WOMAN'S REALM

SMART OUTING HATS.

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SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD

A MAN'S VIEW OF WHY SO FEW WOMEN ACQUIRE A COMPETENCE.

"It is sad, but true, that among the many women of the better class who nowadays attempt to be self-supporting there are comparatively few who achieve any marked success," said a man observer. "Putting aside art and literature, which cannot properly be classed with woman's professions, inasmuch as success in either depends entirely on individual talent quite apart from the distinctions of sex, the best they can do, as a rule, is to make a meagre living, seldom, indeed, acquiring a competence. Those who succeed in amassing enough to retire from active employment are generally the energetic women who have adopted educational careers, and have achieved prominence as the heads of large boarding schools. This seems really to pay, but in trade what are known as society women rarely succeed. At best it is a continual struggle, and we have yet to hear of the fortunate fair merchant, dressmaker or milliner, who has retired with a fortune. Next to school keeping, agricultural pursuits on an adequate scale seem to offer the best opportunity of acquiring a competence, and there has been a number of instances, in California especially, where women have succeeded with their ranches, and there seems no reason why even in the circumscribed East they should not cater successfully for the market.

"Why is it, it is asked, that there is so little real financial prosperity among women; why should the acquirement of a bare sustenance be considered for them a success? That they have brains in plenty every one admits, and for a generation, at least, every opportunity has been given them to enter the arena of competition. Why is it, then, that there have been no radical results. The fault, it must be acknowledged, lies with the women themselves. They work half heartedly, because they must, and failures discourage them. Then, too, they are apt to try too many things. They do not keep in a groove like a man, who does not expect success early in life, and is content to work for years for the future. Women have neither the patience nor the daring to make successful merchants. They expect immediate results, and are too economical to scatter for future gathering.

"What they can do in the professions is yet to be proved, certainly so far no star has arisen. In short, we hear a great deal of the new woman, of her ability, courage and daring, but, after all is said and done, we do not see that there is any great difference between the new and the old."

UNFAIR TO PRETTY WOMEN.

"People are apt to be inconsistent in their judgment and criticisms of a pretty woman," said an artist. "They think it is perfectly permissible for her to study her toilet with a view to its becomingness as much as she likes, but if she places herself with intention against some custom which she knows will prove a particularly good background for her peculiar coloring, she is called vain and self-conscious. This is hardly fair. It is as legitimate for a woman to study her surroundings with a view to enhancing her charms, as her dress, for the former has as much to do with her good looks as the latter. Every one knows how little details aid the general appearance in gowning one's self, and it is the same in the drawing room. One chair may be more becoming than another; an arrangement of colored cushions at one's back may mar or improve one's frock, and an artistically arranged corner often suggests an attractive picture, if its occupant seems in keeping. Of course, a woman should not be continually considering her charms, and her choice of attractive surroundings therefore should at the time be instinctive, but there is no reason why they should not be studied at leisure and chosen and considered with a view of heightening the general effect of the looks of their fair mistress, inasmuch as every one concedes that it is the duty of a woman to be as pretty as she can, and the 'still life' that surrounds her is as important as her clothes. Few women, however, realize this, and seldom consider if their rooms are furnished to form a harmonious ensemble with their own personality. They choose their furniture and hangings with aesthetic appreciation, perhaps, but with no idea of making an attractive whole, with themselves as a centre figure, as the charming mistress of a charming house has a perfect right to do, without being considered vain or manœuvring. At a recent dinner one of the men guests called the attention of his neighbor to the pretty blond head of their hostess, which was thrown out in strong relief by the carved back of the chair, which extended well above her parure and formed a sort of frame for her face and figure. 'Yes, it is certainly picturesque,' admitted the woman, rather grudgingly; 'I dare say,' she added, maliciously, 'she considered that effect when choosing her dining room furniture.' 'If she did, she considered her friends, as well,' answered the man, rather sharply,' as the chairs are the same for you all.'

"Seats with very high backs are almost always becoming. A yellow screen placed behind a low chair makes an admirable foil for a brunette, while a blonde looks her best against pale blue, green or pink, for the arrangement of cushions is sometimes wonderfully fetching, and brings out both the face and figure in beautiful relief, while foliage plants, such as ferns and palms, always make an effective background. The woman who considers such things cannot be, at least, called selfish; she helps others as well as herself, for her friends always look at their best in her drawing room."

TO MAKE ONE'S SELF CHEAP.

