REMARKABLE QUARTETTE

Of American Women in Florence--One Is Best Known Teacher of Singing

SIGNORA HEALY-CONTI AND SOME OF THE POOR FLORENTINE GIRLS.

MADAME KATE BANSBERG-BARRACCHIA

By Eva Madden.

ROME, July 21.—Florence boasts a remarkable quartet of American women—a St. Louis woman who stands among the best voice teachers in the Italian city; a woman physician from San Francisco; a daughter of Brooklyn, who, when barely out of her teens, founded and maintained by her own energy and funds an institution which aspires to be called "The American Industrial School for Italian Working Girls," and a Philadelphia woman conducting an "Arts and Crafts."

The first of these, Madame Barracchia, as Kate Bensberg, achieved an enviable success in Italian opera, appearing for some years as prima donna in the chief Italian cities and in Montevideo and Buenos Ayres with the celebrated Ferrari opera company.

As a young girl, she was sent to Stuttgart, where she studied under Madame Schroeder, under whose patronage she made her debut at Kroll's theatre in Berlin, while still in her teens. After a season she went to London. There she studied oratoria and appeared with the Carl Rosa Opera company. After two years she went to America, where for three seasons she sang in operatic concerts. With the object of further study, Madame Barracchia then returned to Paris, where she became a favorite pupil of Madame Marchesi. During her studies in the French capital she was often heard as a soloist at the American church in the Rue de Berry. The Paris Figaro, speaking of her voice, called it "the voice of an angel." Sonzogno, the famous Milanese publisher and impresario, saw in her an ideal prima donna for Italy and offered her an engagement which she promptly accepted. Under his management she appeared with great success in Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Lucia" and many other operas. She also created the chief role in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

A happy marriage interrupted her career for a time and when she reappeared it was in London in the Queen's Hall concerts under Henry Wood. After two years her work was again interrupted, this time by the death of her husband, and she returned to Italy. She settled in Florence as a teacher of singing. Madame Barracchia has very decided views on the American girl students abroad. Speaking to me recently she said:

"As a rule, the American girl comes abroad for voice study too late. Three to four years of study ought to fit a student for a public career and she should be ready, speaking, of course, on general principles, when she is about 25 or 26 at the latest."

"Do you find the American girl student industrious?"

Madame Barracchia smiled. "I once heard a well known musician in Paris say that there were only two kinds of American girls—one the serious American, and that she was the finest woman in the world, the other the frivolous American, and she was the most frivolous; there was no medium species. I don't know that I am exactly of his opinion, but I have observed that the American student sometimes wishes to accomplish too much in a short time and then overworks, for she comes over here and wishes to combine study and the so-called having a good time. The young student must remember that art is an exacting mistress, and many sacrifices must be made in her favor."

"And what is your opinion of her coming abroad alone?"

"It is better, of course, for a girl to come with some older and experienced person, if possible; but there is no reason why a sensible and well brought up girl with a just sense of her own dignity should not come over to study alone. As long as she behaves herself no one will notice or molest her. She must observe the ordinary standard of what is proper in any respectable walk of life. It would be well for her, however, to remember that conditions of life in a large foreign city are not the same conditions peculiar to a little country town in the United States, and she cannot bring the freedom of American girlhood into foreign cities and not pay some cost.

"And another thing. I cannot protest too strongly against girls offering money to secure engagements. It is not necessary. A good voice always commands a price, even if little, in the beginning and the girl who cannot secure an engagement without paying must persuade herself that there is something wrong in her musical outfit and had better go back home and save herself years of bitter experience."

Dr. Mary Harriss, Florence's American woman physician, does not agree with Madame Barracchia about the American girl living abroad. When I found her in a pretty apartment in the Hotel Berchielli on the Lung 'Arno, she replied to the question in the negative. She has considerable experience to base her opinion on, since, after practicing in San Francisco, she came abroad, studying in Vienna and Berlin. Last year the earthquake in her city left her the possessor of four front stone steps in place of a splendid apartment-house, and after a visit home she decided to settle permanently in Florence.

