NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

PHASES OF YOM KIPPUR.

ODD MINGLING OF ANCIENT AND MODERN IN SYNAGOGUE CONGREGATIONS.

Always more crowded than any other section of the city, the streets of the Jewish quarter on the lower East Side were filled to repletion Friday evening and all day yesterday. Half a million Jews were keeping Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the one great holy day of the Jewish church.

Besides fasting and ceasing to work, the devout Jew must go to his synagogue on this day if at no other time during the year. As early as 5 o'clock Friday afternoon the streets were full of hurrying throngs hastening to the temples. The children were mostly left at home. Mothers with young babies stayed also, and the sick. All others went to the service, many of them staying until it closed at 10 o'clock.

The ordinary places of worship were far too small to accommodate the worshippers, for the outpouring was far in excess of that in the Christian world on Easter day. So halls were hired by the different societies. The Jewish population of New-York is organized into a multitude of societies, each one composed of men from a certain city or a certain section in Europe. They have sick benefit and life insurance features, and among other things every society hires a hall where its members may worship on Yom Kippur. The great synagogues are all owned by similar societies, which have developed to their present status from little associations of poor immigrants. The ties that bind the different congregations are religious, not governmental.

There was scarcely a block in New-York yesterday in which at least one such hall was not provided for Jews of the neighborhood, and in some of the blocks of the Ghetto, twenty, thirty, even fifty such halls were required to accommodate the vast throngs of worshippers. To the synagogues the people were admitted only by ticket.

Entering a typical synagogue, the one at No. 89 Rivington-st., one beheld on the main floor a vast congregation of men, and climbing to the gallery, where the women were secluded, one could look down upon this great company of men and watch them at their devotions. Nearly all wore either shawls or scarfs, the married men wearing the shawl and the young men the scarfs. The shawls were all alike, a cream ground with black bands, cut out at the neck, where they were bound sometimes with a bit of bright color—blue or pink or lemon. The scarfs were also creamy white, with black stripes and fringe across the ends. Every man held a thick book, like the hymn books of Protestant churches, containing the prayers printed in Hebrew. At times a confused murmur arose, mounting almost to a roar, as the hundreds of men read their prayers in concert. Many swayed to and fro constantly as they prayed. Some would draw their shawls over their heads, bend far forward, and for a half hour at a time maintain a quick, rhythmic bowing. Others beat their breasts as they prayed. With a gray-haired father in Israel, with a reverend beard, this was not incongruous. But when one saw a young man, in a Derby hat of this season's vintage, and very smart as to collar and tie, beating his breast as he prayed, it produced a curious sensation. The hats, too, produced a quaint effect to the Christian eye, for every man kept on his hat; and the tall silk hats, of which there were many, looked anachronistic above the shawls. The little black skull caps worn by many of the men were more in keeping.

As for the women in the gallery, they were in their usual garb, except that scattered here and there were some who wore a three-cornered white cloth over their heads, tied under their chins. These were the older women, trained under the pious rule which taught them to conceal their heads and faces from the men during prayer. In fact, the reason at the basis of this separation of the men and women in the Jewish place of worship was that the women must be kept out of sight or they would distract the minds of the men from their prayers. In the halls opened by scores Friday night, a curtain was simply run through the centre, on one side of which the women worshipped and on the other the men.

However, most of the women in the gallery of the synagogue were totally without compunctions in regard to the devotions of their superiors, and covered their heads only with the finest hats they could buy. The picturesque old dame in her wig and long earrings sat beside the up to date young woman, a teacher perhaps, a stenographer, or the daughter of a wealthy father, who carried no book because she did not know the Hebrew, and to whom the scene below meant hardly more than it did to the Gentile visitor.

Over all the clear, piercing sweetness of the boys' soprano rose penetratingly, mingled with the deep bass of the men. The rich satin curtain behind the altar was drawn aside, revealing the tables of the law standing in their silken covers; the scrolls which are written by hand, as they have been from the beginning.

THE FIVE O'CLOCK TEA CLUB.

ITS INAUGURATION AS SUCCESSOR TO THE ROCKER CLUB.

When the few faithful members of the Rocker Club met around Mrs. Weldon's tea urn one rainy autumn afternoon the hostess announced that she had a new plan to lay before the meeting.

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mrs. Outting, who had stopped in on her way from the city, "to get the chill taken off," as she said.

"It's only this," said Mrs. Weldon. "I propose that we make these informal meetings a regular institution, and call it the Five o'Clock Tea Club. Several new members will come in, as some who were away during the summer have heard of our pleasant talks, and wished that they might be continued. We will agree among ourselves not to exchange formal calls, but to make these meetings a substitute for that very doubtful form of friendly recreation. We can 'meet around,' or make this house our headquarters; the latter, I think, is the better plan. We can discuss informally the topics that have interested some of us at the regular club meetings, or in the course of our work or reading. We can sew if we like—individually—but we must criticise no one who is happier with idle hands; and we must ask no one to give an account of herself for absence. If she remains away, she is not to be asked why. The surest way of forcing a member of any society to resign is to require of her—either officially or otherwise—a good reason for her absence on any given day."

