

Library System." A little wooden book-case with doors that lock securely is made and stocked with twenty-five books. This case is placed in the home of some child who wishes to be "librarian," and who lives in the densely populated or poor districts of the city. Some society girl who wishes to devote a part of her time to some serious work is then selected to take charge of this little library branch. She comes to the house where the books are kept once a week and unlocks the case and allows the little hostess to distribute the books among her friends. Then she reads to them or plays games with them. The child who acts as hostess invites only her own friends to join her library circle, for the laws of caste are nowhere so inexorable as in Poverty Flat and any social friction would be fatal to the end in view. When the host is a colored child the six or eight guests are apt to be colored, and when the host is a Jew the whole group is made up of Jews. Eventually the children thus interested are apt to come to the central or branch libraries.

So far the plan is certainly a good one, but all kindergarten theorists are apt to run to extremes. For some reason or other when people begin to theorize about the training of the youthful, whatever sense of humor they may have had departs and they recognize no restraint.

A new ruffle has been added to the children's librarian's duties in the shape of what is called the "story hour." Children whose mothers have little time to give them are assembled once a week and the librarian devotes an hour to story-telling. To this plan there could be no objection; but the enthusiastic librarians have conceived a gigantic plan of reducing all literature to the kindergarten dimension. They tell the story of the Trojan war, omitting the story of Helen's elopement; the story of Faust expurgated for the youthful mind, the story of Napoleon's energy, maintaining a careful silence as to his ambition.

In short; these enthusiastic librarians simply abolish the elements of evil from literature for the benefit of the "pure young mind." This would be well enough if they could also banish it from the world in which these children must live, but it is doubtful whether this milk-and-water training will make much impression on wise little Jewish girls whose backs are bent with carrying babies ever since they were old enough to stand alone, or on negro boys who have just helped to clean their father's razor for a cake-walk.

I am not sure that the kindergartners have any particular right to rewrite Homer and Virgil and Faust and the Bible, even if they do it with a lofty purpose. The thing only goes back to that mistaken endeavor of kindergartners to make study easy, to make work play, to make duty inclination—paradoxes which it fairly staggers the mind to contemplate.

To keep from a child the knowledge that the world is a hard place to live in, and that he will have to do many difficult and distasteful things before he gets through with it, is as disastrous as to keep him out of the reach of those childish diseases which are ten times as dangerous if contracted when he is older.

Judge—You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?
Intelligent Witness—The dog, sor.—
Tit Bits.

Gobang—What is your objection to divorce?

Especk—It encourages matrimony.—
Town Topics.

CLUBS.

The New England building at the Pan-American exposition, a cut of which appears in this week's issue of The Courier, is the work of Josephine Wright Chapman, architect, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Zetetic club of Weeping Water has issued a neat year book and calendar, containing programs for the twenty-one meetings of the coming year. Organized in June, 1884, under the motto, "Mutual Good Will and Mental Growth," the Zetetic club now claims nineteen members, with the following officers: President, Mrs. L. Woodford; vice president, Mrs. G. Girardet; secretary, Mrs. M. Hay; treasurer, Mrs. E. Shannon.

The year will be devoted to the study of modern English authors, the list selected including Ruskin, Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, George Eliot, the Brownings, the two Arnolds, Mrs. Ward, Charles Kingsley, Robert Lytton, Drummond and Dean Farrar, Sir Walter Besant, William Black, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie and Marie Corelli. In addition to these will also be held an art meeting, a social meeting, a business meeting and an evening with the journalists and short-story writers.

The old home that sheltered the poet Longfellow from his infancy to manhood has recently become the possession of two women's clubs of Portland, Maine—the Portland club and the Woman's Literary Union, the latter being a federation of the various clubs of the city.

The conditions of the gift are that the dwelling shall remain unchanged, and that a building suitable for a museum and a library shall be erected in the rear.

Mary Butler, a colored girl, carries the mail from Uniontown, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, to Jumonville, a mountain settlement. During a blizzard in the dead of winter before last, says the Woman's Journal, the sub-contractor on the route from Uniontown to Jumonville, thoroughly disgusted with the hardships he had to endure, and unable to get any other person to take the work under his name, threw up the contract. Mary Butler was only eighteen years old but she had courage and wanted the \$140 a year. She made application for the position. She was not worried by many rivals for the job, and in due time got it. Since that time she has not missed a single day. Rain, snow, sleet, heat and hail have no terrors for her. She leaves Uniontown at three in the afternoon and goes six miles to the top of the mountain and back to Uniontown the same evening, and then has a long way to go to her own home. Sometimes she drives and sometimes she walks. The route which she covers is lonely and difficult. She does the work of a man and does it well.

"Don't scatter your energies and don't hurry too much," is the sensible advice given by a leader of the Woman's Civic league of St. Paul, Minnesota. "Wherever possible do constructive work instead of destructive. Don't find fault publicly with the town officials and don't undertake to reform them. Keep after the thing you want,—not after the men. Arrange a meeting at a time when the men can come and ask all your city officials, the members of your common council, all your ministers, your chief scribe and Pharisees—leave nobody out. Let the authorities understand that the

organization is formed for the purpose of cooperating with them in their work. By the use of a little tact it is often possible to secure the cooperation of a bad man in a good cause, and not infrequently you will find that the man is not half so bad as you thought he was—or as the newspapers of the opposite party say he is."

