ONLY WOMAN'S PAGE

MISS S. SORABJI,
Of Poona, India.

HER WORK FOR INDIA.

MISS SORABJI, A PARSEE, WHO IS FOUNDING CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS FOR CHILDREN OF HER COUNTRY.

Miss S. Sorabji, a native Parsee from Poona, India, who has been heard at various religious gatherings in this vicinity this summer, is devoting her life to bettering the condition of the children of India. Miss Sorabji has four Christian schools under her direction in Poona, and it is to obtain funds with which to erect permanent homes for three of them, the Hindoo Ragged School, the Victoria High School and the Mahometan School, that she is in this country.

Miss Sorabji's father, a member of one of the most distinguished native families in India, with two other men of rank, became Christians in 1841. His radical step was followed by a long period of persecution, which in no way relaxed his efforts in missionary enterprises. At his death, seven years ago, his wife and seven daughters continued his work.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, a sister of Miss S. Sorabji, was the first woman in India to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was the first woman, as well, upon whom the degree of Bachelor of Common Laws was conferred by Oxford University, England. Her work, says her sister, has been of inestimable benefit to Hindoo women, who, while by Hindoo law entitled to the control of their own property, are, nevertheless, debarred from consulting mere lawyers, the consequence being that by the time justice filters down to a woman client from her unseen counsel, it is injustice that she receives.

Another sister is at present studying medicine in England, and when she completes her course will return to India as a medical missionary.

Regarding Indian women and their needs, Miss Sorabji said to a Tribune reporter yesterday:

India has 145,000,000 women. Of these, 25,000,000 are widows. In the Indian language there is no word to correspond to the Anglo-Saxon word "home." The only word that represents it is "zenana," meaning "the secluded spot for women." There all the women of a household are herded together, their individuality lost, their spirits crushed, and the liberty which is the birthright of all women, denied them. Some idea of "woman's place" in India may be gained from literature. The sacred books say, "You may trust deadly poison, a thief, a murderer, but he who trusts a woman will undoubtedly come to beggary and ruin." A traveller in India was told that the Hindoo was convinced of two things: the sanctity of the cow and the depravity of woman.

A woman in India may not learn to read, because she is told by the priest that it will cause the death of her husband. Thus, even the comfort of books is denied her. Religion is to her merely a round of ceremony to propitiate deities and satisfy the importunities of a greedy and grasping priesthood. Before a woman can hope to have a child she must pay large sums of money to the priest and make useless offerings to the particular deity of her household, for each house has its own deity. She must rise long before daylight to perform hundreds of ceremonies which are to gain her her petition.

After the little one comes into the world she must go on propitiating the gods in order to keep him alive. The mother is never allowed to bring up the child, that duty devolving on the paternal grandmother. No sooner can the little one speak than the grandmother delights in teaching it a string of abuse to shower on its mother, who is treated as little more than the child which she verily is. All the mother instinct is crushed out of the young heart, but she, in turn, will prove as relentless a tyrant to her own daughter-in-law later.

Worse, however, than the fate of a mother is that of the childless widow. She believes that it was some sin committed by her in a former life, which has caused her to be left a widow. As a penalty her head is shaved, her bangles broken, and she must partake of only one meal a day, while the rest of the family have three. Should her shadow fall upon a man who is going upon an important work he would curse her, looking upon the occurrence as an evil omen, and would give up his errand for that day.

That a son should with his own hand set fire to his widowed mother on the funeral pyre of his father seems incredible; yet, until British sovereignty put a stop to it, this was considered not only a religious duty, but a privilege. Educated young men in India fought against the regulations of Lord Bentinck, who ruled such a procedure as a crime. They maintained that it was an interference with their religious and social customs.

The doctrine of the Parsees is Zoroastrianism. They are the most prosperous, moral and cultured class of the native population of India.

One of the most fanciful of the season's neck ruffles seen at a well known designer's in this city was made of white tulle. It was daintily gathered in full, fluffy folds, interspersed with black velvet ribbon loops. At either end of the collar long streamers of black velvet ribbon fell in a multitude of ends, with here and there a graceful loop knotted. These ribbon ends reached to the knee, and terminated in full clusters of velvet loops, giving the whole an extremely dressy effect.

The short Eton jacket is now finding a rival in the little coat with short, full piece below the waist. Some of these new jackets are graceful and effective, the cloth below the waist being cut in curving lines. Black braid, silver edged, which is used on many suits for trimming is a pretty idea.