"You may well say 'Hear, hear,' to that," interposed Miss Merivale. "I have lately refused definitely to belong to small clubs, because I am missed if I don't go. I hate above all things to be missed and to look forward to being met with reproachful glances and upbraidings because I didn't attend the last meeting. If a club is so small, and has so little reason for existing that the attendance of every member is necessary at every meeting, the sooner it passes away the better."

"You are the most topsy-turvy reasoner," said Mrs. Outting, laughing. "The idea of any one seriously arguing for the right to be absent from a society she has voluntarily joined! No club could hold together on those terms."

"Well, I can't hold together if I must come or be scolded," persisted Miss Merivale, whimsically.

"No one can make you logical if you choose to be otherwise," said Mrs. Weldon, smiling. "Anyway, you shan't be scolded here. I do suppose that a regularly organized club could not exist without a fair attendance; but I don't believe in securing the attendance by teasing the members. And as to our little club, its raison d'être is the pleasure of the members, and if they do not care to attend we can cease to exist as a club without formal regrets and lamentations. Or, if only two or three drop in, and still enjoy the little conferences, those two or three shall constitute the Five o'Clock Tea Club until further notice. There! The constitution and bylaws are announced, but they shall never be printed. And of these unwritten laws there are only two that can not and must not be broken."

"One is: Don't gossip," said Miss Merivale.

"And the other," said Mrs. Easley, "is: Don't quarrel."

"Behold," responded Mrs. Weldon, admiringly, "the perfect accord between the promoters of this organization. My thoughts are divined before I give them utterance. Let the object of this club be to prove before gods and men that a little coterie of women can meet together every now and then for the interchange of thought, and ever for an occasional good grumble, without gossiping or quarreling. It is already proved that this can be done under the restraint of parliamentary law; but we are doing it not under the law."

"But under the gospel," interrupted Miss Merivale. "And if we succeed we have not lived in vain."

Upon which everybody said "Hear, hear," and accepted another cup of tea. But when they parted Mrs. Weldon whispered to Miss Merivale:

"You'll promise not to be sarcastic with Mrs. Holmes? Some day she'll see through it."

"My dear soul, I sacrifice sarcasm and other joys on the altar of your hospitable hearth. Trust me, I'll be a 'mush of concession' if necessary."

IN "HOPI" CLUBDOM.

SECOND WHITE WOMAN TO BE INITIATED INTO SECRET INDIAN SOCIETY.

Mrs. G. L. Gates, of Pasadena, Cal., who has been spending the summer in camp on the cliffs in front of the Hopi Indian village Oraibi, in Arizona, has been invited to join one of the secret societies of the women, and will be initiated this month. Mrs. Gates is the second white woman to be admitted to any of the secret societies of the Hopis and the first to join this special lodge, which is named in honor of one of the desert plants.

The ceremony of initiation will take place at dawn on the edge of the cliff looking toward the east. Just as the sun rises the women will give her the hand of fellowship, will sprinkle her with the sacred meal, made from the blue corn, and then bestow upon her an Indian name. After this the members of the lodge have been invited by Mrs. Gates to breakfast with her in the pretty camp, whose appointments never cease to be the object of much admiration on the part of the Indian women.

Mrs. Gates is trying to devise some plan whereby the precious water which is now wasted, even in the infrequent rainfall, may be stored for use on their little cornfields, and at the same time lighten the labor of the women, who are now forced to "pack" every drop of water used in their cliff perched village up a long, steep trail of nearly a mile and a half.

The division of labor among the Hopis is unusual. The women build the houses, plastering them with the palms of their hands, repair the wall when necessary, carry the water, grind the corn, cook and make baskets. The men weave, spin, knit, make their own and the women's clothes, take care of the sheep, cultivate the fields, collect the wood on burros or their backs, and act as nurse maid when at home.

While the woman does not talk much about "suffrage" or "rights," she seems to have them, just the same. Not only are there several women's clubs, having their own kivas, or club houses, but there are also women chiefs, whose office is partly elective, partly hereditary. The office of chief is carried as a rule through the female line—the oldest son of the chief's oldest sister becoming his successor.

In all the games and ceremonies the women bear an honored part. It is an old and eminently respectable woman who concocts and administers the famous "brew" that causes the snake priests to turn inside out after their annual snake dance ceremony.

