

partments, or else to organize firms in which one should be the artist, another the builder, another the engineer. Modern requirements make specialization necessary, and there are few indeed who can qualify themselves for all the requirements of almost any profession.

In view of the attention which is now being given to the application of the "factory floor" (as it is called) and the "factory roof" to other

buildings, it may be that the time is not far distant when it will be safe and prudent for the owner who intends to construct a textile factory to employ a professional architect without incurring the danger that the purpose to which the building is to be put will be lost sight of in the attempt to apply meretricious or misplaced art to a building in which economy and utility must not be disregarded.

*Edward Atkinson.*

## TWO NEGATIVES.

### I. HER LETTER.



Y a change, which in the order of evolution seems natural, the feminine portion of the Confederate States Treasury Department at Richmond was lodged in a building which had served originally as a fashionable dry-goods store. There exists, in men's minds at least, an indissoluble connection between women and dry goods. One cynical husband of the period was known to say that the irony of fate decreed that where women used to spend good money for worthless rags they were now converting good rags into worthless money.

The fifth and uppermost story of the old dry-goods store was occupied by the aristocracy of the Department. For there, as elsewhere, there was an aristocracy. In every community, as in every pan of unskimmed milk, there are elements which detach themselves from the rest and rise to the top. The cream of the Treasury consisted of a score of pretty girls who, high up under the roof, signed their names to bits of blue paper and made money at the rate of a million dollars a day. Ask any old Treasury clerk of the sterner sex—they are all old fellows now—what name was given the room in which those slim-fingered girls forged the sinews of war. Ten to one his eyes will flash with the light of other days as he answers, "Angels' Retreat."

Now "Angels' Retreat" was a dusty, cobwebby attic, bare of furniture, except for a lining of shelves, which gave evidence of its former use in storing purple and fine linen, and rough writing-tables adapted to its present purpose. The lodgment was poor enough, but there was no question about the angels. They were as good as can be made. The Retreat during working-hours had the appearance of nothing so much as a young ladies' school at writing-time. Twenty girls bending over desks and twenty pens scratching in unison. Absence of school discipline was indicated by twenty tongues often talking at once. The sun com-

ing in through dormer windows on two sides of the room shone on the usual medley of fair and brown types, only that in this instance the types were unusually fine. Among them there was of course a beauty par excellence; likewise a vivacious girl they dubbed chief speaker, and a lovable one they called the favorite of the Retreat. Beauty answered to the name of Rose Chandler. The chief speaker was one Norah Grattan; while the favorite, Madge Dillon, an enthusiastic young Carolinian who had gained the sobriquet of "Palmetto," her companions, with the superlative speech of feminine youth, declared to be "the nicest girl in the world."

Rose Chandler's supremacy in the matter of looks did not admit of doubt. She was a beauty of the loveliest type, with a fabulous number of "Lee's miseries" at her feet. Norah Grattan would have been plain but for a clever, satirical mouth and a pair of keen, gray eyes. Palmetto, a tall, slender brunette, was ordinarily not pretty, but capable of great illumination on occasions.

The Confederate Treasury hours were from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and within that time the clerks signed from two to four thousand notes, according to their ability. Palmetto's signature, "M. Dillon," being short, and her writing rapid, she was able to put in the larger number every day without troubling herself to be punctual, so she rarely made her appearance before 10 o'clock. This in another would have been a finable breach of Treasury rules. Palmetto, the angels complained, was in some incomprehensible way independent of rules. But this is not an altogether haphazard world, and people who seem independent of rules balance the account somewhere, and are, for the most part, exceptional people who do better without rules than others with them. Palmetto's work, clean, swift, and clerly, was the best in the Treasury. Why should she bother about rules? She was the poorest and of necessity the proudest of the angels. She did not explain what household drudgery she had to do at home before she came to the Department,