Large French roses are being worn as hair ornaments, and pink and white camellias. Almost every variety of fanciful decoration for this purpose takes among women just now. Even large Alsatian bows are promising to be popular. These are extremely picturesque, if less dressy than the French roses, and are well suited to some styles of head. Aigrettes continue to be worn as before.

Lace hats trimmed with fur are one of the novel devices of early fall. One of these now on exhibition is made entirely of white lace over a white satin foundation, with black velvet ribbon caught on, and beaded through the lace here and there. A slender band of mink fur on the side gives the finishing touch.

Charming models of flannel waists, elaborately embroidered and tucked, begin to make their appearance in show windows. One quaintly pretty waist has the embroidery in wavy lines separated by curious little figures, and running across the lower part of the front. The upper part of the waist is trimmed with groups of small tucks. The embroidery appears again on the collar and bands forming the cuffs.

COLGATE'S
Violet Water
Refreshing in the Basin and Bath.
Delicately fragrant on the Handkerchief.

PIAZZA TALKS.

ON THE BENEFITS TO BE DERIVED FROM AWFUL EXAMPLES.

"Here we are!" exclaimed the Bright Girl, throwing herself into a chair on the nearly deserted piazza of the "Summer Home for the Indigent," so called. "Here we are, survivors of the general exodus, at the close of the season."

"With a good chance," said the Clever Woman, "to talk over all the more recent absentees. The less recent ones we have already forgotten."

"Forgotten? Oh, not all!" impulsively cried the Bright Girl, and then she blushed furiously.

The Clever Woman was too clever to inquire into the identity of the Unforgotten One (or ones). She hastened to say:

"Let us talk them all over in a strictly impersonal way—'naught extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.'"

"I'll tell you," suggested the Bright Girl, eagerly. "Let us recall the things like that famous series in 'Punch'—'Things one would rather have left unsaid.' Let us all think of what we would rather have left unsaid or undone during the summer."

"No, my dear," said the Clever Woman, solemnly. "I never confess in social life that there is anything I would rather have left unsaid or undone. It's bad policy. Whatever my record, I will stand by it with a stubborness which in family life would wreck the happiness of the household, but which in social life secures the happiness of the individual."

"Well, then," persisted the Bright Girl, "don't confess anything that you have done or left undone. We'll each mention some one thing that we are resolved never to do, whether we have done it or not."

"In the light of the summer's experience, I suppose you mean. We'll show how we have profited by some awful example."

"That's it exactly."

"It's a good idea, but each one of us will know exactly whose shortcomings have served to point the moral, whether we mention names or not."

"Well, never mind; we know anyway."

"Oh, yes, let us try it!" cried another voice.

"Please do!" chorused two or three others.

"You begin," said one, indicating the Bright Girl.

"Well," she began slowly, blushing again, "I am resolved never to—never to—oh, never mind!"

"Never to mind is an excellent resolve," observed the Clever Woman, gravely; "but, considering that you proposed the game, you have fizzled out most unaccountably."

"Very well, then, I don't care!" said the girl, desperately. "I am resolved never to keep the Man of the Week to myself, and pointedly avoid introducing him to other girls!"

Every one laughed, and one reckless young person was heard to remark, sotto voce, "Didn't she gobble him!"

"You next, Mrs. Silvercrown," they exclaimed.

"Well," said the Dear Old Lady, "I am resolved to rise and leave the table whenever I am seized with a fit of coughing, or—or—anything of that sort!"

After that the resolves came thick and fast.

"Never to poke people in the ribs, or nudge them on the arm."

"Never to tell long stories."

"Never to bring my headaches downstairs and sit around in half dead attitudes, exciting pity."

"Never to borrow other people's newspapers until they are at least a day old."

"Never to express surprise at anybody's acts, tastes or fancies."

"Never to grumble except by mutual consent."

"Never to bring sufferings upon delicate people by opening windows at their backs, to save myself a trifling discomfort."

"Never to nag the idlers, who don't care to do fancy work."

When all had passed, out of breath or ideas, some one looked at the Clever Woman, and said, "Why, you haven't spoken once!"

"No," she said, "I was lost in a trance of happy assent to all I heard. I have always thought that there was nothing better for the soul than bad examples, and I'm glad to see that you have profited by them."

"But what have you resolved not to do?" somebody asked.

"My good resolutions are almost too numerous to mention," she replied; "but some are of the New Year variety. They will never bear fruit. Others will, but they are probably among those I have already kept from my youth up. As to the new ones, this is perhaps the most prominent: I'll never in any way or in any connection mention my own digestion as long as I live!"

