BAB'S REFLECTIONS.

The Beauty and Value of the Chrysanthemum. Pleasant Method of Paying Doctors' Bills In Sweden.

[Copyright, 1898, by I. A. Mellen.]

Just now, when chrysanthemums are in their rangel not great glory, seedy dreams of putting them in a jar or a glass or a fancy vase, (or, dear, no! They must show from a punch bowl. Their stems must be cut so that they fit in a curious, artistic way, for while the leaves are often taken from the flowers yet quite as often their foliage is framed all about them. The bowls most favored are those wonderful, deep, round ones of Indian-red—the shade that one sees in the lovely ladies from Japan walking up indoors on their heads or coming down in a sideways fashion—due cut glass bowls or, best of all, great big silver punch bowls. These glitter and seem to reflect almost like a mirror the white or yellow beauties that are the flowers of the season.

There is something dignified about chrysanthemums, not to wear, but to put about a room or to use to decorate a table. They have an odd way of standing up, as if they wished each visitor to realize that each one of them and a special dignity of her own, and she wanted you not only to notice it, but to feast upon it. The chrysanthemum, to my way of thinking, is a healthy looking flower. Even when it is a bit droopy, it simply drops its petals, preferring them to blow away. Bough they never curl up or manage to get an unpleasant odor, but they! They simply disappear into that Nirvana blossoms downside, which is the one phrase that will carry one man down through posterity.

A girl I know has just come back from Sweden, and as she is a victim of any fever she thinks of going to live there. The reason why? Because there he doctor never sends home a bill, but when you are cured you write and tell you think the bill ought to be and toward the debate to him. If you have made a wonderful hit in wheat, if you have been made viceroy of India, if the president of all those United States has invitated that you are the proper person to be ambassador to England, if any good luck has come to you, then you write on a visiting card $1,200 or $1,000. I cannot imagine higher than $1,000. But if you have had a hard time of it that year, if there have been a good many months to look and they are tired of oatmeal, or if your oldest boy is beginning to see the charm of a dress suit and white kid gloves when he visits the young woman who is making a fool of him, why, then, after a long dinner you send a visiting card with your name written on it, and underneath it you put 10 cents or 15 cents or whatever seems suited to you, not to the doctor's good reputation, not to the doctor's ability, but perfectly adapted to that little bookkeeper, which looks as if it had been to the circus and had been trod upon in a moment of airy pettings by the largest elephant.

A thin pocketbook leads to desperation. If I wanted to make a woman a saint, if I wanted her to care for the poor, make the sick happy and well, give to those who are hungry and make the little children all as happy as happy could be, I'd make that woman rich, and then I'd teach her how to spend her money. Do you ever think that the rich people are, after all, extremely kind? The average wealthy girl gets hundreds of letters a day, most of them from frauds, and the one true request among them must be treated like the lakes or else we will have an anarchistic government, which means lack of repose entirely.

When I say repose, I mean it in a variable sense. Some people consider deer repose, there are others who drown themselves in a good book and consider that repose, while there are still others who rest around from here to there and really haven't the remotest idea of what repose is. Repose, as I used to be known, was dignity and good dignity. There are only a few specimens of it to be found now. It is as rare as real old Sevres china and requires the same amount of care.

An elderly lady—she speaks of herself as elderly, although she is 35 years old—complains of the folly with which the girls of today talk. "Why," she said, "when I was young, it was considered vulgar to be pure proud, and the people who belonged to the real Knickerbocker circles, especially those who were very wealthy, were taught as soon as they could understand anything that it was extremely vulgar to make any display of their belongings or to talk about their possessions. Those, too, the old 'Knickerbocker elite,' were taught very early that because they were what they were they must be gracious, kind-hearted and helpful to everyone they met, but today the girls talk about the value of being rich, the advantage of having rich friends, what fun it will be to get Jack Stockings and how much can be obtained from Mr. Black Diamond. To me it is horrifying. I could not tell you just what I think it is, but the women who are the most mortal souls—poor wretches—are not any worse than those who are life in the hard and merciless way and make no effort to find anything that is wonderfully, gentle or kindly in their superior or in their thoughts."

"Whose fault?" That was asked of a great rush, and, with a surprised look at the question, he said, "The mother's, of course." And we also looked at him wondered that the mother who thought she was doing right found, with a too

HANDSOME OPERA CLOAK.

of her pretty head, that it was for much trouble to think about. Dispassionate, most things are too much trouble to think about.

The cynics point to the fight that proved to unfold the finicky value, the sweet shade of rouge to put the clear, white powder that gives an ivory white look, all those are of importance, of great importance, but the smallest of the things—still, it is a fading. It sits in the average bowls its manner, wearing its white cloth coat trimmed with vinegar and its green white boxed rich with little engine tails and the high white ribbon tows until morning and the bulb makes a lovely picture. Yet, years from that time, when the baby is 18, an awkward age and she takes a heavy responsibility into your arms when you laugh and not at the tumble of her and roll, at the tiny face and fairy little hands? Did you ever think that those to growing every day not only so thousand and for which you must answer, but a heart to think you must teach, for value of sweetness and love? My heart, at the phrase, you and I, had yet, when the other day expressed you with trepidation, when the daughter destroyed and makes a part of you and when the other little one and first sweetness and then autumn, in your pleasures, don't you feel a pain you where your heart is? Or back for so thoroughly hardened your heart that you have not felt the sweetness and tenderness and to be out of the way?

