

clusion that, in being allowed to benefit me, and thus prevent infant talent from being fatally nipped, Tiny and Mrs. Carter were actually the people benefited.

But this pleasant view seldom survived the disappointments of the day, and the moment came at last when the lean hours swallowed up the fat hours : when, that is to say, not even dinner, eaten to the accompaniment of Tiny's brilliant prognostications, could remove my deeply-grounded gloom.

And one day I simply told her, in so many words, that she was speaking—I am afraid I used this somewhat inelegant expression—"stupid nonsense." I further remarked that it was more than a saint could bear; that, never having been a saint, I could not be expected to bear it; finally, when she begged me to tell her exactly what I meant, I announced, in decided language, my intention of leaving the country, and finding a fit sphere for my talent—possibly, I did not use this expression—in a town.

She answered with perfect composure—

"Very well! I'll tell Mrs. Carter. Shall we start to-morrow, Archie?"

"What have you to do with it?" I said in feigned amazement. "You have found work, and Mrs. Carter likes you; I can go away alone, surely."

In my heart of hearts, however, I was pleased with Tiny for her instant decision to come away with me. I believe I had been growing jealous of those fat babies from London, upon whom she lavished as much attention as if she liked them better than anything else in the world.

She replied, in her little womanly style—

"If you go to a town—I think it's very silly of

you, of course—but I shall certainly go too. Why, Archie"—she was trying to be fascinating now—"you couldn't get on without me. Besides, Mrs. Carter says there are a number of temptations in a town."

"I think," I said gloomily, "I'd like to see what temptations are like."

"Oh! Archie; isn't that wicked?"

"I don't much care if it's good or wicked; all I know is that I can't kick about here much longer doing nothing."

Tiny, after this, looked very thoughtful for a few moments, then she got up, shook the crumbs out of her apron, and arranged her dishes in her basket, all with a most serious face.

"Listen to me, Archie," she said at last; "you've waited so long, you know, it can't do you any harm to wait a little longer. The day after to-morrow the children go away, dear little things!"

"Thank goodness for that!" I interposed.


"You needn't thank goodness too soon," she said with the utmost sweetness; "some more are coming next week. But Mrs. Carter, for fear of my being over-tired, has promised me a whole holiday on Friday. Between that and this I'll be on the look-out, and perhaps"—with the air of a mother—"we may make some arrangement. I *don't* like the idea of your going to a town."

"All right," I said carelessly; "but if you hit on something, you'll be much cleverer than I am."

"And pray, who says I'm not?" replied the saucy child; and therewith she tripped away, and I was left to my own reflections.


END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

## THE IDEAL.

 H, might I meet her in my wandering  
By mossy rivulet or green hedge-wall,  
Or in the copse where early throstles sing,  
And clasp her in my arms and tell her all!  
Yet well I know she dwelleth not on earth,  
Nor yet in any other world unseen;  
Nor will God ever fashion such a one,

Lest haply He Himself should find a dearth  
Of love and worship. If man's earthly queen  
Were peerless as his highest thought could throne,  
He would not lift his soul above her face;  
And if she smiled, his heart would be at ease,  
Nor reck of nobler love or fairer grace,  
Till black death caught him slumbering at her knees.  
E. R. MASSEY.

## THE STEWART HOTEL FOR WOMEN.

 N spirit extend to me your hand, reader, and permit me to lead you into a palace. Yet before entering let us pause here on the opposite pavement of the busy thoroughfare on which it is situated, and inspect its exterior.

The building is almost a perfect cube, of immense proportions, being 200 feet square, while skyward it reaches the imposing altitude of seven lofty storeys. The flagstaff which crowns the edifice is

accurately proportioned to the height of the building, and it measures seventy-two feet. The palace is of the Renaissance style of architecture—a great impressive structure, with countless wide windows with deep casements; massive, formal, and imposing by day, but lighting up magnificently by night. It is painted a soft "pearl" or French grey, except the lower storey, which is brown; its numerous pillars and pilasters, a clever imitation of Scotch granite. The wide portal is made imposing by being covered with an extensive

balcony supported by elegant pillars, and the spacious entrances beneath are indeed palatial in their grand proportions.

Having crossed the wide entrance hall, where numerous servants press forward to offer any attendance we desire, we enter a beautiful court-yard, or inner square, splendidly laid out in mosaic-work and adorned with rare and lovely flowers and plants. In the midst of these floral beauties, dash the waters of an intricate fountain, whose central jet rises to a height of forty feet, while no less than a thousand smaller jets are twisted and entwined around it in a wide deep basin. At the four corners of the fountain's curb are ornate candelabra, of bronze, each supporting five lamps of ornamental design. These were made to order in Paris, at one of the most artistic manufactories in that capital.

