FOUR CENTURIES OF FAIR WOMEN FAMOUS PAINTINGS SHOWING OLD AND NEW IDEALS OF BEAUTY

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—(Special Correspondence.)—The exhibition of portraits of "Fair Women," which will be opened in Copley Hall next week, is, in some ways, the most interesting display of paintings ever brought together in America. It promises to be more important, even, than the "Fair Children" exhibit of last year, which attracted attention from all over the country and even from abroad.

The "Fair Women" will constitute the sixth loan exhibition which the Copley Society has held, and, as in the previous years, many of the most famous American private collections have contributed canvases which the public has seldom had even a glimpse of before. A number of the great public galleries, including, for example, the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, have sent pictures, too, and the valuation set upon the paintings exceeds, in the aggregate, that of the "Fair Children," which was $1,000,000. New York, New Haven, Paterson, N. J.—where some of the finest paintings in the country are owned—Philadelphia and Pittsburg, Chicago, Montreal and London have all added their share to New England's in completing this remarkable exhibition.

The "Fair Women" request the ideals of beauty of four centuries, and of nearly all of the great schools of painting. Among them are many of which interesting stories are told, and many which have a peculiar, almost personal, interest to Americans. The old masters, especially those of the Dutch and early Italian schools, have a prominent place; the early English painters, now so much the fashion among connoisseurs, are represented by examples of the work of many of their most famous men; and the more modern painters, up to the very threshold of the present century, are notably represented, including a number of the best efforts of the older American portrait painters.

There are, among the "Fair Women," some especially fine pictures of the Dutch school, always strong in portraiture. Some of these are by men whose work is not ordinarily seen in this country, such as Van Ravensteijn of the early and Elias of the late 17th century. Thomas de Keyser's painting of Vrouw Anna Hunthums, which is signed and dated 1627, comes from the collection of Baron Pierre Coubertin, of Paris, and the group of very old Italian masters includes a Crevelli—valued at $12,000, by the way—and a fine Madonna by Juan de Joanes. A beautiful Madonna and Child by Bernard Van Orley is perhaps one of the best specimens of very early Flemish art owned in America. Van Orley was a contemporary of Raphael, a follower of Raphael's school, and his pictures, though so seldom seen in this country, are to be found in some of the finest collections in Europe, notably that of Prince Leichenstein, in Vienna.

One of the features of the exhibition will be a Rubens, which is loaned by a well-known Boston collector, who shows also a striking group of early English paintings. The Rubens, with Van Dyck's portrait of Frances Howard, Duchess of Richmond, will attract especial attention, however. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Sir Peter Lely, Thomas Lawrence, and Francis Coates represent the early English school in the exhibition, and the Copley Society has been particularly fortunate in the examples of their work which it has been able to secure. A number of pictures in this group have come from England especially for the exhibition, while two specially notable additions from American galleries are a Raeburn from the Worcester Art Museum and a large Sir Peter Lely from the famous collection of Mr. Catholina Lambert, of Paterson.

No picture in the exhibition has more National interest in its way than Stuart's picture of Mrs. Perez Morton. It is considered the most beautiful Stuart in existence, and is spoken of in the artist's "Life" as one of the finest pieces of work of the greatest of early—perhaps of all—American portrait painters. It will come from the collection of Mrs. J. S. H. Fogg, of this city. There is also a sketch by Stuart, sent by the Worcester Art Museum. With them will be seen three of the best-known modern American portraits—John Elliott's painting of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, John S. Sargent's picture of President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, and Abbott Thayer's portrait of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly president of Wellesley College. Other "Fair Women" of today will not be lacking, nor are their portraits less notable, though not always the work of Americans. Mrs. Potter Palmer has sent her famous portrait of Andreas Zorn; Miss Elsie DeWolfe loans her portrait by Boldini; and Carolus Duran's painting of Mrs. Thayer has also been secured. John Alexander, William M. Chase, and the other prominent American portrait painters of today are included in the long lost of "moderns," too.

