

out of one's own ingenuity, at an immense sacrifice of time. Boys' clothing is not to be found ready-made; neither will many tailors trouble themselves to make it to order. My own way is to get Butterick patterns from England and have suits made up in the house under my own supervision. A good pattern is greatly prized, and passed about among American mothers like a treasure-trove.

But what adds greatly to the cost of living, and in such an insidious way that you cannot set it down in figures and add it up item by item, is the system of feeing, which exists here in such undue proportions as to be a positive evil. In America you may frankly say you are poor, and regulate your expenses accordingly. Here you may say it, but no one will believe you, because, no matter how poor you may be, you are sure to be richer than the people about you. We hire a cook for five dollars a month, and count cheap service as one of the luxuries of Italy; but at any little extra service or good bargain the few pennies over of change are expected to slip into his hand. If you sell your rags or old wine-bottles or old iron—you don't—you let him do it and pocket the returns. As he does the marketing, he naturally gets his little commissions from the various shops, which all come out of your pocket in the end. If you have guests, you give him a franc or two because everything has gone off so nicely; then at Christmas, and at Easter, and at midsummer—well, you just count it all in to what you pay your cook, only you did not happen to think of it when you engaged him at five dollars a month. I truly believe that to whatever it costs you to live in Italy you must add on a margin of one-third for the things that are cropping up unexpectedly every day; even then it will not be an exaggerated estimate. Make a stand against it? No, that will not do! Rather than try to make a stand against the time-congealed habits of a nation it would be better to live in another country—your own, for instance. Think of the people who must have Christmas boxes this year! The cook and chambermaid we understand—the uncounted wages. Then the postman—one always fees the postman generously. Then the gardener, whom you have been paying for odd services all the year! Yes, but he expects something now; and there is his wife, who comes in willingly to help in emergencies. You cannot skip the gardener's old father, or his toddling grandchildren; nor the seamstress who drops in to wish you "Merry Christmas;" nor the dressmaker's girl, nor the butcher's boy, nor the baker's boy, nor the little fellow who brings you the "Daily News." Then there is the blind beggar at the corner, whose bank account may be larger than your own, but you cannot be sure; he looks nipped and forlorn; and, anyway, it is Christmas, and you cannot pass him by. "But why employ so many people?" you ask. It is a natural question, but I defy any family to be three months settled in Italy without collecting a swarm of retainers at their heels. After three years it becomes a matter of self-preservation to fly—we fled. I wish to add that I have known art students and writers who, by living singly or clubbing together, have been able to keep their expenditure very low. They are not subject to such emergencies as are constantly arising in families. By dispensing with servants, cooking over oil stoves, and availing one's self of the helps to "light house-keeping" which exist abundantly in all European cities, it can be done.

The question in this paper is of comparative prices. Could it not be done as well in New York or Boston as in Florence, if one were willing to live in the same way?



## From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

Will some one kindly send a receipt for "entire wheat flour" bread? I have not met with success in making it by my rule for graham bread.

H. H. K.

Doubtless some of our readers can give the receipt asked for.

To a Constant Reader of The Outlook.—We would

advise you to read to the boy of whom you write, Cooper's novels, Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," Nansen's book on "Greenland," Roosevelt's book on "Ranch Life," and similar books.



## The Larger Opportunity

The July number of "Harper's Monthly" shows what the woman's club can be to the municipal life of the city in which it exists, when it lives up to its opportunities. There is not a department in the municipal government of Chicago that has not been positively affected by that wonderful organization, the Chicago Woman's Club. But the women who attempted this, and who have succeeded in affecting municipal government in that city, first made a close study of the department they expected to reform, before they took any steps toward reforming. They did not accept newspaper accounts of the evils to be remedied; they did not go as committees making petitions to the powers that be, just on a general belief that there was something wrong, but they were able to point to the evil, and they were ready at the same time to suggest the remedy. The Ladies' Health Protective Association of New York City is another example of what can be done when women work intelligently, and when they make a study of the evils, find the remedies, and then make their proposition to the authorities.

