

LETTERS SUITABLE FOR EMBROIDERY WORK



January is the approved month for remembering the supply of household linens, and every woman is naturally very interested in knowing the correct manner of affixing her family initials. The alphabet given is the most popular style for tablecloths, napkins, towels, pillow cases, lingerie, etc., and will be of especial help to anyone initialing "set linens" for spring weddings. To transfer letters onto the article on which one wishes to embroider them, place a piece of carbon paper, glazed surface down, so that it is next to the article, pin firmly into position, then place the design on top of the carbon and trace along the outer edge of the letters.

WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT WHO IS ATTRACTING ATTENTION IN EUROPE BY HER GENIUS



GABRIELLE ZAPOLSKA.

By Kajetan Dunbar.
ARRAW, Dec. 4.—Although her name is unknown in the United States, Gabrielle Zapolska, "the Polish Pinner," is just now attracting wide attention in Russia, Austria and Germany because of her ability as a playwright. She has the happy faculty of drawing with unerring pen the characters one is constantly meeting in the streets—men and women with infirmities and chances acquaintances—and almost all the characters that people her many plays are familiar to us in real life.
This remarkable woman is 46, has dark hair and eyes and a short nose, the nostrils are too wide for comeliness; a somewhat tired face and a slight figure. In her plays she lays bare the weakness and the strength of human nature with wonderful truth and detail. All her 'tis are crossed and all her 'tis dotted. She married young and was divorced in a short time. After that she began to write.
"I never write about people I do not know and never draw a scene that is not except for the dramatic element brought out by the plot, quite common-places she said in telling me of her methods. "I always choose a common-place, every day subject from middle or lower middle class life, and strive to keep my imagination away from reason, for it is in our ordinary life that real tragedy and comedy are to be found."
Her men are neither the peerless heroes of some women's creation, nor the unmitigated scoundrels of others. Nor does she spare her own sex. Her women exhibit vanity, hypocrisy and a hundred petty actions with sometimes really noble characters. All of the spirit of self-sacrifice and womanliness. And she can draw many kinds of men and women with infirmities of skill—the bourgeoisie, the maid-of-all-work, the washerwoman and the fine lady, the actor, the clerk, the house-keeper and the young man of pleasure.
In order to get to the soul of a poor seamstress she went to a provincial town and worked as a hand in a dress-making establishment for a few cents a day. She fell in with their ways and soon got to the heart of their lives, their temptations, ambitions and point of view. In her last play, called "The Four of them," a group of stupid people, who have in the little dressmaker such a life-like character that it seems as though she had herself had set down all the con-

cealed satisfaction when the wife goes off, leaving her free to work out her own life. In spite of her ignorance and vulgarity, one cannot help feeling sure that she will make him and his child far happier than the elegant wife.

Zapolska does not stop at working in dressmakers' shops. In a play called "Oh! Man! Man!" she wanted to lay stress on the miseries of fallen women. She happened to be living in Warsaw at the time and, dressing as the poorest of unfortunates, walked the streets for several nights, listening to the conversation of those she wished to portray and talking with the men who spoke to her.

"I learned more of the sad and sordid side of human nature in those few terrible nights than ever before," she concludes after giving an account of her experiences.

Her last play, which is a sequel to one of her most successful plays, "Mrs. Dulaska's Morality" is called "Mrs. Dulaska Before the Court." Mrs. Dulaska is a hypocritical woman who lets her best friend to one Matilda Strumpf, a person of bad conduct and reputation because she offers more rent and then tells all her other tenants that the house is a most respectable person living on her private fortune. The various ways in which Matilda's real character comes out would take too long to relate. A strong scene in the play is when Mrs. Dulaska has sent her porter to ask the lady not to beat her old servant, Mrs. Dulaska, who is listening behind the door, is great when Matilda rudely answers that she shall treat her servant as she pleases, because he happens to be her father. The neighbors learn this and many other details, all taken from the dialogue, and the fact that she repents of her avarice and gives Matilda notice to quit. Then they reproaches and insults. Mrs. Dulaska summons her for libel and loses her case for want of witnesses.

All the incidents and characters are described with the life and humor that characterize Zapolska's work. Some critics declare that she is not at all original. "Mrs. Dulaska" is not original because there is a tendency to make all that represents respectability and wealth in the play. Mrs. Dulaska triumphs to Matilda Strumpf and the class she represents.

NEVER EXPECT GRATITUDE

By Max Nordau.

GRATITUDE on the part of the masses of nations or of the human heart is not to be found and cannot be found, because it is a sort of anthropological foundation.

