Noted Canvases Disposed of at Auction-Occasionally a Valua-Workshops Where R plicas of Noted Statues Are Turned Out. [From Our Special Correspondent.]

PARIS, Feb. 3, 1899. pears in a French jourobjects d'art taken from the national collection. For this purpose the Louvre maintains its own sale rooms on the Rue des Ecoles, and as often as is necessary are held there auctions to dispose of stuff for which the government has no longer room or liking. These sales are popularly looked | in the Luxembourg, represents the dark, daring and vulgarity of the early days. upon as a necessary means of clearing away artistic rubbish, and very little notice is given to them. Picture dealers and those having commissions from foreign galleries always attend, for the directors of the museum have sometimes been known to part with a valuable work; but, as a rule, the general public is quite ignorant of even the existence of this government auction room, and this seems to be just what ds desired by the government.

The minister of beaux arts and the directors of the public museums form an autocratic body and one almost entirely free from interference and criticism. The French, if divided on every other subject, are loyal to their art, and consider their national institutions to be administered in the best way. From the highest personages to the common workman, the maintenance of this standard is regarded both as a source of pride and profit. Even by the radicate papers the government is rarely criticised for paying annually large sums for works of art, for it is a generally accepted fact that this money is well expended in drawing visitors to

Henri Rochefort's fame is divided between his position as art critic and that of editor of the socialistic Intransigeant, and even this dramatic poseur has not carried his hatred of the "foreigners" so far as to suggest that one prompt and effective means of keeping the obnoxious Anglo-Saxon and German out of the country would close the national art schools and museums to foreigners. Rochefort might reply to this that he was a "patriot" before everything, and such a step would be to strike France in her most vital spot, the income she derives from her visitors and transient residents. On the whole then, the Administration des Beaux Arts is fairly immune from interference, save from the art critics of the daily or weekly journals, and this, it is expected, is intelligent comment. French politicians are assumed to know just enough of artistic matters to appoint committees to decide on them. They vote the money and appoint a committee to do the rest. It may follow that the art world becomes divided on the subject, but it is the art world, and not the Chamber of Deputies, that is crossing swords on the question of the proper draping of the figure representing Liberty or the com-

position of a soldier's monument. It would seem hardly necessary, then, that the directors of the Louvre should be so secretive in regard to their position of sellers in the art world, as they have nothing to fear save the comments of the art critics on the press; but the pose adopted is that of an art collector who makes no mistakes. There are really three reasons why the state occasionally forced into the position of sellers and must be rid of some of its wares. . One is the "weeding out" necessary to make room for accepted gifts or the works of dead artists that have a right to admission to the Louvre. France buys every year a vast number of pictures and statues. A great proportion of these are sent to the various museums and public buildings throughout France, some, it is said, are stored away in public warehouses, and a very few are deposited in the Luxembourg. When an artist has been dead 10 years. some other disposal must be made of his work which it is expected is to go to the Louvre. But the Louvre does not want a large proportion of these pictures and statues, and the remainder must be disposed of in as private and dignified a fashion as is possible. The collection of "old masters" in the Louvre is accepted as a famous but even the experts in the service of the government have been known have been deceived. There are pictures on the walls now the authenticity of which is far from being a proven fact, and well-known canvases are known to have been quietly removed from the col-These are undoubtedly sold but without the hallmark that gave them their greatest value. A third reason for disposing of pictures is that the government may do : little speculating. It may dispose of its mediocre examples of some school painter to buy some one better picture known to be in the market. It has a' ways a certain sum at its disposal and discretionary power to add to it in this way. On the three pictures to be of fered for sale by the Louvre hext week 2 reserve price of f.60.600 is laid. is a good price for the continent and would seem to indicate that they are very good pictures. One is announced as a Claude Lorrain and others as early German masters, but just what

tableaux they are that are to be sold

no one outside of the administration

yet knows. As the general assumption

is that the gallery only sells what

discards for reasons of artistic demerits

it hardly increases the market value of a

picture to have hailed from this source

But as has been explained, this is not

entirely the correct view to take. Picture dealers and representatives of other collections know this and keep a watchful eye on these sales. There is another mercantile industry carried on by the administration of the Louvre and this is making replicas of the famous statues within its walls. one of the unexpected courts and curious recesses in the succession of wings that go to make up the palais is a workshop which not one in a hundred tourists ever sees or knows to exist. This s called the department of "Moulage or plaster-cast-making. Evidently curiosity-impelled visitors are not wanted for the entrances are rather hidden. However, if you like you may enter and lelderly man, who was now thoroughly buy or rather order on the spot The sight presented is rather curious. and one inclined to dispel some of romance attached to the great works | man arose and spoke pleasantly. It was in the Louvre. Here are several huncred copies of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, minus wings and the nobie prow on which the grand figure in the oiz half above is resting. But wings and prows are deposited in piles on the | play a soio, he firmly but smilingly obfloor, the figure being cased in these three pieces for ease in shipment. sight, however, seems at the moment to . take away one's idea of the spontaneity and unapproachableness of the genius that created this work. If one wants the best possible cast any of the great statues of the Louvre this is the place to order it. The price is considerably more than that charged by the outside "mouleurs," but the casts are made directly from the statues there and are necessarily absolutely correct The outside places may, of course, buy a cast from the Louvre and work from that, but they are not allowed access to the originals. This department is another government monopoly, and the profits go to the Ministry of Fine Arts. Naturally, all the big museums all over the world buy their replicas of French statues in this way, and private people are privileged to order too. It is very

Ask any of the guards for the "moulage" department and say you have an order to leave there. The outside court into which he will lead you looks like an assemblage of Egyptian mummies all prepared for the grave. There are no evidences of work being done, but here and there a white plaster hand sticks out of a carded pile of the proportions of a cotton bale, and toes and cibows are obvious through lawn wrappings. These are statues ready for shipment all over the world. A workman in a blue blouse will step up to take your order and d rections for packing, and that is : Really, it is the only thoroughly busi ness-like department I know of in the French government.

