

AN ALLOWANCE FOR GIRLS.

"There is not much like giving girls an allowance," said the wise mother, "if you wish to bring them up wisely and well. I was advised to do that a number of years ago by a member of a large family of girls whose mother had brought her children up in that way. I began immediately, and it worked like a charm.

"My girls were young then—only about twelve—but I gave them so much a week with which to dress, keep for pocket money, make any presents they wished to—in fact, for all their general expenses. Of course I advised with them at first, and I do yet. I always have my eyes open and remember things that I see that it will be advantageous for them to get. But I do not ask them to buy to please me. The clothes they buy they must wear, and they can use their own judgment. If they have set their hearts upon something that I consider foolish, very well; I have nothing to say. There is no way in which they will learn so well as by experience.

"My girls have pretty clothes, they are always well dressed, and they have for an allowance—no one would ever guess how much—\$1.50 a week. They have had \$2, but this is a time of financial depression. The dressmaker's bills I pay when they are obliged to have a dressmaker, but we have found that, as a rule, we can do better by buying street gowns ready made and having them altered to fit. Underclothes are also bought ready made. It is less expensive, and the girls do not have to waste valuable time in working on them. It is possible to buy at a very reasonable price untrimmed garments to which can be added at home a little trimming.

"They look around for some time before they buy suits to get something that is pretty and stylish and reasonable in price. Frequently these are bought at the best shops. But you should see some of the hats that have come from Grand Street, and, best of all, hear how much they cost.

"Just now one of my girls is to have a pretty Summer gown made. She decided that she could get the most service from a taffeta silk. She has bought one of a rather dark shade and a subdued pattern for 59 cents a yard. That was not at one of the bargain counters. Standard patterns like this gown of hers are not to be found on bargain counters. She will have a soft little front of liberty silk that cost not much more a yard, and she will have a pretty gown. There will be a dressmaker to give it a good style, but she will be assisted in making it.

"Sometimes when there is a suit to be bought or something that needs considerable ready money the girls will borrow of me, perhaps \$10, but they always pay it back, every cent. And they do not have a large allowance made up by many gifts. Occasionally there may be a little present of money, but it is always for some very good reason, as when, perhaps, a girl has been graduated from school with high honors, and then it is not a large sum.

"The girls have taken courses in sewing and they can sew beautifully. Of course, when they are in school there is no time for it.

"But the general effect I find is excellent. It gives the girls self-reliance, they understand the value of money, and they learn to take care of their clothes. If, when the servant is out, they are going to the kitchen to wash dishes they do not wear their best gowns. And it is a great relief to me. I am quite free from care.

"People say that this is not possible, but we have proved that it is. All my daughters' friends are anxious to be put on an allowance as they are, but the mothers object. They say that it would not be possible to dress on such a small sum. My girls do it and are prettily gowned. They are able to make presents to their friends, too, out of their allowances. But they do not waste their money.

"If we are in the cars together I pay the expense, and I pay the car fare if they go on errands for me. For themselves, they fully prefer to walk when it is possible. And they never make any foolish blunders. Oh, they have bought things and made mistakes, but they learn from them and do not make them again."

weeks.

ART STUDIES AT THE PRATT.

MRS. KASBIER'S ARTISTIC WORK WITH THE CAMERA.

The collection of photographs by Mrs. Gertrude Kasbier is shown in the art gallery of the Pratt Institute, and may be seen by any visitor daily from 9 to 6, and from 7:30 to 9:30 o'clock in the evening. The exhibition is one of a series of artistic exhibitions which the Pratt Institute has been showing during the season with a view of giving its pupils and outsiders opportunity of studying fine works of art. Mrs. Kasbier's photographs are presented under the title of "Art Studies," and are well named, since she applied her artistic training and her own artistic gifts to the work, with undoubtedly artistic results. Mrs. Kasbier makes a special study of each sitter as she would for a painted portrait, and sometimes gives several hours to each pose.

