

Of course maids, being women, enjoy a bargain. I know a laundress who reads the Sunday papers week after week to find out just what she can buy at a bargain on Monday. In order to get her "wash" out in time she rises long before the specified hour of half past five. She buys with discrimination, too; a discrimination which is constantly growing. She brings her purchases home and exhibits them with a wholly feminine and pardonable pride in her growing capacity to adjust her purchases to her needs. She no longer buys things that she does not need because they are cheap. She buys them because they are within her means and she recognizes the correspondence between them and her own reasonable wants. It is not fair that the hired girl should not buy her things in as cheap a market as her mistress buys them, and rule IV is not unreasonable, considering that Monday has been adopted by the dry goods stores as "bargain day."

The hired girl can make the household unhappy and ailing, or she can make the household happy and healthy. In order to prepare healthy food she must either be a natural cook or she must have learned the art. The latter method is very much more reliable and satisfactory. The time may arrive when to protect itself the union will demand proof of ability before granting a card of association to new members. In such a period the union will have the dignity and prestige of a first-class organization. In the hope of such a development, as well as on account of a desire for the improvement of every woman's lot, the thoughtful mistresses of Chicago encourage their housemaids in the timid attempt they are making to enhance the dignity of their trade. Mrs. Henrotin, whom all club women love, is inclined to believe the movement a happy one. Nevertheless the efficient and faithful hired girl who knows how to cook, launder, sweep, dust and perform skillfully the hundred and one household labors, does not need the protection of a union. She can almost make her own terms, because she is a rara avis, and sought for as the Argonauts sought the golden fleece. The few such honorable and honored servants whom I have known occupy a unique position in the regard of the families whom they serve and love. When the final rewards are made these faithful, competent ones will receive a larger meed than they ever fancied theirs. In the ruck of slovenly girls who do not realize their mission, the few who have dignified their trade are likely to be forgotten by the fretful women whose dishes have been broken and whose tempers have been ruined by the incompetent and unfaithful. A tribute to the few is hereby offered by an editor whose pages they are not likely to see.

#### The Independence.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson was snubbed by the New York Yacht club, and since his boat has been so badly beaten, the country people who never saw a body of water larger than Manawa, but who are nevertheless much elated when a boat of "ours" beats a British boat, believe that he made all that fuss to get his name before the world. Mr. Lawson paid \$30,000 to a Boston florist to name a new pink "The Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson" pink. It is apparent, therefore, that he is not averse to being talked about. Members of the N. Y. Y. C. got it into their minds that Mr. Lawson thought the international boat race was an opportunity to still further advertise Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, and they re-

sented being used for such a purpose. When the owner of the tail-end boat came to Newport, not a pennant dipped, not a gun was fired and the atmosphere in his neighborhood was very chilly.

Mr. Lawson lives in Boston, but he is not of it, and to a man of his push and ambition for a prominent place in society, the closed doors of the aristocracy are very annoying. The great-grand-son of a man like Mr. Lawson, if the money remains in the family, might be received by descendants of the men who sailed in the May-Flower, but a faster rate than that is unknown to Boston.

We cannot quite analyze the contempt we feel, or justify it either, for the man or woman who tries by adventitious means to obtain a place in society, society is not willing to grant. To attain an honorable place in the world and the esteem and society of the best people is a laudable ambition; yet no one is laughed at so much as the man who shows that he is willing to pay a large sum of money for position and countenance. Mr. Lawson allows himself to talk to reporters about his love of art, about how he spends his evenings at home, etc. He said recently: "As a rule we all work behind a mask and the two-thirds of us we conceal is generally the best in us. It is that two-thirds that I will not show the public. It is my home life, my tastes, my diversions." All this is so much a matter of course that it would not occur to one to the man born to say anything about it. Paragraphs taken from an interview granted to an ingenuous writer who was preparing a special article on Mr. Thomas W. Lawton for the July Ainslee's, illustrate what I mean, and it is an example of the ridiculous sort of stuff that is being written about rich men by those who know better but who do not use their knowledge. However the article in question may be a paid advertisement in which case I withdraw my strictures on its author:

"The door opened softly, and Mr. Lawson's secretary placed a vase of long-stemmed pink flowers on his desk. His face lighted. 'Those are the Mrs. Lawson pink,' he said. 'Aren't they beautiful?' As he spoke I noticed a new note in his voice.

"Just then Mr. Lawson adjusted his curious gold chain. On the end was a locket, on one side was carved a gypsy's head, the other contained a miniature of a sweet-faced girl.

"It is the picture of my wife," he said, extending it, 'at the time we were married. Her name is Gypsy. You will notice that each of the beads in this chain—there are three hundred and thirty-three—is carved with a gypsy's face—just a little fancy of mine, that's all.'

"At that moment Mr. Lawson's carriage was announced."



#### The Making of a Marchioness.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose last name is something else now, a name by which she will never be identified by any body not in her immediate circle, has written a story which appeared in the Century magazine of June, July and August.