A third position the government is forced often to assume is that of beneficiary. When the gift is a sum of money or one or two famous canvases quite beyond discussion, the path is easy. But most of these gifts are left with conditions that often prove awkward. Even the magnificent La Case collection that occupies one wing in the Louvre was a subject of some opposition and discussion when it was accepted in 1863. The conditions were very natural; the donor wished the collection to remain intact and to bear his name. The method followed in the Louvre is the very simple one of placing each big school by itself and to one whe does not understand the circumstances of the bequest, the Salle La Case pre- | night? sents a strange melange. There have been some recent bequests I ty bad.

FRENCH LOYAL TO THEIR ART. to the government that would seem to so embarrassing. The late great water-colorist, Gustave Moreau, has left his house and entire collection to the coun-But a Weeding Out Comes at try, with the condition that it shall be maintained as a public museum. I believe the trust has been accepted, and for the first week or so after the opening of the little musee it will undoubtedly be crowded. But it is certainly to be questioned if the works of this artist will have much permanent interest to the general public, and if they would not be of more value to artists and ble One Is, Sold-Government students if placed in some large collec-

Visitors to Paris during the past year Luxembourg gallery to contain the co. lection of impressionistic pictures recently accepted by the government. This salle is commonly, if flippantly, referred to as the "Chamber of Horrors": there are not many people who like anything

The average and cultivated person turns from it with a feeling that if this is "truth in nature" one prefers fiction. The ministry of fine arts was several years deciding whether or not to accenthe collection offered. It contains some of the best examples of the school represented, but the conditions of the gift were the usual ones, and the collection was to be accepted as a whole or not at all. I think the general feeling among artists is that a better representation of the movement so strongly felt in all modern work might easily be made, but that this collection was wisely accepted.

This week another salle in the Luxem bourg has been rearranged to admit the Hayem collection recently presented This is a nice representation of good, but unimportant, work by excellent artists, and will excite no controversy And so it goes on. There are always additions offered to the public collections, and delicate questions continually raised. It is commonly assumed that the late dramatist, d'Ennery, has left hi magnificent home and large art collecwill, made while he was very-ill, contradicts this. If the second broken, the government may have great it is reported that the author of "The Two Orphans" was, as an art collector, more extravagant than wise. There is a story told of Mme. d'Ennery lection, and saying, "Is it not true,

#### A CAFE ORCHESTRA.

monsieur, that this here is worthy of

of the Louvre, or," he finished in an

ETHELYN FRIEND MIDDLETON.

aside, "of the Bon Marche."

Although It Consisted of Only Three Pieces. There Were Difficulties in Conducting It.

Two men were supping at a West end restaurant which serves music along with broiled lives. One of the men was youngish; the other, elderly. The younger seemed to enjoy the music; the older was annoyed by it, because, he said, it interfered with conversation, There was something in that. The orchestra consisted of violin, flute

and piano. It was good music that they played, some of it quite classical, and none altogether trashy. played fairly well, too, but their performance had blemishes. The elderly man, having got used to the "noise," as he called it, began to recognize some harmony in it, and once actually laid down his knife and fork and listened Then, from being denunciatory, he became critical.

lack something.' "Yes," replied the younger man; "they lack sufficient bass. They ought to have a 'cello or bass viol." "Or some brass-a cornet or trom-

"They are not bad," he said, "but they

prefer the flute to the cornet for se small an crchestra. A trombone would make your ears ache, for sure and there's enough metal in the combination, anyhow."

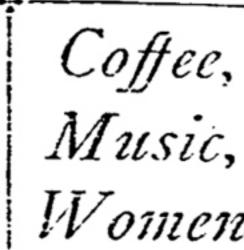
"Metal? Where?" "Well, the tones of the piano are produced from steel wires, and the violin has a silver string." "H'm! All right-let's have a 'cello

Just then the little orchestra started up a Hungarian dance, a very pretty movement and nicely adapted to the three pieces, but it had evidently been insufficiently rehearsed. The piano tripped along smoothly, but the violin balked and wouldn't keep step, while the flute was all in the air. It was really pain-It sounded like breiled live music. and the elderly man put both hands to his ears. The youngish man laugned. "The planist is mad," he said. So he was. He lifted his fingers high and brought them down hard on the keys, and swung his head to point the time till his long, black, Hungarian hair was tossed about like an equestrian or the mane of a runaway steed. But i was a runaway orchestra he was trying to guide, and it was no use. The piece being ended, the pianis' his score, turned and shook it i the face of the violinist, rapped it with his knuckles, gesticulated violently with head and hands, and then, returning the score to its place on the piano, said something in Magyar to the other musicians, which, being interpreted, evi-"Now I'll show you how it ought to And he played the theme through

with a delicacy of touch and feeling and an appreciation of the spirit of the movement that caused both the elderly man and the youngish man to wonder and admire. The elderly man grew ex-"Give us a piano solo!" he cried Other auditors took up the appeal and

called: "Piano solo!" But not one the musicians paid any attentionof all the planist and leader. After the ers went away to smoke cigarettes, and the planist remained in his seat. The aroused to the importance of a cafe true, he acknowledged, that he needed another instrument, and he hoped I tion that he should play a solo, or that either the violin or the flute shoul jected. The last thing he said to the elderly man, as he howed at the close f of the interview, was:

"I should be glad to accommodate you but, you see, there are difficulties about running an orchestra. Perhaps you would like to try from The elderly man retreated with good grace, and the youngish man dryly ob-"Clever fellow, isn't he?"



