. Then the lovely wife and daughter of Speaker Thomas B. Reed—both families holding their eceptions on Wednesday as do all the members of the cabinet. Then comes the senator's wives, whose days are Thursdays.

OFFICIAL PRECEDENCE.

It has long been a subject of controversy whether the cabinet ladies should call on the senators' wives first, or vice versa, it has recently been decided in favor of the senators' wives, they being here six years while the term of office of the cabinet is only four years, or during the presidential term. It is told of Mrs. Lamont, who is the wife of the secretary of war, that she called on one of the senators' wives this winter, who has been here for a number of years, and was accosted in this fashion by the hostess: "Are you one of the new members' wives making her duty calls?" "Oh, no, I am Mrs. Lamont," she replied. "Well," said the other, "had you done your duty years ago, and called upon me, I should have known who you were." Comment is unnecessary. The representatives' wives receive on Tuesday, and the heads of the various bureaus, and departments bring up the rear of the list.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS AT THE LEGATIONS.

The families of the foreign diplomatic corps, some thirty in number, form a unique and distinguished group by themselves, they have different days at the various legations, some of them showing little respect for the American Sabbath, by introducing the European custom of receiving on Sunday, selecting that day fir dinner parties and other gaieties, the Spanish ladies of the Central and South American countries predominate in this society. There are also among the ladies whose husbands are accredited to this county, many interesting and charming American women who have married foreigners. As a rule, however, they pay little attention to the average congressman's wife, rarely returning their calls in person, or giving invitations to their houses, except when they meet elsewhere and take a fancy to her.

A PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT.

While I would accord to these distinguished strangers all courtesies due their station, there is nevertheless much flunkyism and toadying for their favors by Americans, who thereby debase their own nationality. This is an American city, and being the Capital of the great Republic of a nation second to none, I may be prejudiced in favor of my own countrymen, and women, to a a degree of maintaining their crest as peerless among all peoples. There is a large resident society of cultivated and wealthy people which is yearly increasing, until Washington now has become to this class, the great winter resort, combining in one center, the gayeties of Bar Harbor, Newport, Saratoga, the seaside and mountain resotrs of the summer season. Immense wealth has been attracted here in the investments of hundreds of large and elegant residences, which has done very much to build up and beautify the fashionable portions of the city. This society is distinct and apart from the official circles and has comparatively little to do with them. It has two exclusive country club houses, at Chevy Chase, and at Woodley, with their packs of hounds and other paraphernalia of outdoor sports. Handsome dinners, balls and receptions are given by these clubs, invitations to which are very much prized.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CIRCLES.

Residents in this city are much larger than anyone would suppose who have not seen the special directory issued for them every year. They are a large and influential social element and are seen to the best advantage on the annual reception to the president to the army and navy, at which these distinguished gentlemen and their families appear in full dress of their offices, making perhaps the most brilliant occasion of the season at the white house. Many of these officers are stationed here on detached service in the war and navy departments, while others have been retired from the service and selected Washington as a place of residence. Just now Fort Myer has been dignified by being made headquarters of the Sixth Calvary regiment with its band, six troops of horses, etc. Colonel Gordon, the commanding officer, is a Pennsylvanian, who served during the war, from the beginning, and has since been on frontier duty, this being his first eastern assignment. In consequence of his record this distinguished honor has been conferred upon his command, a tardy recognisage during the coming summer.

One of the most interesting weekly functions are the drills, reviews, parades, band concerts and receptions every Friday at the fort, which adjoins the Arlington cemetery on the heights overlooking Washington.

Washington barracks, on a neck of land jutting out itno the Potomac, is headquarters of the Fourth artillery in command of Colonel Closson, and maintains its reputation for hospitality and sociability.

The marine barracks in the same section of the town, with its celebrated band, is also a most attractive point for visitors.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

Washington has, too, exceptional advantages for the student of various branches of study, its courses of free and paid lectures on scientific and other subjects, its great congressional library and its colleges. Its theaters and concert halls have all the celebrities each season, including the star performances of the greatest stage notables in in the country. This is also a church going city, a large element of the old resident population being Catholic. Every Sunday the churches are crowded, sittings being at a premium, and many evident divines among the settled pastors.