Many of the outdoor scenes, in which appear the figures of peasants, were taken in France when Mrs. Kasbier was there with the large art class under Frank Vincent du Mond. These are interesting, but the best and most thoroughly artistic portion of the collection consists of the portrait photographs, which are taken in ordinary side light and never under a skylight, which Mrs. Kasbier thinks most detrimental to the best likeness. Most of the sitters are women in old-fashioned dresses and with quaintly arranged hair. The backgrounds, usually dark, have in many cases the texture of canvas, being treated in accordance with original methods of Mrs. Kasbier. In some cases, the photographs are light red in tone, in others brown, or warm gray. A portrait of a mother and child, printed faintly, has been most highly spoken of by several artists. The children's portraits in particular, possess the spontaneous character which is so essential to the best likenesses of these difficult subjects. The photographs have been recently shown in Boston at the rooms of the Boston Camera Club, where they received warm praise.

"THE GOD IN MAN"

MRS. GERTRUDE KASEBIER, for the last four years a student in this Department, has won one of the \$50 prizes offered by *The Quarterly Illustrator*, in its January number, for the best photograph of a draped figure in Greek costume, which should combine an artistic pose, artistic accessories, and general excellence in composition.

STRANGE THINGS IN ART.

Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier's Studies in Photography.

Gertrude Kasebier, who was at one student in the Pratt Institute, has now developed into a full-fledged artist and she is an artist of true artistic temperament. She has on exhibition at the Pratt galleries 150 portrait studies, representing some

morrell, in the bursar's office. Pratt Institute.

As announced in the report for last week Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier's collection of artistic photographs was placed on exhibition in the gallery of the library building on Monday, February 1.

The portrait studies of little children and the outdoor pictures taken by Mrs. Kasebier while she was at work in Europe are decidedly the most interesting portion of her work.

of the most prominent men and women of the day. There is no catalogue, so that the visitor has to guess who he is looking at, but to a man who reads the papers the faces present no riddle.

The chief characteristic of the portraits is their quaintness. Some of them look like half-tones and photogravures of the great masters. Most of them are subdued in tone and there are no two alike in attitude, where the contrasts are most striking. Here we see the back of a woman, who might be taken for Marie Antoinette or Mary Queen of Scots, and there a man in low-necked attire and long bushy hair, who might be Shakespeare's brother or the poet Keats. Sometimes the light is concentrated only on the bust, leaving the head, as they say in astronomy, in obscurity. For those in quest of strange and striking things in art they should not miss seeing Mrs. Kasebier's collection, which was seen in Boston and came up to the test in that super-critical town.

well received by the public.

The exhibition of pictures by Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, now open at the Pratt gallery, is a very original one. She was an art student there as well as abroad. One hundred and fifty canvases are on exhibition, portrait studies and character sketches mainly. They are beautiful and original.

Miss Alice Beard, daughter of James Beard,

a very readable article on "Leonardo da Vinci, the Scientist and Inventor."

Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier's artistic photographs, as announced in the report for last week, were placed on exhibition in the gallery of the library building, on February 1. The collection is an exceedingly interesting one, both from an artistic and a technical standpoint. A series of outdoor photographs is very charming and the portraits, especially those of the little children, are very attractive.

Brooklyn Times
Sat. Feb. 6 '97.

11

ART AND ARTISTS.

An admirable collection of art studies in photography by Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier may now be seen at the Pratt Institute art gallery.

[Standard Union
Brooklyn?]

that have followed.

OUT AND ABOUT

NEW YORK'S NEW ARTIST IN PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Miss Southwick Tells of Mrs. Kaesebier and Her Work—Photographs That Are Revelations—Inter Se Club—Unity Whist—Washington—Custis Wedding—Other News.

If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, at least Mahomet has the privilege of sometimes going to the mountain. So far as the purposes of art culture are concerned, New York is nearly as remote from Worcester as Paris or Munich; but sometimes members of our local art colony take the journey to the art centre of the country, and when they do, they not infrequently are willing to share their experiences upon their return with the stay-at-homes.