"One never knows when these rich people will go back on one," complained a young society man, recently. "They will urge you to do things, and seem very hospitable, and then suddenly they will develop a coolness, and you feel you're unwelcome. It is really most unpleasant."

"I think the reason is that many wealthy persons have a morbid dread of being taken advantage of—of being used, as they themselves would put it—and are continually on the lookout for transgressions of this sort on the part of their acquaintances," answered the older woman to whom he was speaking. "One has to be very careful with such people to keep one's entire independence, and be chary of accepting their favors. Newly rich people are more apt to be afflicted with this distrust of their fellows than those more accustomed to the world. It is a little glimpse of the cloven hoof betraying the parvenue. But it is not only the latter who are distrustful. I have friends who absolutely freeze when asked a favor who are yet most generous when left to themselves. Young men, especially if they wish to be popular, should not take everything literally. 'Come in and take pot luck with us whenever you can' does not follow that you are expected to dinner, although it would seem so, and it is never wise, as the saying is, 'to make one's self cheap.'"

BENEFITS OF ACKNOWLEDGED FAULTS.

"It is a great thing I find to have some acknowledged fault of character," remarked a social critic. "In that case," he continued, "the world is content to take you as you are, and does not expect too much of you. I have always noticed that people who are known to be perfectly selfish, inconveniently absentminded, or culpably forgetful, are always excused whatever they may do, while we poor wretches with consciences, if we neglect some small duty for once are rigorously held to account for our misdoings."

"I should be very angry with Harry M. if I did not know he was always doing this sort of thing," said a hostess, who had ordered dinner to be served after waiting in vain for an absent guest. "I should not be in the least surprised," she added, laughing, "if he had forgotten all about it." "Now, if I had been the delinquent," said a punctilious man to the woman he was taking in to dinner, "Mrs. S. would never have asked me to dine with her again, and yet I would be willing to wager that just because it is that scamp, Harry M., who is in the habit of continually forgetting his engagements, she will ask him again to her very next function." And the result proved he was right. So, it is with other idiosyncrasies. A generous person happens for once to give a small contribution to a charity, and she is thought "stingy," while another who is known to be selfish and "close" gives the same amount, and it is received with surprise and gratitude. To be considered hopelessly absentminded is like having a moral coat of mail, against which all criticism rattles harmlessly. Safely such people walk amid pitfalls innumerable, and never fall into any difficulty—at least, into none that they cannot easily scramble out of.

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AT WILDWOOD FARM.

BROOKLYN YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION'S COUNTRY HOME OF ELEVEN HUNDRED ACRES.

Of the excellent work done by the Young Woman's Christian Association of Brooklyn, perhaps none wins more cordial appreciation than that of the Summer Home Committee, of which Mrs. Frances W. Haynes is chairman. Under its direction a vacation home for working girls is maintained at Brentwood, Long Island, and here every year about one hundred and fifty young women enjoy the pleasures of a country holiday which many of them would have to forego but for the existence of Wildwood Farm.

This farm, formerly the property of the late Charles Arbuckle, of Brooklyn, is lent to the Young Woman's Christian Association especially for this work by its owner, Mr. Arbuckle's sister, Mrs. Jamison, of Pittsburg. Thirty-five girls can be accommodated at a time; they usually go for two weeks. Guests are met at the station by the farm carryall, which conveys them through the three miles of pinewood and forest that intervene between the railway and the farm.

Wildwood Farm is admirably situated for the purposes of a summer home. It is about one mile from its nearest neighbor by road, three miles from Brentwood Village, eight from Bay Shore and five from Smithtown. It comprises eleven hundred acres, some of it in woodland, but with sufficient ground under cultivation to insure an abundance of vegetables throughout the season, and there are extensive orchards as well. The farm has its own cows, and visitors get all the milk they can drink. An abundance of excellent food is one of the strong points of the farm.

The farmhouse is a comfortable, old fashioned building, surrounded by fine trees, with a great veranda as one of its attractions. The long French windows of the parlor open on to this, and when the weather is warm the dances which the girls have among themselves in the evenings are genuinely held here. In the daytime the big rocking chairs and gay hammocks make it a favorite place with those who need rest more than active exercise. The parlor is a fine room, as large as a small hall, furnished tastefully in rattan, and with a piano and big old fireplaces and high mantels to lend it both charm and cheer.

The bedrooms each accommodate several persons, but partial privacy is obtained by means of screens. As for the beds, they are better than are to be found in some high priced summer hotels. Between breakfast and bedtime there are plenty of agreeable diversions, with driving a prominent feature. Often in the evening there is dancing. On Sundays a religious service is held at the farm, but those who prefer may drive to the nearby village to church.