It is a woman who chews the yeast to ferment the batter of the pigame, or green corn pudding, that adorns the August feast. It is a woman who leads her presence to the Katcha ceremony, when children are initiated into one of the kivas by a good sound flogging with Spanish needles, and girls and women that add picturesqueness to the finals of the snake race in their sunrise scramble for the wands of corn that the fleet runners bring from the fields below.

It is the women, too, that have everything to say about the naming of the baby. When baby comes every friend of the family is at liberty to suggest a name—putting an ear of corn in its hand, sprinkling it with sacred meal—saying meanwhile, "Whiter wings, I baptize thee," or "Butterfly, I baptize thee"—or whatever name may be chosen. The mother meanwhile listens, but makes no comment. When the real day of naming the baby arrives she carries it in her arms to the eastern edge of the cliff, where all ceremonies of that kind have been held for centuries, and, lifting baby toward the rising sun, calls aloud the name which she has chosen from all those that have been given.

PRESIDENT OF W. R. C.

Mrs. Lodusky J. Taylor, of Le Sueur, Minn., the newly elected president of the Woman's Relief Corps, is a typical Minnesota woman of old New-England stock. During the eighteen years that

MRS. LODUSKY J. TAYLOR.
Of Le Sueur, Minn., elected national president of the Woman's Relief Corps.

have elapsed since the organization of the Minnesota State Woman's Relief Corps, she has worked with unabated zeal for the cause, and has twice before received the nomination for the presidency. She is said to be a woman of great executive ability, who can be depended upon for a just and impartial administration.

REDUCTION IN TAILOR GOWNS.

Months of travel and foreign search have been required to secure the smart and exclusive models for fall and winter costumes shown in the parlors of S. Kneitel, ladies' tailor, in Thirtieth-st., one door east of Fifth-ave. It is claimed by Mr. Kneitel that each creation which comes from his place has distinction, individuality, and shows thorough and artistic workmanship in every detail. A special price is now made on orders, tailored costumes of imported materials, richly silk lined throughout. This offer, however, is for a limited time only.

STAINS ON PORCELAIN TUBS.

Kerosene, applied with a flannel cloth, is most efficacious in removing discolorations in metal or porcelain tubs. These are often occasioned by the mineral properties contained in the water, but sometimes by a lack of daily care. In either event a brisk application of kerosene will effectually remove all trace of them.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF GIRL'S APRON, NO. 4,254, FOR 10 CENTS.

Aprons that are attractive and pretty at the same time that they protect the gowns over which they are worn are always in demand. The stylish model illustrated combines many advantages, and is adapted to all apron materials, but as shown is of white lawn with frills and band of needlework. The square neck is a noteworthy feature, and the frills over the shoulders are universally becoming.

NO. 4,254—GIRL'S APRON.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (six years) is two yards 36 inches wide, with one yard of embroidery 4 inches wide and one yard of insertion 1¼ inches wide, to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 4,254, is cut in sizes for girls of four, six and eight years old.

The 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.

SNAPSHOT AT EXHIBITION.

A MAN IN WOMAN'S GARB OCCUPIES SAWHORSE IN A BOOTH—THE BELLE OF GARDEN.

It is the boast of the management of the Woman's Exhibition that no man is permitted to have anything to do with the selling or exhibiting or entertaining that goes on in the various booths. "This is a woman's show" they asseverate. "It is woman all through. From, by, in, with, women, as they say in the Latin grammars—that's what the Woman's Exhibition is." All of which does not alter the circumstance that a man artist has been allowed to rent a chair in one of the Professional Women's League booths—a privilege, by the way, for which he is said to pay $40 a week. Disguised as a woman, he may be seen every afternoon and evening sitting on a sawhorse beside a small girl, who sells twenty-five-cent souvenir hats, and sketching profiles at 10 cents apiece. He makes a pretty good girl, too. His white muslin frock and sunbonnet effectually conceal any masculinity of form or feature he may possess, and people have been slow to "catch on." When they do, they take their discovery in different ways. Some call it "real mean," others characterize it as "real cute." Nearly every one finds it more or less funny. Who knows but there are more men about the big show disguised as women?

"Aunt" Louisa Eldridge is unquestionably the belle of the exhibition. At the flower stall, where potted plants and other floral gewgaws are to be had, "Aunt Louisa" pursues a novel course in disposing of her wares. Holding out at arm's length a dwarf fern, for instance—a tiny Japanese thing an inch and a half high, in a three-quarter-inch pot—she eyes it fixedly for a full minute, saying in a sepulchral voice surcharged with dramatic emotion, "This plant will live forever. Who will buy it?" The effect on the crowd of onlookers can be compared only with that wrought by Mrs. Siddons, when, turning upon the clerk, who was showing her some cloth, she suddenly asked in her grandest stage manner, "Will it wash?" And the clerk almost dropped dead with fright.

