

**At The Harvard.**

Mrs. P. A. Bearse and Miss Florence Bearse, Malden, Mass., come for the season.

Mrs. A. M. Pickford and Mrs. L. G. Brockway, Lynn, Mass., are here for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Rochester, Buffalo, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Genung, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., are here for March.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Barling, New Rochelle, N. Y., are spending the season here.

Mrs. F. T. Ellison and Miss Margaret Wright, Rochester, are making a long sojourn.

Mrs. M. F. Farrington and Miss F. A. Wright, New York, will remain several weeks.

Mr. O. F. Roberts, New York, is among the recent arrivals.

Miss A. Sturgeon, Raleigh, comes for a brief stay.

Dr. Springer, Wilmington, Del., is here for an extended visit.

Among recent guests were: Miss Lilly Pemberton, Greensboro, N. C.; Miss J. H. Baxter, Jackson, N. C.; Miss M. M. Manly, Baltimore; Mr. H. G. Browne, Greensboro, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. James H. Baldwin, Washington; Mr. E. A. Woodruff, North Carolina; Mr. A. T. Matthews, Worcester, Mass.

**MILADI'S DESK.****Fascinating and Artistic Fittings are Now in Vogue.**

So fascinating and artistic are the desk fittings of 1905 that they would distract the attention of the most Spartan scribe from her work. The wealth of the jeweler's art is lavished on these small trappings, some desk sets costing well up in the thousands. Hammered brass has long been a prime favorite for escriptoire equipment, but the beauty of its new designs defy description, brass foundations being often elaborated with bronze and copper trimmings, in the most grotesque and stunning patterns, while the ingenuity of the leather worker has produced wonderfully novel conveniences of charming decoration to meet the needs of the busy woman.

None of these, however, appeal to the fancy of Miladi Dainty as do the enameled mosaic effects, so exquisitely delicate in tiny flower designs. One fetching set for a boudoir desk has the prevailing color, a pleasing scarlet enamel, which forms wee blossoms like forget-me-nots, against a dull gold ground. The four corners for the blotting tables are triangles of floral clusters. The little lamp is a globe of dull gold with garlands of the red blossoms, and the long inkstand shows two ink pots on either side of a stamp box, the covers of all three pieces and the pen troughs being decorated with the same garlands. Another set has sapphire blue for the dominant color, and the effect of the enamel is identical with that of the genuine Persian stone mosaics, and is expressively dainty.

A famous designer has recently executed a desk set of wondrous beauty for the wife of a multi-millionaire of international reputation because of the elegance of his palatial home. The candlesticks, inkstand and letter case were a combination of pinkish ivory and dull gold filigree. Two-inch squares of delicately-tinted ivory were held in place by heavy gold filigree, showing extremely graceful forms of men and women, alternating with a vine filigree. This was studded with wee diamonds and rubies and an occasional emerald and sapphire. The red of the rubies seemed to bring out a pinkish tinge in the dull gold, and

the gems were interspersed with rare judgment.

One of the most popular designs for hammered brass shows the heads and forms of languishing maidens with long, flowing hair. A pen tray, headed by a reclining girl's figure, resolves itself gradually into a plain brass tray, the clinging draperies of the loose robe fading away near the feet. An odd paper clip has a small brass tennis racquet for its top clasp.

The difficulty of finding much-used telephone numbers quickly, is entirely overcome by a leather book, which stands on the desk like a calendar. Nine rows of leather flaps compose the outside cover. Every flap has three ascending squares of leather, each holding a letter of the alphabet. This indexes the names, and a number can be found readily with only one hand. Sealing-wax sets contain five or six sticks of wax in different colors with a long silver holder having a place

don't wish to take any risk with others."

"Surely you wouldn't mind running over somebody now and then if you could by doing so cut down a record?"

"Most decidedly I would. When I go out in my machine I always remember that there are other people to consider."

"But you wouldn't slow down to let a frightened horse get past, would you?"

"I always do whenever I meet one."

"Still, you run over dogs whenever you can, I suppose?"