scribes the temper She lives only for today and lets the morrow take care of itself. She is as

good a housekeeper as her German sister, but not quite so particular; she is mother, but a more loving wife. She is somewhat nervous, and the quarrel with her husband is as regular as the amen in her prayer. The truest and prettiest type of the beautiful Viennese woman is that which comes from the south. common with the majority of her European sisters, the Viennese makes marriage her goal, but retains her girlish ways, her jolly spirit and much of her beauty, and even to guess at her age is not only a crime, but an absurdity.-

#### Pittsburg Dispatch. AGREEABLE.

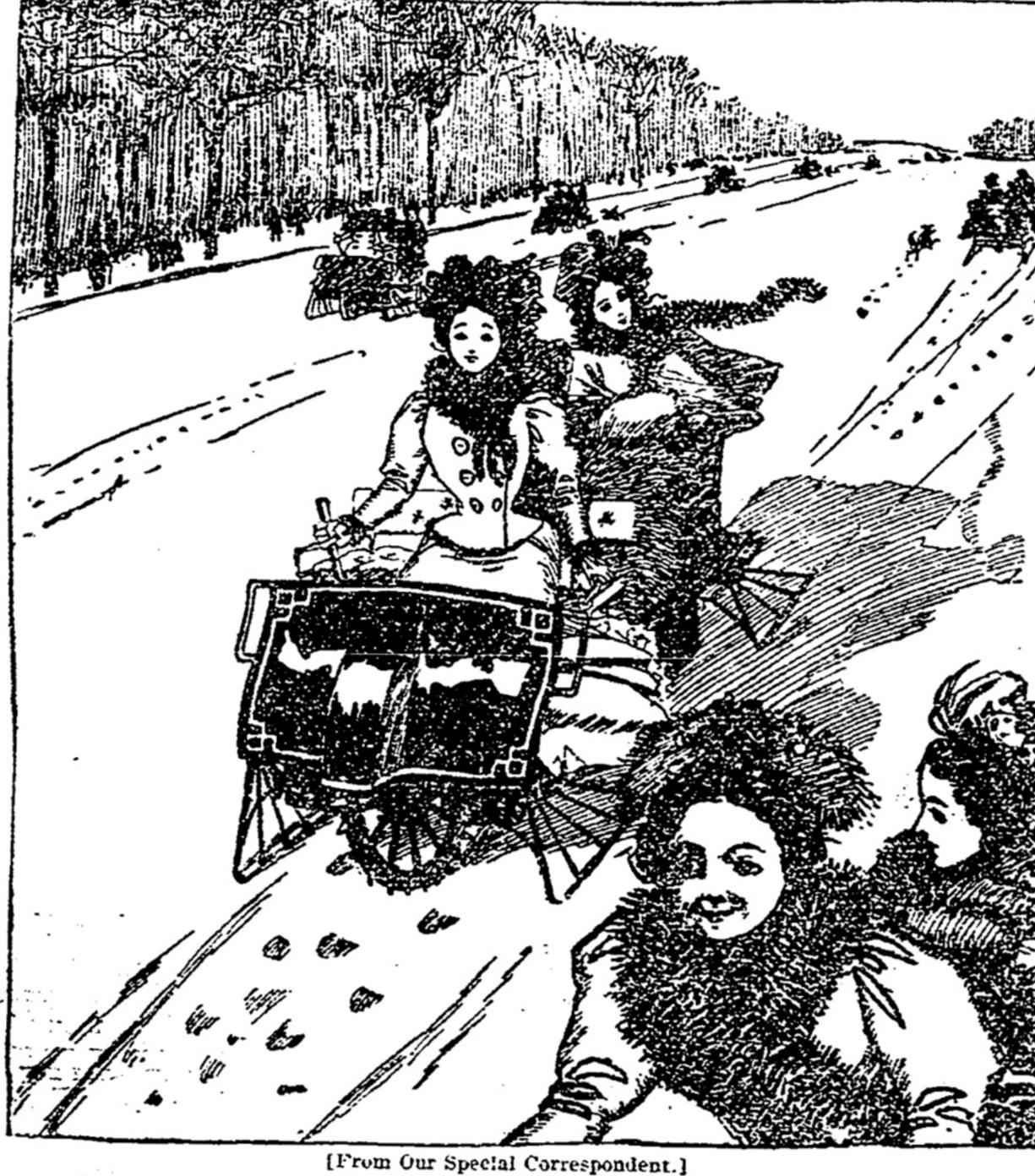
[From the Philadeiphia American.] The mistress-We always have coffee served in our room in the morning, The new girl-Aii right, mum; I like it that way mesilf best.

AT THE MUSICALE. [From Puck ]

Dash-Don't you think Miss Sweetly sings with a great deal of feeling to-Smash-Yes; she must be feeling pret-

## THE LATEST CRAZE.

Horseless Sleigh Is All the Go in Gay "Paree."



PARIS, Feb. 10, 1839. HE horseless sleigh has captured the capital this winter. The bicycle craze was scarcely a circumstance in comparison with the passion for motorsleighing No dashing high stepper and fur-clad coachman on the boulevards now, but a sleigh that glides swiftly and musically along, apparently of its own volition, by no means so picturesque in appearance as the oldstyle pair-horse Russian flyer with jingling, silver-mounted harness, but possessing the (in these days) essential element of novelty and the advantage of being so easy to direct that a mere twist of the hand starts or stops the sleigh. When the boulevards are crowded with these new winter vehicles the scene is a lively one to watch. The light sleighs glide swiftly over the snow, the air resounds with laughter that vies in merriness with the music of the sleigh bells, and dull care seems to have flitted forever from the scene. The mechanism of the horseless sleigh is simplicity itself. Wheels beneath the box of the sleigh are moved by the motive power, and those wheels, revolving as they grip the frozen ground, send the runners skimming over the snow as fast or as slowly as the motive power is applied.