The so-called society leaders are interested in charitable works of all kinds, and hospitals, homes and institutions of like character are well provided for, and maintained by these ladies, and many are the beautiful homes thrown open to the public for charity.

ADA M. SCRANTON.

"THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A BIBLIOMANIAC.

EUGENE FIELD.

One takes up the "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" with a mingled feeling of curiosity and reverence. We are curious, because in these pages the author is said to live over his own experiences as a book lover, and in the American mind there is always a desire to know the personal side of our men of letters. We are reverent, because Eugene Field wrote the last chapter of this book but a few days before his death, and the verses which conclude the chapter, were the last words written by that hand which laid down its pen so recently. But whatever the feeling with which the book is taken up, the reader is soon lost to everything but a sense of keen enjoyment, and from that story is his first love, "The New England Primer," which stirs up memories of childhood in every New England heart, at least, we eagerly follow the "old man's return to old time places and old time loves," until the end comes all too soon.

This is a book to be read aloud. Given a wood fire and a sympathetic friend, who will respond with a smile of appreciation as you look up from the page, and your enjoyment of the book will be complete. The humor is gentle and kindly, with a savor of Charles Lamb, the style is quaint and simple, and through all is felt the personality of the author, delighting in the work of carrying out a long cherished plan. A most lovable man this book lover must have been, and as the book is laid down, there comes again the feeling of sorrow and loss that filled our hearts, when the news was flashed over the country that Eugene Field's life on earth was ended.

"THE COMEDIES OF COURTSHIP," ANTHONY HOPE.

"All the world loves a lover," we have long known, and all the world will certainly enjoy reading of Anthony Hope's lovers and their lassies as he unfolds their somewhat complicated experiences in "The Comedies of Courtship." His characters truly are people; whether, like his own Miss Liston, he puts his friends in his books, or whether these very human men and women are creatures of his brain, the result is the same, and they are no make-believes, but bear the sterling mark in plain sight." The Wheel of Love" is the longest, and in many respects the best of the six stories. Though a preserved-peach tin masquerading as a dynamite bomb may seem a somewhat unusual and far-fetched expedient for straightening out the love affairs of four young people—all in love, but uncertain as to the object of their affections—the result certainly justifies the means. If it be objected that these young folk are too fickle, remember the title of the story, and the tendency of wheels to change their positions, and what can you expect?

In "The Lady of the Pool," the mystery of the ghost of the temple is ingeniously conceived, and her identity not fully revealed until the final denouement, which, by the way, is the most improbable scene in the whole book. There is a suggestion of something more serious than comedy in the mismating in "The Curate of Poltons," and in the disappointment of little Miss Liston, but these are the shadows that make the high lights more brilliant. In the last story, Mr. Hope returns once more to that country that cannot be found on any map, but which he knows so well, where all rulers are absolute monarchs, and all the women willful and beautiful. Anthony Hope is a prince of story tellers. He brings forward his men and maidens, and then the rest lies with them, and they act, and tell their tales as they will. Mr. Hope may be lacking in literary style, but he has vigor and variety in his stories, which make them very acceptable to the reader, who is weary of problems, and purposes, and studies, appearing in the guise of fiction. May Mr. Hope give us much more of his fiction, the evident aim of which is to entertain, and which accomplishes the desired end so easily and agreeably.

G. S. W.

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"Europe In Africa In the Nineteenth Century," by Elizabeth Wormely Latimer is one of the valuable books of the year. It gives a clear and concise account of the manner in which the different countries of Europe have gained a foothold in Africa, the steps which have led up to the present parceling out of its territory, with graphic discriptions of the wars and conflicts through which its occupation has been accomplished. As its title indicates, it treats especially of the European movement of the physical features of the country, the manners and customs of its inhabitants only as these are necessary to a proper understanding of the subject. Africa is without doubt the most interesting country in the world today, and Miss Latimer's gossipy, bright-manner of presenting the salient points of her subject is shown to advantage in this latest contribution to the knowledge of a country upon which the eyes of the whole civilized world is turned.