"The worst thing," she began in answer to my inquiry, "is that our girl students come abroad with too little capital. It was quite right years ago, when living over here was really cheap. But things have changed here as well as at home. Prices of all kinds have gone up, particularly in Italy. In Germany one can still live cheaply, but hardly at the rate these girls expect. They hear of the cheapness abroad and come expecting to live on money on which they would starve at home. Now, for instance, I have met a girl who arrived with $300 to last her five years. Some one had told her that teaching could be found for her support. How can that be true, when teachers are everywhere willing to give lessons for even so low as a few cents an hour? In Germany there are women giving lessons for half a mark, or 12½ cents, an hour. Here in Italy the usual price for English lessons is a lira (20 cents) an hour. Another girl had $500 for a year, to include passage money, lessons in music and languages and board. In Paris such cases appear at the worst. There many girls are struggling along on almost nothing.

"The economies, unfortunately, are along the lines of food and fire. Many also live alone. In consequence, shivering and chilled, they eat food bought ready-cooked in small quantities, badly served and without the repose secured by sitting down to a properly served meal. And all the time the brain is being worked hard when deprived of its fuel. Besides, living alone preys on a girl's spirits. A woman must have some one to love, and since propinquity plays so large a part in love affairs, the nearest man at hand finds a point of attack. And if not a man, undesirable friendships are formed.

"A girl, to be well and normal, needs the surroundings of home life, where her emotions can have legitimate play and older people watch over her living, sleeping and eating. Decidedly, I think mothers should not send these girls abroad alone as they do. Psychologically and physically, it is unwise. Some come at 18, with the whole responsibility of living in a strange land on their shoulders. Nervousness and an anaemic condition are the least of the too often consequent evils."

"Are there many American women physicians abroad?"

"Not many, I think. I, for instance, am the only American woman physician in Florence. The reason for this is easy to understand, for foreign doctors in continental countries are practically there on sufferance, unless they take the diplomas of the country. In Germany they are not allowed the doctor's title, but must put American diplomas on their signs. Here in Florence the understanding is that they do not practice among Italians."

A third American woman who is prominent in the life of Florence is Signora Conti, wife of Dr. Guido Conti. Before her marriage she was Miss Florence Lizzie Healy of Brooklyn, daughter of the late Stephen Weston Healy of Brooklyn, a brother of Augustus Healy, president of the Brooklyn Institute of Fine Arts. Stephen Healy entered the Catholic church in Italy, was made a Cavalier of St. Gregory the Great by Pope Leo XIII, and became a member of the confraternity of the famous Misericordia, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis and a distinguished worker in the Order of St. Paul. Before his marriage he won fame as a great traveler, ascending Mont Blanc and Mount Vesuvius and penetrating African wilds.

When a mere girl—she is not much more now—Miss Healy became impressed by tales of the hardships of Italian dressmakers' apprentices. While obtaining their training they are sent to make purchases in the small shops, kept by men of, too often, unenviable reputations. The results have made the Florentine working girl somewhat notorious. Miss Healy concluded that if they could obtain their training in a school and start in life as wage-earners their future was likely to be more promising. She had read of American social work, and accordingly laid her own plans.

One day she opened her school in a building on the grounds of her father's home. Later she rented a floor of a house in the Via Pier Capponi, and this May moved to better quarters in the Via del Seraglio, a street well known to all tourists. Recently I called at the school. Signora Conti, who loves everything and everybody American, quickly made me welcome and explained her work, saying that her dream was to have it become an endowed work, with the name "American Industrial School for Italian Working Girls." The rooms were thronged with bright-eyed little Italians, some busy at lessons, some sewing hard in the dressmaking rooms, others preparing dinner, others cleaning halls and arranging pots and pans, all happy-faced and smiling.

"Sometimes I have had as many as 64," said Signora Healy-Conti. "We are required by the municipality to furnish children who come here with the compulsory course of study, so I teach them myself, assisted by a teacher whom I pay. We have a dressmaker to instruct the girls, and I hope to add a millinery department later. The domestic course includes cooking and cleaning. "See," and she opened a door.