There was a case of sickness in the Philippine booth last week, but the young patient will be out again to-day. Around the arena it is whispered that the little Filipino poisoned herself with the grass which she, in common with her country women, holds in her teeth to plait for basket making. This grass, they say, is prepared or dyed with arsenic, which the girl swallowed. At the Filipino booth they deny this. "There is no arsenic or other poison in these grasses," said a chocolate colored woman who was putting the finishing touches to a shopping bag of raffia. "Even if one sucked the dyed grass, like that big, bright green braid over there, it would not make her sick, as only vegetable dyes are used. You think I speak good English? Well, although born in Manila, I have lived in this country five or six years. I support myself by making dolls' hats for a bazaar, but I can make baskets, too. I know seven patterns of weaving, some of them very difficult. A basket like this—why, I can make one in five or ten minutes. There are about half a dozen Filipino women in New-York City, all of whom support themselves by weaving, crocheting or pleating.

Public School No. 45 is soon to be increased by the addition of a really, truly American—an American who is entitled to look down with proud contempt upon the descendants of Dutch and English settlers as parvenus. Little Bessie Bright Eyes, with Mrs. Soaring Dove, her mother, is at the Woman's Exhibition, in the American booth, but when her engagement ends she will go to public school. Bessie Bright Eyes is six, going on seven, with a pair of the most coquettish brown eyes ever seen. She is clad in doeskin, with a long chain of buffalo teeth around her neck. "My daughter, Prairie Flower," confides Mrs. Floating Dove, in a low, sweet voice, "is studying English, French and music at the Montreal College. Yes"—with a sudden, shy smile—"yes, she wants to be a teacher. She is seventeen years old, and last year was confirmed. Yes, we are all Episcopalians."

Mrs. Floating Dove will tell all about her costume, if one asks her. In her dress or gown or robe, whatever she calls it, of white doeskin, slashed into fringe where the hems should be, she is the antithesis of the New-York tailor made woman. She wears almost as many necklaces as a smart Englishwoman; a necklace of does' toenails, very black and very ugly, hanging low on her chest; a string of large red cornelian beads, striped with yellow and white, suspended several inches above the toenails; and then, close about the throat, a dog collar of turquoise beads. "That necklace," remarks Mrs. Floating Dove, "is nearly two hundred years old. It was traded to my ancestors by some of the early English settlers, who, I suppose, received it in trade from other Indians, for it is clearly of Indian workmanship." The necklace in question is composed of four rows of oblong beads, caught together at intervals with heavy gold clasps. A coronet of bright beadwork, with two black and white eagle feathers stuck jauntily on one side, encircles the streaming black locks. "But you should see my husband," adds little Mrs. Floating Dove, with innocent pride. "He is 6 feet 2, and the finest Indian model in New-York."

"Now, tell me the truth, without any Woman's Exhibition about it," entreated an Englishman of one of the girl attendants in a booth. "Are all the women in this show just what they purport to be—Russians and Germans, and so on?"

"Why?" "Well, because the first place I went to on entering the Garden was to the English booth. Of course, I saw at a glance that those girls playing ping pong were not English women, and I wondered if it was like that everywhere." Another man—not an Englishman—lurched up to a booth where a very prim girl from Boston ensnares the unwary into buying souvenir hats and things. "I've got an elegant jolly on," he whispered in her astonished ear. "Wha-what will you g-give me for it?"

That rolypoly Chinese baby is as sweet as the woman who sits down in front of China and does the talking is—well, acid. The baby's name is Baldwin; his sister labors under the name of Josephine. There has been a landslide among the booths and China has moved over into North America, but when first the show opened it was squeezed into a narrow slip between the Southern cotton field and the Japanese teahouse. On that opening night the dances and yells of the negro mammies next door so terrified the China baby that the great tears of fright rolled down his ivory cheeks. His mother tried in vain to pacify him. Then she got out a big red silk bandana and massaged his head with it. No good. Baby continued to cry like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted. At last they had to take him out. At least, that's what the people in the arena, who looked on, say. The woman who sits down in front and does the talking in the China booth does not deny that she is an American, married to a Chinaman, or that she was a missionary when she did it, but international marriages are not a favorite theme of conversation with her.