A FAIRY TALE.

We know a man who went home last week to find the furniture on the piazza, books in the easy chairs, sofas and tables in the hall, step ladders in doorways, scrubbing brushes, soap and pails floating about on the floor, the dog asleep in the baby carriage, and the dinner spread in the kitchen. What do you think he did; glower at his wife, scold the children, kick the cat, and find fault with the dinner? Not a bit of it. He rose grandly to the occasion, gave his wife a bunch of carnations, saying "Sweets to the sweet," and after dinner, though his box of cigars was missing, said: "'Tis too bad you are having such a hard time. I'm going to buy some tickets for the opera tomorrow night, and you must save your strength to go. I'll lunch down town so you won't have to worry about me." His wife says marriage is not a failure.

C. L. S. C.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle does not claim to be a substitute for either high school or college; neither does it guarantee to its students what is implied in the terms a liberal education.

One of the most extraordinary movements of the present age, sneered at as too pretentious, received, by those not acquainted with its principles, with a smile of incredulity, it has now a place for itself.

And who shall estimate the influence exerted by it? An influence so wide-spreading as to embrace every land known to civilization; while its graduates and students enrolled mount up into the million.

ITS PROGRESS IN SCRANTON.

But what of the work in our own city? From time to time there have been those, who, taking up the work, pursued their solitary way, lacking the mental stimulus that comes with the contact of mind with mind. The first local organization was effected in 1882, with the formation of the Vincent Circle. It was most fitting that the pioneers in the work should have taken the name of one, who not only ranks high as an educaor, but to whose tact, far-sightedness and rare executive ability the movement owes so much, our worthy Chancellor. This Circle has a record of which its members may justly be proud. It was very vigorous during the years between 1882 and 1894, with the exception possibly of one year. It is a matter of regret that it is now only a thing of the past. In October, 1886, under circumstances that promised a brilliant future, was organized the Athenia Circle with some twenty members. It was not long before the death angel claimed one of their members, Miss Cora A. Howe, who was just in the full flush of her young womanhood. Following her death the Circle decided in loving remembrance of the one not lost, but only gone before, to drop the name of Athena, substituting for it the name of

CORA A. HOWE.

After studying together for five years some of the members took up graduate courses, following up some line of special study. Five members graduated at Chautauqua in 1890, some receiving seals in addition to their diplomas. Still others have gone on quietly winning honors, until at least one diploma bears fourteen seals, proving most exclusively the strong hold this movement has on the minds and in the hearts of its devotees. In October, 1887, was organized first of the suburban circles, the

ANTHRACITE OF GREEN RIDGE,

composed of twenty busy people. The regular course was taken up and completed within the four years, some two-thirds of the members graduating with the class of '91. The story of Nations occupied the next four years. English history and literature with geology are now the all engrossing subjects. From time to time kindred spirits have applied for admision; the circle now numbers seventeen. Memorial days have received a goodly share of attention. Holidays have been observed with proper cermeony. Arbor day of last year witnessed the planting of the

ANTHRACITE ELM.

And now it is an open secret that a Chautauqua novel is to be produced in the near future. This circle deserves more than even passing mention; throughout the nearly nine years of its existence its semi-monthly meetings have ben held without a single omission. A severe loss was experienced in the death of its first President, Dr. Oliver Chambers. What the Anthracite is today is due in large measures to his careful teachings, his wise counsels.

Shakespeare Memorial Day, April 23, 1888, was observed by the three circles of the city, Vincent, Cora A. Howe, and Anthracite. The meetings was held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors, where a carefully prepared programme made the evening one long to be remembered. The interest that for weeks had been growing stronger culminated on the evening of January 3, 1889, when a large and brilliant assemblage filled the Academy of Music in honor of Bishop Vincent. At the close of the lecture a reception and banquet were given at the Westminster where Bishop Vincent was the guest of the Chautauquas. We also had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Duncan, an enthusiastic and active worker, and Mr. George Vincent.

