# HER POINT OF VIEW.

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Two well-dressed women bustled into one of the numerous ladies' restaurants of the shopping district a day or two ago, and after rejecting several tables that were offered to them as they passed through the room, finally found satisfactory places in a well-lighted corner. They were important and finical from the first. At the beginning of the meal one found her spoon sticky and the other thought her napkin damp, and so on—all valid grounds for complaint, perhaps, except that the manner of criticism and the general effect of the critics were of a nature to arouse the suspicion that the restaurant table and service were equal, if not superior, to those associated with the home mahogany.

A very civil and patient waiter, however, managed to smooth the frequently-wrinkled rose leaves of the repast until its end. While gloves were being drawn on preparatory to departure, one of the pair, the larger and presumably the more belligerent, signaled to the waiter with a portentous nod. He was at her side in an instant, tearing off a check as he approached.

"Yes," the diner said as he reached her, "I want my check, but I want also to ask," and her voice was easily heard two or three tables distant, "where the chef of this establishment gets his garnish leaves—out of the refuse pail?"

The waiter, amazed, followed the direction of her glance, and sure enough there on the croquette dish, with the small wisp of green remaining, was a bit of potato paring.

Seeing the effect she had produced, the speaker continued: "Send the Superintendent to me, please," with a really overwhelming air of reserve force. But the waiter was forestalled. The Superintendent, who had already taken observations, approached. He was small, keen-eyed, and suave.

A few words from her Majesty put him in possession of the facts of the case. While she was speaking his trained perceptions were making some accurate estimates. When she had finished he was ready.

"I am very sorry," he began with a bow, "that the kitchen should have been so c reless. Madame may be sure it will not go unreprimanded. But," he added with a lower bow, his glance just indicating the well-swept table before him, "I am very glad that Madame has not allowed the blunder to interfere with her appetite."

So he moved away. It was impertinent, of course, but "Madame's" pomposity and tardy complaint had rather invited it, and the subdued smile on two or three faces as the pair withdrew, without further comment, was not unpardonable. Undoubtedly, however, that restaurant has lost a patron.

Landladies of boarding houses in good local ties say that more families are looking for board this year than last, and more were looking last year than the year before. They argue from these premises that the reaction from the flat fever is beginning to make itself felt. A dozen years ago, when French flats, or an Americanized version of them, were introduced in New-York, there was a stampede from the boarding houses where small families of moderate incomes had up to that time been obliged to live or flee to the suburbs. Hundreds literally, of these institutions, went to the wall for lack of patronage, and French flats blossomed and multiplied. After a few years the quondam boarding-house people began to discover that life was still not a joy forever. Whole blocks of up-town houses had been converted into flats by altering partitions inside and adding a gas lamp and a lettered door mat to the vestibule. Every floor became a flat, a set of tiny boxes, and the mistresses of these learned before long that they were carrying on the entire routine of a household in the same space, differently divided, which they had formerly occupied merely as sleeping and sitting rooms. Flat building developed from this, of course, but the new and moderate rent apartment houses crept further and further up town. Additional improvements and conveniences, too, were an excuse for additional prices, until Mr. Howells's graphic picture of Mrs. March, vertebræ in hand, on her weary quest in search of livable and payable apartments became a common reality.

To all this has come now, it is asserted, the natural recoil. High-priced flats are still in demand for those who can afford them, for a high-priced apartment is still cheaper to live in than a house at the same rate, and the tenement flats are populous and valuable; but the middle grade of apartments is being largely deserted for a return to boarding-house quarters or a move to Brooklyn.

"I have a lounge in the room where I work," says a woman, a well-known and popular writer for periodical literature, "and when I am at a loss for an idea or cannot express something I have in my head, I slip the bolt of my door and stretch myself full length upon the couch, with my head nearly level with my body. There is something in the position which alters the circulation in a way that clears my brain at once, and when, in addition, I close my eyes, shutting out everything material, my befogged and jaded mind strays into this restful darkness with almost magical effect. I got the habit, or the knowledge of it, from my father, who was a lawyer, and who many times commented to me upon the debt he owed his old haircloth sofa in his inner office. 'It is the most valuable authority in my library,' he used to say laughingly, and I understand now how much he meant by the remark."

Another woman who is not a writer but a busy housemother has the lounge in her sewing room and she testifies to its potent restorative qualities, taken five minutes at a time from a season with needle and scissors. It is of course all part and parcel of the doctrine which prescribes relief to strain before, not after, one begins to lose one's vigor. Work under such circumstances, even continued and severe mental work, does not do serious damage. It is the student who crams for examinations with a wet towel around his head and strong coffee on his table who breaks down from overstudy, not the Philippa Fawcett who takes her six hours a day and no more throughout her course.