For a mad riot of color, an exotic bloom of Oriental imagination and grace, what can compare at the Woman's Exhibition with the dresses of the girls in the Japanese teahouse? Not one but is a study in its daring, its splendid, munificent lavishness of color. Take the pinky plum satin, for example, with the great gold clasp fastening it across the bosom, the sky blue sash and the limit of scarlet undersleeves. One would not choose just such a costume for a shopping expedition, perhaps, but it might be guaranteed as a dissipator of vapors, blues and their ilk. As the Japanese baby's mother walks the stage with her precious burden—six months old, and a boy—it is purple satin embroidered in great sprays of pink blossoms and green leaves she wears. Nor is that all. There is a rose and white brocaded petticoat scalloped about the hem in scarlet, a slash of pale blue on the front breadth of the purple kimono and white slippers to complete the joyous ensemble. In the sash or obi, worn with a shimmering sky blue satin, are black, green, gold, blue and scarlet. The palest canary crêpe makes a love of a robe, and the sash—O, miracle of Japanese taste!—combines sage green, dove gray, black and a shade of brighter yellow. In the raven black pompadour above the canary color is set a miniature fan of red coral. Other gowns of sky blue and scarlet, and of Nile green brocaded satin, with blue and yellow sash and white satin undervest, only accentuate the exquisite repose of a costume in white, wistaria blue, tan and black.

The Woman's Exhibition has been so successful that arrangements have been made with the management of the Garden for a Woman's Exhibition next year, to run three weeks, beginning on October 7. After closing in New-York this fall the exhibition will be held in the Coliseum, in Chicago.

WALLPAPER AND VARNISH.

A cheap, convenient and sanitary treatment of the ordinary wallpaper is to give it a wash of thin varnish. This improves and preserves the colors and makes any number of washings possible.

PRINCESS CHARLES'S BOOK.

Princess Charles of Denmark, widely known as a keen observer and a most amusing conversationalist, is shortly, it is said, to be enrolled in the list of royal authoresses. The book in question has already been privately circulated, and the public is now to be favored with a popular edition.

HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.

The musty taste and odor that sometimes clings to a metal tea or coffee urn which has been long in disuse may be removed by putting a red hot cinder on a bit of tin or fragment of china in the bottom of this and letting it remain until cold. The top, is of course, allowed to remain on during the cooling process, and when removed the air inside will be found as pure and "sweet as sunshine."

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.

AUTUMN.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now,
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
—(Tennyson.

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. The Tribune Sunshine Society has no connection with any other organization or publication using the word "Sunshine."

FOR A POOR WOMAN.

Mrs. G. L. S., of New-Jersey, has sent $3, and some unknown friend in Manhattan $2, to aid the poor German woman for whom a plea was made by Miss Olmstead.

SHEDDING SUNSHINE.

A Sunshine member in Lenox, Mass., will send a comfortable ray of sunshine to an invalid member in a hospital; Mrs. B., of Brooklyn, has given $1, and Mrs. H. A., of New-Jersey, $2, to procure some needed comforts for a suffering member in the South; the president of Manhattan Branch No. 8 has distributed clothing to the children of an East Side Settlement, and women's clothing to some poor people on the West Side; Mrs. James Freeland Bills, president of Manhattan Branch No. 7, will send birthday greetings to Mrs. John Conklin on October 21; the dainty bed socks made by Mrs. A. B. Stone supplied the immediate want of an invalid in St. Luke's Hospital, who sends grateful thanks for this cheery gift. Mrs. Emma Bromley, of Clark's Falls, Conn., acknowledges receipt of sunshine from Mrs. Farnsworth, of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. A., of Torrington. The special distribution of money gifts were sent during the week to the poor German woman, to the widow of a soldier in Manhattan, and to invalids in New-Hampshire and Massachusetts.

A New-Jersey member offers to forward "Brown Book" once a month to any T. S. S. member desiring it. Application should be made to the general office.

WANTS READING.

Will some of the members who have reading matter to spare please pass on some to Mrs. George W. McClure, Mount Vernon, Rock Castle County, Ky.? By doing this they will send genuine sunshine into an appreciative life. Mrs. McClure is an invalid, fond of reading, and lives in a lonely, mountainous place. Some religious books, an occasional magazine and illustrated supplement will be considered cheer in this household.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

The package of sunshine received from Mrs. A. Marsh, of Manhattan, suggested the coming Christmas days. There were twelve fine bags for the "Little Mothers," eleven bound books and a pair of woollen gloves. A game was also sent for some shut in child. A large express package from Roslyn, Long Island, contained a quantity of useful sunshine—warm outside garments, underwear, hosiery, mittens, wools, etc. An "East Orange Friend" contributed illustrated papers; Marion and Marjorie Swan, of Passaic, N. J., a large box of shells; Josephine Hallock, of Manhattan, wools and embroidery silks. A generous member in Albany County, N. Y., a large box of fruit—grapes and pears—as a special Sunshine gift for T. S. S. members; magazines, from "E. L. K.," of Rochester, N. Y.

A JAPANESE WOMAN'S VIEW.

CONTRAST OF AMERICANS AND JAPANESE AS BOYS, YOUTHS AND MEN IN THEIR HOME LIFE.