The youngest regular reporter on record is Miss Ethel Keener of Muncie, Indiana. Beginning work on the Muncie Star when she was only thirteen years of age, she was given the task of gathering suburban notes, but soon was transferred to the society work in the city, and at the age of fourteen is the regular society reporter of the paper. She attends the high school, attending to her newspaper work in the afternoon.

A pretty little modeler in clay and marble has dawned on San Francisco. She is Miss Sybil Urie Easterday, a sculptor.

On the top floor of an old five-story building in Montgomery street, in the Latin quarters of San Francisco, she has her studio. She is a member of Bohemia, and quite an interesting figure in the world of art.

Day after day Miss Easterday chisels, molds and fashions portrait busts, fantastic groups, products of her own imagination of life size statues, as her muse wills, says the Kansas City Star. If a stranger should by any chance gain admittance he would see a graceful figure clad in duck trousers, negligee shirt and low cut shoes busily engaged in working on a mysterious, partly draped group in the best lighted corner of the room.

The first thought would be, "What a handsome, athletic boy!" But a full look at the face and a glance at the waving mass of blue black hair would reveal the fact that the possessor is a beautiful young woman.

"You are wondering why I am disloyal to the clothing of my sex and have adopted male attire?" she said. "I only wear this suit while working in my studio, and I do it to be free and comfortable. When I first commenced my work I found that skirts hampered my freedom. When the first barrel of plaster casts was brought into my studio and the white powder left a trail along the floor, when my tub of wet clay tipped over and covered my skirts with sticky substance, when I caught my heel in the binding of my gown and tipped over a frame, knocking down and breaking a model which represented weeks of hard work, my patience gave out and I determined to adopt and wear a practical costume."

Her latest work, aside from the mysterious group which is not nearly completed, and the exact meaning and purpose of which the artist is not ready to explain, is a life-size figure of a woman. "Reverie" is the subject and the treatment is original. The figure is standing erect, the curves are beautiful and true and the face tells the story of conflicting emotions.

"I love this woman," the artist remarked as she touched the figure caressingly. "I almost believe that some day she will breathe, live, speak; at times I can make her do all three. To me she is not just a piece of marble."

When asked if those skulls upon the wall meant anything, if they were anything more than mere studies, she replied tersely, "Yes, shattered hopes," and then changed the subject.

Around the room are paintings of flowers, which were done at "Hopkins," when the sculptress thought she would be a painter, before she learned that she could realize her ambition of becoming a maker of marble figures.

The studies in oil are also original. They tell of the home life on the farm and of the girlhood of the artist.

A glance into the past of this young woman reveals some interesting facts. She was born on a farm about twenty-five years ago, and from babyhood was interesting, original and unusual. When a child her chief amusement was to make mud pies, only her pies, unlike those of other children, developed into the likenesses of animals and men. On the days when there was no mud she played indoors and her mother was often horrified to find that the little girl had delved into the butter tub to mold the butter into the shapes of horses or cows, or boys and girls. Later the girl began to carve figures out of wood, and as she grew older she developed ability in painting and drawing.

When she grew up there was an interesting collection of crude wood carvings in her room at the Easterday farm house, and there was no peace on the farm until she had gained her parents' consent to go to San Francisco for a course of art instruction. The Hopkins Art institute there found in her one of its cleverest pupils. On the farm she had dabbled, too, in painting, and from under her paint brush there sprang yellow haystacks and gray oaks with such crude naturalness and realistic effect as to make plodding illustrators stare. But for her painting she did not care so much; her passion was sculpture, and she plunged into clay modeling and its accompanying studies of anatomy with a determination born of a great love for the work.

As soon as she had mastered sufficient technique to work independently, she took her studio and shut herself up with her work, and while the sun shone no one was admitted. Earnestness and ambition kept her within four walls, and the little art world of San Francisco had almost forgotten her until it found her work prominently placed in the Institute of Art exhibitions. Since her art studies have appeared at all the principal art exhibitions and have been given prominent positions.

The Twentieth Century Food company has been in existence only eight months, yet it already has proved a solution of the problem of housekeeping to more than a hundred families, and may be the pioneer of cooperative housekeeping in all parts of America.

Samuel H. Street, a manufacturer of cereal, is the originator of the plan and president of the company. Said Mr. Street: "The idea was suggested to me by the vast amount of money wasted in the production of food. By that I do not wholly mean the waste that feeds the garbage pail, but the money that is paid first to the producer, then the wholesale dealer, then the retail merchant. After these comes the waste of a hundred fires being run to cook a meal instead of one, a hundred cooks, where six could do the work. Take the hundred or two of families we cater to today; the mistress of each home can tell her tale of woe. It deals with cooks whose productions were not fit for healthful living, of food thrown away and household expenses running beyond the family income. Some of these housewives today have dispensed with help. They find it a saving of money and patience. We buy everything at the very lowest prices, of the producer or the wholesale man, and although we have our profits, we can cater to the multitude so that the cooked food in many instances costs less than the raw product. Our delivery wagons call at magnificent houses, at modest homes, at apartments where we aid in light housekeeping, and at offices, business houses and all sorts of places where the human stomach has to be stayed."

Piled in one corner of the room are hundreds of zinc cans of different sizes, each one double, with three inches of space between the outside and the lining. In the bottom of each is a "heat