MME. VAN TROMP, BY PAUL MOREELZE.

Portrait of a type of fair lady of the seventeenth century to be shown in the exhibition of "Fair Women" in Boston.

Several of the individual canvases in the collection of "Fair Women" have peculiar individual interest. While Corot's name oftenest calls to mind his beautiful landscapes, the Copley Society is to have in its exhibition a figure-picture by him. It is unfinished, showing the head and shoulders of a woman in profile, but it is valued at $6000 by the New York gallery by which it is loaned. The portrait of his wife by J. J. Shannon, of London, which attracted a good deal of attention in the fine arts exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition, is likely to draw not a little attention here, also—the more, perhaps, because it is accompanied by what might be called its companion piece, Shannon's portrait of his daughter, which belongs to the Carnegie Institute. A partly decorative picture by Puvis de Chauvannes, whose mural paintings in the Boston Public Library have given him particular distinction in this country, is another feature of the collection.

There are two paintings of "Fair Women" which are sure to excite the comment and speculation which a certain touch of mystery always gives rise to. One is a Madonna by Herkomer, and has been brought from London to be shown in Copley Hall. It is said that a Boston woman posed for the young mother, and as the picture is a very beautiful one, there will, of course, be much curiosity as to the identity of the model. The other is a small canvas—an exquisite piece of work—which seems to have been cut from a larger one. It is the property of a Bostonian, and many interesting bits of its history are hinted at, though vaguely as yet. It is said to have been discovered, quite neglected, in a Boston garret, and the suggestion has been made that when its identity is revealed there will be a story to tell worth the telling. Meanwhile the story waits the examination of an expert.

One of the pictures to which a high money value is attached by its owner is by Manet, the great French impressionist. It is contributed by Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston. Another very valuable canvas is by the late Sir Edward Burne Jones, and belongs to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge. Mrs. Samuel Eliot loans Charles Harding's painting of Miss Emily Marshall, a famous beauty of her day, and Senator Clark, of Montana, is to contribute several of the finest pictures from his famous collection.

Beside the canvases a remarkable exhibit of miniatures of "Fair Women" has been brought together by the Copley Society this year. It even surpasses the very fine collection shown among the "Fair Children" last year; and the revival of this particular kind of portraiture should lend unusual value. Some of the pieces are of great rarity, and it would be almost impossible to set a price on them; others are literally priceless, for they are heirlooms.

The "Fair Women" exhibit is another step in the Copley Society's well-defined plan, which has already shown such excellent results. It is the first time the society has confined its collection exclusively to pictures of women. Its first gallery was called "Modern Painters," and was opened six years ago, to be followed the next season by the "Hundred Masterpieces." The John S. Sargent exhibition—the first really comprehensive collection of his works ever shown—which succeeded, was perhaps the most notable of its kind ever held in this country. It was followed by the R. Hall McCormick pictures from Chicago, and last year came the delightful exhibit of pictures of "Fair Children." The "Fair Women" exhibition opens on the last day of this month, and will be on view for four weeks.

SUITABLE FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Old Man's Idyl.

By the waters of Life we sat together
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early Summer weather
When hours were anthems, and speech was praise;
When the heart kept time to the choral of the birds,
And the birds kept time to the songs that ran
Through the shimmer of flowers on grassy swards
And trees with voices Aeolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of being on us weighed;
And love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting time;
And up from the rosy morrowe grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the garden of Life we roamed together,
And the luscious apples were ripe and red.
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed,
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvest grow;
And under the benison of the Father,
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro;
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broidered fairer the emerald banks;
And the glad tears shone in the daisies' eye
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed,
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest,
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches love doth inherit!
Oh, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange.
My flesh is feeble, and dry, and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come upon us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows through the rain,
And we hear the tread of the years go by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills,
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy Summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow,
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
The wind grows cold—it is growing late.
Well, well, we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling—and we wait.

—Richard Realf.

An Early Bluebird.