In a large kitchen with stone floor and huge Italian range, with its tiny charcoal fire, were a number of pretty girls busily making soup, peeling potatoes, arranging papers in the cupboard drawers, preparing meat, cutting bread. One girl, in a business-like way, was taking stock of provisions, giving out and making records.

"We give the whole school a daily dinner," explained Signora Healy-Conti. "The pupils prepare it entirely. They set the table and clean the building. One girl keeps accounts, another has charge of our little library. Each pupil, however, must become experienced in all the departments."

The American woman who conducts the "Arts and Crafts" in Florence is Mrs. Arthur Murray Cobb, who was Miss Littell of the family of publishing fame.

On the death of her husband this winter she took entire charge of the work, which is carried on in Mrs. Browning's old home, Casa Guidi, and includes the exhibition of the pictures of artists, of antique jewelry, leather work, etc.—in fact, all included in the term "arts and crafts."

NIAGARA FALLS AND *The* FAMOUS HUDSON RIVER--Rinaldo M. Hall's Description of Scenic Wonders

By Rinaldo M. Hall.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Four weeks traveling through the east, in company with a Portland business man, has revealed many new things to me. St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Bloomington, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Rochester and New York have been visited with New England before us.

Business activity varies. Normal conditions are rapidly appearing and, unless something unforeseen occurs, the entire east will soon be back to the prosperity point of last summer. Everything points to it, everyone expects it and all are preparing for it.

So much for that. I want to write of other things.

For years I had dreamed of two scenic attractions which mine eyes have now beheld—Niagara Falls and the historic Hudson river.

At Niagara Falls there was only one thing I wanted to do and I did it—board that staunch little steamer, "Maid of the Mist," and view the falls from below.

The incline railway on the American side was out of business and it was necessary to walk down to the steamer which docks just above the suspension bridge. Scarcely enough calm water for it to stop for passengers. Imagine forty persons on a small boat, each dressed in long gum coats and rubber hats with eye and mouth holes and you have some idea of our appearance.

The little steamer pulled and tugged at its anchor. To our left were high bluffs, 100 feet or more, whose tops were lined with several hundred timid spectators waving at us. A little further to our left was the American Falls with its tons and tons of water falling over the precipice and dashing high in the air. Straight ahead was the Canadian (Horse Shoe) Falls.

Our silent admiration of the magnificent spectacle was suddenly broken by a shrill blow of the whistle. The pilot climbed into his house, closed his windows, our anchor was pulled aboard and we were off. There were cheers from the spectators above, handkerchiefs were waved, our little boat quivered from end to end and the battle of steam against mad torrents began.

I glanced at the dock we had left and discovered that our boat was drifting toward the steel bridge and lower rapids, but only for a moment.

Almost with life-like tenacity the wheels took hold of the water and we moved toward the American Falls. It was the first real touch of Oregon weather I had had in weeks so I pulled off my rubber hat and let my head drink in the rainy mist.

Closer and closer we drew toward the monster flow of water which seemed to laugh with glee as it darted over the precipice in mad plunges to reach us, only to fall short of our boat and shoot beautiful sprays all about.

The sun was shining and dozens of most beautiful rainbows formed in front of the falls. Fiercer the water grew. It was a fight for supremacy, but the man in the engine room had made the trip many times before and poured in more coal. On and on and on we fought our way, every second presenting some strange and fascinating frolic of the water as it tumbled and tossed and roared and seethed and whirled and swirled at our feet and through the air. Dozens of persons who had climbed down a winding stairway between the American and Canadian falls stopped and gazed at our boat, pulling and puffing and tugging and spouting against the tons of water from both falls. It was still as death aboard. The more timid closed their eyes. Not I. White foam and whirling water was just ahead. The sight was thrilling. If the water before the American falls was dangerous, that before the Canadian was something terrible to behold, yet most fascinating. The nose of our little boat fell and rose. Above the roar of the mad torrents rushing over the Canadian precipice one could hear our engines puffing and snorting to push through and over the mad onrush of water as on and on we crept, closer and closer to the precipice over whose top the crystal water came. It grew most interesting to me; thoroughly enjoyable. I, too, began to meditate and caught myself pushing my feet against the railing of the boat and saying to myself "won't we ever turn back." I must have known "when" for just then the bell rang and we swung away from the falls, quickly turned around and soon stepped ashore on the Canadian side.