A Japanese woman, at the end of a year's visit here, gave a short talk to a group of friends the other day regarding the differences between Americans and Japanese, as boys, youths and men—explaining modestly, however, that she did not regard her observations as anything more than generally inclusive. But her hearers felt that the contrast of conditions in the two countries (although somewhat to the disfavor of her own people) was fair and clear sighted.

"In a Japanese home," the unwonted lecturer began, in her dainty, deprecating fashion, "the parents welcome a girl as well as a boy; but when a boy is born the household jubilee and salutation are apt to be deeper and greater. One usually congratulates, 'Is it a boy? Well done!' So then from babyhood the Japanese boy, unlike the American, has a certain predominance over the girl.

"As little children the Western and Eastern boys are both as restless, inquisitive, active and mischievous as can be. However, their behavior toward sisters and girl friends may be a little different. Even at this early period the idea of helping girls and protecting the weak may be germinating in the American boy's little mind, notwithstanding the frequent temptation to tyrannize over the less strong girls. The Japanese boy is tender toward his own sisters; his love toward them is beautiful to see. But the common tendency toward the other little girls is to look down on them, tease them rather than help, keep from them rather than approach, because when he dares to be kind to them then he must bear scorn and laughter from the other boys.

"Such a boy grows to be a youth. What then? The difference between the American and Japanese, no wonder, grows more and more. By this time the manners of the American boy become refined and gentlemanlike; he learns how to act before the elders and women. On the contrary, the Japanese boy is not half so much restrained about etiquette as the girl is. Moreover, there was at one time a queer idea in fashion among the Japanese youths, namely, to despise any boy dressed in good order as a mean fellow, who thought only about his outward appearance, and to consider the dirty face, torn coat, short sleeves and rough manners as signs of the true, noble mind, so that the word 'student' used to represent everything riotous and untidy. In spirit they were harmless and studious; it was a mere peculiar conception of the time. Happily, this erroneous idea has already lost its power, and now most of the students are more rational and polite. But at this period the outward relation between the brother and sisters is no longer close, for they do not attend the same schools; their interests change; they do not go out much together; the brother spends most of his time away from home; to his sister's friends he seldom appears, so that no matter how entertaining he is among his own friends, he is dumb and out of place among the girls. What a contrast to the American boy!

"College work being finished, next comes the time for him to be a man—an independent man. He must marry now. The American has already many acquaintances among the girls; it is not so hard for him to choose one for his wife. But poor Japanese boy! He has put off his rough ways and become a gentleman by this time, but where can he find the bride he likes? The few girls whom he knows are either his cousins or his friends' sisters, or his sister's friends; even them he does not know very well. If he can find he 'lifelong friend' among them, it is fortunate for him; if not, his parents or his older friends are the ones who take pains to choose the appropriate girl for him; so it is not unusual for a Japanese man to be married to a girl whom he has never seen before, the marriage between the well acquainted man and woman is an event of comparative rareness. How pitiful must the Japanese custom appear to the American eye!

"The man now becomes the husband and the master of a house. The American home must almost, without exception, be a happy one, for it consists of loving and loved people. The Japanese home, though the way it is formed is so different, cannot be considered otherwise than happy, since the union of husband and wife has been brought about by experienced and well-wishing parents or friends. But at the same time, cold, sorrowful scenes are no less frequent. The husband and the wife are the mutual helpers and comforters, just as in this country, but in one sense the husband is more of the ruler, and the wife is more the one to obey. And the thing which strikes every American is the outward coldness of the husband toward the wife, in spite of his ofttimes deep love for her; especially before others, he assumes dignity and restricts tender words.

"As a father he is generally loving, which is no remarkable contrast to the American father. The Japanese father is not so indulgent as the softer-hearted mother; he commands certain dignity which calls forth both respect and love from his children.

"His position as a grandfather alone remains to be described. Reverence to the aged and filial piety to the parent being among the most important moral duties observed by the Japanese, his old age may be happier than that of the American grandfather. Though no longer the master of the house, he still receives every comfort and luxury, sincere love and respect from the sons and daughters and grandchildren.

"On looking back, the main points that mark more or less distinctly the position of the Japanese man in his home, as differing from that of the American are two—first, that the Japanese has more authority over the woman than the American, and second, that the rightful relations between the Japanese man and woman do not yet exist."

FIRST CARNEGIE LIBRARY DONE.

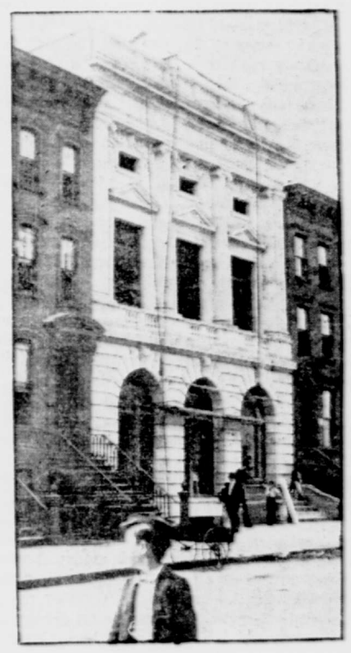
IT IS IN EAST SEVENTY-NINTH-ST. AND CAN BE USED IN A FEW WEEKS.