A young married couple, composed of a rich girl and a poor but gifted artist, are finding life beautiful these days in fitting up a residence which is sufficiently near the city limits to combine the pleasures of town and country life. The house is full of charming nooks, one of the most original, perhaps, being the fittings of the dining room. This is hung with Canton matting, in its natural color, upon which, as a dado, the artist husband has painted tall, swaying reeds and rushes, in which various kinds of game are seen—partridge, quail, and plover. The frieze, done by the same hand, is a flight of birds, and the ceiling imitates, with wonderful cleverness, the cloudy sky of a real hunting morning. This realism is purely classic, as the Romans made their baths in the floors of their houses, painting the sides of the room to represent deep sea growths and fishes, and tinting the bath bottoms with that peculiar shade produced by blue sky shining far through sea-green water.

Women "just home from abroad" show with pride the gorgeous bed spreads of silken embroidery which a visit to Japan has secured, and which has cleverly escaped duty by the addition of a monogram worked in a corner. The stay-at-homes who sigh for this elegance can produce one nearly as attractive, and certainly with a similar dash of the Orient in it, with the Turkish doilies on sale at most of the New-York shops which women frequent. Select those with unsewn edges and join the squares with any pretty insertion lace, lining afterward with canary or old rose satin, or any tint, indeed, that is *most effective with the embroidery of the* squares. The satin-finished cambrics and silesias are a good substitute for the more expensive material. Some use a large piece of the work for a centrepiece, so large even as twenty-seven inches square, with the smaller ones for a border. The result in any case is really surprising in magnificence and artistic effect.

"One day last week," said a New-York woman, "I was invited to lunch with an old school friend, a resident of Brooklyn, to meet another school mate who was en route from Europe to her Western home. I reached the house of the hostess somewhat in advance of the traveler, and we had a few moments' chat before her arrival. 'You remember Emma's large ears,' said Mrs. M., referring to the coming guest, 'and how sensitive she was over them?' 'Yes', I laughed, 'I presume they have hardly grown any smaller.'

"Mrs. M. gave a peculiar smile and was about to reply when Emma entered. As I rose to greet her I glanced instinctively at the well-remembered ears and almost fell back at what I saw—two small, well-shaped aural appendages, fitting close to the head, and as unlike the well-remembered 'flops,' as the girls used disrespectfully to speak of them, as possible. Of course, I said nothing of my amazement, but later, when the progress of luncheon and gay reminiscence had turned the three matrons into comrades again, Emma herself referred freely to the metamorphosis. It had *taken place abroad, under* the treatment of an eminent French surgeon, and had occupied nearly a year. The ears had been taken up in some marvelous way and no semblance of their former oversize remained, nor could one notice any abnormal look about them as a result of the operation. 'It was expensive, painful, and tedious,' said Emma concluding her story, 'but, girls, I would go through it all again for the bliss I experience every time I look in the glass to miss those dreadful sails from each side of my head. And my husband who came to New-York to meet me ignorant of what I had been doing is as *much delighted as I am.* So much for woman's vanity,' she finished. We both told her, however, that we thought women did much less sensible things, on that score, than what she had done."

It is English, if that is a recommendation to any young housekeeper, not to have both dado and frieze on your walls. Have one, but don't cut your walls into strips with both. As a rule, dados are preferred in hall and dining rooms and in all bedrooms, while a frieze is to be recommended for morning and drawing rooms where the lower side walls are not subjected to the same wear. A centre "ornament" in the ceiling is another monstrosity in the eyes of our English cousins which Anglomaniacs on this side will do well to avoid.

Some further decorative hints upon which duty has been paid are that if your house is dark put all the yellow and white in it you can. Yellow brings sunshine into a room at once. It is inartistic and scrappy, too, to hang anything on walls nowadays except pictures and brackets or cabinets for china. The gingerbread rubbish masquerading under "hand-painted" whatnots, tambourines, plaques, wall pockets, ad nauseam, and the rest of the list are no longer tolerated. Put your plaques, if they are of any value, on your cabinets, hang your tambourines, if you have any and must display them, on an easel or standing cabinet, and give your wall pockets away.

A graceful and acceptable gift which a young mistress of a home especially values is that of a growing palm. In a handsome jar it reaches the dignity of a wedding gift. Select one which the florist can assure you has grown slowly in a cool place. Palms forced quickly in a hothouse will not stand the wear and tear of dwelling-house life, with its gas, dust, furnace heat, and so on. Hardy specimens, well cared for, put out through the Summer, and given an occasional airing in the conservatory, your own or a florist's, in the course of the Winter will thrive for years as a house plant. It is experimenting with forced specimens that has discouraged householders with them, and many persons now, for their conservatories and summer residences, rent palms by the season, the florist keeping a supply of hardy plants continually with his customer. If any show signs of drying or lose the lustre which is their great charm, they are at once removed and replaced with a perfect plant.

There is little risk, however, in owning one outright if care is used in its selection and the florist tells the truth about it.