BOBBY'S LOGIC.

Schoolteacher—Now, Bobby, spell needle.
Bobby—N-e-i-d-l-e, needle.
Teacher—Wrong. There's no "i" in needle.
Bobby—Well, 'taint a good needle, then.—(Exchange.

THE ROYAL WELCOME.

PART CANADIAN WOMEN WILL PLAY IN RECEIVING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

The approaching visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York is the subject of paramount interest in Canada just now, and one can scarcely pick up a publication of any kind without seeing some lengthy reference to the preparations which are being made for the occasion. In all this activity the women of the country are taking an important part, from the nuns of the Ville Marie Convent, in Montreal, who are to receive the royal party in that institution, to her excellency the wife of the Governor-General, who is having the vice-regal residences in Montreal and Quebec repaired and decorated in anticipation of the arrival of her royal guests.

The reception by the nuns will certainly be one of the most interesting features of the welcome, and is an absolutely indispensable one. All the English princes and princesses who have visited Canada have been received at this institution, and no royal tour would be complete without the ceremony. The community is one of great historic interest, having been founded almost contemporaneously with Montreal, or Ville Marie, the city of Mary, by Marguerite Bourgois, of Troy, France. This heroic woman—now declared to be "venerable" by the Church and canonized in prospect—came to Montreal in 1653 to teach the children and nurse the sick of the infant colony, and began her work in a stable. A few years later she brought some young women out from France, and founded a little religious community, which she called the Congregation of Our Lady, Congregation de Notre Dame. This has now grown to a great organization, with branches all over Canada and a magnificent mother house in Montreal, once the residence of the Governor-General. Here the future King and Queen will be received.

The women of Ottawa are preparing to present a mink cape to the Duchess of Cornwall and York. It will be a truly royal garment, with facings of ermine, clasps of maple leaves made of Klondike gold nuggets, and a case of native woods, lined with cedar to keep the moths away. The cost of the gift will be at least $1,000, probably more.

Although a great amount of interest has been taken in this gift and contributions have come from women of all classes, there has been a considerable amount of opposition to it, on the ground that the duchess would probably be much better pleased if the money were expended in some way that would benefit humanity, instead of adding to her own superfluity.

The Ottawa Women's Christian Temperance Union takes this view of the matter, and is erecting a drinking fountain, at an expense of $700, as a memorial of the royal visit. The fountain will be patriotically decorated with beavers and maple leaves—Canadian emblems—and the water will pour from the mouths of British lions. The duchess will be asked to unveil the fountain.

Another important part which women will play in the reception will be that of lending magnificence to the various social functions with which it will be attended. They are fully alive to their obligations in this respect, and have been greatly exercised over them for a long time. The matter would have been serious enough at any time, but it was complicated in this case by the royal mourning, Canadians not being sufficiently familiar with the ways of courts to know what would be expected of them under these circumstances. Happily this difficulty has been removed by an official announcement embodying Queen Alexandra's wishes, or "orders" as the language of the court has it. According to this proclamation, all women who wish to be presented to their royal highnesses must wear half mourning—black, white, gray, blue and mauve.

The children are also to have a share in the welcome to the heir apparent. In Ottawa they will gather on Parliament Hill and sing patriotic songs at the unveiling of the late Queen's statue by the duke, and in Montreal they will be massed along the route of the royal progress and will sing patriotic songs as the future King and Queen pass.

"A good woman of the stanch orthodox type settled the Sunday dinner question for herself years ago, by telling her boys that as they had a cold luncheon at school every weekday, it would not hurt them to eat one on Sunday," says Mrs. Mary L. Wyatt, in "The American Kitchen Magazine." "Then when they became men and had their hot dinners in the city, her ruling was that as they had hot dinners every other day, it would not hurt them to eat cold ones on Sunday, and in this way she was relieved of the care of getting hot Sunday dinners.

"But in these days of hurry and go, the Sunday dinner has come to be the social rallying point of the family for the week. In many homes, on no other day can the members of the family linger around the home table. It has, therefore, become a problem—to make Sunday a happy, homelike day, and yet a day of rest for the housemother. The question does not apply here to homes where domestics are kept, but to the larger number of households where no servants are employed, and where the members of the family are attendants at some church service in the morning.

