

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,
Author of "THE FIGHTING CHANCE," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHAP. I.—Returning from Manila, Captain Selwyn, formerly of the army, is welcomed home by his sister, Nina, her wealthy husband, Austin, and the numerous children. Eileen, Gerald, ward of Nina and Austin, is part of their household. Selwyn has been divorced, without guilt on his part, by his wife, Alice, who is now the wife of Jack Ruthven, with whom she ran away from Selwyn. II.—Eileen, who is very fond of her brother, Gerald, who is the young man's neglect of her, makes friends with Selwyn III.—Gerald is worried about young Krull's mingling in the fast set. Gerald is employed by Julius Neergard, a real estate operator in a large way. Selwyn promises Eileen he will look after her brother. He tells her about Boots Lansing, his army chum in Manila, who is coming to New York. In the park Eileen and Selwyn ride past Alice. IV.—Eileen's deceased father was an archaeologist, and she has inherited some of his scholarly qualities. Selwyn helps Gerald to settle a gambling debt and determines to undertake his reformation. V.—Alice and Selwyn meet and discuss their altered relations. He is introduced to the young man's friend, Fane, leader of the fast set and Alice's closest friend. He appeals to Alice to help him keep Gerald from gambling. VI.—The friendship of Eileen and Selwyn progresses. VII.—Gerald promises Selwyn he will stop gambling. Neergard discloses to Selwyn, who is interested in his office, a plan to control the Sloowith Country club by buying up farms essential to the club's existence. The plan does not appeal to Selwyn, and he consults Austin, who denounces Neergard and his methods. VIII.—At night in his room Selwyn answers a knock at his door. IX.—The caller is Alice, who is very unhappy with Ruthven and wants to talk with Selwyn. For a moment their old love flashes up, but at the mention of Eileen he knows that it is past resurrection. X.—Rosamund distresses Eileen by telling her society is gossiping about Alice and Selwyn. Alice gets from Gerald who has again lost heavily, a promise not to play again at her house. XI.—Alice and Ruthven quarrel over the gambling by which he lives, and he leaves his key to Selwyn's visit at night to her ex-husband's room. XII.—Gerald's increasing intimacy with Neergard displeases Selwyn, who breaks with him. Selwyn declares he will no longer let the past mar his chance of happiness, and Nina declares her belief that Eileen has fallen in love with him. Nina fears that Alice, restless and disgusted with Ruthven, will make mischief. Selwyn is in a quandary with chaotic, his discovery is explosive. XIV.—Eileen asks Selwyn to remove Gerald from Neergard's influence. XV.—The quarrel between Selwyn and the young man forces himself a little way into society and tries to compel the Sloowith to elect him. Gerald loses more and more cards, sinking Eileen money as well as his own. Trying to save him, Selwyn quarrels with him and then appeals in vain to Neergard. Rosamund and Ruthven. He almost kills Ruthven, whose heart is weak, when the latter hints at a possible divorce suit, with Selwyn's corresponding. XVI.—Correspondence between Alice and Selwyn seems to confirm Nina's belief that Selwyn's ex-wife is, as she later turns out, mentally unbalanced. Selwyn makes up with Gerald and helps him out financially, seriously impairing his own resources. XVII.—At Silverton, the Gerald's country place, Eileen declares she cares for Selwyn, but she will not say that she will marry him. Her brother is now turning over a new leaf and anti-sentimental compact. XIX.—Gerald renews his friendship with Neergard. Selwyn expresses his doubts with chaotic and promising. The younger set of girls becomes devoted to Philip, and Eileen has a touch of jealousy. XX.—The reckless behavior of Alice, who has left Ruthven and is cruising with the Fanes and others on Neergard's yacht, furnishes gossip for society. Nina and her brother are now convinced of Alice's irresponsibility. Selwyn proposes to Eileen, but the girl is not sufficiently sure of herself to give him her promise. They agree to remain friends.

Chapter 21

HITHERWOOD HOUSE, opened from end to end to the soft sea wind, was crowded with the gayest, noisiest throng that had gathered there in a twelvemonth. The Orchids and the Lawns were there, the Ministers, the Craigs from Wyossett, the Grays of Shadow Lake, the Draymores, Fanes, Mottlys, Cardwells—in fact, it seemed as though all Long Island had been drained from Cedarhurst to Islip and from Oyster Bay to Wyossett to pour a stream of garrulous and animated youth and beauty into the halls and over the verandas and terraces and lawns of Hitherwood House.

