

LITERARY NOTES.

A FAMOUS WOMAN'S NEW POSITION.

Mrs. Margaret E. Saugter, who for over ten years has been the editor of Harper's Bazar, has resigned that position and joined the editorial corps of The Ladies' Home Journal, in which magazine she will hereafter conduct a prominent department.

BETWEEN WHISPERS.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES WHEN SHE WENT TO SEE MRS. FISKE AS BECKY SHARP.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.
"Talking in a theatre ought to be prohibited," said the woman with the pearl lorgnon. "One doesn't go merely to see plays; if one really loves the drama, one wants to hear them, and to have to strain one's ears and then miss half the brightness and beauty of clever lines on account of the buzzing of the audience is, to say the least, annoying. Take Becky Sharp, for instance. She is the real Becky, not a 'conception' or a version, but the fascinating little wretch herself, who as Rawson said could 'chipper up a dead man.' To the unimpassioned spectator the play is an entertainment pure and simple, but to an ardent lover of Becky, to see her in the flesh, doing and saying the things I know Becky did and said is an exquisite delight. Fancy then how happy I was to find myself seated directly in front of a party of young people who had apparently never heard of Vanity Fair, to judge by their maddening chatter.

They couldn't understand why Dobbin liked George Osborne or fell in love with Amelia, where Becky got the money to take a house in Curzon street, or why she married Rawdon, seeing that he was poor and she was ambitious. And so they babbled on. One girl in the party seemed to have just an inkling of an idea of the character, and between acts she tried to straighten things out for her puzzled companions. When the play was in progress they plied her with questions in loud, hoarse whispers. Distinct or deliberate speech is not a conspicuous trait of any of the players, with the possible exception of the slow-going Rawdon, and between my unenlightened neighbors and the constant buzz of comment, admiration or explanation all around I heard about half that was said behind the footlights.

"I did not intend to be cheated out of my Becky, however, so I went a second time. I was scarcely more fortunate. I sat beside an old gentleman who appreciated so keenly every bright line or situation that he repeated it or commented on it to the young girl beside him. I could have annihilated him, but he seemed to be having such a good time I simply envied him. The third time I went I determined to hear, or make myself as disagreeable as I felt. I had seats near the stage and all went well for the first act. Then the spirit of the man behind me became troubled. He could not see how such a heartless, etc., etc., 'Sab,' said his wife. But he sighed and stirred in his chair and showed all the symptoms of contempt. I reached for my hat. It was a large, plumed affair, warranted to obscure even a Julie Opp or a Maxine Elliott. I put it on. In a few minutes the man who disapproved of the greatest heroine in fiction leaned over and told me he couldn't see. And then I said, sweetly, demurely, 'Do you really mind? Why, of course I'll take it off, then!' And, my dear, he sat like a stone image, with occasional lapses into laughter for the remainder of that delightful evening."

Is he a man of liberal views?
Exceedingly so. He has just announced his belief in the Bible.

HALLOWE'EN.

Nutcrack Night was the most popular in all the year among the youth of the "North Country" of Britain. Nuts were distributed with lavish hand and cracked and eaten in abundance, besides being made to decide the fate of many a lad and lassie. In the words of Burns—

"The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nits
Are round and round divided.
And mony lads' and lassies' fates
Are there that night decided;
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimly
Fu' high that night."

The nuts were placed in the hot ashes or along the bar of a grate, and when they burned peacefully side by side the happy fate of the couple was assured; should one or both of them crack and jump away the thoughts of a successful courtship might as well be abandoned.

Not satisfied with nut cracking, the pulling of the kail was also a part of the evening's sport. With closed eyes the young people made a raid on the goodman's kail stalks, that perhaps had been allowed to stand for this very purpose. Upon the nature of the stalk pulled depended the appearance and disposition of the mate for life. Should a stalk be well formed and straight the finder was considered fortunate, especially if a quantity of earth clung to the roots, which indicated that a goodly amount of earthly goods was to accompany the union. If, however, the stalk was crooked and rusty, the finder was mortified at the thought of being mated for life with a "crooked stick"; and was doubly mortified should the pith of the kail taste bitter instead of sweet, as that was a sure indication of a disagreeable disposition.

Few carried to a successful issue their Hallowe'en spells. The maiden who was brave enough to steal out to the linn and thrown in a skein of yarn, a loose thread of which she retained in her hand and wound over an old skein, was sure to drop the yarn and fly with all speed to the house if, when she neared the end of the skein, it was caught and held, as she hoped and expected it would be. She should have held to the yarn and asked "Who holds?" when an answer would have come from the depths of the kinn giving the full name of her future husband.

The observance of All-Hallowe'en is dying out in Great Britain. It never was observed properly in the United States. As belief in superstitions died out the spells that had been practiced gave place to practical jokes, and Hallowe'en came to mean merely a license to destroy property and annoy peaceable citizens.

In some places dipping for apples, burning nuts, and pulling cabbage stalks are still observed, but the Nutcrack Night of Burns's time has disappeared forever.—From Self Culture Magazine for November.

I hear you are in love with your typewriter. Has she given you any encouragement?

Well, yes; she has struck for higher wages.

I am heels over head in love with you. How awfully upset you must be!

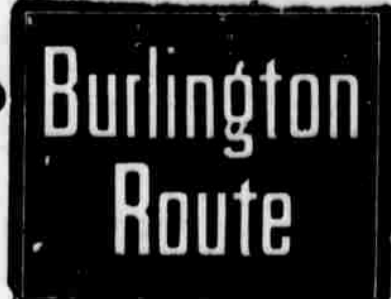
Ice is the only thing that is what it is cracked up to be.

Fraulein—Ziehen Sie auch Schmerzlos Zahne aus?

Barbier—S-lbstverstandlich?

Fraulein—Da werde ich Sonntag Morgen zu Ihnen kommen

Barbier—Ja, Sonntag Morgen darf ich nicht ziehen—wegen des Schrelens.



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