"In a recent gathering of housewives and mothers, this subject was deemed of enough importance to discuss, and the facts and suggestions gained were of assistance to some of the younger women who found the dinner problem perplexing. On comparing experiences it was found that the methods employed were much the same, and that many of the details of the dinner could be arranged the day before, or on Sunday morning. The dinner hour was almost invariably found to be 2 o'clock, so some members of the families attended the Bible school after the morning service.

"Three of the menus presented by the housewives are here given:

Fricaseed Chicken.
Canned Peas Mashed Potatoes.
Pickled Peaches. Bread.
Squash and Berry Pie.
Cheese. Nuts. Oranges.

Roast Chicken, Dressing, Gravy.
Boiled Potatoes. Squash. Turnip.
Cranberry Jelly.
White Bread. Brown Bread.
Pickles. Lettuce.
Coffee Jelly with Whipped Cream.
Nuts. Raisins.
Coffee or Tea.

Tomato Bisque, or a Clear Soup.
Corned Tongue.
Mashed Potato. Squash.
Canned Corn. Pickled Cauliflower.
Floating Island.
Cake. Oranges. Bananas.
Coffee.

"By wise planning and partial cooking on Saturday, each of these dinners can be easily prepared while the potatoes are boiling. The cream can be whipped, the lettuce washed, and the vegetables prepared before going to church.

"Served with cheerfulness and courtesy, these easily prepared dinners may give as much satisfaction as if fourteen courses had been served. The old adage is as true as ever, 'Enough is as good as a feast.'"

YOUNG SOCIALISTS IN PARIS.

Twenty-five young girls of the Socialist Vooruit, of Ghent, have recently attracted attention in Paris, where they have been making a brief visit. They are dressed alike, in gowns of blue serge, with white cuffs and collar, and bright red cravat, with floating ends, which marks them as pointedly as any badge. They wear plain black straw hats, trimmed with a band of ribbon.

The society of which they are members was founded by the Deputy Edouard Anseele as an experiment in co-operative stores, the profits of their efforts going toward the education of workingmen's children. Two sets of pupils, with a teacher, are sent on visits to other cities each year, and are welcomed by groups of socialists wherever they stop, who assist in their entertainment.

FOG IN NEW-YORK HARBOR.

From The Monthly Weather Review.

We estimate that on the average the navigation of New-York Harbor is seriously interrupted for about ten days in each year by dense fog. The reports for April 21, 22 and 23 state that, owing to the dense fog off the Jersey coast and over New-York Bay and harbor, scarcely half a dozen sailing vessels entered or left the port during these three days. Most of the large passenger steamers were also lost in the fog, and waited a day or two outside the bar or at their docks. Only between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock did it clear sufficiently to justify these expensive vessels in risking any attempt to move.

Even though the above press reports be somewhat exaggerated, still they present matter for very serious consideration. We have in "The Monthly Weather Review" for January, 1899, described the so-called Tugrin fog dispeller, and lately read of improved apparatus for communication through the fog; we are also told that if one can go to the topmast, or perhaps higher, he will rise above the fog. But all these devices fail to meet the real needs of the case, which require the utter abolishment of the fog.

We have no doubt that the fog is really worse now than it was in former years, and that this is due principally to the steam and smoke from innumerable chimneys. Either these must be modified or suppressed, or else the wharfs of New-York must be built far away from the smoke and fog of the city.

THE TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

IF LOVE WERE NOT.

If love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart inclose
No chalice of perfume.

By mossy bank, in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fire consume.

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom.

—(Florence Earle Coates.

NOTICE.

All letters and packages intended for the T. S. S. should be addressed to the Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York City.

If the above address is carefully observed, communications intended for the T. S. S. will be less likely to go astray.

A HELPFUL GIFT.

The following letter tells its own story of kindly endeavor to help brighten the cheerless lives of other children:

President of the T. S. S.

I have often read your Sunshine column, and have been deeply interested. Papa has taken The Tribune thirty-two years. Some of my friends and myself thought it would be nice to help cheer the little ones, so we had a sale of fancy articles and different things at our summer home, Camp Cedar, Sea Girt, N. J. We made $11 45, which we send, with the hope that it will give sunshine to others.

Yours truly, ELEANOR L. SPENCER.

Miss Eleanor was assisted in her Sunshine work by Maude Bates, Alice C. Wilson, Eleanor Woodward, Anna Voorhees and Sarah D. Mahand, all under fifteen years of age. This helpful gift entitles all these young girls to membership in the T. S. S.

OTHER MONEY.