I ling in the west of the Rockies, over a roadbed which threatened to jerk out our teeth with every Ioosely-laid sleeper on the line. Travelling in that part of the world, certainly in the days I speak of, was pretty hard. The travellers were mostly men, all overworked, all overanxious and intolerant of anything which hindered their work or interfered with the measure of their repose. In night journeys the berths in the sleeping cars were made up early, and, as all the night trains were sleeping cars, the only thing to be done was to turn in.

The weather was harsh, and sneezing and coughing were the order of the day. This made the people in the sleeper, all men, irritable, all the more that as most of them were contributing to the general chorus sounds coming muffled through quilts and curtains, it offender for general execration. a while, however, the change of posture from standing or sitting to lying down began to have some kind of soothing effect, and new sounds of occasional snoring began to vary the monotony of

Presently the train stopped at a way station; then ensued a prolonged spell of shunting backward and forward, with the uncertainty of jerkiness which is so peculiarly disturbing to imperfect sleep; and then two newcomers entered the sleeper, a man and a baby. The baby was young, quite young enough to be defiantly ignorant and intolerant of all rules and regulations regarding the common good. It played for its own hand alone, and, as it was extremely angry and gifted with exceptionally powerful lungs, the fact of its presence and its emotional condition, even though the latter afforded a mystery as to its cause, were immediately apparent The shoring ceased and its place was taken by muttered grunts and growls: the coughing seemed to increase with the renewed irritation, and everywhere was the rustiing of ill-at-case and impotent humanity. Curtains were pulled aside, the rings shricking viciously on the brass rods, and faces with bent brows and gleaming eyes and hardening mouths glared savagely at the intruder on our quiet, for so we now had tardily come to consider by comparison him and it. The newcomer did not seem to take the least notice of anything, but went on in a stelld way trying to quiet the child, shifting it from one arm to the other, dandling it up and down, and recking it sideways. wickedness of man, as elaborated at the

men of its class. It seemed to have no compunction whatever, no parental re- | point where it can be sparespect, no natural affection, no mitiga- | made by placing the hand on the to buffet him. It kicked, it struggied, I of it by witnesses is a fit custom to it wriggled, it writhed, it twisted itself into serbentine convolutions, tili every now and then, what with his youl and muscular exertions, it threatened to get black in the face. All the time the stolid father simply tried to keep it quiet with eternal changes of posture. and with whispered words: "There now, pet!" "Hush! lie still, little one." "Rest. dear one, rest." He was a big. lanky, patient-looking, angular man, with great rough hands and enormous feet, which he shifted about as he spoke, so that man and child tegether seemed eternally restless. fascination for most of the men in the lor some of the laws." car. The curtains of a lot of berths were opened and a lot of heads appeared, all secwling. I chuckled softly to myself and tried to conceal my merriment lest I should spoil the fun. No

one said anything for a long time; till at last, one wild-eyed, swarthy, longbearded individual, who somehow looked like a Mormon elder, said: "Say, mister! What kind of a howling piece is it you have got there? Have none of you hove got a gun? There came from the bunks a regular chorus of acquiescence: "The durned thing had ought to be "Beats prairie dogs in full mean" "When I woke up, with it howlin', thought I had got 'em again!" "Never mind, boys, it may be a blessin' in disguise. Somethin' bad is i comin' to us on this trip, an' arter this 'twill be easy work to die!" The man spoke up: "I'm sorry, gentleif she incommodes you." The words were so manifestly inadequate that there was a roar of laughter which seemed to shake the car. West of the Mississippi things are, or at any rate they used to be, a bit rough, and ideas followed suit. Laughter when it came was rough and coarse; and on this occasion even the lanky man seemed to feet it. He only tried to hold the child closer to him, as if to shield it from the hail of ironical chaff which fol-"Incommode us! Oh. not at all. It's ; the most soothing concourse of sweet

sounds I ever heard. "Bully for Mother Seigel!" "Pray, don't let us disturb the concert with our sleeping." "Jerk us out a little more chin-music!" "There's no place like home, with a !..! baby in it, thank God!" Just opposite where the man moved

The man replied in a low, weary tone without looking round:

Well, you could have heard the silence that came over all the men. The baby's screaming and the rush and roar and rattle of the train seemed unnatural breakers of the profound stillness. an instant the young man, clad only in his under flannels, was out on the floor and close to the man. afore I'd a spoke. An' now I look at you, my poor fellow. I see you're most wore out! Here, give me the child, and you turn into my bunk an' rest. father shrink away a little and hold child closer. "I'm one of a big family an' I've nursed the baby often. her over! I'll take care of her: an' I'll talk to the conductor and we'll you're called when comes." He put out his great hands and lifted the little one, the father resigning her to his care without a word He held her in one arm while he helped the newcomer into his empty berth. Strange to say, the child made no more struggle. It may have been that the young blood, or the young flesh, gave something of the wart,th and softness of the mother's breast which it missed or that the fresh, young nerves soothed where the worn nerves of the sorrowing man had only irritated; but, with a peaceful sigh, the little one leaned over let its head fall on the young man's shoulder, and seemingly in an instant was fast aslesp. And all night long, up and down, up and down, in his stocking feet, softly marched the flannel-clad young giant with the baby asleep on his breast. while in his bunk the tired, sorrow-