A 5-cent fare carried us up the incline railroad, 10 cents across the wonderful suspension bridge and a few minutes later, I was in my room at the International hotel, thankful that I had seen the most wonderful and most inspiring spectacle America and the world has to offer, worth traveling the circumference of the globe to see.

It will live with me always, and that night, as I threw open all my windows and was lulled to sleep by the music of the roaring waters I enjoyed rest I had not known since leaving Portland, where the climate is ideal and where one should thank God every day in the year that he is permitted to live there, where the air is fresh and pure, where one drinks water from eternal snow fields and enjoys perfume from wild flowers and sweet-scented rose gardens.

Returning to Buffalo, I boarded one of the famous New York Central limited trains for New York City. "It costs a trifle more to ride on one of these palaces, but it's a good investment. Five stops from Buffalo to New York, 460 miles, scooping up water for the thirsty engine as we flew along at the rate of 60 miles an hour made me feel, when I landed at Grand Central station, like an old colored "mammy" who did our housework for years. She "rode four days and four nights from Cincinnati to Portland and rode four days after she got off the train." It was a most delightful trip by rail and the service was par excellence.

The famous and historic Hudson river—I have seen it—traveled for miles and miles and miles along it, on a delightful day, from Albany to New York.

Am I disappointed? What shall I say? Yes, and no.

The expanse of water is beautiful, but the scenic attractions, from a water and land standpoint, are so different from our dear old Columbia that comparison is useless. I missed nothing of interest, for I was in the hands of an enthusiastic New Yorker who let nothing escape my attention. It was kind in him. I admired his spirit, but as the limited flew along my mind kept saying, "but you ought to see our Columbia."

Take the Columbia from its junction with the Willamette to the Pacific ocean and you have some idea of the Hudson from Albany to New York.

The Hudson has nothing to compare with the upper Columbia, from Portland to The Dalles, where nature has strewn 88 miles of scenic wonderland that has no equal. No long stretches of high bluffs where the trains fairly hug the foot of towering precipices over which cascades and cataracts tumble in mad rushes to join the river below, no high mountains, no wondrous formation of rocks, no beautiful pine-covered slopes and no snow-capped Hoods, Adams and St. Helens.

But all New Yorkers are proud of the Hudson. They point with pride to West Point, call your attention to mansions scattered here and there and their one ardent desire is to some day own a home overlooking the historic stream which pours new life into the metropolis.

I do not blame them, but oh, how I wish that I might, in one night, transplant our own Columbia from Portland to The Dalles, with all its scenic attractions, where the Hudson is tonight and with a voice that all could hear say to these stream worshipers:

"Look! Look! Look! Look at our magnificent Columbia river; let your eyes behold what God in his goodness has placed at our door; feast on our snow-capped mountains, drink our pure water, breathe our invigorating and healthful air, look at our famous fruit valleys and golden fields of grain, see Portland with its innumerable rose gardens, let your eyes catch, at a single glance, the panorama of river, forest, field and valley, the beauties of the western sky as the sun drops over the mountains into the bosom of the ocean and tell me truly isn't it the most magnificent and most inspiring of all the creations of God?"

I know what the answer would be, but we won't make the change. We want to keep our own Columbia and they are wedded to their historic Hudson.

Yes, we have the scenery and climate but they have the business and commerce. It is bustle and bustle everywhere, but some day Portland, Tacoma and Seattle will be as great in commerce and always greater in scenic and agricultural attractions.

I find many who know Portland and Oregon and in every instance they are boosting. It is only a question of spreading the gospel and the greatest gospel spreaders are our newspapers.