"Two Friends" have sent $1 as September dues to the endowment fund of the T. S. S.; Josie W. Stiles, 15 cents for badges; from Station J, Manhattan, $1, "to cheer a sad heart, in memory of I. S. de A."

A LARGE PARTY.

The president of the T. S. S. can never resist the appeals of those who need cheer, so her last Sunshine trolley party assumed larger proportions than was at first intended. As the day was hot and muggy, she gathered 110 mothers, babies and children of all ages. There were several sick babies carried in the mothers' arms who were visibly improved by the cool air of the ride to Fort George. One poor woman, the mother of eleven children, who took six with her, said it was the first outing she had had this summer. Her husband earns only $9 a week, and she helps by washing and scrubbing. When it was explained to her that a generous friend of Sunshine paid all the expense of the party, including the refreshments, she said, "God bless him! May all his goodness come back to him!"

SUNSHINE FOR CHILDREN.

Mrs. Henry A. Powell, a prominent clubwoman of Brooklyn, a T. S. S. member, is spending the summer in her beautiful country home, Chatham Lodge, White Plains. One day last week she made hundreds of poor little ones happy at the Ninety-ninth-st. playground by sending four large boxes and a package of flowers of every hue. She not only stripped her own garden, but urged her neighbors to do the same, and the result was that she carried sunshine to the hearts of hundreds of little ones. The flowers arrived just as the playground was about to close, and the children gave shouts of delight when the boxes were opened. After most of them had gone home to put their blossoms in water one little girl of ten, who held four asters in her hand, said: "I shall take these flowers to my mother in the hospital to-night." Instantly all the girls in the group of about a dozen held out their flowers and urged her to make a big bunch for her sick mother. They arranged the blossoms and tied them up for her, and she went away with a shining face.

FLOWERS.

Such quantities of flowers were received at the general office on Thursday that twenty-five people shared their beauty. Mrs. John W. Post, of Westbury Station, Long Island, increased her generous gifts of flowers this season by sending three more boxes, two of which were filled with double sunflowers of perfect golden hue. The other box contained gladioli, mint, etc. Miss Helen Boochett, of East Orange, N. J., another liberal contributor, sent three boxes filled with a great variety of autumn flowers; also some heliotrope and late roses; Mrs. Frank J. New, of New-Rochelle, N. Y., sent a box of dahlias and gay zinnias.

AN EXPERT MARKSMAN.

One of the champion woman shots of the country is Miss Rena Holmes, a girl of sixteen years, whose home is in Medina, Ohio. She has won many of her championships in contests where the others competing were men of considerable experience in target practice. In shooting clay pigeons she can show a record of twenty-two birds shot out of twenty-five. Miss Holmes has recently received from her father a 16-gauge gun costing $100. This gun weighs seven and one-half pounds and is handsomely finished and engraved. This young girl is thoroughly athletic in her tastes, being captain of the basketball team of her native town and youngest member of the Medina Shooting Club. She is expecting to enter the freshman class at Oberlin College this fall.

TREATMENT OF CROSS EYES.

Vard H. Hulen makes a plea for early attention in strabismus, pointing out the danger of altered vision and incurable defects resulting from neglect in the hope that time will cure the squint. It is a common and grave error to suppose that nothing can be done until the child is six or seven years of age. Many patients can be cured without resort to operation if seen early.—(Occidental Medical Times.

FILLED THE REQUIREMENT.

A primary teacher was hearing a recitation in grammar, and the class was composed largely of the smaller students. The teacher wrote the three words, "Bees, bear, boys" on the board, and asked the pupils to write a sentence containing the three words. She was quite taken aback a few minutes later when one of the bright boys in the class handed in the following, "Boys bees bear when they go in swimmin'."—(Motherhood.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN

A TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF WOMAN'S FANCY WAIST, NO. 3,919, FOR 10 CENTS.

The waist which closes at the back remains in favor. The model shown is of Louisine silk, with cream guipure lace, and is made over the fitted lining, but all waist and gown materials are suitable — silk, wool or cotton—and the lining can be omitted whenever desirable. Silks and wools are better and more serviceable made over the foundation, but washable fabrics are preferable unlined.

NO. 3,919—WOMAN'S FANCY WAIST.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, 3½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 32 inches wide, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 1½ yards of lace 7½ inches wide and ⅜ of a yard of narrow edging to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 3,919, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and bust measure distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern, send an extra two cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

ASBURY PARK SEASON.