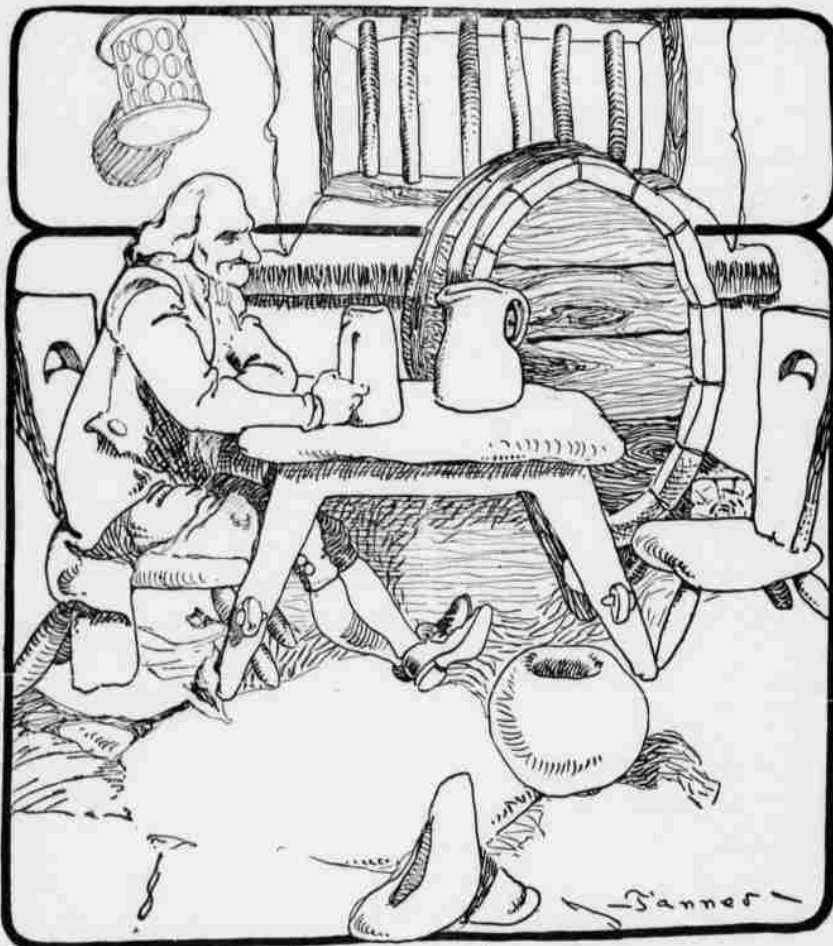
"No, sir. I have never killed or crippled anything with my buzz buggy yet, and I hope I never may."

"By George, you're a marvel, all right. I'll bet you forget when there's no policeman in sight, about the ordinance governing speed."

"Never. I consider it my duty to obey the law as scrupulously when I am not being watched as I do when I know I am under scrutiny. I always—"

But before he could finish an attendant

FOR AN IDLE MOMENT.



FIND THE OLD MAN'S HORSE.

for the seal on one end. A number of small candles accompany this set, together with some excellent rules for heating and applying the wax.

**REASONABLE AUTOMOBILIST.****The Kind That is Found Away Out in Chicago.**

"So you don't believe there is any sense in running an automobile more than twenty miles an hour? Ah, but you would change your mind, probably, if you owned one of the machines yourself."

"I do own one. I never go anywhere without it."

"Well, you're the first man I've ever met who after having had a taste of the excitement of going like a streak is willing to be reasonable about the speed business. What's the matter? Do you feel nervous?"

"Not concerning my own safety, but I

from the sanitarium which loomed up in the distance arrived and said to him:

"Come, now, Mr. Widgerton, you know you are to become Julius Caesar and have a crown upon the Lupercal at 3 o'clock. You have only twenty minutes to get back"—*Chicago Record Herald.*

**At The Magnolia.**

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Ward, Jr., Albany, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robinson, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bradford, Auburn, Me., are among the recent arrivals at The Magnolia, who come for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. B. F. Bennett, Boston, Mass., is spending several weeks here.

**Rather Personal.**

Stubbs—Yes, my wife is like all other women; she can't take a joke.

Penn—Well, how did she come to marry you?—*Chicago News.*

**DIALSTONE LANE.****A Handsome Book of Unusual Interest.**

One does not need to read very far in "Dialstone Lane," by W. W. Jacobs (Charles Scribner's Sons,) before he discovers that he has made the acquaintance of a new and a very agreeable type of humorist. There is something about the book which is faintly reminiscent of Dickens; perhaps it is the quaintness of the characters portrayed; possibly it is the illustrations, which are peculiarly appropriate and really funny; but there is nothing which suggests an attempt to imitate Dickens.

The humor is spontaneous and never strained. The people are our flesh and blood acquaintances of every old village near the sea shore, and though the scene is laid in England, the characters are types whose prototypes may be found in America as well. The plot, such as it is, is somewhat fanciful, but it serves its purpose well. In fact the development of the story is of little importance except as it serves as a vehicle for the conveyance of the quaint and whimsical characters at whom we continually smile. And we are thankful that this same continuous smile seldom develops into the laugh, which indicate caricature rather than really humorous drawing.

Mr. Jacobs deserves congratulation for a most welcome contribution to the general happiness of the public.

**"The Last Hope."**

"The Last Hope" by Henry Seaton Merriman, (Charles Scribner's Sons,) is another of the many stories which have been woven around the alleged escape of the Dauphin at the time of the French Revolution. The hero of this tale, however, is a supposed son of the Dauphin who was born of the union of the son of Louis XVI with the daughter of a fisherman of the village in England to which he had escaped.

Though it is distinctly a novel of action, a modern romance, yet it seems to mark a distinct advance in the author's capacity for character delineation. The character of Loo Bourbon is well drawn, and the influence which the new blood of the strong, vigorous fisherman had upon the decadent Bourbon race, is well brought out. It is unfortunate that the author should have died just as his work was giving promise of the highest excellence.

One could wish for a happier ending for the story, yet any other would have been weak and unsatisfactory. This fulfills exactly the demands of the law of dramatic possibilities. It is a strong story, and interesting from the beginning to the end.

**A Type.**

As Nature's perfect day is blessed,  
Start thou life's way in eager quest  
Of what within thyself is best.

And as thy morn to eve is brought,  
With such sweet grace as thou hast sought,  
The fabric of thy soul is wrought.

Thy feet are sure; no conflict mars,  
No cloud obscures, nor lightning bars  
The way unto thy goal, the stars.

—*Miriam Ormonde Smallwood in N. Y. Sun.*