NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

INFORMATION COLUMNS.

Brooklyn Women Advocate Their Erection, Police Negligence Scored.

"If our Board of Health amounted to anything," said one much tried member of the Brooklyn Woman's Health Protective Association at its meeting yesterday morning, "we would not have to make the same appeal about the same old abuses in half a dozen different directions, and over and over again a score of times, before we get any satisfaction." All of which was apropos of the recent disappearance of the large type signs forbidding smoking and expectoration in the ferry-boats and houses, and the failure to enforce the law regarding these abuses in the cars. Letters from various Brooklynites were read, imploring the association to use its influence with "the powers that be," as the conditions on some lines were becoming intolerable. The lack of heat in the majority of the cars was another source of righteous indignation, and Mrs. James McKeen urged that an official appeal be made directly to Railway Commissioner Cole in behalf of Brooklyn citizens. In the matter of street cleaning, in which the Health Protective Association has faithfully practised its motto of "eternal vigilance," Mrs. Cadman C. Dike, who presided at yesterday's meeting, said she thought much individual carelessness and abuse was due to simple ignorance of the laws on the subject. Several of the members had found information on these points gladly received, and a resolution to introduce "information columns" at street corners, such as are now in use in Paris and Berlin, was passed. These columns are pentagonal or hexagonal, one side being reserved for posting municipal notices and laws and the others rented out to private advertisers, the income from this latter source going to the city treasury. The details of this subject had been previously discussed with President Swanstrom, who suggested submission of the matter to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

It has been found impracticable to utilize lampposts or any existing structures for this purpose, and the committee in charge of the innovation intends securing designs for such columns subject to the approval of the Municipal Art Association. They urge the erection of at least one "information column" as a sample, preferably on the lower part of Fulton-st., at the earliest possible date. Eventually it is hoped to secure them throughout the borough at intervals of every ten or twelve blocks, carrying the more important Street Cleaning and Health Department regulations, so that "he who runs may read," and the plea of ignorance for non-performance of duty may be no longer possible. "Many abuses in the garbage line are directly due to police negligence," declared one member. "I myself say a lot of paper and rubbish swept into the street while a policeman lounged near by, looking on." "Well," said Mrs. James McKeen, "the only thing we can do to get at the root of police negligence is to make an example of a single flagrant instance like this, and have the case legally tried. A woman of my acquaintance who did that, appearing personally as complainant, had an attack of nervous prostration, afterward as a result of the excitement, and public criticism of her action. But I don't think any of us need fear such consequences, and I suggest that each one of us make it her duty to watch the roundsmen in season and out in any part of the city we happen to be, and report all negligence to the station in that precinct. It is well, too, to be acquainted at these headquarters. Drop in there from time to time. You're always sure of a cordial reception, for the station detail has nothing to do, and welcomes any diversion. There is as much reason why we women should personally know these men who have the supervision of so much of our daily comforts and convenience, as to know our pastors and physicians. It is the personal interest and effort that tells in the end."

A vote of thanks was tendered Commissioner Woodbury for the courtesy and cordial co-operation accorded the work of the Health Protective Association, and a resolution recommending the speedy completion of the Bushwick sewer was prepared for the Commissioner of Public Works. A partial report on the condition and location of the stables housing the horses used by the municipality was given by the committee in charge of that branch of work, and a thorough presentation of the subject promised at the next meeting.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE CAT SHOW.

A meeting of the Atlantic Cat Club was held on Thursday to consider the case of Jack, the fine black Persian exhibited by Miss Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass. Jack had been temporarily moved into the cage next his own. The judges happened along at that moment and, seeing that his cage was empty, marked him as absent and awarded the blue ribbon for his class to another cat. As Jack is considered by experts the finest black Persian in the country, and has taken blue ribbons and won cups without number, Miss Lincoln was considerably surprised at the verdict. The judges themselves were disturbed when they heard the facts, and wished to revoke their decision, had such a thing been possible. Miss Lincoln will take Jack to the Boston cat show next week, where she is to act as one of the judges.

Mrs. Burton Harrison spent a long time at the show yesterday forenoon, trying to buy a black Persian with orange eyes. She could not find what she wanted, however.