Affairs are administered by a matron, Mrs. Eleanor G. Hickcox, who has filled that office for three years, aided by a staff of five. The farm remains open from late June to the middle of September. The guests pay a nominal sum for their board. On the committee with Mrs. Haynes are Miss Esther Barnard, Mrs. H. C. Hardy and Miss Mary E. Wells.

A SUCCESSFUL CHINESE BOY.

From Success.

George Dewey Fong, a sixteen-year-old Chinese boy, is said to earn a salary of $7,000 a year, in a tea and coffee house in New-York City. Young Fong was born in America, but both of his parents are natives of China. He received his early education in the primary schools of California. Two years ago he came East and settled in New-Jersey, where he became quite a favorite of ex-Governor Voorhees. His brother was the only Chinese officer in the British army during the South African campaign, and at present is writing a book on soldier life in South Africa.

THE LADY OF THE LACES.

A CHAT WITH HER ON IRISH WORKMANSHIP—WOMEN WITH FORTUNES IN LACE.

Her days did pass
In working with the needle curiously.

Mrs. Odell is the "Lady of the Laces," and she lives in the midst of "cobwebby" fabrics. All about are lace curtains on the tables and sofas; lace boleros and zouaves hanging over the backs of chairs; boxes and boxes of laces, delicate collars and cuffs, sleeves and vests, flounces, handkerchiefs and bits of cobwebby edging.

"Sure 'twas back in the convent I learned it, God bless you, dear," said Mrs. Odell, in brogue, with the breath of the shamrock in it; a little brogue, not mouthed, but spoken trippingly on the tongue; full of delicious accents, that makes the "likes of ye" think how the human tongue can talk music—a bewitching little brogue entirely, and such as never could have come out of anny place but County Cork.

"The Presentation Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Youghal, County Cork, it was," she continued. "It was Mother Angelina Mary Magdalen Gould that founded it, the convent and the Irish point both. Sure, she had a fortune of £80,000, and she built the convent herself, and she taught the nuns how to make the Irish point, afther an old piece of the time of Queen Elizabeth. God rest her soul for killin' the Catholics, she did. Eighteen years was I taking lessons of the Sisters of the Presentation in Youghal, and now I can make the Irish point with me eyes shut. There it is, dearie; there's the Irish point."

A delicate edge, two inches wide, filmy as the dew laden cobwebs in the grass of a summer morning; a bit of hoar frost, caught fast in thread; a bar of music woven into a linen mesh. That was the Irish point.

"Sixteen dollars a yard, dear," says Mrs. Odell; "and I can go downtown to-day and get Irish point curtains—God save the mark—for $5 the pair. And whin I say, 'Oh, well, now; Irish point, is it? Well, well; sure they're not lookin' much like the Irish point I saw whin I was a child, in the ould counthry'—why they look at me contemptuous like, an' don't even take the trouble to answer me. Why should they? Sure, they're not knowin' any betther thimselves, the crathurs. Why, they even call this Irish point," and Mrs. Odell caught up a big collar of Irish crotchet and held it aloft, with a desperate expression upon her comely countenance.

"Figure to yerself, now," said Mrs. Odell, "callin' that coarse, heavy lace by the name of that delicate little drame o' the wurruld. Faith, me heart aches fer the laces whin some folks o' thim do be comin' in here an' callin' thim out o' their names! Such names, such names, as they call thim. Sure 'tis a profanation for the dear laces to be in the hands o' some of the people that have thim. A woman was in here the other day with a handkerchief that she wanted cut over into something or other. I looked at her with me two eyes, an' says, 'Madam, do ye know how much that handkerchief is worth?'

"'Oh, it's not worth much,' says she.

"'Only a matter o' $300 or so,' says I. 'Twas a handkerchief had been left her and she hadn't the sinse to know what it was. So thin she thought better of it and decided not to have it cut up.

"Then I was out to the country home of the Blanks," said Mrs. Odell, speaking a great name in the annals of modern New-York society, "an' I saw the maid there flirting a piece of illigant point in the hat of her. And I said to her, 'How comes it you're wearin' a piece of lace like that so common like?' An' I found she had been maid to a woman who died in a hotel here in the city. And it turned out she hadn't an heir to her name, and the maid got all the laces. An' she was cutting thim up in slices and parcelling thim out to her friends, not knowing enough to know the worth o' thim. Ah, it made me heart burn to see the poor, pretty bit o' lace that a regiment ought to be guardin', tossed around in the hat of her. What's that? The Blanks? Pouf! They know no more than the maid. They'd niver believe 'twas a bit of good lace just because a maid had it. The only way they do be knowin' real lace is by the price marked on it at the counter."

