



DAHLIA YELLOW LACE.



ENGLISH BRAIDED STRAW.



CLAY RED STRAW.

## Five Famous Old Love Letters

Of modern English letter writers but four are of remarkable merit. Grey, Horace Walpole, Cooper and Charles Lamb.

Lady Mary Worthy Montague was doubtless celebrated in this line of literature, but her letters are marred by a certain indelicacy of tone and a self-consciousness which will not hide itself.

Lord Chesterfield's famous epistles to his son are more creditable to his head than to his heart; polished man of the world though he was, his teachings show him to have been but a sorry gentleman.

Madame de Sevigne's are always cheering, for she possessed the rare art of giving a touch of sincere coloring to her correspondence, whatever the subject.

Honora Balzac's letters to Mme. de Hanska before his marriage with that lady are all that is pure, refined and delightful.

But, not one of these had, even in a remote degree, any influence over the style of the epistolary literature of the age, whilst a small volume of 182 pages consisting of five love letters, written by an unknown woman immured in an obscure convent in a remote province of Portugal nearly three centuries ago, and entitled simply "Lettres Portugaises," suddenly revolutionized the art of letter writing and became a model for the whole of Europe.

In the seventeenth century the style of correspondence in France and England was laborious, affected, finical and illusive. Women expressed the complex emotions of their hearts with complex insipidity and with an elaborate effort at rhetoric which was at once wearisome and irritating. It indeed seemed, as Talleyrand expressed it, that words were used to disguise their feelings rather than express them.

A short preface to the "Lettres Portugaises," which were published in Paris, states that they were written to a "gentleman of quality" who was soldiering in Portugal, of whose name the publisher was ignorant.

Edition after edition of this curious little book was called for. Its success was immediate and unprecedented. Countless repetitions of the text and numerous translations appeared. Hosts of imitations flooded the book stores, but the genuine letters held their own.

Who was the woman? How came it that any man who received such letters could have allowed mortal eye other than his own to rest on them?

All that the letters told was that the name of the writer was Marianna, that she was a nun, that her convent windows overlooked the plains of Martoli, that she had loved and lost.

So direct, and so eloquent in their classic simplicity were the expressions of a forsaken woman, that the eyes of the world were at once opened to its own deficiency, and from the day of the appearance of the Portuguese letters began to express themselves in simple, direct and sincere language.

The letters are valuable as a revelation of the heart, pure and simple. They contain no incident, no attempt at rhetoric, but are simply the successive appeals of an unhappy woman who repeats her protestations of love without any effort at sensation or effect. Whilst she clamors at the door for mercy, she is fully conscious that the impassioned incident of her life is closed forever, but she is absolutely powerless to moderate her emotions.

In her first letter, which begins abruptly

and angrily, for it would appear that her lover had ridden off without a personal farewell, she says:

"Your lieutenant tells me that a storm forced you to put into a port a few miles from here. Are you quite sure that your lieutenant takes more interest in all that happens to you than I do? Why do you keep him better informed than you do me? I am very unfortunate if you find no opportunity of writing to me before your departure and still more so if you found one and did not use it in writing to me. You take advantage of the excuses which you had for going back to France. A ship was starting. Why did you not let her start? How can it be that, having known the depths of my heart and affections, you are able to persuade yourself to abandon me forever and so expose me to the terrors of believing that, for the future, I shall be forgotten and sacrificed to the memory of some new passion."

Her misery culminates in the third letter, which is unsurpassed as a revelation of the self-torture of a sensitive mind.

"I cannot persuade myself that you may no longer be thinking of me and indeed I am feverishly jealous of whatever may give you happiness and of all that may touch

your heart and lease your taste in France. I do not know why I write to you. I see well enough that you will only pity me, but I do not wish your pity."

She recognized fully the hopelessness of her lot, but write she must. In the fourth letter she says:

"Doa Brites has been persuading me for the last few days to leave my room, fancying that it would amuse me. She took me for a tour on the balcony from which one has a view of Martoli, but once there a cruel memory surged me and kept me company for the rest of the day. . . . Whatever is done to solace me augments my sufferings and in the remedies, therefore, I find infinite reasons why I should be miserable. I have often seen you pass this spot and I was on that balcony on the fatal day when I first began to feel symptoms of my ill-starred passion. I fancied that you wished to please me, although you did not know me. I persuaded myself that you had noticed me amongst all the ladies that were with me. Your air charmed me and I fancied that you were pleased that I should admire."

It was many years before the clue given by the allusion to the plains of Martoli brought forth even a part of the romantic history of the immortal letters which were to create such a sensation and exercise such an extraordinary influence in their way.

At length Saint Simon and Duclos, the French philosopher, informed the world that the personage to whom the letters were addressed was the Marquis de Chantilly, a

brave soldier and afterward marshal of France, and subsequently a student pursuing the quaint old book found a marginal note in faded ink stating that the letters had been written by one Marianna Altarado, a nun in a convent at Beja, in the province of Aluntijo. Research proved this to be correct and led to the elucidation of such scant particulars as we are now possessed of. Of Marianna nothing more is known. But of the Marquis de Chantilly history frequently speaks.