Leap to the highest height of Spring,
And trill thy sweetest note,
Bird of the heavenly plumes and twinkling wing
And silver-toned throat!

Sing, while the maple's deepest root
Thrills with a pulse of fire
That lights its bud. Blow, blow thy tender flute,
Thy reed of rich desire!

Breathe in thy syrinx Freedom's breath,
Quaver the fresh and true,
Dispel this lingering wintry mist of death
And charm the world anew!

Thou first sky-dipped Spring-bud of song,
Whose heavenly ecstasy
Foretells the May while yet March winds are strong,
Fresh faith appears with thee!

How sweet, how magically rich,
Through filmy splendor blown,
Thy hopeful voice, set to the promise-pitch
Of melody yet unknown!

Oh, land of mine (where hope can grow
And send a deeper root
With every Spring), hear, heed the free bird blow
Hope's charmed flute!

Ah, who will hear, and who will care,
And who will heed thy song,
As prophecy, as hope, as promise rare,
Budding to bloom ere long?

From swelling bulbs and sprouting seed,
Sweet sap and fragrant dew,
And human hearts, grown doubly warm at need,
Leaps answer strong and true:

We see, we hear (thou liberty-loving thing,
That down Spring winds doth float),
The promise of thy empyrean wing,
The hope that floods thy throat!

—Maurice Thompson.

Blessed Are They That Mourn.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
An heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The Poet's Visions.

Oh, for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then I will pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains. First the realm I'll pass
Of Flora and old Pan, sleep in the grass,
Feed upon the apples red and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees;
Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places,
To woo sweet kisses from averted faces—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it; till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest;
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her head,
And still will dance with ever-varied ease,
Smiling upon the flowers and the trees;
Another will entice me on, and on,
Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon;
Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd
In the recesses of a pearly shell.

—Keats, "Sleep and Poetry."

"Lead, Kindly Light."

(Cardinal) John Henry Newman.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home.
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

What My Lover Said.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer, and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling,
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come, with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover!
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

—Homer Greene.

Riding Down.

Oh! did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh! did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer,
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles' sweet,
The cymbals clash, the cannons crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there, and watching there,
One little lass amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?
And did you see him smiling down,
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face?

My face uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh! did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh! all along a lovely throng
Of faces fair beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there?

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet, for them
No swift smile came like sudden flame
No arrowy glance took sudden aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face;
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see!

—Nora Perry.

To Keep a True Lent.

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour—
Or ragged to go—
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Robert Herrick.

First Quatrain of the Rubaiyat.

In The Sunday Oregonian of February 16 "E. W. G." asks:

"Whose rendering of the 'Rubaiyat' is the following, taken from the opening lines:

Wake! for morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone which put the stars to flight.

"It is neither Le Gallienne's nor Fitzgerald's, but I have seen it somewhere, though I have ransacked my books in vain."

If "into" in the first line be read "in," it is from Edward Fitzgerald's first edition of 200 copies, which appeared in 1859 as a small quarto pamphlet, bearing the publisher's name, but not the author's. In the second edition (1868), Mr. Fitzgerald altered these lines to:

Awake! for the sun beyond yon eastern height
Has chased the session of the stars from night.

And in the first draft of the third edition (1872) they stood:

Wake! for the sun before him into night
A signal flung that put the stars to flight.

In the fifth edition the quatrain stands:

Wake! for the sun, who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.

W. Aldis Wright, who edited one of the later editions, says in a note: "It must be admitted that Fitzgerald took great liberties with the original in his version of Omar Khayyam. The first stanza is entirely his own."

H. K. SARGENT.

Twenty-two answers were received to "E. W. G.'s" inquiry, but Mr. Sargent's covers the ground fully. Thanks are returned to all who felt such interest in Fitzgerald's poem. Curiously, 19 out of the 22 answers came from women.

Verses Asked For.

A. E. W. asks for Kipling's poem, the first verse of which is as follows:

When earth's last picture is faded,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
And the oldest colors are faded,
And the youngest critic has died.