I think Mrs. Burnett is at her best in the long short story. "The Making of a Marchioness" is a story of a woman who, first of all, was exquisitely kind. She had an income to live upon of about a hundred and fifty dollars a year, which was left her by an unpleasant old woman who employed Miss Fox-Seton as a companion. Miss Fox-Seton had been a governess. She had cousins in the peerage but no income whatever before the death of the old lady. A gentlewoman's struggle with poverty is always pathetic; and when, as in the case of Miss Fox-Seton, the combatant is so brave and sweet, so capa-

ble and helpful, an author has no trouble in making her heroine and her adventures very interesting indeed. Mrs. Burnett has the faculty, so vainly striven for by so many of her contemporaries, of writing an interesting story. At the very beginning it is no effort to identify her characters and remember their names. Acquaintanceship with them progresses more rapidly than with new people in real life; but she does not skip any of the stages. By which recognition of the laws of the mind she avoids confusion. An aspiring author with concepts of the individuals of his story, but who fails to differentiate them, forces the reader to do his work. For instance, in this week's edition of The Courier there is a story written by a young girl who has neither studied the art of composition nor has she any intuitive knowledge of it. The influence of cheap and untrue literature is apparent both in the style and thought. The Mrs. Holmes novels are vicious, not because of the presence of the element for which novels are locked away from the jeune femme, but because of the entire absence of refinement of view, and for the falseness with which all aspects of life are presented. Youthful readers look in real life for what they read about in these books. Not finding it, they imagine false resemblances or make up love stories long before the time for that sort of thing has arrived. The commonness of mind which the Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Southworth novels develop and encourage is apparent in the first creative effort of a constant reader of their unfortunate tales. But all this is another story.

Miss Fox-Seton is an elderly, unromantic English woman. Her lover, who does not prove to be her lover until the last page of the story, is also elderly, without the flavor of romance unless romance may be said to cling to every member of the English peerage. He possesses a magnificent tiara and a ruby "as large as a trousers button," which the Walderhursts for generations have given to their fiancées at the moment of acceptance. Like an occasional big trout in a much-fished brook, Lord Walderhurst has been chased and frightened from one cool retreat to another by indefatigable mothers and daughters, until he has made up his mind to snap, with his eyes wide open to the hook, the very next alluring bait that is dangled before his sophisticated old nose. Only he is positive that he does not want to bring up a beautiful girl, used to conquests and to audible admiration. Such being his state of mind, of course there are only old maids and widows left.

At the house party in the country, where most of the action takes place, there are two beautiful girls, one spinster, Miss Fox-Seton, thirty-four years old, and a widow. The widow writes stories and talks in epigrams, and naturally she has no chance. Miss Fox-Seton is an adorable example of Christianity actively exerting itself for the happiness of neighbors. She is rewarded for her unselfishness and for the unconscious practice of all the virtues by an offer of matrimony from one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in England. Her modesty and humility are so deep and so unassumed that she cannot believe that he really means it, and he has to tell her that he "likes her better than any woman he ever saw," before she can believe him in earnest. This phrase will conquer any woman, no matter what evidence to the contrary she possesses, and Miss Fox-Seton accepts her middle aged suitor.

Mrs. Burnett's heroine has excellent taste: the best blood of England flows

in her veins, and she takes such good care of her clothes and selects them with such unusual (for an English woman) discrimination for color and style, that in spite of her poverty, she is distinguished looking. And it does not affect her dignity that she runs on errands and serves as a purchasing agent for the rich people who employ her. Breeding has sifted the coarseness out of her ancestry for ten generations, and the fine product which coursed through the veins of Miss Fox-Seton, flowered into acts of kindness to all the world.

Not until the book is finished and meditation sets in does it occur to the reader that Mrs. Burnett has written the story with a moral purpose—the reward of virtue. It is old-fashioned now-a-days to reward a hero and especially a middle-aged heroine by allowing either one to make a good match. It used to be the style, years ago, when Sunday school books were more popular than they are now, to reward virtue and punish vice. The method satisfied our consciences and our notions of what should be and what should not be. The modern writer to a certain extent ignores these crude, primary instincts in the people whom he expects to buy and read his books. And we do not like it. Henry James satisfies his sense of what he owes the people who pay a dollar and a half for his works by arguing that art demands that the good die in unrewarded discouragement or lead colorless lives in consequence of the early commission of magnanimous and painfully self-sacrificing acts. But he does not take his audience with him, not if we know ourselves he does not, and he has lost his prestige with the common people—the only kind of people that there are enough of to make the profession of writing profitable. The good must live happily ever afterward, and the wicked must be rolled down hill in the modern equivalent for a Grimms' barrel filled with sharp spikes. Otherwise the author's sales fall off.

Upon Mrs. Burnett the modern rules in regard to leaving a single lady in unremitted spinsterhood, to contemplate for the rest of her life the very meagre rewards of being good to fussy old women, have had no effect whatever. Very subtly and without directing attention to what she is doing, this author rewards virtue and lets the disagreeable receive the meed of vulgarity. For in Mrs. Burnett's mind it is not only wicked to be untruthful, selfish, dishonest and overbearing, but it is also vulgar and underbred. This is a sound view. Politeness is Christianity and the meek will inherit the earth.

"The Making of a Marchioness" also teaches girls that the most glittering and truly valuable matrimonial prizes are not to be caught by conscious effort, but only by the practice of womanly virtues at all times and not alone in the sight of the man whom they are calculated to impress. Miss Fox-Seton was the only woman in the house-party who had no designs upon Lord Walderhurst; but after living in the same house with her for a week he sent his man to London for the trousers-button ruby. This action, which got about somehow, created the most intense excitement in the breast of every marriagable woman in the house except in the one pertaining to Miss Fox-Seton. But the old woman whom she was visiting, like the old women in Grimms' fairy-tales who send lovely girls out in the snow to pick strawberries, sent Miss Fox-Seton eight miles of a hot afternoon, when she was tired out, to fetch a basket of fish for the dinner party which the vain old lady was going to