And somehow I think that, though the mother's body may have been in the baggage car at the other end of the train, her soul was not very far away. BRAM STOKER [Copyright, 1829, by Bram Stoker, Lordon,

stricken father slept-and forget

[From Harper's Weekly.] Magistrate Pool of the Morrisania court of New York has turned the Bible breeder of disease." So hereafter he will swear felks in his court by having them hold up their hands. Court Hibles cannot be nice kissing. work must be a thing to be handled with tongs. There may be, and probably are, persons who feel that they can speak All babies are malignant: the natural | more truthfully after kissing the Book. , and perhaps for them a Bible ought to primeval curse, seems to find an un- | be available. But the habitual kissing adulterated effect in their expressions of | of Dibles in court is a dreary and sanitary performance which ought This baby was a peculiarly fine speci- | fade out of every court just as soon

#### A COMPARISON. [From the Washington Yian]

"'Let me write the songs of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." quoted the student. "Well," answered the man who comes from a state where they legislate on cartoons and theatre hats and kissing. "now and then I think there isn't a great deal of choice. It's hard to tell The thing appeared to have a sort of | which are foolisher, some of the songs

> FORCED TO IT. IFrom Pack. She-When we are married won't you give up your clubs, dear? He-Fve practically done that already.

> darling. Since we've been engaged I've

been suspended from all of them.

restlessly with the child, was the bunk of a young giant, whom I had noticed turning in earlier in the evening. had not seemed to have noticed the disturbance, but now his curtains were thrust aside fiercely, and he appeared lifted on one elbow as he asked in an "Say, you, where's its mother, any-

"She's in the baggage car, sir, in her way entrance to our parlor. "Then we will erect a post from th with open shelves. at the end of the little hallway and curtain above the panelling between the two rooms

our own cushions for the seat and back We can have a side seat along that panelled partition, too, beside the grate fire, and put our own rugs down on this matting, and it will not take much furniture to make it beautiful "We can break that wall line with plate rail up about eight feet, and have that of white, and then put in a frieze or figured paper between that and the real frieze and moulding. And then we can hang our pictures from this lower moulding, and the effect will be so much

"Mightn't we make it a tea room?" out. We will put in a false ceiling over the top. The mirror will make ing into the hallway?"

carry out the red idea by being a little extravagant and reparering the wall a plain red, with a china moulding hang the cups on and stand the plates and saucers on top. We might have one of those tiny little tea tables and old fashioned little low chairs and some corner cabinets or shelves for our tea table things. We could play cards here. too, when our friends come in for the evening."

asked each other. The landlady quickly solved this problem. She opened the side door and showed a small back hall bedroom, which exerted only into the parlor. And this is how two clever New York girls made a delightful littly home themselves out of one back parlor.

borgian Church opened by the razing of those fine old swell-fronts on Beacon street by the Unitarian building is a Taverner in Time and the Hour. When the forcies, it was much admired for I with electric lights, and wands tipped ! its "chaste Gothic architecture." for the most part of its life only quaint front was exposed to public This church and the houses which have been razed were within the old Gov. Bowdoin estate, over which the heirs and Bowdoin College fought long in the courts, resulting in a compromise, as Mr. Bowditch detailed

his choice "Gleaner" letters of the fit-

IT BEAT THE RECORD. -----

[From the Nebraska State Journal.] An old Nebraska pioneer lay dving on the Platte: There was lack of woman's nursing, but he didn't care for that, But a cowboy bent beside him, in the north wind's ley breath, And whispered words of comfort while he slowly froze to death. The dying man was thankini as a dying man could be. And he said. "My oid sod palace is a home no more for me: Take a message and a token to the friends out there I know, And tell them that the mercury was twenty-four below.

"I've lived here thirty years or more," the man went on to say, "And I never saw such weather as this weather is today. I have been caught in blizzards. I should think a half a score, But I always got home safely, and I never froze before. Tell my wife, if you can find her, for she left ten years agone. She can have the valley section and the blooded stock thereon; She is welcome to the homestead just this side of Broken Bow. And tell her that the mercury was twenty-four below.

"Please bury me beneath the ice, if you have strength to spare, For I always took to water, and I want to thaw out there: You can place a shaft of marble where I met this cruel fate, A warning unto others (charge the same to my estate)." The dying man stopped speaking and he breathed but once or twice Till his breath was gone forever-he lay dead upon the ice-Then the pale moon rose up slowly and the harsh winds ceased to blow, And the weather man reported it was twenty-four below.

### INGENUITY OF TWO GIRLS.

Made Themselves a Home Out of One Back Parlor.

It Was a Large Room, and They Divided It Into Little Apartments and Fitted Them up in a Manner Unique and Attractive as Well as Comfortable.

OST old houses in New York are built upon such an immense scale that there is little that is homelike or cosey about them. But they are about all there is to be ound anywhere near the centre of the . One must go a long way from the business sections to find cosey little

Not long ago a couple of girl students were wearing out their shoes and their strength looking and looking and looking. They were almost exhausted when they happened upon a house where the first floor consisted of a long, narrow reception hall in front, and an equally long, gloomy, high-ceilinged parlor at the back. At the side was an immense white marble mantel and grate. A bay window filled up the back end, except for two tiny corner closets with mirror panels in the doors, and there

was a side door. The furnishings of the back parlor consisted only of a big folding bed and a high chiffonniere, a stuffed easy chair and a small cane-bottomed chair. The floor was covered with a fine matting of no particular shade.

One girl dropped into the easy chair and exclaimed, "What a barn! Why, it is big enough for two or three rooms. You could put a whole house in here and lose it." As she spoke, however, her friend's eyes sparkled, and she said, "That's

just it. It is big enough for two rooms and a little hall at least." Then she began pacing the width of the room, and the length, and, locating the two chandeliers, began pacing again in various directions, until her friend began to think she had lost her

were star gazing, the first one said: room into a house and erecting a secso horribly high."