IT WILL LAST AS LONG AS GOOD WEATHER CONTINUES—A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Asbury Park, N. J., Sept. 8 (Special).—The outing season in Asbury Park will extend far into the present month, and longer, if the prevailing delightful weather continues. The opening of the public schools in New-York City caused thousands to depart last week, but there have been numerous arrivals during the week and the fashionable hotels are still comfortably filled. This is true especially of the Hotel Brunswick, where Boniface Parsons is entertaining an unusually large number of guests for this season of the year. The Hotel Brunswick has enjoyed a liberal patronage this summer. It is a family hotel and its guests come early and stay late. It is patronized by the best families of Philadelphia and New-York City, and Proprietor Parsons has the happy faculty of making his patrons feel at home. The house will close for the season next Thursday.

Hundreds of cottagers in North Asbury Park will tarry until November 1. September, it is conceded, is the queen month of the year for a rest at the seaside, and the cottagers, realizing this fact, do not hurry home as soon as "the madding crowd" begins to melt away. The bathing and fishing are at their best this month, and it is a fact that the ocean is warmer in October than it is in July. For these reasons the cottagers are gradually extending their annual stay at the shore, and predictions are made that in another year or two the resort will be filled with visitors all through September and October.

The season drawing to a close has, on the whole, been a prosperous one for the hotel and boarding house keepers. The vacationists began to pour in on Independence Day and from that time up to the end of last week the hostleries have been filled. Last month the hotel men were taxed to find sleeping quarters for their guests and nearly every hotel was obliged to rent nearby cottages for the overflow.

Much of Asbury Park's popularity is due to the good roads in and adjacent to the resort. Every thoroughfare in the resort is gravelled and there are hundreds of miles of excellent roads on the north, south and west. Wheelmen appreciate this advantage, as do owners of automobiles who come here in preference to tarrying at a resort where the roads are in bad condition and limited. Then, again, visitors to Asbury Park are not pestered with mosquitoes. This is a feature few watering places can boast of and means much to the visitors from the Jersey towns where the mosquito reigns supreme. Occasionally, when a land breeze blows continuously for several days, a few mosquitoes will make their appearance, but the first zephyr from the sea drives them back to their regular quarters, and the dreaded insects are, therefore, looked upon as curiosities.

Over in Ocean Grove the season is practically over. The great camp meeting closed last Monday, and the ending of this popular religious feast was the signal for thousands of Methodists to pack their trunks and start for their homes. The tents about the camp grounds are being taken down, and in another week that recently bustling canvas city will resemble a deserted Western boom town. The Auditorium will be open for divine worship on Sunday, September 15, when the final service for this summer will be held. Apropos of the camp meeting, Bishop FitzGerald announced last week that at the services held on Sunday, August 25—one of the big camp meeting days—there were 13,972 pennies dropped into the collection baskets. This breaks all former records. The largest number of coppers received in a single day last year was about nine thousand.

The Asbury Park Board of Trade is working to secure the erection of a modern summer and winter hotel on a plot adjacent to the sea in Ocean-ave. The movement is now well under way, and if the scheme is successful, the new hostlery will be ready for business next spring. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has assured the Board of Trade that the building of an up to date winter caravansary will bring an improved winter train schedule from New-York City and Philadelphia, and that the railroad company, in addition, will spend thousands of dollars in advertising Asbury Park as an all the year round resort.

Efforts will be renewed by the city to obtain the beach front from Mr. Bradley during the coming winter. Mr. Bradley has offered to dispose of his beach holdings to the municipality for $150,000, but a hitch in the proceedings last spring forced the transfer over until after the summer season. In case the city gets the beach and pavilions, a new steel boardwalk will be erected and new pavilions built, as well as a casino and music stand. The property which Mr. Bradley has offered to the city for $150,000 is worth much more; in fact, he has been offered $500,000 for it by a syndicate, but his desire is that the city shall control the valuable beach front.

COOL WAVE, HIGH WIND.

CONEY ISLAND BOATS COULD NOT LAND PASSENGERS BECAUSE OF HEAVY SEA.

The marked change in the weather yesterday was refreshing. To many who had just returned from seaside and country vacations and were anticipating, because of the oppressiveness of Saturday's weather, a hot Sunday, it was a disappointment that pleased. Early in the morning the wind began to freshen from out of the northwest, blowing away the heat and replacing it with cool air that woke sleepers and made them hunt for the bed clothing, which had been tossed aside at the retiring hour as something superfluous and uncomfortable.