New-York women, particularly women who spend of their leisure, strength, and money every Winter in promoting charitable entertainments which are notoriously attractive and artistic, will be interested to learn of a bazaar lately held near London, England. It was announced that it would be a novel development in the bazaar line, and it was called, forsooth, "An American fair, or sale of odds and ends." Friends of the cause anywhere and the gentry round about the district in particular were then invited to contribute to the sale anything cast off or to be spared from their homes. The results of these promiscuous offerings were arranged as artistically, it is to hoped, as possible in stalls, which were presided over by fashionable women with the usual designs and success upon the visiting purse. When it is further stated that this pot-pourri of merchandise consisted of ill-fitting and cast-off clothes, boots, and shoes; furniture which had served its purpose or lost its charm; hats, silk, felt, and straw, that had seen not only better but their best days; ornaments which lacked lustre; toys no longer fresh; magazines unbound and out of date, and the like, it may well be questioned wherein it resembled an "American fair." To the thrift of our English cousins must be put the origin of such second-hand *omnium gatherum* as a "fair" scheme.

Many of the busy women in New-York employ typewriters, and among them a considerable number who write for the newspapers or periodicals. It is said, however, that when it comes to dictating her thoughts the writing woman finds it much less easy than the writing man. Just why this should be so is not apparent, but that it is is attested by a large contingent of the guild. "I do not know what is the reason," says one of them, "but the sight of my typewriter seated before her machine fills me to the exclusion of everything else. The picture of that waiting woman drives all others out of my mind. I am dumb before it. I have tried all sorts of typewriters; had two or three men, thinking they might put me on my mettle, and also the most effacing of young women. I went so far once as to select a girl of a neutral physical type, colorless hair and eyes, you know, and pale face, that I might get no sharp, distracting effects. Nothing did any good, however. I simply am not able to produce anything of value by dictating it, and, though I employ a typewriter for correspondence and routine work, I leave her and go to my desk when I want to write an article."

And this seems to be the average condition of the case regarding women. Many men confess to the same inability to get out finished and satisfactory work through dictation, some going so far as to assert that it is impossible. A newspaper man remarked not long ago that he could often tell a "dictated" from a "personally-written" article chiefly by the occurrence in the former of long, involved sentences into which a person talking his thoughts is very apt to find himself led.

## *MR. CORBIN AND HIS PRIVATE CAR.*

### INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE RACES OVER THE LONG ISLAND ROAD.

That portion of New-York society which is commonly known as the "horsey" set had some fun at its own expense on the 13th inst. in going to the pony races at Huntington, L. I. Mr. Austin Corbin, the President of the Long Island Railroad, concluded to go down to the races himself, and, as a consequence, his private car, in which he always travels, was attached to the special train. The contrast between its luxury and the measly accommodations of the other coaches was so conspicuous that the moment the beaus and belles of the "horsy" set caught sight of it they rushed as fast as they could to enjoy its comfort. They thought it was awfully nice of Mr. Corbin to be so thoughtful. They changed their minds, however, when Mr. Corbin's colored body servant, Daniel Webster, politely but firmly requested them to retire to the more plebeian accommodations that had been provided for them.

The first batch so treated, however, had the advantage over the others in that they could laugh at their discomfiture, and the way they did this indicated that their limit of enjoyment was reached. The late-arriving belles were highly indignant at first, but when they learned that all their friends on board had had the same experience they regarded the matter as a capital joke, and eagerly looked for the mistakes of the people taken on at the fashionable way stations.

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But Mr. Corbin himself did not wholly escape ridicule. It seems that a short time before his trip to the pony races he had loaned his private car to Mr. John Hoey, President of the Adams Express Company, for a trip to the Catskills. Before turning over the palatial coach to Mr. Hoey, however, Mr. Corbin took care to strip it of all supplies. Therefore, just before starting to the pony races the railroad magnate ordered his negro servant to have luncheon prepared in the car for him, as he would be unable to take his midday meal in town. He hurried to the train, which was kept waiting a quarter of an hour for him, and at once retired to the carefully guarded privacy of his car and enjoyed his luncheon. When he had finished eating his first impulse was to smoke. He had forgotten his precaution against Mr. Hoey, and consequently had brought no cigars with him, expecting to find the supply of fragrant Havanas which he usually kept aboard. He was therefore quite thunderstruck when Daniel was unable to fill his order for a weed.

Mr. Corbin declared that he must smoke, but Daniel insisted that there was n thing to smoke. Then the President of the Long Island Railroad began a search of his car. He finally unearthed a cigar box, left there by Mr. Hoey, and opened it. He took out a cigar and viewed in critically. He looked at the wrapper, then at both ends, smelled it, and finally touched it to his lips.

"Daniel," said he, making a wry face, "is this the sort of cigars Mr. Hoey smokes?"

"No, Sir," replied Daniel, "those are not exactly the cigars Mr. Hoey himself smokes, but that is a remnant of the box that he bought to give away to chance acquaintances and the train hands."

"I am very much distressed for a smoke," said Mr. Corbin, "but I do not think I can conscientiously deprive either Mr. Hoey's friends or the brakemen. You needn't bring me a light, Daniel."

Then Mr. Corbin went out into the plebeian coaches and borrowed a cigar from one of the gentlemen who had been turned away from the private car.