to municipal art, a list of such books to be found in the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts.

One source of gratification in our new club is the fact that it had its origin in the heart of young Philadelphia. But it did not forget that old heads are useful for counsel, and chose for the President a woman of wide horizons, acknowledged scholarly attainment, and rare power of inspiration, while in the list of officers and governing board we find names of women who have for many years been known in the public charities and on executive boards of the Quaker City.

I have kept close to practical details in this sketch, supposing it will be read with most interest by women who are now being assured that their minds deal only with the concrete, and are not capable of the abstract. Such will be pleased to know also that the dues of the Club have been three dollars per year, to which will be added an initiation fee next year. The membership in six months amounts to three hundred. To find a meeting-place capable of accommodating such a number is now becoming a question of some moment.

The society during the last season has published pamphlets for distribution, among them the following:

1. Relation of Women to Municipal Reform. Herbert Welsh.
2. Relation of Women to Municipal Reform. Mary E. Mumford.
3. Addresses made at Joint Meeting of Civic Club and Public Education Society, by Mr. Herbert Welsh, Miss C. Pendleton, and President Charles De Garmo, of Swarthmore College.
4. Address of President, Mrs. Stevenson, at the same meeting.
5. Historical View of Public Education in Philadelphia.
6. Address of Chairman of Municipal Department to Members of Club and women at large.

The Cellar

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

Ye mind me o' departed days.

"Sister Margaret, how much coal does Ben use each week in your heaters?"

"Indeed, my dear, I don't know; but if I were to take my seat on the coal-bin day in and day out, I am sure Ben would not throw in a hod the less."

Perhaps they were despots in their domains, those old-time servants. Certainly the Ben of this conversation was king of the cellar; but which of us would not exchange our King Stork of this present epoch for King Log of the past?

Where we now hear of a domestic who has lived two, three, and four years in one family, we are constrained to call him or her faithful. Ben threw out coal from his mistress's cellar bins in such quantities as pleased him from the time his wool was kinky black till it was kinky gray, yet the grandchildren he saw born into the home have never heard that "Grandmother" arrived at the point of a seat on the coal-bin to restrain Ben's faithful shovel.

But a coal-bin such as the old home cellar boasted was not such a bad seat, after all. The grandchildren, at least, thought it the height of comfort as they sat on the edge of the hard, dark wood bins, kicking their little heels, while their intimate friend Ben worked over the coal.

Next to the garret in their childish affections stood this cellar with its neat cobblestone floor and roomy divisions.

It is all very well for the older generations to talk of the decline of neatness, but they know as little of the woes of cramped housekeeping as the housekeeper of to-day who blames the tenement family for untidiness. Flat-keeping, even under the best conditions, may teach a wholesome lesson in charity toward the tenement-houses. In the small rooms of an apartment-house each pin must be kept in its own hole in the cushion, or all is confused. Fancy, then, the difficulty of keeping order in one room which is the shelter of a whole family!

O for the lost space our ancestors enjoyed! Where has it vanished? Where are the real garrets and the real cellars such as Ben ruled over?

Ben's cellar—his mistress's it was only by courtesy—was divided into three parts, with plenty of elbow-room in each. First, and next the front windows, sunk beneath the street, came the coal and wood bins, the coal heaped in great black mountains, the wood neatly piled and smelling of the forest whence it came.

The second compartment held dark wood bins also, but these were filled with clear white sand, delightful to lift in the hands and sift in grains through the fingers.

Ben never stopped for any such nonsense. When he came to these sand-bins he would jump in and make the grains fly, digging and digging with his black, horny paws like a dog unearthing a bone, only Ben's bones were the sweet potatoes which were stored in the white sand every summer season for winter use, each potato with its small end carefully pointing down.

In this second compartment also was the slatted pantry, built to protect the contents from grown people, not children; or perhaps the carpenter relied on model childhood when he laid the slats wide enough to admit little heads and arms. Grandmother, too, was unusually shortsighted, or good-naturedly willing for pilfering, when she set the barrel of "sugar-crackers" close to the slats.