"Why, that is just the thing! Thank you again," was the reply. "Do you know that you have given me two extremely valuable ideas? Just listen to my plan. We will divide the room up. as you say, into at least two cosey rooms and a little hall and bring these terrible ceilings down by putting in false ceilings, and it's just as easy as rolling off a log." "There are two chandeliers, and the room is long enough for two rooms, and we will have it divided, not with an ugly partition, but artistically and cheaply, like something I saw in studio once. The back part, with the bay window and two mirrors, and man tel and grate, will be our parior, and we will have it all finished in green and white. Just in the middle of the long wall we will run a partition across for | and 12. white pine. It will be only about top. Then it will run toward the front door flucky that door is in the corner!) leaving a space for a sort of little hall-

corner of the partition so that it wil stand up five or six feet higher, and then run a bar across to the side wall straight above the partition and another to the front, and then a diagonal one cutting acress the corner of our parlor to make it like the corners with the cupone square corner, and we must cut the off, too, with something, if it's nothing more than a false panel or a bookcase "Now, this pine can be stained a forest green, or we can give it a coat of white enamel on this side and make the side locking into the other little room green. We must stick to green, for it

"We can have a seat fill up this bay, and paint it white ourselves, and make

"Now, what shall we do with the lit tle room?" she asked, more to herself than to her friend. "Yes, we might, and we will. I was just thinking that it would look rather dark and cramped beside this parlor of ours, and the ceiling would look like a dark hole. But that's where your sugsection of a seend floor will help us

that room and drape it to the chandelier in the centre. Then, to make it look wider, we will have a mirror in the side wall and drape around it, with a canon look like a deep room, and we can have our tea table in the centre and two or three little chairs and a lot of cushion The partition can have a seat on this side, too, its full extent, and we can cushion it. And don't you suppose we can have a red shirred curtain behind that green barred drapery above the partition and run it around to the open-"Yes: and I should think we might

All at once the two students storned and laughed. "What shall we do with the bed and where will we sleep?" they

THE SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH

of the week for southern California. Mr. Thomas H. Hall, until May. There was another amusing figure.

entitled "The Sorrows of Satan," with lettres d'enfer and pitchforks as favors. saying.

# STIL

Quincy A. Shaw. Jr., has been playship at the New York Racquet and Tennis Club, and winning, 100. He has been doing splendid work.

Mr. George Cook, the well known Boston artist, who has been abroad the last year, is having a fine time in Ireland. He is the guest at Carnew Castle of Lord and Lady Milton, who have a large house party for the hunting season, and Mr. Cook is making a fine record for himself in that direction. Mrs. Cook and her daughter are at the Riviera. The family will probably not return home before an-

The fact that it was the first day of Lent, and also that the roads are in bad condition, combined to prevent the large audience Miss Aus der Ohe would have had for her recital at Steinert Hall Wednesday night. The comparatively few there, however, had a rich treat, and their appreciation of the accomplished artist's work was very hearty. Mr. and Mrs. Apthorp, Miss Bullard, Mr. and Mrs. Causten Day, Miss Allen, Mr. F. A. Farnham and party, Mr. W. D. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hammend and Dr. A. H. Wentworth were among those there.

Mrs. George Wright gave a small dance Monday evening for her daugh-As she stood looking upward as if she | ters at the Old Dorchester Club. The ushers were: Messrs, Arnold Scott, "Are you thinking of rebuilding the George Rockwell, Brainerd Whitbeck, Arthur Hawes, William Youngman, ond story? I am sure there is plenty Gordon Noyes, Charles North, Harold of room for two floors, the ceilings are Pope, Herbert Barker, Harry Johnson and Beals Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rich of the Nottingham left on Wednesday last for a six weeks' trip to Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palm Beach and Tampa.

Mrs. Mary Ripley Goodwin of Beacon street, who until quite recently travelled extensively in the east, has consented to gratify the wishes of her friends, and has placed her varied experiences of strange lands on paper, and thus compiled her notes into two lec ures entitled "Glimpses of India, Burma and Ceylon." These, with stereopticon views from her own photographs, she will present to her friends in Steinert Hall on Monday evenings, March

Nime. Eames-Story had a most unique surprise for her guests, when she and her husband gave a St. Valentine day dinner Wednesday night for the De Reszkes and other artists of the com pany. Toward the close of the repast what looked like a gigantic patty was brought in, out of which popped a tiny 3-year-old pickaninny, at which Jean Reszke exclaimed, "Le Bon Chocolat," and in his delight began to sing to it a French luliaby, during which the ebony mite clutched at the brilliant yellow scarf upon which he lay and cooed with delight. The little bronze Cupid had been cautioned to lie very still on the platter lest he should roll off, and he is such a good foundation color. From | up into the beautiful eyes of the queen these square bars we can drape portieres of the occasion. Then he striched out ! one hand to touch the shining mass precious stones and shimmering satins. In the tiny hand Mrs. Story placed sprig of illy of the valley, and then the child sat up. Then some one put small American flag in the pickaninny's hand, and so armed he was set upon his feet, applauded and admired by gracious, brilliant throng,

Capi. Nathan Appleton has just re ceived a charming letter from Countess de Lesseps, inviting him to the inauguration of the colossal statue of her late husband, to be erected at Port Said, the Mediterranean entrance to the Suez canal. It is 30 years since the canal was opened. On that great occasion Mr. Appleton was present as a delegate of the Boston Board of Trade.

Russia Two of the handsomest sleighs seen on the boulevard of late are Mrs. J. L. Gardner's and Mrs. Eugene V. R. Thayer's.