And Mrs Odell sniffed audibly, with scorn writ large in every line of her kindly Irish face.

"Sure, me sisters and me sisters-in-law and I did be makin' the sunshade for Queen Victoria at the convent," she went on. "There was eight gores to the sunshade, and eight women of the family each made one gore. I heard afterward that the Queen gave it to Princess Beatrice for one of her wedding presents. We worked on a flounce for Princess Louise, an' we helped on an alb for Pope Pius IX. Ye're a Protestant, honey, more's the pity. I can see it in yer face, so I'll tell ye what the alb is. It's the long lace garment that the priest wears over his gown. An' the quare thing about it, a Protestant lady ordered this alb for the Pope. You know, some Protestants seem to have an idea that the Catholics'll ate thim if they get a chance. But she wint to see the Pope, and he treated her that nice, showing her all over the place, and having her to tea with him, that whin she come away she ordered this alb of us. I mind it well. A novice designed it, and there was a pair of keys on each sleeve of it. 'Twas worth £400.

"How many kinds of Irish laces, is it? Well, there's Carrickmacross; that's made of net and fine muslin, sewed on a background, and the pattern cut out, leaving here the muslin and there the net, according to the price. They do be askin' an awful price for it downtown, $12 a yard for a piece two inches wide! But, though it looks pretty on velvet, it's not a durable lace at all. It pulls away from the stitches in cleaning. I'll not take it to clean at all. Then there's Limerick lace, that they use mostly for the altars and the priest's vestments. 'Tis a fine net, with designs embroidered on it with linen floss. Then, the Irish crochet is crocheted in sections. One girl crochets a dozen roses, and another a dozen shamrocks, and so on, and then they're arranged in a pattern, and one person sews them together and fills in the threads between. An' I've sint for Italians here, and Syrians, and any woman that could handle a crochet hook, and they all said, 'Oh, me no makee that way—me only makee piece.' They can't sew them together in a collar or a jacket, the crathers, they can only sew them in a straight edge. Here's a wide collar of the real Irish crochet. It's worth $21. And here's the mate of it, only machine made, for $6.

"Thin in Ireland they make the pillow laces, Torchon and Valenciennes, and all kinds of knit laces. 'Tis a revival the Irish laces are having now. It has gone on for several years now. Alexandra brought out the crochet laces, and Lady Aberdeen did a great deal for Irish laces. She sent Irish lacemakers to the Chicago Fair, and she had an Irish point flounce made at the convent that they said was the finest piece of lace ever made in Great Britain. Five thousand pounds, 'twas insured for.

"The kinds of laces, is it? Well, now, dearie, ye've got into a subject as wide as the wurruld and as long as all history. All the point laces, ye must know, are made with the needle. All other laces are made with the pillow or cushion and bobbins. There's no sense to the name of 'rose point.' It just means the pattern, and any point can have a rose pattern. The different points are named after the places where they originated, but ye can't tell anything by that nowadays at all, at all. More point de Venise is made in Plauen, Germany, and St. Gall, Switzerland, to-day than is made in Venice.

"'Twas Italy made the first lace, back in the fifteenth century, they say. The nuns made it all over Italy, and they made their own thread, too. Venice made the finest point, and Genoa the finest pillow lace. Nothing was ever made finer than the Venetian point. There's a pretty story about the invention of it. Did ye ever hear how a Venetian girl wove a fish net for her lover, and the first time he sank it he brought up a piece of sea wrack, 'mermaid's hair,' and he gave it to the girl, and when he wint to the wars she copied it with her needle, and so the Venetian point came into being to rejoice the wurruld. Just lately there's been a revival in point de Venise. They're using it to trim wedding gowns with and other illigant gowns. A good piece of it, seven inches wide, costs $50 a yard.

"Then there's Duchesse lace, that's flowers made by hand separately and put together by hand. Then there's Honiton—that's the royal lace of England; Queen Victoria's wedding dress was made of it. That's a pillow lace. Then there's point applique; that's called a real lace, but 'tis really not all made by hand, though 'tis a very rare and expensive lace. They take the machine made net and embroider the pattern by hand. Here's a tiny edge of point d'Alencon, worth $50 a yard. And here's a pair of little cuffs, three or four inches long, an inch wide. With the collar to match them the set is worth $100. There's nothing finer than fine Brussels point, nothing. Why, I had a set here to transfer once, cuffs and collar, three inches deep, worth $2,000. The woman had no daughters, and she wanted the shape and design retained exactly, for they were antique, and she was going to leave them to an art museum. I got only $30 for that job, and it murdered me eyes. Ah! to think of all the stitches I've put in! Me eyes would be kilt entirely if they weren't Cork eyes. An' me only wearin' glases the last three years."