Eighteen ninety-two was a "red letter" year in the Chautauqua annals. First in order came "The

ARGONAUTS,

twenty-one in number. The record of the first two years is a good one; revealing much that must have ben profitable to its members. The year of 1894 is a blank. In '95 the Circle was reorganized as a reading club, not attempting the full C. L. S. C. course. After the holiday season the club did not resume its studies. Will the Argonauts permit the suggestion "that the race is not always to the swift," with the hope that the near future will find them once more enrolled. Next in line is the Electric Circle, of Providence, composed of nineteen members. Pursuing the regular course they meet alphabetically with the different members, on Tuesday evening of each week.

Last, but by no means least comes the Columbian, of Green Ridge. Few in numbers, eight members in all, they are not lacking in zeal and enthusiasm, proving themselves well worthy of their class name, Truth Seekers. In November, '92 came Dr. Edwards of New York. At a meeting held in the lecture room of the Penn Avenue Baptist church the value and importance of Chautauqua Union were set forth in most eloquent terms. A committee composed of representatives of the different circles, was appointed to take the preliminary steps. At a later date a permanent organization was effected. What became of it? History is silent. The

ANNA C. CARLISLE CIRCLE

was organized in 1893 in conection with the Y. W. C. A. numbering seventeen, their weekly meetings held at the association rooms, are full of interest. Two literary programmes have been given.

ELM PARK CIRCLE

is just completing its second year's work. The names on its roll account, in some measure at least, for the prosperous condition of affairs. If all reports are true, they are making a brilliant record for themselves. The Epworth League rooms of the Elm Park church were the scene of a pleasant gathering on the evening of May 21, 1895, when the Elm Park Circle entertained its sister circles.

On the West Side is a little band of workers, seven in number, just completing the first year's work. They have never taken a specified name, being generally designated as the Chautauquan Circle of the Simpson church. Papers on the important current events of the day have added to the interest of their meetings. It is very evident that the Chautauquan movement has become deeply rooted in the Electric City. If history repeats itself then the progress must be ever onward. Its importance as an educational factor is undeniable, while its influence must tend to the uplifting, the levelating of mankind mentally, morally and spiritually.

MARY H. NICOL.

THE LADIES' READING CLUB.

This organization began its literary work in 1886 under the leadership of Miss Bissell, a talented young girl, who coming to Scranton a stranger, soon made her influence felt by the marked ability with which she conducted several classes in history. The original members of what was called the class were Mrs. N. H. Gaston, Mrs. Helen Loveland, Mrs. Alfred Hand, Mrs. R. Q. Powell, Mrs. A. M. Decker, Mrs. A. E. Hunt, Mrs. R. W. Archbald, Mrs. Milton Blair, Mrs. W. T. Smith, Mrs. W. W. Scranton, Mrs. C. H. Welles, Mrs. W. H. Buell, Mrs. J. A. Price, Mrs. T. F. Beeber, Mrs. A. H. Lee, Mrs. E. S. Moffat, Miss Emma Vail, Miss E. J. Platt and Miss M. G. Mattes.

Meetings were held weekly at the house of Mrs. J. A. Price and English history and English literature engrossed the attention of the class. The next year a permanent organization was effected. The class declared themselves a club, and elected Mrs. R. W. Archbald president and Mrs. W. W. Scranton secretary and treasurer.

At the beginning of their third year the claims of history gave way to those of art, and after some months of study they induced Mrs. C. D. Adsit, of Milwaukee, to deliver a course of lectures on "Etching and Engraving." These lectures began in February, 1888, and will long be remembered for their mingled profit and pleasure to all who heard them. Our eyes were opened and we beheld wondrous things. If to be a benefactor is to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before so also should one be reckoned who first wakens our powers of appreciation and show us what to see.

French, German and Italian History have been successively taken up by the club, and the past year has been devoted to study of the history of our own country.

It was through the efforts of this club that Amelia B. Edwards, the famous Egyptologist, lectured in Scranton and Mr. W. Hudson Shaw, the noted English lecturer, gave an illustrated series of talks on Venice.