In this palace there are no less than eight fine reception rooms, including one specially noble and luxurious *salon*, furnished in accordance with the choicest and most modern ideas on the subject of house-decoration. The carpets and upholstery (including the grand pianos) of these rooms—and in fact of all the 500 rooms in the house—were designed and made to order by known artists, almost regardless of expense, it being considered that the best is cheapest in the end. A library adjoining the reception-rooms holds on its shelves nearly 3,000 volumes of carefully selected literature, while upon the desks and tables lie almost every periodical and newspaper printed in the English language, which it is worth one's time to read. Writing materials of every description await but the taking of them freely. Throughout the library, reception-rooms, grand *salon*, dining-room, and hall-ways are placed numerous works of art, including many valuable paintings and sculptures. But this is not all. Every one of the 500 sleeping-rooms is made artistically attractive. Indeed the whole palace is pervaded by the art-atmosphere, softened and refined by the cozy feeling of domestic life, without which the grandest castle in the world is never other than barnlike.

But how do we fare as to the table at our palace? Ah, now we have it! Please hand me down the dictionary, so that I may look up a few superlatives. We have our own French *chef*, if you please, a renowned master in that line, a great creature engaged for life by our estate, who is permitted occasional absences in which to renew his *cuisine* lore in Paris, during which time we pay him half-salary. At the table he will furnish us absolutely the best food, and the best only, and that in unmeasured profusion, which the market affords. Fifty men-servants will wait on us in the dining-room alone. All our servants, except a few women, lodge outside our palace, arriving early in the morning to assume their duties, and leaving at eleven o'clock at night.

If the visitors do not sleep well in their elegant rooms, it will not be the fault of the beds. The best bedding is there, the finest spring and hair-mattresses, the softest feather pillows, the whitest and fleeciest of blankets. Ventilation has been procured by means of the best known processes. Baths and necessary cabi-

nets are accessible to every room; while actually in every room hot and cold water run at will from silver-plated taps, into the basins of marble wash-hand-stands set in the masonry. In every room numerous gas-jets give brilliancy at night. It was the express desire of the head of the estate which built this palace, that all who inhabited it should find gas and water as free to them as air itself.

A record of this sort stands in danger of becoming at last a mere catalogue of luxuries and wonderful contrivances, lifts to floors, electric bells, patent laundry arrangements, hair-brushing by machinery, and a general life-on-wheels set of marvels, which would possess more interest for the world at large were there much probability of its enjoyment by any but the favoured few. What boots it to such a girl, say, as that one who, with perhaps unconscious power, wrote in these pages the pathetic story of the daily drudgery of the out-door business girls of London, that Sir Fortunatus Plutus has erected a *palazzo* in Park Lane, with a staircase surmounted by a gold dome, or that Lord Cræsus' town house will have a room decorated with peacocks' eyes, by the hand of some super-extraordinary painter, who charges a thousand pounds for every breath he allows you to draw in his highly rarefied art-presence? Even one's appreciation of the beautiful is pained by reading the record of these costly extravagances, when we know that they are only to be enjoyed by a few fortunate atoms of humanity, while a seething mass are struggling outside of them for mere bread to eat, and a pallet to lie on. But the palace of whose luxuries, conveniences, and comforts I have, in spite of all I have written, done no more than vaguely give an intimation, is a building in which every person in the whole world, however poor, must take a keen and vital interest, unless that person be one of exceptional hardness of heart, unchristian-like callousness of feeling. For this palace is solely intended as a habitation for the poor, the working poor. To be the possessor of an inherited income, or any other income except that derived from one's own work, is an effectual bar to entrance there. The palace is described by the lady who owns it, and has just completed it, as "A Home for Women who support themselves by Daily Labour." Men are not eligible for admission.