M. K. C. asks for the verses beginning: "Tell me ye winged winds that round my pathway roar."

Mrs. N. D. asks for the verses beginning: "My name is Norval."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

ORDINARY questions seeking general information will be answered in these columns. Letters should be written on one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not for publication, however. Letters not having the name of the writer will be ignored.

Wedding Announcements, Etc.

Please advise me in your next Sunday's columns how a widowed mother should announce (per cards) the marriage of her daughter, who will be married at 9 A. M., in church, the marriage to take place in June. This daughter is away from home in the Sunny South, and the mother wishes to announce the marriage to the many friends in this city, who will be pleased to hear the news. Also kindly suggest what would be an appropriate menu for the wedding breakfast to be served to the immediate members of the family only, also the clergy. The income of the mother is $100 per month, and she does not wish to overdo one and neglect the other arrangements. After the wedding the couple will leave for a short trip; how long does the bride retain bridal costume before donning traveling dress?

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

This form for an announcement is conventional:

Mrs. Mary Smith announces the marriage of her daughter Mary to Mr. James John Jones, St. Paul's Church, Galveston, Texas, June 16, 1902.

A Portland woman, well known for culinary skill to whom the matter of a breakfast menu was referred, recommends:

Strawberries.
*Broiled Spring Chicken, with Fried Bananas.
Saratoga Chip Potatoes.
Hot Rolls.
Coffee.

*Down South, probably fried chicken would be preferred.

Should another course be within the allotted expense, mushrooms on toast are recommended.

If the time card of the train were furnished, it would be easier to answer the question about donning the traveling dress.

Water-Tight Compartments.

Why are all seagoing vessels not built with water-tight compartments, so that when one gets stove in the ship will not sink? N. A. W.

All modern steamships are now built with water-tight compartments. This is not practical with sailing vessels on account of stowing cargo, except when vessels are built for and kept in special trades. For example, it would be next to impossible to load an ordinary-sized vessel, built in compartments, with a general cargo of lumber.

Inheritance Laws.

1. A man having a wife, but no children, dies, leaving no will. How is the real and personal property disposed of? They accumulated it together, but it is in the husband's name.

2. A widower with children marries a woman who has no property. He dies, leaving property both real and personal, which was accumulated during the life of the first wife. What division of the property would be made according to law? W. W. I.

1. Under the Oregon law such property would go to the widow.

2. The widow would be entitled to her dower (life interest) in the real property, and one-half of the personal property, and the remainder would go to his children.

Empire Ridge.

Where is Empire Ridge? It is mentioned in the larger school geography, in the back of the book, on page 6, paragraph 3. It cannot be found on any of the maps which the school has access to. SCHOLAR.

This question was referred to Mr. H. S. Lyman, School Superintendent of Clatsop County, who answers:

The western elevation of the Umpqua Mountains eastward from Coos Bay and Empire City is the highland intended, as distinguished from the middle and eastern portion of the range. Geographical names in Oregon are not yet well settled, and considerable differences will be found in popular maps. It was intended that the maps in Frye's Oregon supplement correspond with Government charts. Any discrepancies will be very gladly received by me and reported to the publishers.

Brokers' Warrants.

Are the patrons of a school district liable to a fine for buying the warrants of ther district without having a broker's license. W. P.

While persons who occasionally buy school warrants without making a regular practice of buying them for profit are not held liable, the settled ruling is that a person who is engaged either as agent for others or for himself in the negotiation of purchases or sales of warrants is required to pay special tax as a broker. If he holds himself in readiness to make such purchases or sales and is known to the public as engaged in such business it matters not in such a case that this is not his principal business.

Postal Regulations.

1. A party receives a parcel through the mail which has not the required amount of stamps on it, and the Postmaster here puts on "due stamps," for which receiver must pay. Is this according to postal laws? Yes.

2. Is a Postmaster allowed to start a parcel through the mail that has not the required amount of postage on it? Yes.

3. Has a Postmaster a right to open and examine any or all parcels when they arrive at destination? Yes.

4. Has a receiving Postmaster a right to examine packages before mailing them? Yes.

Capital of Rhode Island.