## A Professional Escort

Miss Anita Floyd hit upon a somewhat novel method of earning her bread when she became an escort for eight young girls.

"I began with five," she said, "then there were three more added to my flock through other mothers hearing of my services to the first five of my charges.

"You see, I was looking about for something to do when a friend gave me a letter of introduction to a lady who has the reputation of always being ready and willing to lend a helping hand. I delivered my letter and after the lady had looked me over critically, she said:

"Now, I wonder if you would be willing to come every day and accompany my daughter and my niece to and from school. My maid, who has been doing it since they were quite young children, has been called to see her sick mother and there is no one to take her place, unless I send the house maid, which happens to be inconvenient. Would you care to try it until I could find something better for you?"

"I had no objections to anything that was honest, so I accepted and went the next morning for my charges. I escorted them to school and went back later on and attended them home. It was Wednesday afternoon and one of the girls asked me timidly if I would not like to go to a matinee. So I returned after luncheon and escorted them to the theater.

"That was the beginning, and when the maid returned three weeks later the two girls and I had gone on so many pleasant little jaunts together that they objected to my leaving. Their mother then suggested my taking the daughters of three of her friends who lived in the neighborhood and for one year I was always to be seen with five girls. Then some friends returned from abroad and asked me to take charge of their two daughters. So the second year I had seven girls and in this, my third year, my flock has increased to eight.

"I escort my charges to and from school and every afternoon, excepting Sundays, take them out for three hours. Sometimes we go to the theaters, sometimes for a walk in the park or on the avenue. Then again we make an expedition in the country or go for little trips on some of the many boats which go back and forth to the various points of interest around New York City. Of course we go to the museum and the various picture and flower shows during the season. In short, I see everything that is desirable and without its costing me a cent. As for the company, well, I really wouldn't wish for pleasanter companions than 'my girls.' It is true there is a great difference in our age, for the eldest of my flock is not yet 16, while the youngest is just under 12 and I—well, I will be 24 my next birthday. Which, by the way, is not very far off.

"I am paid \$3 a week by each girl, so you will see my salary is quite a snug one. I never have to pay a carfare nor other expenses unless I go out alone. My clothes, perhaps I should not mention it, but I seldom have to buy a garment. All of my girls are well-to-do and when the season

comes to get new gowns, hats and wraps they always remember me. As for Christmas and birthday presents, I am sure there are few working women who fare as well as I. My lines have certainly fallen in pleasant places and I am sure I could not wish a more agreeable occupation than the one I chanced to simply drop into."

## Some Easter Hats

The Bee's fashion pictures this week are appropriate to the Easter season in portraying three striking Easter hats such as are shown by the best milliners in the fashion centers.

One exquisitely pretty Easter hat has a crown and frame of dahlia yellow renaisance lace, outlined by a cord of pompadour green braid. Huge bows of the lace give height, while a mass of blush roses and black ostrich tips complete the charming whole.

Another is a smart summer walking shape of burnt yellow English braided straw combined with old blue velvet. The effect is wonderfully attractive and it is bound to be a much-admired favorite in the field of woman's headgear this spring.

The frame of the little Easter hat for a young girl of 12 years of age is of red clay straw decorated with black velvet ox-eyed daisies. The young people are to have styles all of their own and this is an example from one of the most popular large New York establishments.

## Aspirants for Fame

Many a girl who has aspirations to become famous in one of the vocations now open to ambitious women, says Harper's Bazar, is eagerly looking forward to a course of study in New York. Each year the city fairly swarms with these students, who have little or no idea where they are to find shelter in this great hive of humanity. Because in her native town good board can be procured for \$2, \$5 or \$7 a week, she and her parents judge that such will be the case in the city of New York.

In a boarding house where good food materials are used, where there is plenty of warmth and daylight, the price for a small room is \$8 a week, and from that to \$12. But comfortable quarters and nourishing food cannot be procured for less than \$8.

Students' boarding houses are numerous where the prices range from \$5 to \$7 a week. There are several reasons for this, the first being that they are either in out-of-the-way localities, when a liberal allowance must be made for car fares, or they are on a thoroughfare where the slumbers of the tired worker are more than apt to be disturbed by the clang and rattle of traffic. Many of the cheaper rooms are inside ones lighted from an air-shaft or by a skylight, which makes the ventilation far from satisfactory. The best results can be obtained by the worker only when the proper air and nourishment are given both brain and body; therefore the best food should be considered as much of a necessity as the best instructor. If it be necessary to economize, it is better to do so on such minor matters as clothes or amusements.

## New Use for War Maps

Denver Post: A householder in London recently noticed that his cook had stuck up in her kitchen a map of South Africa with the British possessions colored red, the Transvaal brown, the Orange Free State yellow and Portuguese territory green. "Do you take an interest in the war, Mary?" he asked. "No sir," replied the cook, "but I mean to have a skirt like that brown bit and blouses like them other colors, and I'm just keepin' the map to match the patterns with when I get a hevenin' off, sir!"



A FORMER MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE—MRS. LETITIA SEMPLE, NEE MISS LETITIA TYLER.