"Transferring" lace is taking a piece of one shape, carefully separating the pattern and putting it together with lace stitches in a new shape, without seams. Old fashioned garments are thus remodelled into new and stylish shapes. Old shawls are made into evening waists, sleeves, jackets and vests. Handkerchief corners are transferred to ties or jabots. And all these garments are made up from piece lace, without a seam or cut in them.

In mending, also, the lacemakers' art is wonderfully shown. A magnificent shawl came from San Francisco the other day to one of the big stores. A piece had been burned out. The lacemaker worked in a fresh piece with the needle, supplying the exact portion of the pattern burned away. When complete no one could tell where the hole had been.

"There's a St. Louis woman that is known to all lace people," said Mrs. Odell. "I know she sat down in a chair one day, and bought $7,000 worth before iver she got up to go to luncheon. She has some fine pieces, sure; a wedding veil of Brussels point, worth $2,000. A handkerchief of Brussels point, made by a peasant woman on the side of a mountain in Switzerland, and like a cobweb. A most exquisite fan of the finest point, sewn all over with pearls; flounces of every depth and every make. Fifty thousand dollars or more it must be worth altogether. And I know a woman who lives in an uptown hotel in New-York, who has the finest collection that iver blessed me two eyes. Flounces, collars, lace by the yard; she has one set of wide Valenciennes flounces that I believe can hardly be equalled, for they only make narrow Valenciennes now for fine underclothes and baby's wear, and the younger women are not learning it at all, because it doesn't pay. And, do you know how she got her great collection? She was at that great gambling place—what do they be calling it?—in the south of France, and all the women were gambling and losing their money overnight, and in the morning they'd be coming to her and putting their laces in pawn, and thin they'd lose their lace, and she'd have the lace. Glory be! She's got laces that belonged to archduchesses and princesses and just plain Americans like herself. That's what comes of k'apin a level head and a grip on your pocketbook.

"There's a-many stories in the history of lace," said Mrs. Odell, reflectively. "They do say that Katharine of Arragon introduced lacemaking into England, and she watered the roses she made with her tears for many a long year. Charles I made laws to keep out foreign laces, and every lord and lady of them all turned smuggler. Wan noble lord wint over to bring home the body of a friend of his that died in Paris, an' he brought back the corpse packed in lace; an' 'twas such a good scheme that they all had friends dying in Paris, till the authorities suspicted thim and took to opening the coffins.

"Catherine de Medicis took lacemaking into France. Italy and Spain were ahead of France and England, you see; and along with her own daughters she taught poor Mary of Scots, and all her weary years in prison she used to be writing to her friends for thread and patterns to make lace.

"Thin the wurruld wint lace mad. Sure, they were smothered in it. Marguerite of Valois had such big ruffs of it that she had to use a spoon two feet long to eat her soup. What a pretty wurruld it must have been!

"In Bruges there are whole streets of lacemakers, and on a fine day ye can look down the street and see a woman at ivery door, ivery one with her pillow and bobbins.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Odell, impressively, "perhaps you may think lace is one of the frivolities of life. But 'tis of divine origin. Read your Bible. You'll find it from Genesis to Revelations. 'Twas ordained of God. And as for religion, 'tis the vein of Catholicism 'tis the very pulse of the Roman Church. I love the laces, and hope when I get to Heaven they'll give me all the albs to mend."

1, Irish point lace design in Plauen lace, ecru color. 2, Point d'Alencon collar in repoussé effects. Arabian shade.

EVISON GILBERT, OF ENGLEWOOD, N. J.
Only sixteen months old.

THE "FUNNY INCIDENTS" CLUB.

YOUNG TRAVELLERS RELATE "OUT OF THE ORDINARY" HAPPENINGS ABROAD.

The "Funny Incidents of Foreign Travel" Club assembled for its first regular meeting in Mildred's den. The club had been informally organized one spring, before the six members started at different times for a trip abroad. Each had a different route mapped out, so there was little chance of meeting. Eighteen months had elapsed since the time of organization. The president, Augusta, rapped smartly for order. Augusta had an air of expecting attention when she did anything, so the other girls looked at her and stopped talking for a moment.