It was to be a lantern frolic and a lantern dance and supper, all most formally and impressively informal. And it began with a candle race for a big silver gilt cup and a motor boat race won by Boots and Gerald. Out in the bay lay Neergard's yacht, outlined in electricity from stem to stern, every spar and funnel and contour of hull and superstructure twinkling in jeweled brilliancy.

On a great improvised open pavilion set up in the Hither woods, garlanded and hung thick with multi-colored paper lanterns, dancing had already begun, but Selwyn and Eileen lingered on the lawn for awhile, fascinated by the beauty of the fireworks pouring skyward from the Niobrara.

"They seem to be very gay aboard her," murmured the girl. "Once you said that you did not like Mr. Neergard. Do you remember saying it?"

He replied simply, "I don't like him, and I remember saying so."

"It is strange," she said, "that Gerald does."

Selwyn looked at the illuminated yacht. "I wonder whether any of Neergard's crowd is expected ashore here. Do you happen to know?"

She did not know. A moment later, to his annoyance, Edgerton Lawn came up and asked her to dance, and she went, with a smile and a whisper, "Wait for me, if you don't mind; I'll come back to you."

At intervals he caught glimpses of Eileen through the gay crush around him. He danced with Nina and suggested to her it was time to leave, but that young matron had tasted just enough to want more, and Eileen, too, was evidently having a most delightful time. So he settled into the harness of pleasure and was good to the pink and white ones, and they told each other what a "dear" he was and adored him more inconveniently than ever.

Truly enough, as he had often said, these younger ones were the charmingly wholesome and refreshing antidote to the occasional misbehavior of the mature. They were, as he also asserted, the hope and promise of the social fabric of a nation, this younger set.

Supper and then the Woodland cotillion was the programme, and almost all the tables were filled before Selwyn had an opportunity to collect Nina and Austin and capture Eileen from a very rosy cheeked and indignant boy who had quite lost his head and heart and appeared to be on the verge of a head-long declaration.

"It's only Percy Draymore's kid brother," she explained, passing her arm through his with a little sigh of satisfaction. "Oh, here come Nina and Austin. How pretty the tables look all lighted up among the trees! And such an uproar!" as they came into the jolly tumult and passed in among a labyrinth of tables, greeted laughingly from every side.

Under a vigorous young oak tree thickly festooned with lanterns Austin found an unoccupied table. There were a great deal of racket and laughter from the groups surrounding them, but this seemed to be the only available spot; besides, Austin was hungry, and he said so.

Nina, with Selwyn on her left, looked around for Gerald and Lansing. When the latter came sauntering up Austin questioned him, but he replied carelessly that Gerald had gone to join some people whom he, Lansing, did not know very well.

"Why, there he is now!" exclaimed Eileen, catching sight of her brother seated among a very noisy group on the outer edge of the illuminated zone. "Who are those people, Nina? Oh, Rosamund Fane is there, too; and—"

She ceased speaking so abruptly that Selwyn turned around, and Nina bit her lip in vexation and glanced at her husband, for among the overanimated and almost boisterous group which was attracting the attention of everybody in the vicinity sat Mrs. Jack Ruthven. And Selwyn saw her.

For a moment he looked at her—looked at Gerald beside her, and Neergard on the other side, and Rosamund opposite, and at the others whom he had never before seen. Then quietly, but with heightened color, he turned his attention to the glass which the servant had just filled for him and, resting his hand on the stem, stared at the bubbles crowding upward through it to the foamy brim.

Nina and Boots had begun ostentatiously an exceedingly animated conversation, and they became almost aggressive, appealing to Austin, who sat back with a frown on his heavy face, and to Eileen, who was sipping her mineral water and staring thoughtfully at a big, round, orange tinted lantern which hung like

the harvest moon behind Gerald, throwing his curly head into silhouette. What conversation there was to carry, Boots and Nina carried. Austin silently satisfied his hunger, eating and drinking with a sullen determination to make no pretense of ignoring a situation that plainly angered him deeply. And from minute to minute he raised his head to glare across at Gerald, who evidently was unconscious of the presence of his own party.

When Nina spoke to Eileen, the girl answered briefly, but with perfect composure. Selwyn, too, added a quiet word at intervals, speaking in a voice that sounded a little tired and strained.

