MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL IN PARIS.

Paris, Aug., 23.—At least one American woman is glad she came to Paris this summer. Just now, when all sorts of wails are going up from American travelers, it is pleasant to know that Mrs. May Wright Sewall has been having the time of her life over here. The noble army of club women in the United States know who Mrs. Sewall is, but for the information of less fortunate beings it may be stated that she is the president and founder of the International Council of Women and that she proposes to enlist thousands of women from every country on the globe for—for—well, it isn't quite clear for what, but as some of the women already enlisted would say, "It reads lovely."

The women of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland, Tasmania and a few other places had already joined the Council, but the French women were still outside the fold. Then came the Exposition and with it came Madame Wright Sewall. The penetrating reader will probably suspect at once that the lady is no other than transtlantic Mrs. Sewall. The reader is right. Mrs. Sewall is an authorized delegate to represent women's organizations at the Paris congresses. This golden opportunity to convert the French women into members of the Council did not get away from Mrs. Sewall. Shout the glad tidings to Tasmania and Hoboken. France is ours.

The American Pavillion had a room to spare, so the headquarters of the council were promptly established there, and every Tuesday afternoon there is tea and talk in unlimited quantities. Last week came Mrs. Sewall's last appearance and it was therefore especially moving. It was also especially interesting as an example of the different way in which French women and American women run a meeting. It was really Mrs. Sewall's meeting, so one could only guess what it would have been if it had been altogether French. More than half the women and nine-tenths of the men present were French and all the speaking was in that language, but any ebullitions of an exciting nature were promptly repressed by Mrs Sewall.

One of the American guards on duty at the pavillion had given the correspondent a little advance information about the affair.

"Oh, no," he said, "you don't need any card. You just go up and ask some lady for Mrs. Sewall and they'll think you're her cousin or her sister-in-law. What time do you come? Well, that depends on how much you can stand. At four o'clock, when there's tea, everybody's tryin' to get in and at five o'clock when there's speaking, everybody's tryin' to get out. They began by havin' tea and cake and sandwiches and lemonade. But mercy! the people almost ate the dishes. The next time they had tea and cake and wafers. Last time they had tea and wafers. I don't know whether they'll leave out the tea or the wafers the next time."

They left out the wafers. Tea drinking is one of the English customs which the French cultivate. That is they cultivate it as much as they can. The government does all it can to dissuade them by putting a whopping duty on tea, but of course if the tea is furnished by somebody else the cost of it doesn't matter anyway, except to give an added zest to the enjoyment. Some of the French women there looked as if they hadn't had tea or much of anything else in the edible line for a week. They were of all kinds. A few wore good clothes and wore them well, but it was not, on the whole, nearly so well-dressed a gathering as you would find at a meeting of American women for the same purpose.

There were perhaps a score of men present. All were French and took things with a seriousness and an interest which would have astonished American men. Three of these speakers were men. One was a brilliant French editor, one a French-Canadian lawyer and the third a Spaniard, a delegate to the Peace Congress at the Exposition.

He frankly stated at the outset that he was what they call over here a feminist, that is, interested in the development of women, the bettering of their condition, if possible—at any rate, in the agitation of schemes to secure changes in the ruling order of their affairs in the hope of bettering them. Then he began saying things in earnest which the American man says in jest. It was the old French *cherchez la femme* cropping out. He started in by saying that if Frenchmen are not what women would have them be, it is the fault of the women. He said the same about French society, even about the French Government, or rather French politics.

"The French mother," he said, "holds her son until he has an establishment of his own. She holds her daughter until she has married her to the man of her, the mother's choice. The Frenchman and the French woman are what French mothers make them."

Of course this is an old sentiment but it has a significance in France which it does not have among the Anglo-Saxon people. It is especially true here, and the women and men murmured a quick assent. Then the speaker went on to expand his argument and say that women were responsible for other and less palpable results.

"They exalt love of country, or rather, they insist upon it so blindly and so narrowly, that they help to aggravate the world's curse of nationalism. Nationalism is practically a synonym, in result, for militarism."

The women began saying "No, no!" and "Oh, that's absurd!" and "But, monsieur——" and a lot of unintelligible protests against which other women protested in their turn.

"It's true," persisted the speaker. "Nationalism and militarism are inseparable."

The murmurs increased. Then one woman spoke up clearly:

"It isn't necessary to discuss politics here."

"This isn't politics."

"But it is politics, and this isn't the time for it."

"Pardon, madame, it isn't politics, and anyway I shall continue to speak until the President requests me to stop."

Thereupon Madame Wright Sewall, who had been looking dark reproach at the interrupter, requested the speaker to proceed. He did, and ended by finding that women were responsible for wars as well as pretty much everything else. Of course, the incident, as the French would call it, closed before it became really exciting, but it was enough to make one long thirstily for a meeting of French club women where an American sense of fair play and courtesy would not be on hand to suppress rebellion.

The meeting closed with a long and graceful speech in French by Madame Wright Sewall, after which she was deluged with bouquets in the shape of speeches from various French women present.