The president called upon the secretary to read the minutes of the first meeting. Now, Jeannette, besides being the handsomest girl in the club, had other qualifications as a secretary, but she was prone to be forgetful, and had to acknowledge that she had not the minutes at hand—she thought she had left them in a little bag, which must have been stolen from her while she was buying some curios in an Algerian shop. Anyway, it did not matter. She knew well enough and they all knew that the said minutes were to the effect that never should any member mention her European trip to a sister member except at club meetings, and then only to relate some funny or peculiar experience; that they were sick to death of hearing people dilate on all they had seen and heard abroad and had formed the club to protect themselves from each other. Any member breaking the rules of the club paid a quarter to Edith, who would keep the money in the treasury until there was enough to do something interesting with.

Edith argued that the fine should be 50 cents instead of a quarter, but the other five were against her. After the verbal minutes were accepted the club got down to chocolate, wafers and the real business of the afternoon which was to hear Augusta, as president of the club, relate the first funny incident of foreign travel.

"You know, girls, how it was with me—going off, as I did, with a party of five. Never do it, girls, just one is so much better. Of the whole lot, Cousin Mary Gillet was the only one worth anything for hunting adventures, and she and I had a weird experience on All Souls' night in Rome.

"We had heard that on that evening the four ghastly burial vaults beneath the old Church of St. Maria del Capucini would be illuminated while the priests recited a mass for their dead brethren. It was the one and only occasion of that sort during the whole year and we pined to see it.

"The rest of the party declined to take part in such a ghostly trip, so Mary and I started out alone. Bold were our fronts and shaking our hearts as in the darkness we walked the Piazza di Spagna, climbed the broad old Spanish steps and scurried down the Via Sistina, which led us into the Piazza del Capucini, where stands the sombre old church of the Capuchin Fathers.

"We recalled the fact that centuries ago some consecrated earth was sent to the Capuchins from Jerusalem for the burial of their dead, and that as generation after generation passed away the earth gave out, so the monks, with commendable ingenuity, and believing a curse would rest upon their order were not the injunctions strictly obeyed, disinterred the body longest buried to make place in the holy earth for that of the monk whose soul had just parted from his mortal tenement. The uprooted monk was then literally picked to pieces and his holy bones used to decorate the walls and ceilings of the vaults.

"The bones of more than four thousand departed Capuchins adorn the burial vaults at present, and, strange as it may seem, there is an artistic ghastliness about the arrangement. One vault opens into another; the walls seem formed of a compact mass of grinning skulls, with here and there an open niche in which reclines the full skeleton of some specially holy monk preserved intact and clothed in his oldtime brown robe and knotted rope girdle, his grinning skull emerging from his cowl.

"The arched ceilings are decorated with thousands of bones, forming ornaments of various descriptions, such as stars, scrolls, diamonds and hearts, all outlined against the old mortared ceilings. Not an inch of those holy monks' anatomies has been left unused—every portion has gone to form the grotesque vaults. Even the altar and hanging lamps were once parts of men, who help in this strange fashion to decorate their own sepulchres centuries after their deaths.

"When Mary and I reached the church we went, as we had gone on our first daylight visit, to a door which opened into a little stretch of ground that leads to the vaults under the church. It was a dark, still, mysterious Roman night. We fairly shook with expectant fear as the door opened with a doleful creak and we found ourselves in the little courtyard opposite the grated windows of the old vaults, which, sure enough, were dimly lighted. Not a creature was near. We grasped each other by the hand, stole on tiptoe to the windows, and from the darkness gazed on the strange scene before us.

"The long, old vaults were lighted by flickering lamps from the hanging skulls that formed altar lamps. The living monks, about fifteen in number, in their coarse brown robes and bare feet, with flaming tapers in their hands, knelt before the altar and intoned their prayers for the dead around them. It was the most horribly fascinating sight we had ever witnessed, and we scarcely dared stir an eyelash, for fear our presence would be discovered. Our noses were flattened against the grated windows. At every turn of any of the monks' heads we felt chills of terror thrilling us.

"We were becoming more accustomed to the weird scene and getting a certain amount of pleasurable excitement out of our novel experience, even though our nerves were very tense, when from out the thick darkness around us we heard a hissing whisper, and a long arm extended itself over our heads. This was the last straw. With one accord we gave a combined yell of terror which fairly rent the air and brought every kneeling monk to his feet. At this our terror knew no bounds. With one last glance backward, we took to our heels and fled through the little courtyard, out into the streets of the city once more.