I can see before me a beautiful child 8 years old. Her mother was like a pretty, but, like most pretty, there was no heart in it. Her father was a good fellow, and, seeing his wife's faults, he managed to enter to them without losing his own dignity. His pride, poor soul, lay in this: that his baby girl looking like its beautiful mother and with the sweetness of air that belonged to its father, when asked where she had been all day, said, "Mamma, I have been showing myself with the devil, but I am glad now that the good angel has come home!" That is the child of the mercury. Sometimes she is thoroughly fractious and lives a morbid life that means her sarcastic when 12 years old and an unbeliever when she is 18. She is the girl who prefers her pretty books to match her gowns and thinks it bad form to go to a church with those who are not of her kind. She is the granddaughter of a lady, a lady who deprives herself of little luxuries that others might enjoy them, a lady who recognizes the value of cash, but who always has a kind word for those who are poor. One grows so very weary of the tawdry, the false, and yet they such themselves until they stand upon the stage of the house rounded as of poor story. But will they ever be allowed to give the note of that Orpheus to those whose glory never ceases?

Bab

LADRONE WOMEN.

The Happy-go-lucky Creatures Who Flit Carelessly Through Life In Their Home In the Mid-Pacific.

[Copyright, 1898.]

The Islands of Tidewater—that is what the name of our new possession in the south sea really means. It was the Spaniards who thus named them 375 years ago, when the fleet of Magellan lay off the main group. The explorers, however, probably set the natives a lively example in larceny. From the Spanish, seemingly the indian of the Ladrones gave the first of the everyday crop of shoplifters. Their descendants in the Ladrones however, were colored little good form and probably were none some such refined title as kleptomania. Thieving with them was something in the ordinary specialized upholstery sense; rolled in one of the fine arts, as accomplishment without which no native belle would have considered her education complete. Whether the aboriginal mind was tried on each place by the entire tribe or whether they were reserved for the exclusive of chiefs cannot be made out. The explorers, however, probably set the natives a lively example in larceny. From the Spanish, seemingly the indian of the Ladrones gave the first of the everyday crop of shoplifters. Their descendants in the Ladrones however, were colored little good form and probably were none some such refined title as kleptomania. Thieving with them was something in the ordinary specialized upholstery sense; rolled in one of the fine arts, as accomplishment without which no native belle would have considered her education complete. Whether the aboriginal mind was tried on each place by the entire tribe or whether they were reserved for the exclusive of chiefs cannot be made out. Here, certain it is that the supply department of the Magellan fleet suffered every time the Ladrone Indian came aboard to inspect the ship. Culinary articles of all sorts and shining bits of cutlery or tinware were heaped upon the folds of the ladies' garments, while the male Ladrones limited their operations to heavier articles, such as axes, knives and the similar porcelain.

Now, going to housekeeping in a land such as that might to be a very simple thing, but, unfortunately, there is nothing in the subsequent history or present manners of the people to show that they ever were pilferers, and the thievishness of the Ladrone islanders must be classed with other historical fictions of the early explorers, like El Dorado, the golden city, and De Leon's fountain of perpetual youth.

At the present day the women of the Ladrones are a charming, light hearted lot, beautiful in their youth, with their golden brown complexions, soft brown eyes and long black hair. The matrons of the island, smiling, good natured and plump, have lost most of their beauty by middle age, but their general kindliness of expression makes up for any loss in regard to physical attractions of line and color.

Simple, cheerful and hospitable, the home of the average islander is like those of most land of the tropics. It is more than a trim wall and a palm thatched roof to keep out the rain. In the Ladrones it rains every day. Clothes spread out on green plots to dry therefore seldom need the question of being about midday, a fact that does not in the least disturb the housekeeper, as the rays of the sun are so warm that they are soon dried off and are indeed whiter than ever.

Most of the inhabitants wear few clothes, and as the weekly washings are not of such alarming proportions as one might imagine in so warm a climate.

The natives of the islands are the Chamorros, a people resembling the Philippine islanders in many respects. The Canonas who have visited the Ladrones have married and intermarried with the natives until the proportion of Chamorros is now very small.

The houses of the islanders are a little more elaborate than those of the Chamorros. A typical middle class dwelling is built with a thick stone wall on the ground floor, though which is cut the large windows. The rooms are unfloored, the earth being trampled hard. The first floor is about seven feet from the ground. Rude steps of hewn logs lead to it. The living room is on the first floor and is as a rule covered with rough hewn logs of mahogany. The rest of the house has a gallery built outside beneath the overhanging roof, and it is there in the shade of the banana and pineapple or palm trees that the women of the household sit to do their sewing and to gossip.

