

across a distance and to a given point is preliminary to the propelling or projecting of the vocalized breath, which should now be attempted. In this effort the investigator has greater tasks to perform, and may not have such direct evidence of success (in practising) as in the candle experiment; for voice is itself, to a degree, retarded breath, emitted so imperceptibly as to be scarcely apparent. If, when uttering a sustained tone a piece of paper be held before the lips the issuing breath (now become tone) scarcely stirs it. The person who is training the voice to extend its carrying power should, wherever practicable, exercise constantly in a large room. She should take the entire gamut of consonant and vowel sounds, analyzing the component parts of each and critically examining the fine shades of sound. Every tone should be given with the sharp glottic stroke. When these have been practised thoughtfully the many infinitesimal muscles of the throat will have been aroused into activity and sufficiently exercised. Thought should now be concentrated upon some distant point in the room, and a mental resolution be formed to make the voice reach it. Before many days the experimenter will find this unsatisfactory, and will want some practical proof that her voice really is traveling.

A simple method of ascertaining this is to open the window and standing well back in the room, take vocal aim at some person beyond—across the street, it may be. Utter some single sound on a perfectly easy pitch, making the attack strong, glottic and vitalized, and aiming directly at the point selected. Do not raise the voice or attempt to speak with unusual loudness. A clearly pitched, well directed tone thrown in this way may be made to carry, even through the din of city noises, a distance of 200 feet, as the writer has frequently demonstrated.

In practising this voice projecting, the thought should be to send out a steady vocalized breath, avoiding every effort that partakes of mere dynamic loudness. The back should be made strong and full of energy; but no effort should be made to increase its volume, the determined aim alone enlarging its capacity sufficiently to meet all demands.

FLAXEN HAIR.

(A Fairy Story.)

Flaxen hair in days of old,

Flaxen hair in cloth of gold,

Rode a palfrey pied

Through a forest, gloomy, grand,

With a falcon on her hand,

Lovely in her pride.

Happy Flaxen Hair!

Came a giant through the wood,

Looked, and saw that she was good,

Swore a mighty oath;

"Here's a maiden to my taste,

And I will, with proper haste,

Eat her, nothing loth."

Frightened Flaxen Hair!

Then a prince adventurous,

With a magic blunderbuss,

Did not come in view;

And the giant, then and there,

Ate the lovely Flaxen Hair,

As he said he'd do.

End of Flaxen Hair.

"They say that automobilism is spreading with marvelous rapidity in Europe," remarked Mr. Trotter.

"Oh, those Europeans are always ready to take up with any form of virtuous indignation.

A BONITIER.

In Sevres, in one of the rooms of antiquities, is an old, old Bonitier, a holy water basin, with a curious scroll work woven over it in the blues and yellows of the famous Rouen ware. Its quaintness was so self-evident that I stopped to search in the catalogue, hoping to find something more interesting than the severe lettering and numbering with the birth and abode or abodes of this particular prize. But no, it has nothing to offer.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," gasped Madame, rushing up, "I thought that I had lost you Mon Dieu! Eh bien you're here, so no matter. Let me see. Why this is the old Bonitier. Its very curious ne c'est pas. There is a little story connected with it that, perhaps, you would like to hear."

"Indeed I would," I replied.

My brother is conservateur here at Sevres, and is travelling about, the greater part of the time, in search of curios for the museum. In some round-about-way he heard of this Bonitier, already several centuries old, which belonged to a poor priest living in the little town of—Tenez, I have forgotten the name, but no matter, ne c'est pas mon enfant? It seems that this pauvre pere lived in a tiny tumbled down cottage, protected in summer by thick vines. In the winter he prayed le bon Dieu to let not the divine wreath fall upon him, in the shape of winter-cold, but that if it be pleasing in the Lord's sight he would warm his humble hearth stone by the light of his countenance—the sun. His church, too, could boast of little, except of the piety and love of the good pere, who offered mass thrice daily for the poor stupid folk who worshipped here."

My Brother asked Pere Le B— if he would sell his holy water basin for the Sevres collection.

"I do not think that I care to sell it," said the Pere. "It has been long in my family and I am fond of it, though I know not the reason. You think it strange Monsieur?" He fingered his beads a moment, his faded blue eyes were moist, and Madame wept a moment, crossed herself, murmuring something about 'La Vie.'

"And," I suggested.

"Monsieur, Monsieur," the father continued, said Madame, "this Bonitier of mine has little value. In reality none, I think. I cannot see it. No, never, but Monsieur, you will grant me the great pleasure ne c'est pas of presenting it to Sevres? I've had few honors in this world, Monsieur. One great one, however, for has not the Lord accepted me all these years as his priest? But this petite honneur, as it seems to you, you will allow me, Monsieur?"

"Did your brother take it, Madame?"

"Yes," he did, but he told the board of directors of Sevres about Pere Le B—. They repaired the old church, for you see the water leaked Tenez, the sky was its Bonitier. There were only a few benches and for warmth in winter only an old rust-stained stove, that vied with the incense in the most indecorous fashion when there was a question as to which could produce the more smoke."

"It's all mended now, with a handsome new roof, plenty of chairs and prie dieux. A splendid organ too. The Pere's house was also made comfortable and he is so happy. He thanks Le Bon Dieu continually and once a year says a special mass for my brother and the directors of Sevres

that they may be among the faithful and full of the wisdom of the Lord.

Just then from several directions pealed forth that most irritating of commands when one is not ready to leave "On ferme, on ferme, on ferme," closed, closed, closed.