Idleness a Potent Evil

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

THE extremes of industry and idleness are constantly witnessed in the United States. It would not be overstating the matter if one asserted that the two generations preceding the present one were with few exceptions the personification of matchless energy and thrift. The present one, however, seems to have degenerated into idleness and extravagance. The rising sun found men of all vocations and professions busy with the implements of industry or delving into the mines of knowledge, preparing themselves for emergencies or to enable them to solve some difficult problem in medicine, science or law, which confronted them. In the home, mistresses and maids were busy with the daily household duties that could not be postponed with impunity. The idler had no place in the respect of any one, every one feeling that there was something for him or her to do.

Not so today. A few bear the responsibilities, and by brain and brawn carry the heavy burdens. The spirit of self-indulgence and dissipation has so thoroughly possessed a majority of the present generation that they seem to feel that it is a great hardship if they have to, in any way, apply themselves to business or help the unfortunate. The men who have accumulated the great wealth which this country now possesses are still in the harness, assuming the greater responsibilities of the twentieth century.

There never has been a time in the history of the United States when there have been so many organizations whose objects have been the betterment of mankind and the advancement of civilization, and we sometimes think there has been altogether too much done and that the laboring people are being spoiled because of the continuous harping upon the hardships which they endure by people whose real object is a protection of themselves and their capital from the vengeance and revolutionary spirit of a great many malcontents in our population.

While I have no disposition to criticise the efforts of these organizations, I have wondered whether or not the conditions which they wish to reform are not really exaggerated. The chief things which they propose to consider are "the needs of public employes, ranging from provisions for physical comfort in government buildings and shops to provident funds, descriptions of welfare work for employes in private enterprises, including stores, factories, mines and railroads, by presidents of such institutions, and one session will be devoted to subjects applicable to both public and private employes, to wit, industrial insurance, employers' liability and pensions."

We have been watching this matter very closely and have made some observations as to the situation in these matters, and while there are, no doubt, instances of hardship and exactions bordering on tyranny and inhumanity, the cases are comparatively few. It has been our pleasure to notice that almost all capitalists who are engaged in industrial enterprises have done very much to ameliorate the condition of the laboring class of people. But we should go further to reach a more thorough understanding as to the real facts in the case. I am forced to say that there have been far too many instances that may be illustrated by the old story of a man who was soliciting aid and to whom a generous farmer remarked: "I will give you a turn of corn which you can have ground and that will give you bread for some time." The solicitor for aid coolly replied: "Do you not think you could take it to the mill for me and have it ground?" It seems that there are far too many persons who want help and want the donors of charity to place their donations in their hands in such form that it will not require any effort on their part to utilize the same.

Any one who undertakes to secure the services of a male or female manual laborer will find it most difficult and in some cases impossible, notwithstanding one may offer most liberal compensation. Idleness seems to be the fatal ruling condition in this country, and must bear its legitimate fruit in the near future. We are inclined to feel that there never has been a time in the history of this country when the laboring class and the unfortunate had so much done for them. Hospitals, homes, gratuitous educational institutions, building and loan associations and all kinds of helps to prosperity and happiness are within the reach of every citizen of the United States if they desire to take advantage of these opportunities.

It seems to me that what we lack most is something to inspire the laboring people to greater appreciation of what is being done for them and more determined effort to avail themselves of the advantages that are given them.

PLAYED THE PART OF MAN

Mrs. Augusta Seib Takes Unusual Means of Tracing Man Who Deceived Her

From the New York World.

"I PLAYED the part of a man to find my husband."

That is the real reason Mrs. Augusta Seib, the woman who posed as a man for nine years, gave as the cause for her masquerade.

Through her devotion to the man who grievously deceived her as to his real self and deserted her five months after their marriage, Mrs. Seib voluntarily gave up the life of a woman and assumed the guise of a man. She sacrificed, as she says now with a tinge of bitterness in her tone, the best years of her life for a man.

There were smiles on the faces of the policemen and magistrate as a dapper young German "fellow" was arraigned in court the other day. They knew the secret that for nine long years the young "man" had guarded more jealously than "his" life. The young "man" was a woman.

But to the young "man" it was by no means a time to smile.

Stolidly "he" heard the judge sentence "him" to five days on Blackwell's island, and stolidly "he" told a story that changed the smiles to looks of pity and won respect instead of ridicule.