When Miss Margaret A. Guiney takes her short haired cream Siamese cat Chink out for an airing, people almost invariably take him for a dog. He has the corkscrew tail and hindquarters of a pug, and his legs are short and stubby, but his face and neck are distinctly those of a feline. Another Siamese cat that attracts popular attention is Tilu, owned by Mrs. W. S. Hofstra, of Garden City. Tilu is a chocolate cat, and seems an arrogant, unhappy dispositioned creature. Most of the cats welcome the visitor with joy, or, at the very least, with interest. Not so with Tilu, who assumes a toplofty air and never lowers himself to speak to strangers. Tilu is gifted with a Siamese voice of rare power and discordance. His plaintive yowls may be heard all over the concert room, and, as he spends a good deal of his time in complaining or worrying aloud, he is easily one of the features of the show.

Tilu has a long, lean tail, which he wafts in airy defiance of the mob of women and children who peer into the cage in which he resides. Chink has only a ring by way of a tail. There has been some question as to whether the cream or chocolate, the tailed or the tailless, was the true royal Siamese cat. Experts have decided, it is said, that the cream tailless is the royal breed.

Mrs. Mix, one of the judges, is mourning the loss of $50, which Edwin Post gave her for St. Rumans, a beautiful smoke Persian. She was combing one of her cats at the moment the money was handed her, so she hurriedly thrust the bills into the pocket of her apron, and went on with her work. Ten minutes later the money was gone. St. Rumans is a queer name for a cat. When asked what it meant, Mrs. Mix explained that St. Rumans is the patron of the Lorna Doone country.

Mrs. Mix, who lives in the old Sir William Johnson mansion, at Johnstown, has built a house for her cattery. It contains six rooms, has hardwood floors and round corners like a hospital, and there between twenty and thirty cats, thoroughbred Persians, all of them, are domiciled. "I haven't a scrub cat on the place," declares Mrs. Mix. She calls her cattery the "Old Fort Cattery." Among her cats now on exhibition are Moonlight, Lassie, Morning Glory, Diana Ford, Jack Frost, King of the Silvers and Lollypop. Diana is a tortoiseshell. She has taken first prize as the best female in the show.

Scattered among the many prize winning cats, whose cages are dadoed and wainscoted with blue and red ribbons, and whose names and pedigrees are blazoned forth conspicuously for her who runs to read, are the cats which have not landed a premium of any sort, or even a "Commended." Over the cages of the prize winners their idolizing mistresses hang, and to the admiring crowd of visitors expatiate on the points of their darlings. But the cats that have been passed over by the judges sit in lonely seclusion—in the show, but not of it. Their very owners seem to be ashamed of them. The pampered minions of fame, whose names and pictures get into the public prints, are fed and exercised by their owners, who will not allow the attendants of the show to touch them. The mediocre cats have water and milk and raw meat doled out to them by the hirelings of the Garden. But to the cat sentimentalist, the woman who loves cats idiotically, the plain little commonplace cats that connoisseurs sniff at are as dear as the bluest blooded imported Persian. They pity from their hearts the neglected cats, the mediocre cats, the cats that aren't anything particular or remarkable—only just cats.

A FRENCH SCHOLAR.

She—It was fortunate that you were such a fine French scholar. I suppose when you were in Paris you had no difficulty in making yourself understood?

He—Not when I talked English.—(Boston Transcript.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS TEXTILES.

Interesting Talk on Antique Stuffs and Modern Prints at Teachers College.

"The Quaint and Curious in Textiles" furnished Edwin Marble, of Worcester, Mass., with the text for an interesting talk at Teachers College yesterday afternoon, under the auspices of the Home Economics Club. Old legends about the silkworm, funny old medicines derived from or connected with textiles, fabrics the names of which now live only in dictionaries of antiquities, the derivation of proper names from textile processes —in these and similar branches of th subject Mr. Marble found fascinating material for his talk.

Silk drops, for instance. These were a patent medicine long before patent medicines were known in this country. They were considered a specific against such diverse ailments as fevers, smallpox, epilepsy, curdling of the blood, spleen and the vapors. Scarlet was regarded as possessing peculiar medicinal virtues, and an old English medicine book prescribes scarlet flannel for the use of queens for special ailments. Such family names as Packer, Weaver, Webster, Webber, Webb, Fuller, Walker and Tucker are connected with the conversion of wool into a fabric.

The speaker described the modern processes of printing, and illustrated them by means of prints in the various stages.

One piece of print, for instance, showed first a tinge of yellow, where the first roller had been; then violet, where the second roller had left its imprint, and last, black, the deposit of the third. It has been said that women have never devised a garment, but Mr. Marble cited stockings as an instance to the contrary.

GLEANINGS

"Pa, who was Shylock?"

"Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday school every week and don't know who Shylock was?" cried his father, with a look of surprise and horror. "Go and read your Bible, sir!"