What a wicked joy to insert a thin childish arm and lift the wooden barrel-lid, while another naughty hand squeezed in, monkey-like, to draw out enough crackers for two greedy mouths!

Once the wooden lid slipped and fell with a crash that seemed in guilty ears to boom through the silent cellar. The key of the slatted pantry must be got at all hazards, and the sugar-cracker lid, which lay provokingly beyond groping fingers, must be replaced. Grandmother's key-basket set by her side in the sewing-room. In the next room lay another grandchild, a baby, and grandmother's darling, fast asleep. There was surely nothing unnatural in a cousinly desire to view the little sleeper, but the sudden wail of the awakened baby brought grandmother in to the cradle, frowning on the intruder. The key-basket momentarily lost its protector, but that was long enough. The baby is a man now, and has forgiven the pinch which awaked him—has lived to pinch in turn, most likely; certainly he, too, has since stolen from the dear old slatted pantry that was so seductive, locked or unlocked. To unlock the door and to enter was to see set against the back pantry wall a deep stone trough through which water flowed, a shallow stream, in one end and out of the other. In summer this trough held butter, cottage-cheese, and milk in cold stone crocks which the cool running water laved constantly.

Grandmother herself always skimmed the cream from the crocks, and at the end of the skimming the child who had been best—or least found out—that day received the skimmer to lap.

It was a delicious though kitten-like treat, looked forward to from morning to morning; and how we resented it if grandmother first scraped off into her cream-pitcher any of the adhesive cream which we considered our perquisite!

Over the water-trough a smooth wooden shelf hangs from the ceiling holding cold meats, while on other shelves about the slatted walls are grandmother's home-made cordials—medicinal blackberry, which it is worth being ill to obtain; rich orange, which we can drink only when in best bodily condition—then but a thimbleful; last, "Perfect Love Cordial," made of I know not what, and reserved for family weddings alone.

In fact, the slatted pantry is a kind of kingdom within a kingdom. Inside the slats, grandmother's domain wholly; outside, Ben's. He stands at the door-sill to receive from her hand the sugar-loaves for cutting, and, as he takes them to the chopping-block in the third cellar division, all the children troop after him to see the blue paper torn from the snowy white cone, and the cone itself chopped and cut, now this way and now that, into sugar-lumps for the table.

The splintered sugar almost flies into the mouth, and the cutting is so pretty! Sugar cut by machinery is all very well, but it's not Ben in the cellar cutting in view of an eager group scrambling for splinters!

Ben's special interest and cellar pride centered in the

"hopper," which, with the chopping-block, stood in the third division. The hopper was a great wooden funnel into which all the wood ashes of the house were poured, with a little water added on top.

From the nose of the funnel drip, drip, drip, came a perpetual drop of pure wood-ash lye into a bucket set beneath. Ben called it "making lye" to sit with his chin in his fists and watch that perpetual drop. This was his favorite cellar work.

Nothing was niggardly, nothing was wasted, under grandmother's roof. Ben's lye, boiled with the fat saved from the kitchen, would be washing-soap some day. There was in the family a current story that the only thrashing worthy of the name which grandmother's only son ever received was from his father as a punishment for stealing the carving-knife and with it slashing into ribbons the tubbed soap which had been set in the yard to cool.

It was not the value of the soap at stake, but the wound to grandmother's feelings—to her housekeeping dignity—that made the punishment severe.

Housekeeping was a sacred vocation in those days, when a garret was a real garret and a cellar a real cellar.