A large audience was disappointed las Tuesday afternoon at the non-appearance of Miss Louise Karr, whose first eagerly awaited. But her train was til Wednesday, Therefore, Miss Karr will give her recital on Wednesday afternoon. March 1. in Steinert Hall. The old thekets can be exchanged at the hall. Miss Edith Barnes, whose engagement Mr. Sturgis of Boston was announced this winter, will probably choose to be married in the early summer at her father's fine country place at Lenox. A wedding in Lenox means a large house party, special cars to and from New York and neighboring places, and other delightful and interesting features altogether lacking in a town affair. Therefore, a great many of Miss Barnes' friends are looking forward with delight

Prettiest of the summer. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's Mardi Gras dance Tuesday night is still the talk of smart New York town. The reversed garment scheme fell through, as so many of the guests were going to dinners, so The view of the side of the Sweden- | the occentricities of the evening were confined to a quartet of professional skirt dancers, who did their turn just before supper, under colored lights, and a lot of odd cotilion favors, including folly caps, sticks and bells. Mardi Gras hanners and sashes, baskets of flowers

to her wedding, which, wherever

takes place, will naturally be one of the

There was one surprise figure not counted on by the hostess, the favors for which were little live kittens in boxes and wicker baskets, each with a red ribbon tied around its neck, and there were white mice in cages. These were wheeled into the ballroom in barrows, pushed by boys disguised as cats. This was a little joke, perpetrated by Mr. George Cavennish Sentinck, who is here on a visit from England.

with electric stars.

Greenville street. Roxbury, left the first Mrs. Hayward Pierce Hall started early in the week for her usual trip to Florida, and will remain with her son,

This also was productive of no end of merriment. After leaving the Venetian room the guests were directed to St. Valentine's postoffice, a pretty trellised arrangement just at one side of the ballroom entrance, where two Cupids, messengers of St. Valentine, were enseanced, and to each was delivered a valentine, engrossed on parchment paper, tied with red ribbon and appropriately sealed, each valentine being personally directed, and containing some personal allusion to the recipient.

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Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Lloyd three men to whom Bryce's the Adamowski quartet and credit of the perfectly appointed Mme. Szumowska, who fortunately had | luncheon at the Algonquin Club in honor arrived from Boston ahead of the storm, of the President is due. It is spoken of were the artists at an exceedingly on all sides as being a model affair of its smart musicale. Mr. Francis Rogers , kind. also assisted.

rice Boutet de Monvel is on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts, and is attracting much attention in the art

The second piano recital at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon by Miss Adele Aus der Ohe crew out a large audience. among whom were Mrs. Wilhelm Ger- | G. G. Sears, Mrs. Henry Bryant, icke, Mr. and Mrs. Apthorp, Miss Mary Burgess, Miss Ranney, Prof. and Mrs. Leo R. Lewis, Miss Shattuck, Mme. D'Angelis, Miss Elsa Sherwood, Mrs. S. B. Field, Mr. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. | noted there last week. Knowles, Mr. Frank Thayer and Miss Miss Ethel Norton, Miss Little and Miss

Grace Woodward.

thoroughbreds care little for the cost ! affair. if they are only successful in capturing them. A well known Boston gentleman has recently paid \$5000 for a coach horse to be shown at the coming show. This man has been trying for two years to find a sensation ceach horse, fast, of a certain size and color, and above all one that could lift his feet higher than any other horse in America. Mr. Aurel Batonyi secured the commission to purchase such an animal, and he found one in Chicago last week, and promptly bought it for the Boston exhibitor. Among the different breeds of horses to be exhibited on the tanbark, there are none more exclusive than the hackney. The directors of the show, realizing the importance of catering to these. this perfect harness horse. Mr. Eben D. Jordan, one of the directors of the show, is a great admirer of the hackney horse, and his Plymouth hackney stud enjoys a national reputation for producing blue ribbon winners. The two kings of the Plymouth stud are Lord Denby II. and Prince Crompton. both imported. These horses have won blue ribbons and championships at the national horse show. In addition to

the horses above named, Mr. Jordan Spain. has a beautiful hackney pony stallion in Dilham Prime Minister. Hunt will enter several of his cross country performers, and Col. Lawrence Kip of New York will bring on a string of noted road horses.

Mrs. Henry D. Bennett, Mrs. Alfred Winsor, Mrs. Edward Cabot, Mrs. W. E. Putnam, Mrs. S. W. Langmaid, Miss Lombard and Mrs. Henry Crocker are the patronesses for the dramatic entertainment in aid of the Paige Scholar ship, to be given at Union Hall, Brookline, on Thursday evening next. comedicata, "Who's to Win Him." will be performed.

The dinner of the Thursday Morning Young's Hotel lace and Senator Lodge have also been last evening was an interesting oc-! invited. Among the speakers were, besides the president, Mrs. Bates, Miss Helen Winslow, Mrs. Dudley Talbot and Miss Louise Baum. George Y. Kells sang.

The audiences at the Boston Theatre during the week for Mr. McNaily's very clever play have been large, and the Rogers brothers and their company have renewed the success made earlier in the study of the Philippine archipelago and season at the Museum. Among those there on Friday night were Mr. and Mrs. A. Sunner, Mr. and Mrs. B. A Denny, Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Mitchell, Mr. E. G. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bullard, Miss Bullard, Mr. and Mrs. H R. Dana, and a party of officers from the navy yard.

Mrs. Atherton Shepard of Gardner road. Brookline, gave a luncheon on Feb. 15 of 14 covers, after which an hour's programme of Kipling was read by Miss Marion Weisey Cate.