The trouble with us women in our attempt to improve the public school system is that we have not made a study of the system. We do not know its evils as we should; we have not made a study of pedagogics, as we should do if we hope to work intelligently; and when we have proposed reforms they have been impracticable, they have been unscientific, they have been vague. In the matter of placing women on the public school boards, it has been urged on the general principle that there are so many women teachers and children employed that women ought to have representation; when the fact of the matter is that women should be on the boards of education because they have more time to give to the detailed studies of individual schools than men can possibly have. Women form the leisure class in this country, and their educational opportunities are unlimited.

Take the appointing of women factory inspectors in this State. It was a great advance. How many women of wealth and position and intelligence have given moral and social support to the women appointed, or have made the position one that would be attractive to a woman of intelligence and social position? Every intelligent woman knows the untold evils of factory life on the women and children who are forced to live under them, if she has given any study to the conditions that surround our working women and children. Yet no attempt was made to give moral support to these women working without precedent in new fields. When the women of our Eastern cities follow the example of the women of Chicago in seeing not only evils, but remedies for those evils; in bringing forward as candidates for the positions where they wish women appointed women who stand before the community in their intellectual and moral strength, a new régime will begin in municipal government.

All of our colleges, or nearly all, have introduced into the curriculum a department of domestic science, which embraces a scientific knowledge of hygiene and sanitation. How many of the women who take that course take it with a view to devoting their energies and their intelligence in a public capacity, such as factory inspector, school commissioner, superintendent, or trustee? Or which of them would make application for a position under the department of public works, street-cleaning commissioner, tenement-house inspector? As an illustration of the want of public sentiment, and the need of it, this spring a young woman physician of New York City, whose name is well known, made a proposition to the Board of Education something like this: That she should give ten to fifteen minutes' talk to the children on sanitation and hygiene each

morning in the public schools, in order that the children might know the value of clean hands, or more particularly the danger of having dirty hands, etc. This physician has been a most successful worker in boys' clubs, and had learned how to interest children. The matter was brought to the attention of the Board of Education; for two or three days space was given it in the daily papers of the city; and it ended there. Had there been the right amount of public sentiment, had the women of New York met this opportunity as they should have, supported this young woman in her most practical suggestion, brought the pressure of public sentiment to bear on the Board of Education, this excellent plan would have been carried out, and we should have had the little children made to see disease in the dirty hands, in the dirty face and dirty clothes; a foundation would have been laid for the preaching of the Gospel. When you have made a little child see that his own cleanliness is a protection to his brother, that his brother's dirt is a menace to him, you have made him answer that tremendous question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Women's clubs are a force in our national life. Homes are better, children are better trained, because of the interchange of thought in women's clubs. The value of a body of enthusiastic women in the accomplishment of a given purpose is fully recognized, and there is not a woman's club in the land that could not affect the public life of the community in which it is located if once it devoted its energies to the consideration of public questions affecting the home life. It is improving to sit in a library preparing a paper to be read before a club of intelligent women; it is a benefit to the women to listen and discuss the subject of the paper; but few will deny that greater benefit would result if at least every other meeting of the club were devoted to the consideration of topics that affected the life of the community, its morals, its health, its education. Ignorance and its natural product—sin—cannot exist in one part of the community and not affect the life of the other part. You may leave the city which cholera threatens, but you cannot escape the stagnation of business or the depreciation of property that follows the visitation. You may let Johnny live under conditions that open only the criminal's life to him, but you cannot escape paying the taxes his trial and conviction and after support make necessary; nor can you prevent your own boy reading the account of that trial. You may let wayward Katy alone from the time she is born with her legacy of evil tendencies, but you cannot escape paying for the hospital and foundling asylum Katy compels you to support. You may let Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty support the corner liquor-stores that the Excise Board protects by license; but you must support Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty when, their presence being unwelcome because of an empty purse, their ejection from the liquor-saloon is resented with stones and oaths, and they find lodgment on the Island for ten days; the young Haggertys must be cared for at your expense, and your children must struggle with them as you have with the parents—through taxation.