"I didn't play the part of a man because I wanted to, because I was tired of being a woman, but because I thought it was a chance for me to find the man whom I really loved.

"I came to this country from Germany about 10 years ago. I came because I heard that in this country happiness took the place of sorrow and good fortune waited for every one who sought it. Instead, I have found nothing but sorrow, disappointment and disgrace and have suffered the loss of practically the best part of my whole life."

Augusta Seib is again a woman. The Gus Seib, who for nearly 10 years fought "his" way about New York, shoulder to shoulder with men, has ceased to exist. "He" was a person created by a woman who played the part so cleverly that not a man or woman in all those years ever guessed the secret. But Gus Seib will exist no more. Augusta Seib is through with "him" and has cast "him" aside as a failure. "He" failed to find her husband and has brought her only disgrace.

Less than a week before the discovery of the real secret of Gus Seib, "he" and "his" partner, a Mrs. Clark, a bright, imaginative little woman who had been left a widow years before, opened a little restaurant at 641 Sixth avenue. The Gotham Lunch the partners called their restaurant and in it they hoped to make their fortunes. The Gotham Lunch still exists but instead of the smooth-faced, good-looking young German who stood behind the counter, there is a well-built, middle-aged German woman. It is Mrs. Augusta Seib, back from Blackwell's island and determined to fight down the curious gaze of the world which daily passes by her little lunch room.

"I'm glad it's all over," said Mrs. Seib, as she sat at a table in the rear of her restaurant. "I was tired of being a man. A woman after all is best off when she is a woman.

"When I ceased to be a respectable, married woman of 27 and became a rollicking, devil-may-care German boy of no more than 20, I had but one object in view. I wanted to find my husband. I thought nothing of the good times I might or might not have, the money I might or might not make. I felt that, freed of my skirts and long hair, free to go and come where I chose, I might have a better opportunity to find traces of the man whom I loved and whom I still like.

"Sacrifices there were, many I had to make. To the day I die I shall never forget the pain and the real anguish I felt when the shears clipped the long hair from my head. It had been my pride. As it fell on the floor I gathered it up and saved it. I have it now in my trunk at home.

"It also required some little moral courage to put away in trunks and boxes the clothes I had worked for and in which I loved to dress myself. Had I thought at that time that my exile was to continue for 10 long years, I believe I should never have had the courage to begin it.

"But once I began to play the part of a man I found it so easy. Far easier was it for me to find a position and to hold it. The pay I received playing the part of a man was better, too, than what I should have received for the same work as a woman.

"The troubles and annoyances that had been my lot as a woman seemed to disappear with my skirts. For the first few months after my husband left me I had carried on the search for him as the heart-broken woman I was, but instead of arousing pity by my story if I was not received with ill-concealed doubt I was treated with open distrust. Men there were a plenty who were willing to help me, but their aid was never offered in a spirit of generosity. I learned quickly that the woman left alone in New York has but little chance at the hands of the men.

"In my efforts to disguise my real self I left nothing undone which I thought would aid me in my deception. I learned to smoke, to drink and to swear with all the abandon of the most mannish man I saw. As a waiter at several of the larger hotels I found myself thrown in close contact with the men. Some of them tried to be friends with me, and I encouraged them to be so.

"As I look back on some of my struggles to be a man I cannot help but smile, especially now when I am finding it so hard to forget those very things I taught myself. When I first started to smoke I could only take a few whiffs at a cigar. Then I would have to throw it away. Gradually I got so I could smoke the longest and blackest cigars I could find, and I frequently made men who were in the habit of making fun of my voice acknowledge that I could at least smoke stronger cigars than they.

"It was the same with with drinking and swearing. Little by little I got so I could drink as much or more than my companions, and my swearing had all the signs of genuine masculine oaths. Now—well, I don't try to talk with anyone without first apologizing for any swear words that may slip out unnoticed."

As she talked of her life as a man Mrs. Seib's eyes twinkled at the thought of some escapade in which she had played a no small part. Then, as quickly as a fire is quenched by water, the light would die from her eyes and a hard look would come in its place. Invariably it was the thought of the injustice that had robbed her of all the years of her life that wrought the change.