It was that note of fatigue in his voice which aroused Eileen to effort—the instinctive move to protect, to sustain him. Conscious of Austin's suppressed but increasing anger at her brother, amazed and distressed at what Gerald had done—for the boy's very presence there with the set of whom they disapproved was an affront to them all—she was still more sensitive to Selwyn's voice, and in her heart she responded passionately.

Nina looked up, surprised at the sudden transformation in the girl, who had turned on Boots with a sudden flow of spirits and the gayest of challenges, and their laughter and badinage became so genuine and so persistent that, combining with Nina's, they fairly swept Austin from his surly abstraction into their toils, and Selwyn's subdued laugh, if forced, sounded pleasant now, and his drawn face seemed to relax a little for the time being.

Once she turned, under cover of the general conversation which she had set going, and looked straight into Sel-

wyn's eyes, flashing to him a message of purest loyalty, and his silent gaze in response sent the color flying to her cheeks.

It was all very well for awhile, a brave, sweet effort, but ears could not remain deaf to the increasing noise and laughter, to familiar voices, half caught phrases, indistinct even in the fragments understood. Besides, Gerald had seen them, and the boy's face had become almost ghastly.

Alice, unusually flushed, was conducting herself without restraint. Neergard's snickering laugh grew more significant and persistent. Even Rosamund spoke too loudly at moments, and once she looked around at Nina and Selwyn while her pretty, accentless laughter, rippling with its undertone of malice, became more frequent in the increasing tumult.

There was no use in making a pretense of further gaiety. Austin had begun to scowl again. Nina, with one shocked glance at Alice, leaned over toward her brother:

"It is incredible!" she murmured. "She must be perfectly mad to make such an exhibition of herself. Can't anybody stop her? Can't anybody send her home?"

Austin said sullenly, but distinctly: "The thing for us to do is to get out. Nina, if you are ready—"

"But—but what about Gerald?" faltered Eileen, turning piteously to Selwyn. "We can't leave him there!"

The man straightened up and turned his drawn face toward her:

"Do you wish me to get him?"

"You can't do that, can you?"

"Yes, I can, if you wish it. Do you think there is anything in the world I can't do, if you wish it?"

As he rose she laid her hand on his arm.

"I—I don't ask it!" she began.

"You do not have to ask it," he said, with a smile almost genuine. "Austin, I'm going to get Gerald, and Nina will explain to you that he's to be left to me if any sermon is required. I'll go back with him in the motor boat. Boots, you'll drive home in my place."

As he turned, still smiling and self-possessed, Eileen whispered rapidly: "Don't go. I care for you too much to ask it."

He said under his breath, "Dearest, you cannot understand."

"Yes, I do! Don't go. Philip, don't go near her!"

"I must."

"If you do—if you go—how can you care for me as you say you do—when I ask you not to—when I cannot endure to—"

She turned swiftly and stared across at Alice, and Alice, unsteady in the flushed brilliancy of her youthful beauty, half rose in her seat and stared back.

Instinctively the young girl's hand tightened on Selwyn's arm. "She—she is beautiful," she faltered, but he turned and led her from the table, following Austin, his sister and Lansing, and she clung to him almost convulsively when he halted on the edge of the lawn.

"I must go back," he whispered; "dearest, dearest, I must."

"To Gerald or her?"

But he only muttered: "They don't know what they're doing. Let me go, Eileen!"—gently detaching her fingers, which left her hands lying in both of his.

She said, looking up at him: "If you go—if you go—whatever time you return—no matter what hour—knock at my door. Do you promise? I shall be awake. Do you promise?"

"Yes," he said, with a trace of impatience, the only hint of his anger at the prospect of the duty before him. So she went away with Nina and Austin and Boots, and Selwyn turned back, sauntering quietly toward the table where already the occupants had apparently forgotten him and the episode in the riotous gaiety increasing with the accession of half a dozen more men.

When Selwyn approached, Neergard saw him first, stared at him and snickered, but he greeted everybody with smiling composure, nodding to those he knew, a trifle more formally to Mrs. Ruthven, and, coolly pulling up a chair, seated himself beside Gerald.

"Boots has driven home with the others," he said in a low voice. "I'm going back in the motor boat with you. Don't worry about Austin. Are you ready?"

The boy had evidently let the wine alone or else fight had sobered him, for he looked terribly white and tired. "Yes," he said, "I'll go when you wish. I suppose they'll never forgive me for this. Come on."