When the Public library was to be furnished with books, among the other gifts was one of a hundred dollars from the Ladies' Reading Club. One charming evening will be remembered when the club invited its friends to a reading by Mrs. Custer, widow of the famous general, and as she gave, from her own manuscript, a brief account of the trials and privations, the dread possibilities and actual sufferings attendant on a life in camp, her listeners felt that notwithstanding the glories of war, its visage was indeed grim.

The personnel of the club is but slightly changed. One member, Mrs. Loveland, has exchanged the pursuit of earthly knowledge for heavenly vision. Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Beeber are no longer members and Mrs. C. E. Robinson was chosen in Mrs. Beeber's place, while Mrs. Gaston is now an honorary member.

For the coming year, plans of work are already mapped out, and let us hope that the time shall be far distant "When the last reader reads no more."

ANNA R. MOFFAT.

THE DANTE CLUB.

The Dante Club has had so brief a past as to furnish limited material for a sketch of its work. The five members who compose the club, Mrs. Rogers Israel, Mrs. W. I. Finch, Mrs. J. W. Conant, Miss Lea M. Heath and Mrs. E. S. Weston, began their meetings early last fall, so there is but one winter's work to review, but the retrospect is sufficiently gratifying to warrant anticipations of much intellectual enjoyment in the future.

The present object of the club is the study of Dante's Divine Comedy, and with the aid of such books of reference and commentaries as the members could procure themselves, and of several valuable books recently purchased by the library, a careful study of the Inferno and a portion of the Purgatorio has been made. Dante says the poem is to be taken literally and allegorically. In order to rightly understand, and to fully interpret this double meaning, is to open up a field of study of the widest nature. The Dante Club of Scranton does not attempt to make a complete and final analysis of the Divine Comedy, but to give the poem careful study, to understand its historical allusions, to appreciate its poetical beauties and its wonderful imagery, and to discern the spiritual interpretations of the allegory, which is the very soul of the poem, thereby learning again the old lesson of the evil effects of sin, and the blessedness of virtue.

When the Divine Comedy shall have been satisfactorily completed, the club hopes to take up some topic of equal interest, such as Milton, or Browning, or Shakespeare.

G. S. W.

THE THURSDAY MORNING CLUB.

Among the many clubs that have arisen in Scranton none has been more enjoyable than the Thursday morning club which originated in the informal gathering together of thirteen young women. This society, in existence for several years, was unique in that it had neither officers nor by laws, a majority vote deciding all questions without friction.

The reign of Queen Anne, so rich in literary activity was studied nearly two years, followed by the Lake Poets, the remainder of the time being spent on Colonial history and the books of Imbert dest Amand on the Napoleonic period.

A notable event in the history of the club was a lecture by Prof. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, on the Lake Poets, at the residence of Mr. James Blair, given before the club and its invited guests.

This rare intellectual treat, a commingling of wisdom and humor, in which the dead past lived again, was given with the simplicity of style characteristic of this accomplished scholar.

The personnel of the club was as follows: Mrs. C. S. Weston, Mrs. H. C. Shafer, Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. N. G. Robertson, Mrs. Henshal, Mrs. H. W. Kingsbury, Mrs. Levi Shoemaker, nee Conelia Scranton, Mrs. John Baker, nee Isabel Fisher and the Misses Manness, Mattes, Hand, Reynolds, Matthews, Flora Matthews.

F. L. MATTHEWS.

In looking over this list of clubs it must occur to every thoughtful woman that we have abundant material for a successful woman's club, such as exists in every large city and town for literary work—founded on broad lines, liberal in tone, progressive in character, and worthy of the city we love.

The mental growth and development consequent upon conscientious work in these societies cannot be estimated; or the opportunities which arise through such organization, as in the case of the century club of San Francisco, before which many notables have thought it a compliment to be asked to speak, Edwin Arnold for instance. It is time Scranton wheeled into line.

Mr. Whistler and the Gusher.

"Mr. Whistler," said the gushing lady visitor to the cynical artist, "why do you never paint a storm at sea?"

"My dear lady, I've often tried, but unfortunately I paint in oils, and as soon as I spread my colors the waves subside and the sea becomes as calm as a duck pool."—New York World.

LITTLE THINGS.

Are important in Dry Goos, as well as in other lines. Our notion stock is full of little things at little prices.

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