There will be an enormous audience at the concert of the Handel and Haydn Society tonight at Music Hall, when they will give Mendelssohn's "St. Paul, with Mr. Herman, the new conductor Mr. Evan Williams comes over from New York to sing the tenor role, and Miss Gertrude Edmands and Miss Sara Anderson are the women soloists. Mr. Edmund Garrett's water colors.

which he painted in England, are to be on exhibition from Feb. 23 to March II at 147 Tremont street.

authority on decoration, is to give a talk in Nashua, N. H., on the 24th be- i de sac. Mrs. John G. Came and Miss Came of | fore the Weman's Club in that city on "Practical and Artistic Furnishing." In 1 @--Boston, before the School of Housekeeping. Mr. Abbott repeats this talk on March 2, following Mr. Frederic Tudor and Mr. Clipston Sturgis and preceding the Hon. Edward Atkinson, Dr. George Hodges and others. That Mr. Abbott will make his talk interesting, as well as full of practical ideas, goes without

> A series of three whist parties for the benefit of the School of Housekeeping will be given at the home of Mrs. Thomas Mack, 269 Commonwealth avenue, on the afternoons of Thursday, Feb. 23. Wednesday, March 1. and Wednesday, March 8. The women having the affair in charge are Mrs. Linus M. Child. Mrs. Helen Harrington and Mrs. J. Harvey Young.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, Mr. Edward Bur-

The audiences for the third week of A collection of paintings by M. Mau- | "The Belle of New York" at the Museum have kept up the record, and appreciation and applause have not been wanting. It is the cleverest thing in its way that has been here this winter. Mrs. F. L. Ames and party, Mr. and Mrs. DeForest Danielson, Mrs. J. Collins Warren with friends, Dr. Dr. W. F. Gay, Mr. H. P. Warner, Mrs. Charles Mackay, Mr. Thornton Simmons, Dr. Farrar Cobb and Mr. F. P. Curtis were a few of the many

Mrs. Thomas Mack has deferred her Thayer. Dr. and Mrs. Frank White, i trip to New York and Washington until after the Tyler street day nursery entertainments. 'She has been taking Blue ribbons for the Boston horse; charge of the rehearsals and the chilshow come high, but the owners of i dren's prose contest connected with the

> Mrs. Charles Otis Lawton and Mrs. George P. Eustis are booked for the trip to Bermuda sailing from New York March 1. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nickerson an-

nounce the engagement of their daughter. Florence Amy, to Mr. George R. C. Deane of Boston.

NOTES ON NOTABLES.

Mrs. McKinley is said to receive about 200 letters a day. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, gives to his early years of newspaper work the credit for the best part of his educa-

tion for literary work. William Watson, the poet, has received, by the death of a distant relative, a legacy which will render him independent for life. Bishop Potter, asked what he consid-

ered a woman's highest sphere, replied: "Wifehood, motherhood, sisterhood, the ministry of sympathy and love. Miss Kitty Reed, the speaker's goodlooking daughter, is on the House pay roll, receiving \$1600 anually for services rendered as stenographer to her father The ex-Empress Eugenie has some

Hibernian blood in her veins, being the

descendant of an Irish soldier of fortune, who made a name for himself in Mr. W. S. Gilbert cultivates other things beside the muse of poerry. He is an amateur agriculturist, and takes Mr. Roy B. Baker of the Norfolk great delight in his Jersey cows. of which he is very proud. Edmund Clarence Stedman is a liter-

ary man only by night. While attend ing to his banking business he rigidly excludes all other matters, and will not even talk of anything else. A. J. Balfour, beside his fondness for golf, is a good tennis player and bl cyclist. His other fad is music, which he takes seriously, considering Handel

Senator Cockrell generally carries a huge cotton umbrella, and, like Senator Turple, is so absent-minded that he frei quently walks under the Capitol dome with his umbrella still hoisted Gov. Roosevelt will be the guest of honor at the Appenattox day ainner of

the Hamilton Club of Chicago, on April

8. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Gen. Lew Wal-

the most eminent of composers.

Russell Sage says that he has always made it a point to devote each year about a month to the study of current politics. "In no way," he adds. "can a man gain such a useful knowledge of his fellows as he can by working in poli-

Prof. Blumentritt, through whom Aguinaldo and his colleagues have been making their cause known to Europe, is a member of the faculty of an Austrian university, and has made a 30 years'

its history. Judge Charles I. Evans of Dallas. Tex. was a warm friend of the late Judge Garland, to whom he once wrote. asking what were the latter's religious convictions. The reply was a quotation of J. S. Blackie's poem, ending: "Let prideful priests do battle about creeds:

The church is mine that does most Christlike

The Crown Prince of Siam will soon be attached to a British infantry regiment at Aldershot for about 12 months for a thorough course of drill and military instruction. Lieut.-Col. C. v. Hume, R. A., has been military governor to the crown prince for more than two

Senator Burrows of Michigan has a large collection of scrapbooks, containing nearly every printed article relating to himself from his first election to Congress in the Kalamazoo district down to the present day. These scrapbooks accompany their owner everywhere he zees in a political capacity for any

length of time. Congressman Johnson of Indiana has a rapidity of utterance to which no powers of description courd do justice. His average rate is 250 words a minute-about a third faster than the ordinary congressional talker-while his maximum is fully 400 words. This is believed to be the limit of possible enunciation in Eng-Mr. John C. Abbott, who is such an I lish. He is never at a loss for a word. and never, like so many other congress. men, finds himself in an oratorical cul

> HER FAD. \_\_\_\_ [From Puck.] She wisely shook her pretty head. "Her eyes, they sparkled so!)
> "I do not care." she firmly said.
> "To join the club. No! No! "And, as for lectures, you are kind;

I'll stay away, if you don't mind; I do not care for them. "A Mother's Congress? Fray excuse! I went there ouce before. It's dreadful of me to refuse. But, really, they're a bore. "A Christian Science meeting? Thanks!

It's good of you. Ahem!

My constitution's tough. A 'Literary' They're all cranks. Ecsides. I've read enough. "I'm very sorry: It's too bad

So obstinate to be. The fact is, that the husband fad Is quite enough for me." nett and Mr. Robert Batcheller are the