The man of genius, whose mental labor it is that keeps the species alive, who accomplishes in himself the whole progress of the species and who represents the beginning of all new development on the part of humanity, has to dispense with all thanks.

He must find his sole reward in this fact, that in thinking, doing and creating he lives up to his higher qualities and brings his originality within his consciousness to the accompaniment of powerful feelings of pleasure.

Any other satisfaction than that of the most intensive sensation possible of his own ego exists no more for the most sublime man of genius than it is a sort of dissolving view of the phantasm, a shadow of one's own individuality projected into the future.

The man of genius frequently flatters himself with the conception of immortality. He is wrong. Immortality, which Klopstock calls "a fine thought" is something less than a fine thought; it is a sort of dissolving view of the phantasm, a shadow of one's own individuality projected into the future.

It is just another case of resistance on the part of the living individual to the cessation of his consciousness, one form of the impotent struggle against the universal law of finiteness of an individual phenomenon, a proof of the incapacity of the thinking ego, which recognizes its own existence, to conceive of itself as not thinking and not existing.

The man who creates great things and has furthered the interests of his nation or of the human race in general, can surely at all events reckon upon the weakest and cheapest manifestation of gratitude, which consists in the perpetuation of his memory.

Vain wish and vain effort! The memory of the human race is reluctant to keep up the name or the image of individual persons, or prolong any feeble reflection of their individual existence even in their recollection beyond the natural limits of human life.

How long do even the most famous of names endure? As things are, mankind has not preserved any of the age of 10,000 years, and what are 10,000 years in the life of mankind, not to mention the life of our planet or of the solar system?

It is only when living persons derive some material advantage by not allowing the recollection of definite individuals to vanish that the masses preserve a distinct remembrance of them. So it is with respect to the founders of religions, or the ancestors of ruling families, for in these cases priests and monarchs have an interest in artificially restraining the masses from obeying their deep rooted and in the end irresistible instincts of ungrateful forgetfulness. But where no such interests hold sway mankind makes haste to forget the dead, even though they should have been its greatest benefactors.

The Maidens' Prayer.

Most children are good listeners as well as good observers, and more than that, they are quick to use the knowledge acquired through keenness in these directions. A case in point is that of little Janet, who had evidently spent part of her day in the kitchen and had overheard remarks made by the cook.

Like all good girls, little Janet said her prayers regularly just before being tucked in for the night. On this particular night she said:

"Good bless me, bless father and mother and everybody, make me a good girl, keep me pure—pure as Loyal baking powder. Amen."

MANHOOD IN EVERY MAN

"In the wreck of noble lives something immortal still survives."
—Longfellow.
"I hold it truth with him who slings To one true harp of silver tones, That men may rise on stepping stones Of their dead selves to higher things."
—Tennyson.

By John A. Jayne.

IT'S an easy thing to believe that in those who have fallen from high estate there is a possibility of reformation. It's an easy thing to believe that in those who have been well born, yet have made a shipwreck of hope, that they may find themselves and come back to their higher privileges.

But what about the man who has been lowly born? The man who has never known the impact of a higher, a better life? The man whose father and mother were criminals of basest instincts and set? The man whose entire life from childhood up to manhood has never known anything save that the hand of society was against him and that his hand was against society? The man who is twentieth century Cain, bearing the mark of evil and wrong upon his entire body? The man cursed with low instincts? The low-browed, stunted, haggard man? The man whose fingers, wan and thin, push feebly from her shame and sin?

What about these, the outcasts of society? Not those who hang into the fringe of respectability. Not those who have the remembrance of a once proud ancestry coursing in their veins. But the lowest of the low, lower even than the "submerged tenth." What about them? Is there in them the possibility of manhood? Can they "rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things?"

According to one's viewpoint will the answer be given? There are those who tell you that it's an absolute impossibility for such people to rise, that on their level they must live, or sink continually toward the "had" towards that which is even lower and more bestial than themselves. A careful study of the lives of those who make this assertion, however, reveals the fact that these have hardly touched the edge of the question at issue. They have seen the problem from afar. They have applied the tests and the rules of the books. They have never given the personal touch. They may have given their money. They may have established homes and refuges. But themselves they have not given in sacrificial service.

Turn from these to those who long have considered the problem. To those who have lived among the poorest, the most degraded and the outcast. Those who have given themselves. Talk with Maude Ballington Booth, with Dr. Harris Cooley, relative to these unfortunates of life. Ask Miss Booth relative to her "boys" who have come from worse than African or South American barbarism and slavery, if she has found possibilities of men rising from lowest strata into honorable positions.

relative to his 60,000 waifs of London. Get him to tell you what he thinks of the problem. Sit down in friendly conversation with Dr. Cooley of Cleveland. Hear his recitation of the uplift that has come to many through the wise and prudent extension of the helping hand.