"Something—we knew not what—was on our track and reached us as we turned the corner! It was only the old concierge of the church, who had seen us gazing at the praying monks and, with no malicious intent, had approached us for a fee! Our demoniac yells and wild flight had alarmed him in but one degree less than he in his turn had startled us; but pantomimic gestures and a proffer of small coin soon soothed his ruffled nerves, while we called a cab and sank back in it, breathless and limp, in a state of nervous excitement which made wrecks of us for twenty-four hours. We shall never forget All Souls' night in the Capuchin cemetery!"

The girls looked at one another inquiringly as Augusta finished her narrative.

"And you call that a funny incident of foreign travel?" asked Mildred.

"No, I don't," replied the indignant Augusta; "I call it an odd incident—we were to relate funny or odd things. We will wait until next week and see how much better you do, Miss Critic!"

And the meeting stood adjourned.

SOROSIS GIVES $500.

IT TAKES THE STATE FEDERATION FESTIVAL UNDER ITS WING.

Sorosis has contributed $500 to the State Federation Festival, to be held in November at the Waldorf-Astoria in aid of the new Industrial School for Girls. Like a fond parent, Sorosis will still further show its interest by holding a large reception in celebration of the festival.

All along the club line the response has been most cordial. Now that clubwomen are turning homeward from their summer holidays, the serious business of making their particular club table the most attractive will hold an increasingly important place in their club deliberations. So far as possible, the aims and objects of the various clubs will be illustrated by their several tables.

Appropriately enough, books and authors' autographs will form the attraction at the booth of the Woman's Press Club. Photographs of celebrities will be offered at the booth of the Twelfth Night Club, and the Professional Woman's League will vote for the most popular actress. Minerva, true to her reputation for studious pursuits, will show some most attractive lamp and candle shades. As an antidote to this suggestion of study, the Eclectic Club is preparing to furnish entertainment for the frivolously inclined, with a continuous vaudeville performance and a Japanese tea garden, which promise the best of fun. Clio will look after pantry supplies. Post-Parliament will show varieties of gavels and treatises on parliamentary law.

One of the most attractive booths will be that of the Century Study Club, which will be devoted to dressed dolls, while the children's booth, presided over by the New-York City Mothers' Club, will certainly prove a magnet. Spinning wheels and cranes from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers will be shown in the New-England kitchen, where the New-England Society is preparing to weave a rag carpet for the enlightenment of visitors.

A sword, which will be voted to the most popular military or patriotic organization, will be in charge of the Daughters of 1812. Then, the College Women's Club will devote its booth to all kinds of neckwear and handkerchiefs; the Rainy Day Club will show what can be done toward making a rainy day tolerable; the Woman's Republican Association comes in line with "supplies for men"; lemonade will be the staple of commerce in the Ideala Club's bower, while the Vassar Students' Aid Association promises to coax the dollars out of pockets with its tempting array of sweets.

As for the Looking Forward Club, it has taken in charge the decorations. With the exception of the votes to be cast for the most popular clubwoman, clergyman, concert artist, actress and regiment of the National Guard of New-York State, there will be no chances, but everything will be sold outright.

Mrs. Doré Lyon is chairman of the committee of arrangements, the other members of which are Mrs. Cornelius Zabriski, Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. Edward Addison Greely, Mrs. Cynthia M. Little, Mrs. Augustine J. Wilson, Mrs. Harry Hastings, Mrs. Florence Stowell, Mrs. J. Woolsly Shepard, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Mrs. Howard MacNutt and Dr. Anne F. Donoghue.

Mrs. Doré Lyon and Mrs. Charles F. Naething compose the committee on decorations, with Mrs. Florence Stowell, the chairman, and Mrs. B. M. Sherman is the press committee.

LARGE APPLE CROP.

ONE WHO KNOWS TALKS ON PROSPECTS FOR THANKSGIVING.

There seems to be no immediate danger that apple pie and apple "sass" and apple jelly and cider and all the other comforting things that spring from the heart of the apple tree will become extinct in the United States this fall. The apple farmers West and East are hilarious over the crop, and even the downtown commission merchants smile as they behead barrel after barrel of golden Porters, rosy streaked Gravensteins, delicate Maiden Blushes and other favorites innumerable.

Although the people who know say this is going to be a great apple year, the more conservative are of the opinion that after the autumn no one can tell how things will go in the orchards. So about Thanksgiving and Christmas a good apple may become something of a luxury, although this seems hardly likely in face of the hundreds of barrels of beauties now being hurried to this city by train and boat.