The account which follows of a brave woman and a real artist who, through sheer force of artistic initiative and insight, has made herself "the thing" in New York today, will, we are confident, be read with interest:

A few years ago, in a little town in France, the writer met among a colony of art students, Mrs. Gertrude Kaesebier, a most interesting woman. For pastime, she amused herself with pho-

SPY, WEDNESDAY, FEB.

graphy, in which she experimented after her own fashion, producing effects which the commercial photographer would have viewed with scorn, if he had condescended to bestow any attention on such attempts, but which, to some of us, showed the artistic possibilities to be had from a sun picture. In spite of ridicule and discouragement, Mrs. Kaesebier has continued her work in this line, spending, in the meantime, a year in a regular photographic studio to study technical points in the matter of toning, printing and so on. Now she has opened a studio in New York, and is prepared to make a trial for a picture to any one who comes. I say advisedly, "to make a trial," for she modestly disclaims great knowledge in her profession, and says: "The results are most uncertain!"

My friend and I, who knew her in Crecy, called by invitation on the morning of Washington's birthday, when she was free and able to tell us in her interesting way, "all about it," and show us specimens of her "trials," sometimes in more senses than one. As, for instance, the picture of a young mother and her baby, which was over-burdened with the wedding dress of the mother, while the child was encased in a family christening robe of considerable antiquity, both of which had to be equally considered with the wearers thereof in the picture.

She makes her prints in red or brown carbon, and in all tones of grey from the most delicate to the deep, dark shades which suggest a Rembrandt. Her studio is most unlike that of a regular photographer. It is a large front room in an ordinary dwelling house, simply furnished and suggesting the studio of an artist, only there is no easel or paint or brushes; a small model throne, a screen or two, draperies, chairs, a lounge, an old mahogany desk and a little choice bric-a-brac, while hanging on the walls are a few of her pictures framed close in simple wood frames, to match the tone of the print or enough darker to give a decided accent—and you have it all! There are ordinary shades to the two windows, and no camera or anything else photographic in sight.

So we sit before the open fire and talk while we look at her pictures;—a mother and her young babe, the drapery about the mother and child being a piece of Liberty silk, and the effect being that of a delicate relief by Donatello; then a young girl with a large, dark hat that melts into the background; or that of a man whose commercial picture looks like that of a very ordinary person, but here is made to suggest some one most distinguished, of the Robert Louis Stevenson type. There is an atmosphere which envelopes all of them, which, with the charm of suggestiveness of what might be, rather than the photographic representation in detail of what is, delights us, and the time passes so quickly that the morning is nearly over when Mrs. Kaesebier jumps up, pushes back chairs and says: "Now, I am going to see what I can do with you." She wheels into the room from a closet "the instrument" covered with a black velvet pall, and then begins a wild chase about the room to "catch" the subject. Every spot is tried with the window shades up and down, and in the meanwhile both artist and model discuss whatever comes to mind that the best expression may be evoked, when suddenly, in a triumphant tone, Mrs. Kaesebier says: "There, there, don't stir, I've got you"; and in the twinkling of the ordeal is over, and you are amazed and wonder like the old m-

There, there, don't stir, I've got you"; and in the twinkling of an eye the ordeal is over, and you are immortalized and wonder like just which one of the old masters you will be turned out.

Mrs. Kaesebier's pictures would not suit the world at large, any more than Browning's poems do; most people prefer Longfellow. So the majority of mankind will be better suited with the average photographer; but for the few Mrs. Kaesebier is the most satisfactory, and those few will remember that it was Matthew Arnold who said that it was the minority which saved the world! Jeanie Lea Southwick.