"We must hurry Mademoiselle. It is five o'clock. I forgot to tell you, but we're to take tea a l'anglais, with my brother and his wife, C'est charmant ca ne c'est pas?"

"Yes indeed," I replied. "Do tell me shall we have Sevres cups to drink out of?"

"Oui, Oui, Oui. Some old, some new. I shall drink two cups of tea. Ugh! how I detest tea! But I shall smile comme tout. My sister-in-law hates it too, but drinks it just as if she thought it delicious. It amuses her to look at me and say: Ah, Genevieve, you will never learn to drink the English beverage. I pity you, for it is so a la mode. Today will be my triumph, my petit heretic, for Clara can't drink two cups of tea. One she can master, but two! She will be piqued and that will be charming, Mon Dieu, Delicieux!"

"But, Voila, here we are."

Madam gave the bell a vigorous jerk and as we heard it jangling afar off we were both slightly nervous. Madame intense at the approaching tea episode and I at the thought of the Sevres display.

HELEN C. HARWOOD.

SEARCH FOR THE IDEAL.

For days the sun's fiedce rays had left their fiery touch on the city's pavements and buildings. Only those called forth by business quitted the shelter of their dwellings before the sun had set, and the grateful breath of the enclosing rivers was wafted over the heated streets.

In the early evening a group of people were sitting on the low steps of a stone house, in the English basement style, which allows a small reception room on the ground floor, with the drawing room and dining room overhead. In this little room which opened on the hallway, near the large front door, sat a young girl. Weary of the monotony and the heat, she had sought to forget the present in a tale of ideal honor and truth. After while she pushed her chair away from the brilliant gaslight, and her dreamy eyes sought the shadows of the rooms. From the steps came occasional whiffs of a cigar, and the careless talk of the boarders who belonged upstairs. A maid passed through the hall carrying pictures of water. She left one on a little table in the corner, and returned to another floor. The echo of her feet and the clinking of the broken ices in the pitchers, slowly died away.

The girl was dreaming—and not of the book. Truth and honor and ideal love were in the world today, she thought, and to be found there in purity. Only the faint shadow of the ideal was imprisoned in books; its essence, so real and so true, who could grasp it and picture it upon a printed page?

A little girl about ten years of age broke in upon her reverie: "O Lucy, I am tired sitting on the steps; don't you wish we could take a walk?"

"Yes, Ruth, but there is no one to go with us."

"Mr. Jenkins would, if I told him you wished it," and the child cunningly watched the effect of her words.

Lucy's face was non-committal.

"You need not tell Mr. Jenkins anything of the kind from me."

"May I tell him how tired I am and

that I want to go?" insisted the child.

"Don't bother me, Ruth," and Lucy turned back to her book.

The child caught a note of weakening in the voice, and danced out of the door.

Lucy listened guiltily. Her little friend's coaxing shatter could be dimly heard without the words.

A gentleman soon appeared in the doorway. "Ruthie and I am going for a walk," he said, carelessly. "Are you willing to accompany us?"

The child had followed him by this time, and was holding on to his hand. "O, come, Lucy," she cried.

The girl rose for her hat with the undefined feeling that each of the three knew how much she wished to go. Her parents were sitting with the group on the steps.

She had known Mr. Jenkins for some time. He was in the employ of her father who liked him as a friend for himself, but not for his daughters, and this Mr. Jenkins knew.

Lucy was viewing the world through the rose-tinted lenses of youth, and heeded little the judgments of others.

Like Sir Galahad of old, she would seek the fountains of goodness, armed only with the weapons of truth, and she would inevitably find it, if the stern edge of her sword were not dulled by the glittering, alluring laceration of falseness.

As they passed out upon the street, Mr. Jenkins still held Ruth's hand, who walked in the middle, and chatted gayly. The twilight slowly vanished and the twinkling lights of the many stores on a busy thoroughfare soon flashed on their sight. In crossing a street Ruth was dexterously transferred to the other side, and Lucy silently laid her hand on his arm.

The man's voice was soft and persuasive as he discoursed of many things; the child watched the sights on the streets, and Lucy listened and answered. The enveloping atmosphere of truth with which she came forth, still surrounded her, and she felt not the presence of insincerity and deceit.

They slowly retraced their steps down the crowded, glittering avenue, each moment growing brighter and gayer, as the masses of people present in a great city, even when all the world is said to be absent, came forth to enjoy the evening. Back upon their quiet street, they turned, past the silent house with barred windows, whose owners ere afar; past the other houses where someone was compelled to remain through the heated term.

Mr. Jenkins lingered and hesitated a moment, when within a block of home. He liked his companion but was afraid of his employer.

"Don't you think you would better drop my arm, and we might take Ruth between us again?" he suggested.

The girl replied, quietly, "I never do anything that I would be unwilling to do publicly," and tightened the grasp of her little hand.

No further word was spoken.

They reached the short walk leading to the steps, and the expectant group awaiting their return.

As they slowly mounted the last step within plain view of all, Lucy relinquished her firm and contemptuous hold, and passed into the house. A scoundrel may be foreign; a coward never.

She picked up her book at the place she had left it. If spoken words can destroy the ideal surely written ones wrest its semblance from those pages.

Mr. Jenkins sank into his vacant chair, and lighted another cigar. "After all, this is the pleasantest place I have seen," he said.

Steps wandered through the hall, as one by one, the tired people passed to their rooms, but Lucy read on into the night.

ANNIE L. MILLER.