"Ah, Madame Wright Sewall," said one, "you have brought us one light only to rob us of another. You brought us the light of progress and now you rob us of yourself."

That's better than they do, except on special occasions, at Sorosis.

"Madame Wright Sewall, here is Mlle. A., who has written some verses in your honor. It has been a veritable labor of love for her."

Whereupon the trembling young woman placed her hands upon her breast and burst into poetry of the most fervid variety.

"It was a beautiful thing," Mrs Sewall said later to the correspondent. "As fine as a bit from Victor Hugo. But really, you know, I haven't been able to get my packing done today because there has been such a stream of poets come to recite their sonnets to me. I finally gave orders that even if the resurrected spirit of William Shakspere put in an appearance I would have to be excused. I'll be able to get out a volume of sonnets in my honor if I stay much longer. As it is, I've had to buy a new trunk to carry the books which have been given me by the authors. These people break into poetry about as naturally as an American woman breaks into ordinary conversation."

"What do you think of the French women?"

Mrs. Sewall closed her eyes with an expression which said that really this was beyond her. Then she rallied.

"They have all the graces and all the charm; all the beauty and all the brilliance," she exclaimed.

"What about the French home life?"

"It is charming. As for the fathers, one of the most vivid of my impressions of Paris is the number of men I have seen carrying their children.

"Are the French women given to clubs?"

"No. There is one woman's club in Paris and only one. It is not like our women's clubs, but like those in London. Like men's clubs, in fact. There is no raison d'etre for our variety of women's clubs at Paris. The reason for their organization at home was to bring together a number of women who wanted to instruct their minds about interesting things and to acquire the ability to talk entertainingly about these things. There is no such reason for the existence of women's clubs in Paris. The very working girls on the street talk entertainingly about things of general interest. Women over here have broader interests. They know and care about politics, their own government and foreign relations, the newest and oldest things in literature and music and art. They don't need clubs to stimulate their interest. All Paris is one huge club."

"How about education?"

"French women are better educated than people think they are. Of course most French girls go to convents, but there is a great difference in these institutions. In many of them a girl is well trained in Latin and in French. That doesn't sound very big, but it means a good deal. Then there are four excellent lycees in and around Paris where the standard at graduation is about the same as at the junior year in one of our colleges. The girls who attend these lycees almost always take some course of lectures at the Sorbonne afterward. But the French woman gets most of her education as she goes, because she reads and talks about other things of broader interest than the American woman. With us it isn't really considered the proper thing to mention religion in polite society. Politics are tabooed and everything which may possibly involve a difference of opinion. The consequence is that we talk about our neighbors' servants, clothes and private affairs because it's all there is left to talk about. But the great difference, at least what impresses me as the great surface difference between French and American women, is that the French women have more individuality than we have."

"How many women are coming into the council?"

"I don't know. Two organizations are coming in—the Feminisme, Chretienne and the Congres des Oeuvres et Institutions des Femmesr The first is an organization of Catholic women which manages a great number of splendid works in France. The other is composed of women of all shades of belief and disbelief. That sort of thing makes no difference in the council. However, religion plays a great part over here and it will mean a good deal to have all these women—for those of the Feminisme Chretienne are of the most conservative of the conservatives—come together in the same organization. I am more than delighted with the result of my stay here."—New York Sun.

QUENCHING THE THIRST.

At temperatures of 100 degrees and over a gallon of drinking water a day is fairly requisite, but the time of taking it is all-important. The opportunity to wash out muscular waste without too much loss by the skin is at night. After sunset as much water as possible should be taken, and throughout the night water should always be at hand. After freely drinking thus there is nothing left to eliminate in the morning and no need of water will be felt in less than five or six hours of hot exercise. During the day as little as possible should be taken, as it is lost in perspiration. The practical point is that an unstinted supply should be ready as soon as camp is reached and always at hand until the morning. If after that none was allowed till noon it would be an advantage.

The greatest safety against sunstroke is in free evaporation from the nape of the neck. When in good order the nape should be wet and quite cold to the touch in the hottest weather. If it is not perspiring wetting it artificially will help to start it right. So long as it is wet and freely uncovered no discomfort is felt from any heat, It is obvious that high, tight-fitting tunics and collars are the worst clothing for such conditions. Other animals, such as camels, have also large and very active sweat-glands on the neck at the base of the skull. The application of some obvious common sense to the difficulties found in hot climates would save constant suffering and a good deal of illness.

Professor Flinders Petrie in London Times.

LORD RUSSELL'S QUICK WIT.

One day before the late Lord Chief Justice took sick, he was sitting in court when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispeaed: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

On one occasion Lord Russell went to help the Liberals in a certain campaign. He began his speech of set purpose with some very badly pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder had subsided Sir Charles Russell (as he then was) said: "Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded, "and I sometimes drink Scotch." With this his hold on the audience was secured.

London Daily News.

"How this sofa creaks when I move it," said Mr. Tenspot to his wife. "Can't you oil the casters?"

"There isn't a drop of castor oil in the house," replied Mrs. Tenspot.