The building and its furniture cost almost half a million pounds, and that amount is a free gift to the working women of New York, for whose use the hotel is intended. This noble present is a legacy of the late A. T. Stewart, the renowned draper or "dry goods" merchant of New York, whose romantic history as a poor Irish boy going out, steerage passenger, to America with a couple of pieces of linen under his arm as his sole possessions, and who from that limited stock-in-trade grew to be one of the richest men in the world, has been often told. In speaking of his colossal fortune, Mr. Stewart invariably said that he owed it solely to an inflexible rule of honesty in regard to his business dealings. His motto was, "Ten per cent. and no lies." Any person selling articles at Stewart's who was discovered to have knowingly misrepresented them

in the slightest degree, even in the interest of the house, was instantly discharged. Not one word of solicitation—that *pestering to buy* so common in many large London and Paris shops—was, or is, ever allowed at Stewart's. This absence of all cajolery extends even to the physical arrangement of this great mart. There is no more external indication at Stewart's as regards show-windows, signs, even the firm-name, of its being a drapery establishment than there is at the Bank of England.

It was quite fitting that Mr. Stewart should do something for women, as women had done everything for him. Not only was his trade one which depends for support almost entirely on women, but he was also the employer of nearly 100 women and girls at all times. From his own personal observation he formed an opinion which many women know to their sorrow to be true—that of all classes of the community none have “so poor a show,” as he expressed it, as the working girls. In all great cities their lot is the same. At their places of business they are required to be active, alert, well-dressed, healthy, good-tempered, polite, and in every way thoroughly efficient, while their honorarium for these valuable services is so slender, that a decent lodging is a comfort unattainable to those who are away from the parental roof, and even proper food is often lacking. This hotel for working women is not intended to be a charitable institution, a pauper establishment. It is a business enterprise, favoured by a large bequest left by a man of princely wealth. If it be found not to support itself at the rates charged to lodgers, such deficit will be met by the estate. If there be any profit, such profit will be devoted to cutting down the price of board and lodging to those who live there. Nothing could be fairer or more generous.

Now, what are the rates fixed for board and lodging at this Women's Home? At first blush they will not seem small; but it must be remembered that the entertainment offered is absolutely of the first class—better than the best—better than that which rich people pay for at the rate of a guinea a day each person at the grand hotels of London, Paris, Switzerland, and America. For board and lodging at the Women's Home the price per week is six dollars—say 24s. The prices of meals for women eating in the dining-room, but lodging elsewhere, are as follow:—Breakfast (in English money), about 1s. 6d.; lunch, 1s.; dinner, 2s. But no one who has not been in America can understand what these meals indicate in regard to profusion or deliciousness of viands.

These prices shut out, it is sad to say, the very poorer class of working girls—the drudging seamstresses, errand-girls, and under-saleswomen in small shops, who even in America are not in receipt of

sufficient wages to warrant the payment of so much money for board and lodging. But there are in the city of New York enough women—artists, writers, teachers, students, telegraph-operators, and others engaged in the finer mechanical and commercial pursuits—to fill many more than one hotel like this. In London there are enough, no doubt, to crowd a dozen such.

A respectable character is an indispensable qualification to applicants at the Home. The trustees of the Stewart estate have so many means for finding out the standing of any one applying for admission, that virtue there need have no fear of being housed with vice. Only honourable, upright women, who live by their own labour, and that labour decent, can possibly get in. The regulations of the hotel are stringent in some minor particulars, but no scheme of *espionnage* is to be employed. Callers must not be taken to private rooms, as this might, in the case of gentlemen friends, give rise to comment. There are eight large reception-rooms and the library in which to entertain friends. No sewing-machines will be allowed, lest the whole building be turned into a buzzing manufactory, with its 500 or 1,000 inmates. To avoid complications, no private furniture must be introduced; nor can pet animals be permitted to howl, or mew, or shrilly chirp, to the annoyance, perhaps, of neighbours who do not like such sounds.

Mrs. Stewart, aided by her husband's trustees, has nobly brought to a conclusion this generous conception, which Mr. Stewart entrusted to her hands at his death, and which was always a favourite topic of conversation with him. Mr. Stewart, as all who were acquainted with him know, fully believed that the necessities, and even the domestic luxuries, of life were within the reach of those who earn very small incomes, could they but get the opportunity to disburse their wages to proper advantage. He was of opinion that a hotel conducted on the plan of this now spoken of would render 1,000 working women independently comfortable every year, and 3,000 or 4,000 more outside of it nearly so, through the restaurant. He always declared that the more independent the poor class of women of any country are, the better it would be for that country in the moral and religious as well as the business sense; and he also thought, to quote his own words, “that if a prominent example could be shown of how women who earn their own living could at the same time remain independent and live well, it would be widely imitated, with good results.”

Let us hope the rich merchant was not mistaken. We know, however, that a good work is not always appreciated—even by those for whose benefit it has been accomplished.

OLIVE LOGAN.