Beginning at midnight, the mercury began to drop at the average rate of 1 degree every two hours until 8 o'clock. From that time to 9:30 o'clock it dropped 3 degrees, to 65, the coolest period of the day, and the wind, which was blowing hard, grew stronger. Soon after that hour the wind reached its maximum velocity for the day, thirty-six miles an hour. In less than an hour it dropped off to a good, strong breeze, then gradually increased its speed until the thirty-six miles an hour of the morning was reached again. This was at 1:15 o'clock, the hour when many people usually start for Coney Island by boat and car. The effect was apparent in the diminished crowds at the entrance to the bridge and in the comparatively small number who went to the piers to take the boats.

However, by so many as failed to come to the boat landings was the measure of disappointment diminished. It was the last day for the Rockaway and Coney Island boats, according to their schedules, but the wind was so strong that the boats could not land at Coney Island and Rockaway, and prospective passengers were told they could not start. On some of the boats that attempted the journey there were many pale faces when they returned to the city, for the boats pitched and tossed sickeningly in the heavy sea that was running outside of the Narrows. The Long Branch boats also stopped running.

At midnight on Saturday the temperature was 70 degrees. After 9:30 a. m. it began to rise, and by 4 p. m. had again reached 74 degrees.

THE SECOND BROTHER ALSO DIES.

HE AND THE ONE WHO DIED AT THE TIME KILLED BY BULLETS FIRED IN AN ITALIAN QUARREL WHICH THEY WERE WATCHING.

Edward Pike, twenty-four years old, of No. 657 Henry-st., Brooklyn, who was shot a week ago yesterday by a bullet fired in the progress of an Italian quarrel, died yesterday morning in the Long Island College Hospital. His brother, Henry Pike, twenty-two years old, who was shot at the same time, died the afternoon of the shooting. Frank Longo, an Italian, of No. 267 Columbia-st., who was charged with firing the bullets which wounded the Pike brothers, has been held for the grand jury.

MARTIN ENGEL'S SALESMAN ARRESTED.

Antonio Cigarelli, with a live chicken under his arm, appeared in the Centre-st. court yesterday as complainant against Isidore Wolowitz, a salesman for Martin Engel, at the stand of the latter, in the Centre Market. Engel appeared in defence of his employe. Cigarelli testified that he went into Centre Market yesterday and bought a chicken at a little before 8 a. m. Magistrate Deuel said that he could not hold the prisoner without corroboration of the Italian's story. He discharged Wolowitz.

"This arrest was an outrage," declared Martin Engel, as he left the court. "The Sunday law does not apply to public markets."

NEW GOEBEL MURDER TRIAL.

"JIM" HOWARD TO BE BROUGHT TO COURT AGAIN THIS WEEK.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 8 (Special).—"Will the trial of 'Jim' Howard establish beyond cavil the identity of the murderer of William Goebel?" This is the question which every Kentuckian is now asking, on the eve of Howard's second trial, and the answer is almost always in the affirmative. Everything points to this end. The prosecution and the defence have many new witnesses and much new light on the mooted question; and then there has arisen a hostility between Powers and Howard which may have a very important bearing on the developments in the case.

In a quarrel over the division of some money collected in the mountains as a contribution to their defence funds, Howard, in a fit of anger, struck Powers with a heavy inkstand. Powers remained unconscious from the blow for nearly half an hour, and has been partially paralyzed on the left side as the result. The men had been apparently the best of friends and the fight caused a sensation throughout Kentucky. The cases of the two are but little connected. It is quite possible for the one to be entirely innnocent and the other guilty, as the only connection between the two so far established is that, according to witnesses, Howard fired the shot from Powers's office window in the executive building at Frankfort.

JAMES HOWARD.
On trial a second time for the Goebel murder.

That the men have exchanged confidences during their long confinement together there can be no doubt. If in the present strained relations Powers should take the stand against Howard, or Howard against Powers, when the latter is arraigned in Georgetown in October, new, important and convincing facts might be developed. Again, it is rumored that Henry E. Youtsey, the young stenographer convicted of complicity in the affair and now serving a life sentence in the Frankfort Penitentiary, may take the stand against Howard. The testimony against Youtsey was more damning than that against any other man brought to trial for complicity in the assassination. On the witness stand at Georgetown in the Youtsey trial Arthur Goebel, brother of the dead man, testified that in the Frankfort jail Henry Youtsey had told him that "Jim" Howard was the man who fired the shot; that he had given him the cartridges and the rifle, had admitted him to the office of the Secretary of State and closed the door behind him, and that a few minutes later the shot was fired. If Youtsey should take the stand and tell this story, the mystery which even yet surrounds the murder of Goebel would be finally cleared.