One of the men who know all about the apple crop of the country and can "talk apple" from the ground up said yesterday:

"The fall apple crop will amount to 70 per cent, taking the country by and large, but of this 50 per cent must be discarded as of poor quality, on account of a fungus or scab that disfigures the surface. In Western New-York, where our best winter fruit comes from, the crop will be a total loss on this account. Within a radius of 150 miles of this city the fruit is very fine.

"With regard to winter apples, it is hard to say whether they will be plentiful or the reverse, cheap or dear. But New-York City never saw a finer variety or greater abundance of fall apples than now. One dollar and a half will buy a barrel of nice apples, good for both cooking and eating. Apples are lower by one-half than they were at this time last year. Don't let people get the idea that apples are going to be an unattainable delicacy after the fall opulence is expended. It's Pippins to Baldwins that there will be apples enough to go round—or, at any rate, one apiece."

Porters, which are about the earliest of the fall apples, are almost gone for the year. They vary greatly in quality, and in price range from 50 cents to $2 50 a barrel. For eating purposes there is nothing superior to the Maiden Blush, which brings from $1 75 to $2 25 a barrel, and the Duchess of Oldenburg, at $2. Pound Sweets sell at $1 50, but the demand does not seem great for these, nor for Pelicans, at $1 75. Pippins are to be had at from 50 cents to $2 a barrel. For a combination of cooking and eating qualities there is nothing in the market just at present to excel the Gravenstein and the King, the former retailing at from $1 75 to $2 50, the latter at from $2 to $2 50.

APPLE PUDDING.

Peel and core eighteen sour apples and cut them in pieces. Stew them slowly, with a little water, a piece of cinnamon, two whole cloves and a strip of lemon peel until they are soft. Sweeten to taste and push through a sieve. Incorporate the yolks of four eggs, the white of one, four tablespoonfuls of butter, some nutmeg and the juice and grated peel of a lemon. Beat the mixture thoroughly and fill into a pudding dish which is lined with puff paste. Bake half an hour. The pudding may be covered with a méringue.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.

Make a rich biscuit crust and bake it in a shallow pan. When it is done split it open, butter each piece and on one arrange a layer of apples cooked slowly in syrup until they are tender. Put on the other half, bottom upward, and cover it with the fruit. Eat with rich cream and shaved maple sugar.

APPLE TAPIOCA.

Peel and core six apples. Arrange them in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Fill the hollows left by removing the cores with sugar mixed with cinnamon and a little butter. Cover the apples thickly with tapioca and bake slowly until the apples are tender.

SCALLOPED APPLES.

Put into the bottom of a buttered baking dish a layer of apples. Sprinkle it with dabs of butter, sugar and cinnamon. Add another layer of apples and continue until all are used. Distribute butter over the top of the dish. Bake very slowly until done. The apples should turn a mahogany red. A little water may be needed in the bottom of the dish.

BAKED APPLES.

Wash and core the apples without breaking. Fill the centres with sugar and cinnamon, turn in a cupful of water and bake slowly for an hour or an hour and a half. Put a cupful of water on the rack when the apples go into the oven. This will keep them from burning.

CONVENTION OF DRESSMAKERS.

The first annual convention of the Dressmakers' Protective Association will be held September 8 to 12, inclusive. The meetings on the 8th and 9th will be at the association headquarters, No. 28 West Twenty-third-st., and the remaining days at the Masonic Temple, at Twenty-third-st. and Sixth-ave. Reports from four thousand dressmakers over the country have been received, signifying their intention to attend the convention. Admission to Masonic Hall will be by card only, which can be secured at the headquarters on Tuesday or Wednesday next.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF MISSES' "SLOT SEAM" SHIRTWAIST, NO. 4,208—MISSES' "SLOT SEAM" SKIRT, NO. 4,201, FOR 10 CENTS FOR EACH PATTERN WANTED.

"Slot seams" are among the latest novelties shown and will make a feature of autumn gowns. This smart costume is of wool check, in dark blue and white, and is designed for school wear, but both the waist and skirt are suited to a variety of materials, and to separate use as well as to the costume.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist, 3½ yards, 21 or 27 inches wide, 3⅝ yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt, 7½ yards 27 inches wide, 6 yards 44 inches wide, or 5 yards 52 inches wide.

The waist pattern, No. 4,208, is cut in sizes for misses twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

The skirt pattern, No. 4,201, is cut in sizes for misses twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

Each pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and years 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.