"One moment, then," nodded Selwyn. "I want to speak to Mrs. Ruthven." And, quietly turning to Alice and dropping his voice to a tone too low for Neergard to hear, for he was plainly attempting to listen:

"You are making a mistake. Do you understand? Whoever is your hostess, wherever you are staying, find her and go there before it is too late."

She inclined her pretty head thoughtfully, eyes on the wineglass which she was turning round and round between her slender fingers. "What do you mean by 'too late'?" she asked. "Don't you know that everything is too late for me now?"

"What do you mean, Alice?" he returned, watching her intently.

"What I say. I have not seen Jack Ruthven for two months. Do you know what that means? I have not heard from him for two months. Do you know what that means? No! Well, I'll tell you, Philip. It means that when I do hear from him it will be through his attorneys."

He turned slightly paler. "Why?"

"Divorce," she said, with a reckless little laugh, "and the end of things for me."

"On what grounds?" he demanded doggedly. "Does he threaten you?"

She made no movement or reply, re-lying there, one hand on her wine-glass, the smile still curving her lips. And he repeated his question in a low, distinct voice, too low for Neergard to hear, and he was still listening.

"Grounds? Oh, he thinks I've misbehaved with—never mind who. It is not true, but he cares nothing about that either. You see," and she bent nearer confidentially, with a mysterious little nod of her pretty head—"you see, Jack Ruthven is a little insane. You are surprised? Pooh! I've suspected it for months."

He stared at her. Then, "Where are you stopping?"

"Aboard the Niobrara."

"Is Mrs. Fane a guest there too?"

He spoke loud enough for Rosamund to hear, and she answered for herself, with a smile at him brimful of malice:

"Delighted to have you come aboard, Captain Selwyn. Is that what you are asking permission to do?"

"Thanks," he returned dryly, and to Alice, "If you are ready, Gerald and I will take you over to the Niobrara in the motor boat."

"Oh, no, you won't!" broke in Neergard, with a sneer. "You'll mind your own business, my intrusive friend, and I'll take care of my guests without your assistance."

Selwyn appeared not to hear him. "Come on, Gerald," he said pleasantly; "Mrs. Ruthven is going over to the Niobrara."

"For God's sake," whispered Gerald, white as a sheet, "don't force me into trouble with Neergard."

Selwyn turned on him an astonished gaze. "Are you afraid of that whelp?"

"Yes," muttered the boy. "I—I'll explain later, but don't force things now, I beg you."

Mrs. Ruthven coolly leaned over and spoke to Gerald in a low voice; then to Selwyn she said, with a smile: "Rosamund and I are going to Brookminster anyway, so you and Gerald need not wait. And thank you for coming over. It was rather nice of you"—she glanced insolently at Neergard—"considering the crowd we're with. Good night, Captain Selwyn. Good night, Gerald. So very jolly to have seen you again!" And under her breath to Selwyn: "You need not worry. I am going in a moment. Goodby, and—thank you, Phil. It is good to see somebody of one's own caste again."

A few moments later Selwyn and Gerald in their oilskins were dashing eastward along the coast in the swift motor boat south of the Narrows.

The boy seemed deathly tired as they crossed the dim lawn at Silver-side. Once on the veranda steps he stumbled, and Selwyn's arm sustained him, but the older man forbore to question him, and Gerald, tight lipped and haggard, offered no confidence until at the door of his bedroom he turned and laid an unsteady hand on Selwyn's shoulder and said: "I am in a very bad fix. I want to talk with you tomorrow. May I?"

"You know you may, Gerald. I am always ready to stand your friend."

At the end of the corridor Selwyn halted before Eileen's room. A light came through the transom. He waited a moment, then knocked very softly.

"Is it you?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes. I didn't wake you, did I?"

"No. Is Gerald here?"

"Yes; in his own room. Did you wish to speak to me about anything?"

"Yes."

He heard her coming to the door. It opened a very little. "Good night," she whispered, stretching toward him her hand. "That was all I wanted—to touch you before I closed my eyes tonight."

He bent and looked at the hand lying within his own—the little hand with its fresh, fragrant palm upturned and the white fingers relaxed, drooping inward above it—at the delicate bluish vein in the smooth wrist.