the 20th of the
a distinct ad-
ography, the pho-
ure has not pro-
a few photographers
and elsewhere have
tempted it upon an artistic basis, but
they have either yielded to popular de-
mands and gone back to more ordinary
pose and treatment or they remain ap-
plauded by the few instead of the many.
The inference is that the average person
likes the average photograph, with its
pleasant-as-possible expression, its smooth
finish, and its eradication of characteris-
tic lines in the face. The little collection
of photographs now on exhibition at the
Pratt Institute Library Building, and
which was mentioned in The Standard
Union of Monday last, is worth more
than casual mention, since it is character-
ized throughout by artistic and individual
treatment. Mrs. Gertrude Kaesebier, who
made the photographs, and who was an
art student at Pratt's for several years,
gave some interesting points in speaking
of her work. Some outdoor French views
are shown, but she has been most suc-
cessful with the heads and single figures,
and to this line she intends to give her
chief attention. She said that she used
the camera in an earlier period of her art
studies, but was advised by her instruc-
tors to give it up, as they thought it in-
terfered with her work. When she was
preparing to go abroad with the class of
students under Mr. du Mond some years
ago, she discovered, at the last moment,
space in her trunk into which her cam-
eretta would not fit, and thus put it by a mere
coincidence. While abroad a little photo-
graph which she took of her daughter so
pleased a number of the students that she
was asked to take other photographs,
which she took according to her own ideas.
The students were in sympathy, and she
says that her artistic surroundings at
that time probably helped her much in
developing the artistic quality of her
present work. While she was abroad
several artists so admired her photo-
graphs that they strongly advised her to
remain there and establish a studio, as
they believed she had opportunities for
great success. She has decided, however,
to pursue her work at home.
Mrs. Kaesebier never uses a top light,
but the side lights in which people are
more commonly seen. She studies her
sitters as she would in painting a por-
trait, chooses the dress which she sees will
bring out their best points, and gives sev-
eral hours, if necessary, to each sitter.
Not only the old style of dress which she
has used in many cases in women's por-
traits, but the background finishing by
blending a canvas in texture, giving an im-
pression of old portraits. It would be in-
teresting to see more of her treatment
of the modern dress, which, while it has
its extravagances and ugly features, is
capable of artistic arrangement. There
is something in the principles of Raffaelli
and others of the modern French school
to the effect that an artist, to work truly,
must express in his work the spirit of his
own time. Mrs. Kaesebier has not de-
pended entirely upon the old-time dress,
however, as some of her portraits of men
are successful. The prints are

SOCIETY WOMEN POSE.

A Collection of Quaint Pictures on Exhibition at the Pratt Institute.

OLD MASTERS' METHODS FOLLOWED.

Mrs. Kasebier Is an Exponent in a New School of Photography.

Since the opening of the Pratt Art Gallery in the new library building a year ago there have been many exhibits, all coming under the head of the unusual, but none that can quite compete with the pictures that for the past week have adorned the gallery walls. Examples of Reubens, Raphael and Rembrandt stood out everywhere, but that the belles of Brooklyn posed as the originals is a fact that escaped the many. It is not to be wondered at that they did, for it would take something more than a mere bowing acquaintance with the originals to have detected under flowing hair, loosely hung gowns and a unique arrangement of lights any of the well-known society girls of the Hill. Yet Miss Dickerson, Miss Ripley, the Misses Baldwin, Mrs. Lanzette and Miss Halsey are all there.

After a close inspection of the photographs it is discovered that instead of genuine copies of the masters only their methods have been copied, and those resolved themselves into the primary rules of art. Subordination of costumes is the first rule enforced, after that the complement of lines is observed, and as a result "even a homely girl looks beautiful," enthusiastically stated an art student who was doing the gallery.

Art students found many points to admire and the unbeliever quite as much fun in the live exhibit of old master worshippers as in the still exponents on the wall.

The artist who is responsible for this exhibit is Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, until recently an art student at Pratt Institute. Accident, fostered by a sort of necessity, led Mrs. Kasebier to apply her knowledge of art to photography one day, and the result was so satisfactory that she immediately began to study the subject more closely. As a result Boston artists last year welcomed Mrs. Kasebier as an exponent of a new school. Possibly the fact that the fashion-plate as a factor is absolutely ruled out in the composition of these pictures may have helped warm the Boston heart, for the only modern costumes that appear are those built on artistic lines. Another point in considering the pictures is the values that are produced. Value as relating to pictures is an absolutely

blank term to the outside world, but those who observe the picture of Mrs. Isaac Howland cannot but be impressed with the velvety folds of the bodice and the exquisite lustre of the white satin, an effect seldom if ever obtained by the professional photographers.

Mrs. Kasebier said: "I study my model sometimes two or three hours and generally the negatives are not satisfactory until after several trials. I never retouch them, but just keep on working until the negative is just as I want it. Wrinkles, freckles, all have to show if they are in the original. Composition and harmony are two things I look for and that is why homely girls say I make them look lovely."