There is not much work to tell and spin in the Ladrones. A man who has four or five breadfruit or banana trees is comfortably provided with food for life, and a man with a grove of breadfruit trees is rich beyond the dreams of avarice—that is, according to the Ladrone standard. A few hours each day is sufficient to put the grove in a desirable state of cultivation. A house that will serve for a lifetime residence, provided the tropical storms do not wreck it, can be put up in half a day.

The receptions at the governor's mansion when transfer warships put into port were the leading social events of the islands. A dance, or a fandango, as it is called, is the merrymaking of the common people.

The invitations for the dance are issued by word of mouth. The younger ladies appear at the festivity gowned in white and wearing flowers in their jet black hair. Both men and women dance about the walls of the ballroom smoking cigarettes until the dance music begins. The wonderful music is somewhere in the background the best is producing over a little stage, in which wines and other liquid refreshments of a fiery quality are served to the men of the company.

The supper table is laid in a larger room and is provided with all manner of fruits, many native and cold meats. There are wine and cigarettes for sale and every one sets long and often. The Spanish officers of the town were certain to be present if they got wind of the dance, for there is nothing that is charmed one of these gallant warriors as the prospect of scattering good to drink and a dance with some pretty maiden. The wife of a soldier, too, dared to be seen unscreamily on his flank and quaff a cup of wine with the best.

There are schools in the Ladrones under the auspices of the church, but they are not attended as they should be. The priest in lacky women of the islands allow the children to run wild until the age of 7 years, when they go to little Marguerita and Carlos and demonstrate their attendance in the catechetical class preparatory to confirmation. Very few of the women have been married, however, are the Ladrones, and even though the children may be unable to read or write they are all piously, when of the proper age, made members of the church.

CAROLINE WETHERELL.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

To ask for an invitation is never a pleasant thing to have to do, and many a young house-keeper has a friend or friends staying with her made it little difficulty in accepting or declining invitations, fearing that it might be considered impolite and unkind to have her guests and yet not sure whether it would be correct for her to ask for an invitation for them. This is particularly the case when the friends are of the fair sex, ladies in the present day being so decidedly in the majority in point of numbers, and to ask for a ticket for one fair friend even with an escort is not, indeed cannot be, an agreeable duty.

Of course dinner invitations are never asked for, whether for lady or gentleman friends. This is an unknown thing and looks good for dinners in the country as well as in town. Even balls, when it is not for an invitation to a small "hop" or dance for a lady, if they know that full grown are subject to combine their invitations to those who are on their visiting list, are have therefore to harden their hearts and refuse to extend a certain number, knowing that if they did so their name would be overwhelmed.

A lady may, however, without hesitation ask for an invitation for a gentleman friend, or dancing man, as a rule, as much in the minority as lady are in the majority, and she may feel that there is not so much fear of a refusal. When writing to ask for an invitation, she should of course mention the names of the friends for whom she requests the invitation.

Some people think that they may ask a friend with them to an "at home" without asking for an invitation for him or her. Sometimes no doubt, with intimate friends or relatives, this may be done, but it is wise not to ask for many instances are very unpleasant about the matter and many who they consider a courtesy being taken look even when done for politeness. It is therefore better in all cases to ask for an invitation for a friend. As a general rule, the request will be hardly complied with, though occasionally a hostess writes to refuse on the score of small rooms and a large acquaintance.

In the country the easier access is generally the rule, houses are lower and visiting less smaller, hence in some neighborhoods the difficulty has so often been made easier in having to be instead of for many dancing parties and she is therefore only too glad when her neighbors have pleasant people staying with them to ask them occasions, and a lady may without much fear of refusal write and ask for an invitation for a friend or even friends.

Should Children Be Whipped?

All children differ in temperament, some are amenable to kind words, while nothing but the rod will have any effect upon others. Children should be ruled by the rod are the exception. The majority of children are child in kindness. To begin with children must not always be punished for everything they do wrong. The world is new to them, and they have much right to learn. Never punish a child for a first offense. Watch carefully for an opportunity to correct him, but unless the offense is very bad do not reprove or correct him in the presence of strangers or friends. You must make up your mind to shut your eyes to half the mischievous things he does but be on the alert to catch him in the act of actual wrongdoing.

For a first offense you must be all gentleness and very patient. Try to impress upon him that what he has done is very wrong and has displeased you. Talk kindly and firmly, and in as simple words as possible do so for a few times and make the child understand how much you feel hurt that he should have done wrong. Be sure you explain why it is wrong.

Never scold, nor be harsh, nor strike however gently. Simply give the child your word and render a lesson as possible by talking. This, if done properly, will be much more effective than a whipping. The offense may be repeated, but do not let it pass on the same. If it may have been an accident, and you must remember that a child cannot certain things as an adult can. Do not be too quick to punish, as the child may be