With these possibilities in view, every move of preparation for the trial of Howard is being watched with the greatest interest. Among the many startling changes that Howard has made is an entirely new selection of counsel for his defence. His leading attorney will be James Andrew Scott, a fact which in itself caused wonder. Scott is not only an intense Goebel Democrat, but he is known to have refused the defence of Henry Youtsey, saying that he would not touch the defence of any man whose innocence he was not entirely convinced of. Scott was attorney for Goebel and Beckham and the minor State officers during the memorable days of the contest, and has been identified with the extreme wing of the Democratic party. That he has undertaken the defence of Howard is regarded as a signal victory for the defendant. Mr. Scott has been connected with a number of notable cases, among them being the famous libel suit of James G. Blaine against "The Indianapolis Sentinel." Mr. Scott will be assisted in the defence by Thomas R. Gordon, of Louisville, and James A. Violett, of Frankfort. The case will probably be called on Thursday, September 12, in the Circuit Court, at Frankfort, with Judge James E. Cantrill, the former trial judge, presiding. It is stated that W. C. Owens and Carlo Little, Howard's former attorneys, will not appear in the case at all.

TOO RITUALISTIC FOR HIS PEOPLE.

THE REV. E. D. WEED RESIGNS FROM THE TRANSFIGURATION CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

The Rev. Dr. Stuart Crockett, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Nativity, Mineola, Long Island, has been chosen to succeed the Rev. Edwin D. Weed as rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, Fulton-st. and Railroad-ave., Brooklyn. The announcement was made by Archdeacon Bryan, who occupied the pulpit at the Church of the Transfiguration yesterday. The Rev. Mr. Weed resigned because of his high church views, which were distasteful to the congregation. He believed in the confessional, and desired the people to call him "Father" Weed.

It is said that the present church property will be sold as soon as a site for a new church can be obtained.

GIFTS TO MAMARONECK FIREMEN.

F. H. CONSTABLE, A. C. BOSTWICK AND C. O. ISELIN GENEROUSLY REMEMBER THE LADDIES.

The Mamaroneck volunteer fire department has just received a gift of $1,000 from Frederick H. Constable, son of the late James M. Constable. The money is given by Mr. Constable in recognition of the work done by the firemen in saving his property in the recent fire which destroyed the $100,000 stable and horses of his neighbor, Henry Darlington, at Orienta Point.

The fire department also received a short time ago a gift of a complete set of uniforms from A. C. Bostwick, the automobilist, who lives at Orienta Point, and a check from C. Oliver Iselin, whose country home, All View, is also in the town of Mamaroneck. Mr. Iselin has also given the department the American flag which floated from the stem of the Columbia in the international races two years ago.

The firemen have decided to make their three beneficiaries honorary members of the department.

DR. AMENT'S RECORD IN CHINA.

Sir Robert Hart, in The Great Round World.

One name has been much spoken of and written about in this "looting" connection. I allude to Dr. Ament. Before the siege began it was Dr. Ament, single handed, who ventured down to Tungcho, fifteen miles from Peking, and brought up the missionary community, that would probably have perished there had it not been for his plucky, timely and self-sacrificing intervention. During the siege Dr. Ament turned out with the rest of us, rifle in hand, when that horrid bell called on us to muster, and, perhaps, make a last stand for women and children. And it was Dr. Ament, too, who was set apart by the legation authorities to take charge of whatever looted property was brought in for the use of the legations—a tribute to his honesty and capacity. Later on it was Dr. Ament who, like or with his colleagues, with no house of his own to return to, took refuge in the palace of a prince known to have played a leading part in the destruction of the missionary premises with which Dr. Ament was connected—a very righteous "tit-for-tat," and approved of, I believe, by his national officials. Still later, it was again Dr. Ament who courageously ventured outside of and away from Peking, to inquire into the condition of converts at various points, and with the support of officials arrange in an amicable manner for compensation for injuries and losses.

First and last, and all through, Dr. Ament did excellent work; and I am sure personal gain, personal profit and personal considerations never weighed with him in the slightest. But he stood on delicate ground, and—it is easy to throw stones! To my mind, it would have been better for missionaries to have left the righting of wrongs to those in authority. But the times were out of joint, everything was anomalous, and some one, evidently, had to go to the front; it was the need, the duty, of the minute that had to be attended to, and perhaps the wonder is that there is not more to find fault with!