Then Mrs. Kasebier illustrated her idea with the picture of a maiden who sat in an antique curved chair. The girdle about her waist described another curve, the neck of her gown a third and her beautifully modelled chin a fourth. Another example of the best points accentuated artistically was demonstrated after the Italian school. A mass of hair bothered the photographer for days; finally the braids of the Italian school were tried and the effect claimed as most satisfactory. That one must be educated to appreciate the beauty of the result is demonstrated by the smiles this picture produced at the exhibit.

Some of the pictures are notably lovely, but the expression in many cases has considerable to do with effect. Examples of the Empire school are wanting. Whether the modern girl will come to pose as an old master were the result not beautiful in the general sense is a question, and on it will depend much of the success of this new school.

BURGLARS' DARING RAID.

Get Into a House Through the Scuttle and Carry Off \$400 Worth of Booty.

Capt. Corwin and the detectives of the Lee Avenue Police Station are still investigating the daring burglary committed at the residence of Mrs. John Hesse, No. 107 Ross street, Thursday night.

The burglars gained access to the house by forcing open the window in an unoccupied house at No. 133 Ross street. Then they proceeded to the roof of the house and went to Mrs. Hesse's house. They forced the scuttle open and gained an entrance.

The family were in the basement at the time. Mrs. Hesse's son heard footsteps on the floor above and on making an investigation became convinced that burglars were in the house.

The police were notified and Sergeant Pinkerton, Detective Hayes and a squad of policemen shortly afterwards arrived at the house. The entire neighborhood was aroused. The police searched the house, but were unable to find any trace of the robbers.

Mrs. Hesse is unable to state the value of the articles stolen. She thinks, however, it will exceed \$400. Diamond earrings, gold cuff buttons, clothing and \$10 in cash were carried off.

Wolz Acknowledges No Shortage.

The experts of the Department of Audit have completed their examination of the accounts of the Second District Civil Court, of which John Peterson was Justice. They found a shortage of \$134.25. Frederick Wolz, who was Clerk of the Court, was sent for by Auditor Sutton to explain matters. This he was unable to do, but said he considered the city owed him money rather than he the city. The matter was referred to the Corporation Council to investigate.

Accused of Policy-Dealing.

Charles Keller, of No. 89 Smith street, was arrested last night on a charge of selling lottery policy slips in Martin Holt's saloon at that address.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

Artistic Portraits with the Camera Shown at the Photographic Society's Rooms.

In the rooms of the Photographic Society, 10 South Eighteenth street, there is on view an exceedingly interesting collection of portrait studies, made with the camera. The group includes about 100 prints, made by Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, of New York, and by Mr. Allen Drew Cook, of this city.

The work of Mr. Cook will appeal to the photographer on account of his artistic treatment on strictly legitimate lines, but the effects obtained by Mrs. Kasebier, while secured in other ways, will delight the artist immediately. Mrs. Kasebier seizes upon anything that promises to raise her portraits above the conventional, and which tends to give her photography a place near good portrait painting. Whether it is a family group or a single figure the effect as to pose, composition and also as to the kind or color of the print best suited to the subject is carefully studied, and the result is always pleasing and never inartistic.

There is in her work the evidence that she has not neglected to study the masters of portraiture. Many of them look like remarkably fine photographic copies of paintings. Whether it is good for photography to compete with painting it is not necessary here to discuss, but it can be said that Mrs. Kasebier does contend with the portrait painter, and sometimes does so successfully. True, color is lacking, but the selection of a good artistic printing paper sometimes causes this defect to be forgotten. Some of her best work in the exhibition is to be seen in her photographs of groups, which for grace and knowledge of composition are seldom approached by photographers.

Mr. Cook's work is in a slightly different line. He tries not so much to make a beautiful composition as to get a good characteristic likeness. This he presents in an artistic manner, and obtains largely through curious light effects, and by means of judicious derangement of the focus. He does not place so much stress upon the kind of print, but he is not neglectful of the advantages of a suitable printing medium. He is very successful with his subjects, and proof of this may be found in admirable portraits of Mr. Harrison S. Morris, of the Academy of the Fine Arts and of the late John Sartain.

The exhibition will remain on view in the society's rooms until the 26th instant, where it may be seen free, daily, except Sunday, from 10 until 5 o'clock.