Scientific Child Study

A recent number of the "Journal of Psychology," edited by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has an article on "Child Language" which should be read by every mother of young children. Clark University is doing special work in studying child life in connection with mothers. Mr. Christman, a Fellow in Pedagogy in Clark University, says of the new study that "it is to inquire into the life, the growth, the ideas, the very being, of the child." A book is issued called "The Baby Book," with blank pages properly lined for the recording of interesting events of a baby's life—its weight at different periods, the time when the first tooth appeared, the first articulate utterance and what it was (that is, the sound), and the first conscious movements. The value of such a study will be understood more fully when the article on "Child Language" is read. It is based upon data furnished by five hundred mothers who are in communication with this department in Clark University. The intelligent collection of such data makes possible the study of child life at that perplexing period when the child, to the ignorant, has no method of expressing any emotion or feeling but that of hunger or pain. This scientific study will save the babies of the future from that forcing process which overstrains certain functions and limits their development. There are thousands of children who during their life bear the burden of mental or physical ill health as a result of the ignorance of those who had charge of them in their infancy. Dr. Hall states that many children, because of the overstraining of certain functions at a critical period, lose the senses of sight and of hearing, or have them limited. When scientists who have made a study of infants, physically and mentally, tell us that strains on different parts of the body during the growing period affect the child's future as much as underfeeding or overfeeding, that many children even in intelligent homes are affected as much by the mental strains they are forced to endure as the children of the poor are affected by the physical hardships that they must endure, one feels the necessity of the scientific care of the body and mind during the first years of life.

The second value of such study is that it teaches both parents and teachers that certain mental defects are due wholly to physical causes. Many children suffer because they find that they are objects of criticism for slowness in catching an idea; they are made to feel that it is a fault which they could overcome if they would. If those about them realized that this slowness of comprehension was because the brain-centers were not properly connected, how differently the child would be treated, and how carefully the teacher trained in psychology—and there should be no others—would guard the child from this very sense of its limitation! The article on "Child Language" referred to above tells us that if a child is allowed to develop naturally during the period when it is learning to walk, it will be found that its vocabulary does not increase. If all mothers understood this fact, how careful they would be not to strain the child's mind in trying to force it to understand, to remember, or to express itself during this critical period when all its energies are naturally bent toward learning the secret of equilibrium! We are just entering the field of child knowledge; just beginning to discover that forcing the brain of a child can result in as serious defects to its mind as forcing it to stand or walk before the bones can carry the weight of its body results in physical deformity. Nature may be forced, but the wisdom is almost infinite that does not in the forcing produce a monstrosity.

Growth is the law of life, of the eternal in man. Forcing represents man's desire to see results within a limit of his finite comprehension of life. There are two ways of working: one in harmony with nature, which recognizes four seasons; the other is of the nurseryman's type, which ignores seasons, and produces out of season that which pleases man for the moment, but only for the moment. Dealing with children is not dealing with plants, it is dealing with immortal souls. Who dares to say that this expression of God to man, a little child, shall be forced to fit man's idea of what he should be, rather than God's intention of what his expression should be?

Almost Overcome

The lack of emotional expression, due sometimes to reserve or a horror of gush, and often to the habit of repression—native, or acquired through growing up in a family in which the declaration of affection is not encouraged—has wrecked many married lives that would otherwise have been happy. There are doubtless many who will sympathize with the hero in the following story from the "Youth's Companion:"

"A man of New England descent and education had been married about a year, and was devotedly attached to his wife. His life without her had been a hard and solitary one, and in the sunshine she brought him his nature blossomed out into good deeds and gentle thought.

"'You are not as melancholy as you used to be,' said an old acquaintance to him not long ago.

"'Melancholy! I should say not!' he returned, with emphasis. 'How could anybody be sad with such a wife as I've got? Why, sometimes when I think what she's been to me, it's as much as I can do to keep from showing right out what I think of her!'"

Japanese silk handkerchiefs of small size make dainty sachet-bags.

A bill to provide for a more careful carrying out of the purposes of the act providing for the inspection of live stock and meats that are shipped from one State to another—passed March 3, 1891—was passed during the last days of the last session of Congress. The law of 1891 ordered the destruction of condemned meats in rendering-vats. It was found by the inspectors that this did not prevent their shipment. The later bill provides for the destruction of condemned cattle and meats in the presence of the inspector, in the place where they were found.

The following story from an exchange will be fully appreciated by many housekeepers:

A lady who happened to possess a graceful bronzed plaster statuette representing Goethe and Schiller standing side by side holding a laurel wreath between them was equally amused and dismayed one morning when her parlor-maid ran in, much agitated, exclaiming distressfully:

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so sorry, but when I was dusting them twins, Gothe and Skuller, me hand slipped, and I broke Skuller's nose short off!"