Has Rhode Island two capitals? If not, when were they changed? E. M. S.

Until very recently Rhode Island had two capitals, Providence and Newport. Under the Constitutional amendment adopted in 1900 Newport ceased to be a capital. Providence now is the sole capital.

San Francisco Mint.

When was the mint established in San Francisco, and when did they start coining money? J. N.

The mint of the United States at San Francisco was established and began work in 1854. In that year it only coined gold, no silver being made into coin until the following year. In 1854 the mint coined as follows: In double eagles, $2,829,300; in eagles, $1,278,500; in half eagles, $1340; in quarter eagles, $615; in gold dollars, $140,632—total, $4,084,207.

British Shipping.

1. Which is the greatest shipping port in the world?

2. How does the English shipping compare with the rest of the world?

3. What does "copyhold" take to land?

1. Liverpool.

2. The number and the tonnage of steam and sailing vessels of 100 tons net and upward, as given by Lloyd's for 1901, are:

	Number.	Tons.
British	10,838	14,261,254
American	3,135	2,750,271
German	1,710	2,050,023
French	1,214	1,350,562
Norwegian	2,380	1,640,812
Russian	1,246	720,501
Sweden	1,433	637,272
Japan	1,066	574,557
Italian	1,176	983,655
Total	28,442	29,043,728

3. A tenure of estate by copy of court roll. It does not exist in the United States.

Silver Dimes of 1894.

Is it true that in the year 1894, for some cause, the coinage of the silver dollar in the San Francisco mint was stopped after but 20 had been finished? If so, why? Is there a higher value set on these coins by collectors of rare coins? E. H.

In 1894 the United States mint at San Francisco coined in dimes only $2 40, and this was in order to make up a specified amount which involved an item of 20 cents. As this could not be done with quarters, these dimes were struck. A high value is placed on these particular dimes by coin collectors. Coinage was not stopped on dollars, but only the few dimes were made as stater.

"Differ With" or "Differ From."

Which form is correct, viz.:
"I beg leave to differ with you."
"I beg leave to differ from you."

Z. S.

This rose differs from that rose.
One star differeth from another in glory.
I differ with my friend.

You are not comparing yourself with another. You differ from your friend in height, complexion and temperament. You take issue with him on the tariff question, and you say correctly and in good taste: "I beg leave to differ with you."

See Webster's dictionary, the Standard or the Century.

Postal Statistics.

What were the earnings of the United States Postoffice Department for the first half of the fiscal year ending June 30? If a quarterly report is issued I should like to know the amount of revenue for the first three months of this fiscal year.

No report is available later than the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, when receipts were $111,631,193 39; expenses, $115,554,928 87.

How to Pronounce Roosevelt.

1. What is the correct pronunciation of the President's name?

2. What is the age of Alfonso XIII, King of Spain?

3. What is the governing power of Arabia?

1. Ro-se-velt.
2. Born May 17, 1886.
3. Turkey.

WHAT TOTEM POLE MEANS

THERE are, or were, four large and important Indian tribes in Alaska. The first are Kish-poot-wadda, by far the most numerous. They have for symbols the fin-back whale in the sea, the grizzly bear on land, the grouse in the air and the sun and stars.

The next clan, known as the Canadda, have for symbols the frog, the raven, the star fish and the bull head.

The Lacheboo, another clan, had the heron and the grizzly bear for totems.

Lachshkeak have the eagle, the beaver and the halibut.

These creatures, however, are only regarded as the visible representatives of the powerful and mystical being or genii of Indian mythology, and as all of one group are said to be of the same kindred, so all the members of the same class, whose heraldic symbols are the same, are counted as blood relatives, and, strange to say, this relationship holds good should the persons belong to different or even hostile tribes or speak a different language, or be located thousands of miles apart, and this relationship is perpetuated in the face of obliterating circumstances.