At the rooms of the Photographic Society last evening John G. Bullock and Charles H. Pancoast gave a lantern exhibition before members of the society and their friends. Both gentlemen are competent both in photographic technique and in appreciation of the beautiful, and the result was a pleasant evening's entertainment. Mr. Bullock's pictures were made during a vacation trip in Virginia; Mr. Pancoast's were marines and views of Connecticut scenery.

World Sat. 13 Feb.

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

Exhibit by Mrs. Gertrude Kosebier at Pratt Institute.

The exhibition of photographs by Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, which has been under way at Pratt Institute for the past week has attracted considerable interest not only from an artistic standpoint but as well because of the initiated it was known that the models for some of the portraits were well known society girls, although likeness is not as pronounced as in ordinary portrait painting. Mrs. Kasebier aims to produce the effect in her photographs of the style of painting by the old masters and composition, effect of light and shade are the main features and delineation of character rather than exact copy of features is the effect in view. Mrs. Kasebier is a former Pratt Institute pupil who possesses ability in photography and has been developing her talent along the line of what is termed artistic photography and the present exhibit is intended to show her progress in this direction.

If You

Haven't ordered your Sunday Eagle ahead, you're taking chances, for to-morrow's Sherman supplement means an extra large demand, and many dealers will be sold out early. Get in your advance order this afternoon.—Adv.

THE STORY OF A COUNT.

He Was Russian and He Tried to Marry a Little American Girl, but Without Success.

This is the story of the shirtless Count, or the nobleman who did not marry the American girl.

The children called him the shirtless Count when one of them discovered one day that underneath the big Lord Fauntleroy tie that he wore there was woolen underwear with nothing to be seen of the white starched article which the American considers necessary upon most occasions.

"Of course," said the relative abroad, who has a respect for blue blood, "of course he wears only the hygienic wool. All noblemen over here dress in that way when

they are traveling, from the Prince of Wales down," and she closed her mouth with an expression of decision which implied that if democratic Americans did not know enough to appreciate a real Count, together with all his idiosyncrasies, when they saw him—well, she would wash her hands of the consequences.

The family was going abroad, and the little lady of the story was to study music. She was only a little lady, sixteen and "nothing but a child in short gowns," her mamma said; so, if the Count on the steamer, who was a Russian of distinguished family, was pleased with her music and enjoyed having her play with him, mamma was willing. Was she not there all the time? So it became a feature of each day's programme that the Count and the little American girl should play for the amusement of the passengers. The Count was enthusiastic. Such music! Such genius! He was an artist himself in music and he could appreciate. "The Count appears to be a great admirer of your daughter," said the passengers to mamma.

"Nonsense!" replied the mamma indignantly. "She is nothing but a child and he enjoys her music."

So the music went on daily. It grew tiresome after a time to the little musician, but she was only a little girl and here was a grown-up person who wished her to play, and how could she, in politeness, refuse? So she played on; but it was a great relief when the voyage was over at last and the enforced musical seances were closed. Mamma and the children said a last goodbye to the passengers, Count and all, and speedily forgot all about the latter.

That was until visiting a cathedral one day. There was a delightful old German they had met on shipboard, and the Count, very glad to see "little Mees" again. That surely was the last of him, but Germany had been reached, and the family had settled down with the grandmamma of the family, when who should appear one day but mine host of the largest hostelry of the town. He had known the older branch of the family for years, but he was not so sure of the younger American branch; couldn't he learn something about it? It would be a favor, for he would like to oblige a distinguished patron, who had visited his house upon many occasions, a Russian Count of old family. It was the same Russian Count, and mamma was annoyed.

For a time nothing more was heard of the distinguished fellow-traveler, and then another caller arrived, the nice old German gentleman, whom mamma and daughter were glad to meet again. But he had called on business. A distinguished friend had been very much impressed by little

Miss American, and he would like to be introduced to her—but there he was interrupted by mamma, who was most indignant. The Count was really too presumptuous.

"My daughter is nothing but a child," she reiterated, as she had so many times before. "I cannot allow you ever to speak of such a thing in her presence." And the nice old German gentleman departed, but the Count was not discouraged. It was evident that he had been very much impressed in some way.

The next move came in a long, large letter, bearing the coat of arms of a noble Russian family. It was addressed to little Miss American.