The fact of the matter is this: When we are willing to spend ourselves in service of the unfortunates of life, we shall find that in these unfortunates there are latent possibilities and powers that amaze and astound us, even as a miner in the mountains is astounded at the discovery of pockets of gold in undreamed-of and unsought-for places.

Sometimes we talk of the slons of wealth intruding themselves in the seclusion of their own private grounds. The isolation of poverty and crime equally affords seclusion for those who seek it. In like manner, if you would know the possibilities in the low and the lower, you must search them out. Kid glove methods will not do. Clothing and provisions handed in by a coxswain or a mere messenger will not do. Tracts and religious literature distributed at your behest by a religious worker will not do. One must give himself if he would find the manhood resident in the life of every man.

And when he does give himself, irrespective of his religious bent or theological tendency, he finds that men everywhere have prompting toward the noble and the true. When a man gives himself to his weaker brother, the stronger, while paradoxical as it may seem, the strength in the stronger is made more strong by the weakness of the weak, and both are benefited and better qualified to serve and to help.

What She Was Thinking Of.

From Judge.
The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened upstairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered, "I have just written this."
And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful; his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme and when he had finished, he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

"For a time she was silent. "Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."
"I was wondering, dearest—"

"What the butcher was not a wfully late with that liver," she replied.

Chicago Tongue.

From the Chicago News.
Harkling "Great linguist, isn't he?" Barker—"You bet. He can talk in base ball, college and auto."