She is practically beginning anew the struggle where she left it nine years before. The discovery of her secret was most untimely for her. With Mrs. Clark she had often discussed over and over again the way in which she planned to take leave of Gus Seib and resume her old name and place in the world. For Mrs. Clark was in her secret.

In all the years she has masqueraded she has never written to her old mother in Germany. "What was the use?" she says. "I had nothing good to write her, so why bother her with my troubles?" If the merciless heat which had overcome her and sent her to the hospital, where her secret was discovered, had not affected her, she planned to carry on the little restaurant until she could sell it and with the money go back to Germany.

MRS. AUGUSTA SEIB, AS SHE APPEARED DRESSED AS A MAN

With Mrs. Clark she had talked time and again of the things she would buy, how she would go down to the boat in the dark, explain her short hair to her mother by a story of sickness, and then stay at her old home until the short locks had grown and she could return to New York, unknown to all who had known Gus Seib.

But that has all been changed, and it is one of the bitterest thoughts Mrs. Seib has.

That she is ashamed of her old life she denies, but she dreads seeing those who used to know her. As she stood in the door of the little restaurant talking there passed two men along Sixth avenue who had known her as a man. They stopped and broad smiles spread over their faces.

Like a flash the smile that had lighted up Mrs. Seib's face as she talked of her mother disappeared, and a hard, determined look came into her eyes. With a bound she was out through the door, and before the astonished men could realize what was happening they were assailed by a perfect torrent of words. They turned and hurried away, and Mrs. Seib returned, satisfied, to her restaurant.

"If they will only leave me alone, now that they have my secret, I will win out yet," she said. "I am a woman and proud of it, and now that I have to be a man no longer I'm glad; but I have still as much to do as I ever had, and if they won't let me accomplish my purpose, dressed as I chose to be, they should let me fight it out as a woman.

"The discovery of my secret has in one way lifted a terrible load from my mind. Sleeping or awake, I could never forget that I was supposed to be a man. So strongly was that fact impressed on me that it was the last thought in my mind at night and the first in the morning.

"While working at a hotel uptown one winter I slipped from a car and fell, striking the back of my head. I was knocked unconscious, but I came to just as the bells of the ambulance were heard in the distance. Half unconscious and suffering terrible from my fall, the thought instantly flashed through my mind, 'If I go to the hospital they will know.' Without my hat or coat, I jumped up, and before anyone could stop me reached the servants' entrance of the hotel. It was a narrow escape from discovery."

Mrs. Seib still hopes to find the husband who deserted her, but first she intends to save money enough to carry out her cherished wish of seeing her mother again. Then she will return to this country to fight it out, but this time as a woman.

Shreds and Brickbats.

By Ramsey Benson.

If an American heiress isn't a fool when she marries a poverty-stricken foreign nobleman she will hardly part from her money soon enough to suit him and the match will be unhappy.

We've more money than any nation in all history, and the run we get for it is unexampled. Why shouldn't we be a happy people?

A better half is a working majority. Husbands who are accustomed to being worked know how that is.

Grief is about the only thing some people will come to and go away wiser.

When a boy goes to the bad his parents naturally look around for somebody else to lay the blame on. Who shall it be, now that the rum-seller is going out?

Fine words butter no parsnips, but they spread on an article of butterine which fools most of us.

A woman bringing up her son to be a decent citizen but spoiling her grandson shows what practice and experience will do toward developing a technique.

Every man is created for something—and to imagine he is created for something better.

A big rascal will come at length to the point where his bigness overshadows his rascality, after which he is comparatively safe.

The Sunbeam.

All along down to the trouble and the strife
I could hear the music of the harps of happy life
Birds were in the branches and the blooms were hanging sweet
Above the dusty city and along the roaring street.
All along down to the traffic and the pain.
I had brought a sunbeam from a cottage in a lane!

—Baltimore Sun.

For Carrying Brick.

A South Dakotan has been granted a patent on a clamp-like arrangement by which a man can pick up more bricks and carry them more easily than in a hod.