This week marks the practical completion of the first of the fifty or sixty public library buildings provided for by the gift of Andrew Carnegie. It is at Nos. 222 and 224 East Seventy-ninth-st. and will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks. Work has already begun on Library No. 2, at Nos. 30 and 31 East Broadway. Plans are being drawn for seven other buildings, for which the city has provided the sites. Two of these are on Staten Island, at Tottenville and Port Richmond.

The plans for Library No. 1 were drawn by the late James Brown Lord and work was begun on the building before the Carnegie gift was actually made. Then came the appointment of an architectural commission, consisting of the firms of Carrère & Hastings, McKim, Mead & White, and Babb, Cook & Willard. It was decided to build all the libraries after the same general design and with indiana limestone fronts, the architects to introduce slight changes in detail in each library. The work on the East Seventy-ninth-st. building was stopped until new plans were made, so that it would conform with the others. It is a fair sample, from an architectural standpoint, of the exterior of the appearance of the libraries.

CLIFFORD.
The home of the late John Stephenson, the car builder, which is offered to New-Rochelle as a high school site.

The sites given by the city differ in size and shape, the average being 50 by 100 feet. The buildings will be three stories in height with a large basement. The first floor will have shelves for books for adults, the second for children, and the third will be given over to reading room purposes. In most of the buildings there will be living quarters for the janitor in the attic.



THE FIRST OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY BUILDINGS TO BE COMPLETED.
Nos. 222 and 224 East Seventy-ninth-st.

STEPHENSON HOME FOR A SCHOOL.

NEW-ROCHELLE WILL VOTE ON PROPOSITION TO BUY LATE CAR BUILDER'S HOUSE.

The people of New-Rochelle are deeply interested in a special school election which is to take place in that city on Tuesday. The question to be decided is whether the city shall purchase Clifford, the stone house built about twenty years ago by the late John Stephenson, the car builder of this city.

The New-Rochelle Board of Education several weeks ago unanimously adopted a resolution favoring the purchase of the property for $75,000, and for an appropriation of an additional $5,000 with which to renovate the building, which has been vacant since the death of the owner, about ten years ago. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, introduced the resolution, and is regarded as the special champion of the property.

The house is situated on the Boston Post Road, between New-Rochelle and Larchmont, and has 750 feet frontage on an inlet of Long Island Sound. It is built of granite and has about thirty-five rooms, a conservatory and a secret underground passage to the Sound. It is near the New-Rochelle Yacht Club and Rowing Club and the homes of many wealthy residents.

Mr. Thomas favors the site because he believes that the pupils of the High School should have extensive playgrounds and a park about their classrooms, even though they are compelled to go a distance from town to obtain these advantages. The house is surrounded by twenty acres of land, which Mr. Thomas believes could be turned into a public park. The principal objection which some of the residents of New-Rochelle are making to the site is that the property is too far from the centre of the city. Others are against the expenditure of more money for any purpose, even for the building of schools, as they believe that the municipality is too near the debt limit and taxes are already too high.

Mr. Thomas has been actively engaged for nearly three years in trying to obtain a suitable High School for New-Rochelle. He was instrumental in having a vote taken upon a proposition to have the city purchase the large country place owned by John E. Risley, formerly United States Minister to Denmark. This property is situated on Lather's Hill and commands a fine view of the Sound. The proposition was carried by a narrow margin, but some of the recidents were so bitterly opposed to the site that they applied to the courts to set aside the election on the ground that it had not been legally advertised. The courts sustained the contention of the petitioners, and the site was abandoned.

THE NEW RECREATION PIERS.

THEY WILL BE BUILT FOR GREATER COMFORT AND ALSO COMMERCIAL USE.