Then he released the hand, untouched by his lips, and she withdrew it and closed the door, and he heard her laugh softly and lean against it, whispering:

"Now that I am safely locked in I merely wish to say that in the old days a lady's hand was sometimes kissed. Oh, but you are too late, my poor friend! I can't come out, and I wouldn't if I could—not after what I dared to say to you."

And, too low for him to hear even the faintest breathing whisper of her voice: "Good night. I love you with all my heart, with all my heart, in my own fashion."

He had been asleep an hour, perhaps more, when something awakened him and he found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, dawn already whitening his windows.

Somebody was knocking. He swung out of bed, stepped into his bath slippers and, passing swiftly to the door, opened it. Gerald stood there, fully dressed.

"I'm going to town on the early train," began the boy. "I thought I'd tell you."

The dawn was no paler than the boy's face, no more desolate. Trouble was his, the same old trouble that has dogged the trail of folly since time began, and Selwyn knew it and waited.

At last the boy broke out: "This is a cowardly trick, this slinking in to you with all my troubles after what you've done for me, after the rotten way I've treated you. Philip, I can't tell you; I simply cannot. It's so contemptible, and you warned me, and I owe you already so much!"

"You owe me a little money," observed Selwyn, with a careless smile, "and you've a lifetime to pay it in. What is the trouble now? Do you need more? I haven't an awful lot, old fellow, worse luck, but what I have is at your call, as you knew perfectly well. Is that all that is worrying you?"

"No, not all. I—Neergard has lent me

money—done things—placed me under obligations. I liked him, you know. I trusted him. People he desired to know I made him know to. He was a—a trifle peremptory at times, as though my obligations to him left me no choice but to take him to such people as he desired to meet. We—we had trouble recently."

"What sort?"

"Personal. I felt—began to feel—the pressure on me. There was at moments something almost of menace in his requests and suggestions, an importunity I did not exactly understand. And then he said something to me."

"Go on. What?"

"He'd been hinting at it before, and even when I found him jolliest and most amusing and companionable I never thought of him as—a social possibility—I mean among those who really count—like my own people."

"Yes, my boy, I see. Go on. When did he ask to be presented to your sister?"

"Who told you that?" asked the boy, with an angry flush.

"You did—almost. You were going to anyway. So that was it, was it? That was when you realized a few things—understood one or two things, was it not? And how did you reply? Arrogantly, I suppose."

"Yes."

"With—a—some little show of—contempt?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Exactly. And Neergard was put out slightly?"

"Yes," said the boy, losing some of his color. "I—a moment afterward I was sorry I had spoken so plainly, but I need not have been. He was very ugly about it."

"Threats of calling loans?" asked Selwyn, smiling.

"Hints; not exactly threats. I was in a bad way too." The boy winced and swallowed hard; then, with sudden white desperation stamped on his drawn face, he added: "Oh, Philip, it—it is disgraceful enough, but how am I going to tell you the rest? How can I speak of this matter to you?"

"What matter?"

"A—about—about Mrs. Ruthven."

"What matter?" repeated Selwyn. His voice rang a little, but the color had fled from his face.

"She was—Jack Ruthven charged her with—and me—charged me with—"

"You!"

"Yes."

"Well, it was a lie, wasn't it?" Selwyn's ashy lips scarcely moved, but his eyes were narrowing to a glimmer. "It was a lie, wasn't it?" he repeated.

"Yes, a lie. I'd say it, anyway, you understand, but it really was a lie."

Selwyn quietly leaned back in his chair. A little color returned to his cheeks.

"All right, old fellow"—his voice scarcely quivered—"all right. Go on. I knew, of course, that Ruthven lied, but it was part of the story to hear you say so. Go on. What did Ruthven do?"

"There has been a separation," said the boy in a low voice. "He behaved like a dirty cad. She had no resources, no means of support." He hesitated, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "Mrs. Ruthven has been very, very kind to me. I was—I am fond of her. Oh, I know well enough I never had any business to meet her. I behaved abominably toward you and the family. But it was done. I knew her and liked her tremendously. She was the only one who was decent to me, who tried to keep me from acting like a fool about cards."

"Did she try?"

"Yes—indeed, yes! And, Phil, she—I don't know how to say it—but she—when she spoke of—of you—begged me to try to be like you. And it is a lie what people say about her—what gossip says. I know. I have known her so well—and I was like other men—charmed and fascinated by her, but the women of that set are a pack of cats, and the men—well, none of them ever ventured to say anything to me! And that is all, Philip. I was horribly in debt to Neergard. Then Ruthven turned on me—and on her, and I borrowed more from Neergard and went to her bank and deposited it to the credit of her account, but she doesn't know it was from me. She supposes Jack Ruthven did it out of ordinary decency, for she said so to me. And that is how matters stand. Neergard is ugly and grows more threatening about those loans, and I haven't any money, and Mrs. Ruthven will require more very soon."