"You must open it and read it," said the grandmamma, who had Continental ideas, to the mamma.

"Why, I never opened one of my daughter's letters in my life," said the American mamma.

"But it must be done," said grandmamma. "It would never do to give such a letter to the child." So it was opened. It contained a piece of original music, written by the Count and dedicated to the little American girl, and a note which had not the elements of a love letter, but was something warmer than friendship. An answer was returned thanking his Countship for his courtesy, and there the matter apparently ended.

Little Miss American finished such a part of her musical education as she was to take abroad and returned home. Not a thought of the Count, who was really what he claimed to be, troubled her healthy young brain.

"I am sure, mamma," she said, with a weary recollection of those long hours when she had played on the steamer, "I am sure that he only cared to play with me because he was so homely that none of the ladies would have anything to do with him."

So the Count had become merely a faint recollection in the minds of the members of the family, when only the other day, Papa American received a caller. It was the nice old German gentleman. He introduced himself and was cordially received. It was at Papa American's big manufacturing establishment, and the German gentleman had been taken down to the proprietor in one of the workrooms, where he was looking after some of the details of his business.

"I would like to speak to you privately," said the German.

"Anything you have to say will be all right here," said Papa American, who did not care to lose time.

"But it is a matter of importance," continued the visitor, "I—"

"There are only friends here," interrupted Papa American; "anything you have to say will be all right."

"I have come in the interest of the distinguished Count of the Unpronounceable Name," the German went on, thus admonished. "You have a daughter—"

"Perhaps we had better go up to the office," interrupted Papa again.

"The Count of the Unpronounceable Name," said the German, when they were seated, "was very much interested in your daughter, and, you see—well, he must marry money—"

"And he has come to the wrong place for it," here said Papa American, interrupting for the third time.

"But isn't this your establishment?" asked the visitor in astonishment.

"Yes," said Papa American, "but I may as well tell you first as last that my daughter's future is already provided for in another way."

That settled the matter of the Count, but it need not discourage any businesslike young American, who feels that only little Miss American can make him happy for life, for, though her prospects are settled in a way, it is not in a matrimonial way as yet, and the man who is looking for love and not money may find what he wishes.

THE CHICKIE'S BED TIME.

From:

Tcl. BO

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NEW YORK TIMES

OCT 14 1934

MRS. G. E. KASEBIER
DEAD AT AGE OF 82

Widely Known Photographer
Was a Pioneer in Artistic
Use of the Camera.

HAD FIFTH AVENUE STUDIO

Winner of Foreign Decorations
Had Retired Seven Years Ago
—Studied in Paris.

Mrs. Gertrude E. Kasebier, a pioneer of artistic photography in the United States, who had been a leader in her profession in this city for thirty years, died yesterday at her residence, 123 Waverly Place, succumbing to a general weakness incident to her age, 82 years. She had been ill for three weeks. Her husband, the late Eduard Kasebier, of New York and Wiesbaden, Germany, a manufacturer of shellac, to whom she was married in 1874, died twenty-five years ago. Three children survive, Frederick W. Kasebier, Mrs. Gertrude Elizabeth O'Malley, and Mrs. Hermine Mathilde Turner. The funeral service will be held privately.

Born in Des Moines, Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa, of old American stock on both sides of her family, Mrs. Kasebier was a daughter of John and Muncy Stanton. As a child with her parents she crossed the plains in a covered wagon, and she remembered all her life the excitement of the journey, a pursuit by the Indians and the hardships of the long trail. Her father became the owner of a gold mine in Leadville, Colo.

The daughter early felt a call to the arts and undertook a special course of studies in art subjects at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, later supplemented in Paris. The possibilities of a more esthetic treatment of photography occurred to her and she went to Germany to study the technique of the camera and the photographic studio.

During most of her active career Mrs. Kasebier had a studio on Fifth Avenue, its location advancing uptown with the trend of the city's development. She retired seven years ago.

Her work, which was recognized as in the foremost rank by students of photography here and abroad, brought her decorations from foreign governments and many awards at expositions held in Europe, America and this country. A permanent exhibit of her photographs was shown at the recent exhibition of photography in New York.