The Indians point back to a remote age when their ancestors lived in a beautiful land, where, in a mysterious manner, the mythical creatures, whose symbols they retain, revealed themselves to the heads of the families of that day. They relate the traditional story of an overwhelming flood which came and submerged the good land and spread death and destruction all around. Those of the ancients who escaped in canoes were drifted about and scattered in every direction on the face of the waters, and where they found themselves after the flood subsided there they located and staked out their pre-emption claims and formed new tribal associations.

Thus it was that persons related by blood became widely severed from each other. Nevertheless they retained and clung to the symbols which had distinguished them and their respective families before the flood. Hence the crests have continued to mark the offspring of the original founders of each family.

It is of interest to note to what practical uses the natives apply their crests.

First—Crests subdivide tribes into social clans and a union of crests is a closer bond than a tribal union.

Second—It is the ambition of all leading members of each clan in the several tribes to represent their rank by carving or painting their heraldic symbols on all their belongings, not omitting their household utensils, and on the death of the head of a family a totem pole was erected in front of his house by his successor, on which is carved or painted more or less elaborately the symbolic creatures of his clan.

Third—The crests define the bonds of consanguinity, and persons having the same crests are forbidden to intermarry, that is, a frog cannot marry a frog, nor a whale a whale, but a frog may marry a wolf and a whale may marry an eagle.

Fourth—All the children take the mother's crest and are incorporated as members of the mother's family. Nor do they designate or regard their father's family as their relations, and therefore an Indian's heir or successor is not his own son, but his sister's son, and in case of a woman being married into a distant tribe away from her relatives the offspring of such union when grown up will leave their parents and go to their mother's tribe.

Fifth—The clan relationships also regulate all feasting. A native invites the members of his own crest to a feast; they being regarded as his blood relations, are always welcome as guests, but at feasts, which are only given for display, all the clansmen within reasonable distance are expected to contribute of their means and their services gratuitously to make the feast a success, for on the fame of the feast hangs the honor of the clan.

Sixth—This social brotherhood has much to do with promoting hospitality among the Indians. A stranger, with or without his family, in visiting an Indian village, needs be at no loss for shelter. He at once goes to the house belonging to one of his crest, which he can easily distinguish by the totem pole in front of it. There he is sure of a hearty welcome and will be received as a brother and treated as such.

These relations tend to foster peace and discourage wars, and, though the tribes of Alaska are civilized, or nearly so, they retain their crest distinctions. Following is a list of tribes of British Columbia and Alaska Indians:

Chockelat	Chilcotin	Soughees
Mowezet	Quatsino	Port Douglas
Kitkatlahs	Koskimo	Shuswaps
Metlakahtlas	Bella Colla	Seechelt
Machelet	Tooquot	Tlalamens
Klaskina	Nit Nat	Squamish
Bella Bella	Cloochpitch	Loomis
Hamatsa	Ohsockeit	Cowichans
Haida	Hib Eticitt	Tsimshean
Soomas	Nootka	Lillooet
Yale	Salish	Kyoquot
Clayoquot	Hesquoit	Massett
Mockelocles	Thompsons	
Nahwittis	Tlingit	

The Indian Mythology.

In the beginning there was nothing but sky and water; in the sky a moon. A bird came out of the moon with a small ring or moon in its mouth. On coming to the water it got on the back of a large fish. There was no earth. The fish got into shallow water with the bird. The bird dropped the ring from its bill, when a large toad came and swallowed the ring. The toad soon became impregnated, then a child was born from the toad. It was a girl. The bird took it to feed it, and by the time it came to maturity there sprang up out of the waters a beach with thick woods. The bird left the girl on the beach and went off into the woods to seek food for it; then a bear came out of the woods and went to the girl and hugged her, and from her the first man was born. This is the ancient account or legend of the creation by the Indians; consequently they consider themselves descended from the bird, fish, toad and bear. So each family takes one of these as their crest.

MRS. I. FROHMAN.

The Snowstorm.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north winds masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.