Philanthropy has done much to lessen the burdens of society, but it will have less to do when its workers and supporters do their share as citizens of a great commonwealth—when to vote shall be recognized as a small part of a citizen's duties.



## Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$734 43
C. G. C., New York.....	5 00
G. M., New York.....	25 00
E. H. N., Green Lake, Wis.....	15 00
C. W. K., Seabright, N. J.....	1 00
Mrs. G. E. F., North Amherst, Mass.....	5 00
E. B., Hot Springs, Va.....	5 00
Parsonage Circle King's Daughters, Andover, Mass.....	3 00
K. M. H., Watertown, N. Y.....	5 00
W. M. K., New York, N. Y.....	15 00
P. and A. W., Annisquam, Mass.....	30 00
Rosebank, Staten Island.....	7 00
Sunday Evening Contributions at Clifton.....	30 00
Total.....	\$880 43

## "A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—VI.

In their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not.

—Old Song.

Tom knelt by the side of his fallen leader, stupefied but not afraid.

"Stop! Oh, stop!" he cried, as men from the rail fence hastened by him, turning, as they fled, to ward off the stab of a bayonet or falling wounded from more distant shots; but none heeded.

Fewer and fewer grew the numbers of the flying Continentals, and the hillside was soon covered by their pursuers; the troops on Bunker Hill stampeded at last like frightened sheep. "Make a stand here!" shouted old Putnam, swearing and cursing like a madman. "In God's name form and give them one shot more!" But they swept by him like a stampede of wild cattle. "It is enough to make an angel swear!" he cried, with tears of rage.

And through it all the boy stood guard, striding across his beloved dead. Amid the sickening thud of the heavy gun-stocks on living flesh, the sudden breathless "Ah!" of dying wounded, remorselessly stabbed by the brutal grenadiers; through the sights of maddened faces, staring, blood-injected eyeballs, agonized forms sinking member by member into contorted death—in the midst of that rout he watched without flinching, his broken gun clubbed fiercely in his hands.

Cheers of triumph began to go up from the victors. The thought of the exultation with which a knowledge of the death of Warren would fill them gave Tom almost the strength of madness. With incredible exertions he dragged the body from their path, and sank down with it under a low tree a little to one side. "Run, boy, run!" shouted the last of the fugitives; but Tom shook his head.

"They may desert you," he muttered, looking at the dead, set face; "but not I."

Approaching in the distance came a party of prisoners under the guard of three or four grenadiers, whose leader, a tremendous fellow with his arm in a sling, called loudly to Tom to surrender.

Mechanically Tom staggered to his feet, still clutching his broken musket; then, stooping, he drew the dead man's hat over his face.

"Come," said the grenadier, impatiently, leaving his party, and advancing to where the boy was standing. "Come, surrender!"

"You?" said Tom, dully, allowing the broken weapon to be taken from his hands. "You? I thought I had shot you."

"You did?" said the grenadier, dryly. "Who is this fine gentleman?" advancing his foot towards the prostrate figure.

"Dare to touch him!" shrieked Tom, throwing himself upon him furiously. The big man laughed, and caught him with his single hand.

"You have surrendered," he said. "You are beaten, you know."

"We are not beaten!" shouted Tom. "We will never be beaten!" To own to defeat seemed like treachery to the dead.

"Why, you young catamount!" said the grenadier, giving him a good-natured shake. "Come along!"

Poor Tom! he felt coming over him again that terrible inclination to cry; to throw himself down on the ground, and sob and groan until his tired nerves were stilled in exhaustion. Struggling painfully against it, he followed his captors to the ferry, where the prisoners were being embarked for Boston.

"This is but a little lad," said the grenadier in the ear of the sergeant who was entering the names. "Let him go; he will be of more hindrance to us than help to the enemy."

"It is well," said the sergeant, scribbling in his list; the grenadier looked over his shoulder at the entry and smiled.

"It is a poor reward for a day's fighting to be put down