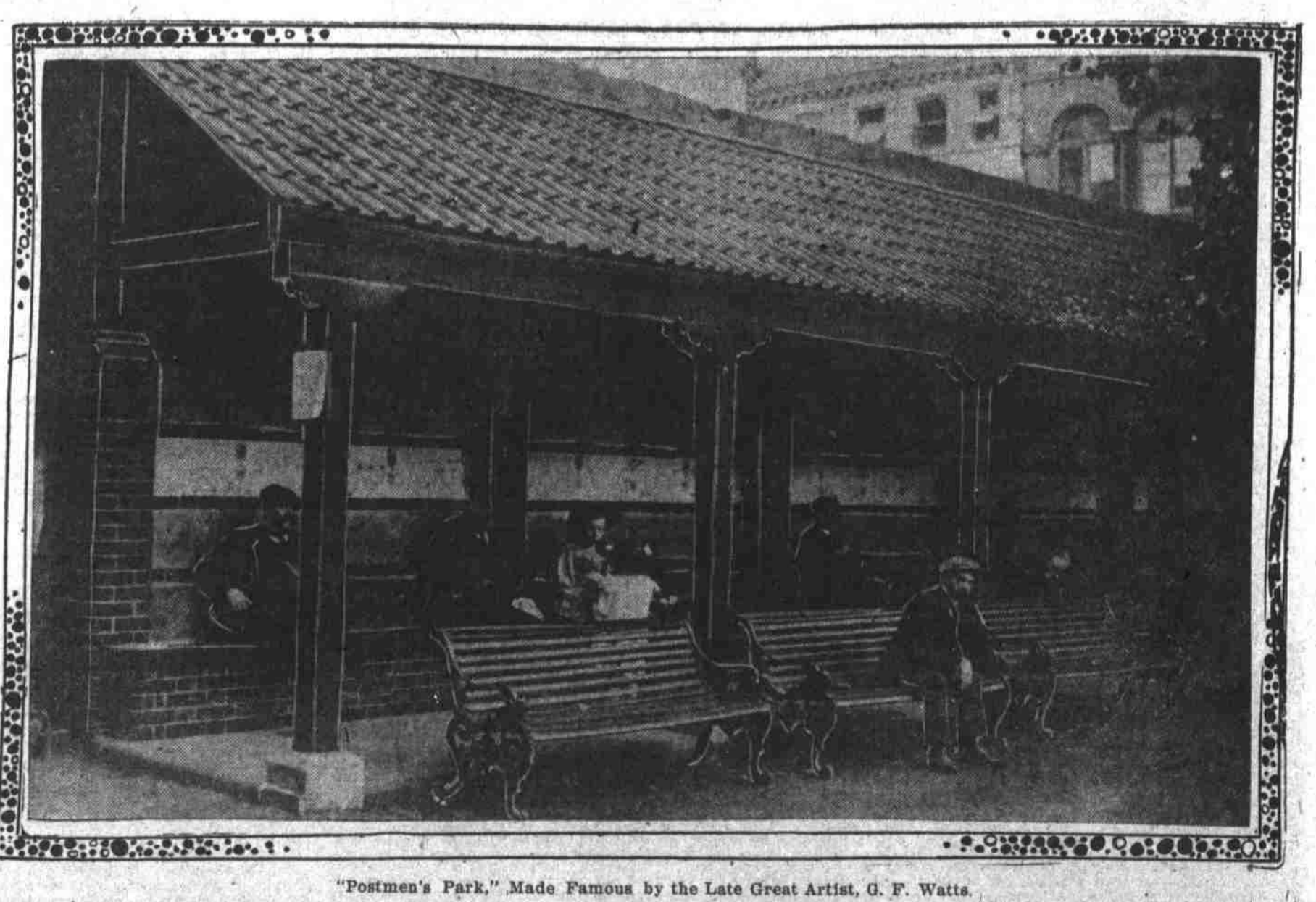
MONUMENTS TO HUMBLE HEROES IN LONDON'S UNIQUE MEMORIAL PARK

LONDON, Dec. 1.—Next to the general postoffice in London is one of the most remarkable little recreation grounds in the metropolis. It is called the "Postmen's park." In the center of the enclosure is a low roofed shed, or shelter containing a number of memorial tablets which were put up by the famous artist, the late G. F. Watts. It is safe to say that there is no collection of similar tablets anywhere in the world.

They perpetuate deeds of heroism done, so to speak, by the "man in the street." The late G. F. Watts conceived the idea some time before his death of recording on tablets the acts of self sacrifice of the humble. The place he selected for this work was in the disused burial ground of "little old" St. Botolph's church, one of London's minor places of worship, whose antiquity goes back hundreds of years.

The very neighborhood is replete with historical associations, for it was in this district—Little Britain—that the Smiths and many other names collected at the residence of Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and Benjamin Franklin lived in the neighborhood when acting as a printer's devil. The tower of the church of the church has long been turned into a recreation ground for weary postmen during their lunch hour. Here you will often find them having a quiet smoke, discussing departmental grievances or reading the tablets which Mr. Watts has placed in the shed in the center of the park.

There are in all, 24 of these marble records, several of which have been erected since the great painter's death by his widow. Some of the stories contained reveal acts of self sacrifice that few people imagine ever manifest themselves in the daily walks of humble life. Captain J. H. tells his story of the brave stewardess of the steamship "Stella." It will be remembered that this boat went on the last voyage on March 30, 1859, during a fog off the coast of Jersey. Mrs. Rogers, the stewardess, with the greatest presence of mind, collected all the ladies from their cabins on one side of the ship and after placing life belts on as many as were within reach, assisted them into the small boats. Turning around, she noticed a lady who was still without a belt, whereupon she insisted upon placing her own belt on her and led her to the already overcrowded lifeboat. The sailors called out, "Jump in, Mrs. Rogers," but she answered, "No, if I get in the boat will sink. Goodbye, goodbye," she called out as the boat shoved off. Just at that moment the "Stella" sank beneath her feet. Lifting her hands, Mrs. Rogers cried, "Lord, have me, and sink into the waves."



"Postmen's Park," Made Famous by the Late Great Artist, G. F. Watts.

Her clothes caught fire, and her brother, with great presence of mind, tore them off and laid the child on the bed, smothering the flames in the bed clothes. When he had rescued his sister, however, he found his own clothing to be alight and he was so badly burned that a few days after he died. The coroner praised the "little fellow as being 'quite a hero.'"

Another very remarkable story of heroism concerned Walter Peart, engine driver, and Henry Dean, his fireman, who had charge of the express train from Windsor to London on July 15, 1895. The connecting rod on the great driving wheel had become loosened, and it broke when the train was going at great speed, smashing a hole in the fire box and boiler, through which issued a torrent of scalding steam, which was driven back by the wind into the cab.

Though both men were terribly scalded, their first thought was for their passengers, and they managed to stop the train. When Peart was being carried to the hospital he asked, "Is my face cut?" "Never mind," he replied, "we stopped various newspapers and these cases were selected as types, though he found ample material for a far more extensive record, which may yet be taken up and did deaths. Some attempt has been carried on by the government.

made to arouse national interest in the perpetuation of these humble records, but so far, the tablets have been paid for wholly by the Watts family. Before the hospital he asked, "Is my face cut?" "Never mind," he replied, "we stopped various newspapers and these cases were selected as types, though he found ample material for a far more extensive record, which may yet be taken up and did deaths. Some attempt has been carried on by the government.