"Is that all?" demanded Selwyn sharply.

"Yes, all. I know I have behaved shamefully."

"I've seen," observed Selwyn in a dry, hard voice, "worse behavior than yours. Have you a pencil, Gerald? Get a sheet of paper from that desk. Now, write out a list of the loans made you by Neergard—every cent, if you please—and the exact amount you placed to Mrs. Ruthven's credit. Have you written that? Let me see it."

The boy handed him the paper. He studied it without the slightest change of expression, knowing all the while what it meant to him, knowing that this burden must be assumed by himself, because Austin would never assume it. But the thought of the cost sent a shiver over him and left his careworn face gray.

After a moment he turned to Gerald, a smile on his colorless face, and said:

"It will be all right, my boy. You are not to worry. Do you understand me? Go to bed now. You need the sleep. Go to bed, I tell you. I'll stand by you. You must begin all over again, Gerald, and so must I—and so must I."

To Be Continued.

Longwood.

Longwood, the house Napoleon occupied on St. Helena, was given to the French by Queen Victoria.

WOMAN

Peril of Permitting the Brain to Grow Lazy. Manage Your Own Affairs—Boarding House Success.

The reason more women don't succeed in the business world is because at some time or other they have allowed their brains to grow lazy, and they don't realize the state they are in.

"One of the most pathetic sights I come in contact with is the middle aged woman seeking employment," remarked a friend of mine who is at the head of a business enterprise.

"Of course it is sad to see her work at that age," I ventured.

"Not at all!" she interrupted. "She should be at the height of her powers around forty. The sad part of it is the way she has deteriorated. She comes to me to help her. Well, I am too willing, but does she help herself? Not a bit. You would think she had a sponge instead of a thinking apparatus. She leans on me with her full weight and waits for me to do things."

"The other day I gave one of these women a list of firms whose advertising she was to solicit. She hung around the door for awhile, and finally I asked her what she was waiting for. Swinging her muff listlessly by its loop, she murmured, 'Which shall I go to first?'"

Now, just fancy that! She couldn't do even this much thinking for herself. "How can I do this branch of work?" or "How can I get this position?" one hears asked repeatedly, and the questioner really wants you to do the work for her or get her the position. That's all.

Laziness is the bane of the middle aged woman. That's why she grows fat.

I know a woman who is most talented and who needs to make money, but she will never amount to anything because she has reached this torpid state of mind when she simply can't think and keeps postponing things. In the morning the thought of getting up is

like climbing a mountain. She rolls over and takes another nap instead of jumping out of bed, glad that she is alive. During the day she takes a rest whenever she can and indulges herself in a hundred little comfortable ways. She reads only the lightest literature and shuns hard thinking as she would hard labor. Now, that woman is slowly petrifying all her mental and her physical activity until by and by she will be like a block of wood. She may have to depend on her wits one of these days, and her children may have to depend on her. Who knows? Is it right or decent for her to allow herself to deteriorate in this way?

A Profit in Boarders.

Where nine women lose money and wear themselves out the tenth makes a fine profit keeping boarders.

And why is this?

The average woman goes into the business without any system, or if she does begin well she soon leaves things in the hands of servants, who plunder her either intentionally or through wastefulness. Then, too, the personal touch is everything in a house. I can tell the difference in a dining room instantly when the mistress of the house has been there and when she has not.

It is the same thing with the menu. Without constant watching it becomes monotonous. There is a big difference, too, when the mistress of the house does her own marketing.

If she has good taste in interior decoration, that counts for a lot. An artistic effect may be obtained very cheaply if one knows how, and people prefer to engage a room that has harmonious wall paper and furniture than one where things are more expensive, but don't match.

The secret of succeeding with a boarding house, like succeeding in anything else, is to take an active personal interest and keep it up.

MAUD ROBINSON.

Women Students in Scotland.

There are 667 women students in the University of Glasgow. This is said to be the largest number on record.

Longwood.

Longwood, the house Napoleon occupied on St. Helena, was given to the French by Queen Victoria.