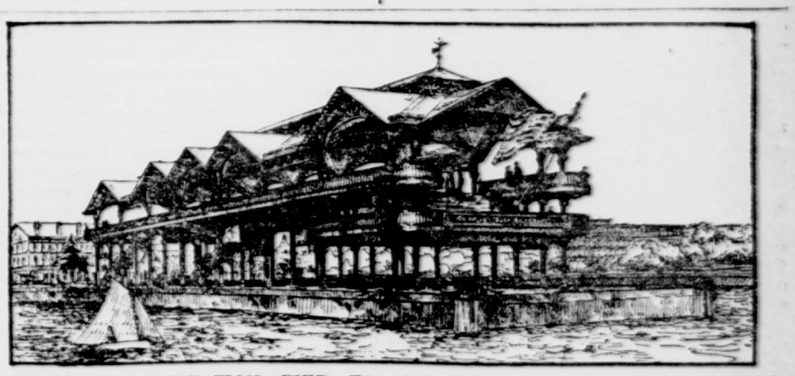
That the present administration of the Dock Department is interested in the comfort and welfare of the citizens along the waterfront and has studied the question with a view to interfering as little as possible with the commercial uses of piers is shown by the accompanying sketch of the new recreation pier which is to be erected on the East River near Market-st., Manhattan. It will be of great benefit to the congested centre of population in that vicinity.

The department has in preparation plans for another recreation structure in addition to the one at Market-st. This will be in Brooklyn, probably near Hamilton-ave.

The pier in Manhattan about to be built has advantages over the designs of the older piers. In those the lower part of the structure is so filled up with toilet rooms, lavatories and entrance rooms that the use of the pier for loading and unloading freight is seriously interfered with. These rooms in the new design are raised above the deck of the pier, and will be built upon a mezzanine floor at the outer end of the building, affording easier access to them from the upper, or promenade, deck, and providing an absolutely unobstructed lower deck for the commercial use of the pier. The new design also provides an observation gallery on the mezzanine floor across the entire outer end of the pier.

The side and end openings in the lower story in the new pier will be provided with steel rolling shutters for the protection of perishable cargo from the elements. The pier upon which the new structure is to be erected is already built, and is 434 feet long and 70 feet wide. Another advantage is that the open gables in the sides and end of the roof provide for a much less obstructed sweep of the breezes from the river, which by lowering the temperature in the evening when these piers are mostly crowded add greatly to the comfort of those who of necessity are driven from close and stifling rooms to seek an outing on the river front.

The architect selected by the Commissioner of Docks, McDougall Hawkes, to design this new pier is Whitney Warren, who has been also retained by the Board of Rapid Transit Commission in a consultive capacity.



DESIGN FOR RECREATION PIER TO BE ERECTED NEAR THE FOOT OF MARKET-ST., EAST RIVER, MANHATTAN.

GUIDI FOR WASHINGTON.

REPORT FROM ROME THAT HE WILL BE CHOSEN APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

A prominent Roman Catholic clergyman has received a letter from Rome which names Archbishop Guidi, lately chosen by the Pope for service in the Philippines, as the probable successor to Cardinal Martinelli as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, instead of Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, as has been reported. The letter follows:

It has recently been stated that Monsignor Falconio, Papal representative in Canada, has been appointed to the post of Apostolic Delegate in Washington. I am in a position to contradict this statement, as no official appointment has as yet been made. Monsignor Falconio has occupied his present very important position for too short a time to render his transfer either opportune or advisable, especially as he has proved that he is "the right man for the right place," in Canada. It is far more likely Monsignor Guidi, who will leave here shortly for Manila as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, will proceed to Washington as Papal representative in the United States after having settled the various questions still at issue in connection with the property of the religious orders. When Governor Taft was in Rome, he was constantly in touch with the Secretaryship of State, and especially with Monsignor Guidi, who is a thoroughly up-to-date prelate and would no doubt prove a "persona gratissima" in United States Government circles.

The recipient of the letter was not inclined to place much credence in his correspondent's view of the matter. He said that it was generally understood that Archbishop Falconio would be sent to Washington, and he expressed the opinion that Archbishop Guidi would not be likely to receive the appointment, for he had only just been chosen for the difficult mission in the Philippines, which would not probably be settled for three years at least, and, meantime, he argued, the post at Washington could not well remain unfilled.

CHURCH CELEBRATING ANNIVERSARY.

SERVICES IN NORTH FIFTH STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH WILL CONTINUE FOR TWO WEEKS.

Services in commemoration of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the North Fifth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, at North Fifth-st. and Bedford-ave., Brooklyn, were held yesterday. In the morning the pastor, the Rev. Lemuel Richardson, preached, and in the evening an address was made by the Rev. S. H. Smith, an ex-pastor. The celebration will continue for two weeks, during which time daily revival services will be held, with a view to strengthening the parish.

The North Fifth-st. church was one of the strongest of the Methodist denomination in Brooklyn a great many years ago. The influx of foreigners has, however, crowded the Protestants out of that section of the borough in late years.

A PRESENT FOR JAMES E. MARCH.

As a mark of appreciation of the members of the United Italian societies of New-York City, James E. March received a handsome gold medal at a meeting held in Majestic Hall, East One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., at the celebration of the Italian national holiday, September 20. Port Warden March was in charge of the parade and festivities which marked the day. He was also the patron of the Italian celebration last Saturday marking the discovery of America.