A new and ingenious form of beggary has appeared. The beggars are two woebegone, dreadfully neglected looking little children, who are "doing" the upper West Side business section armed with this appeal: "Little Nellie fell out of the window on Christmas Day. Please give us a penny to buy a flower to put on her grave." The appeal is written on very dirty paper, in an illiterate hand, and is undoubtedly the work of some older person, who has sent the youngsters out to beg.

In Miss Cholmondeley's new novel she says of one of the characters, "She can't come into a room—she sticks in the door." "This coming into a room," comments "The London Graphic," "used to be taught formerly as one of the graceful actions of a well bred woman, like sitting down, courtesying, etc. Nowadays no one is taught any of the charms of manner. A girl comes into the room like a whirlwind, leaving the door open behind her, or else slams it violently. She sits on her gown, which is all crumpled up under her, and she gathers up her skirts in the street with a careless movement which is as ungraceful as it is ineffectual."

Loss of sight, hearing and speech for more than sixty-five years does not seem to have affected for the worse the usefulness of Miss Lucy Read, of Danby, Vt., who now, at the age of seventy-six, challenges the admiration of ordinary mortals with her knitting, needlework, bed quilts, plush work, etc. Miss Read cuts out patterns by the aid of her teeth and assorts the different colored cloths with which she works by the sense of taste or smell, rarely making a mistake. She also selects her own thread as to color and size, and threads her own needle with her tongue. In covering and lining cigar boxes she is expert. When the fancy seizes her she will finish a box with a glass set in the top, cutting the glass herself with a glazier's tool to the desired size. The story of Miss Read's monumental patience, courage and resolution somehow makes one ashamed of having all one's powers and putting them to desultory and often worthless uses.

It is said that when Mrs. Langtry presented "The Crossways" before the King and Queen there was no applause from the parquet, which remained motionless and silent. The reason for this coldness was not, however, antagonism to the play or "leading lady," but the fact that, the performance being a semi-private one and the occupants of the parquet largely royal servants, no one dared applaud unless led by royalty. Royalty in this instance seems to have withheld its approval, with a result that must have been very damping and deadening to the men and women on the other side of the footlights.

An electrically lighted watch or clock, especially designed for poor sleepers, who are everlastingly wanting to know what time it is, has emanated from the brain of an Englishman. The clock is a silver plated affair, with a face about 5 inches square. Connected with it is an electric battery that is charged for six months' moderate use. By pressing a rubber ball, which can be close beside one on the pillow, the face of the timekeeper will be flooded with light and the time of night instantly revealed.

The foundation fund established by Mme. Batifol for an annual distribution of prizes to girls employed in the shops, offices and factories of Paris has been increased from time to time by philanthropic persons until at the present time there is a neat little sum for disbursement by the municipal councillors each year. But money could scarcely be better spent, for the work girls of Paris are well known to be the most industrious and cheerful set of toilers in the working world, and among the most scantily paid. They contrive to exist on something like $200 or $250 a year, paying about $30 for housing. Obviously only a fraction could, even by the closest economy, be saved from such a salary, and the prospect of a wage earning old age is bleak and bitter enough. It is to provide against this dreariness and possible destitution that those who know the circumstances have from time to time given of their means.

It is at this season that the finches, larks and other small birds of the towers and turrets of old Constantinople gather in large numbers preparatory to flocking further south. And it is at this season that those who find sport in such things devise all manner of means to snare and kill them. Those who cannot leave town place large bushes covered with lime sticks and hung with caged birds on their roofs. Society women boast of the number their guns have brought down near a revolving mirror, the flashes of which have an irresistible attraction for the inquisitive larks. It does not appear that these are utilized as food. The mere sport of their capture seems to be the attractive element.

YALE STUDENTS and alumni are aroused over the proposition to tear down "Old South Middle," which has stood on Yale campus since 1750. Photo of it, and amusing anecdotes from its history, in to-morrow's Tribune.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Child's Dress, No. 4,327, for Ten Cents.

Wee children always are charming dressed in simple little yoke frocks such as the one shown. This pretty and attractive model shows the yoke cut on a novel and effective outline, and includes frills, or epaulettes, that are exceedingly becoming.

NO. 4,327—CHILD'S DRESS.

The original is made of fine nainsook with yoke of tucking, bands and frills of needlework, but all the many white materials used for children's frocks are suitable, as are colored fabrics for the dresses of harder usage. The dress is made with the shaped yoke and a plain skirt, that is gathered at the upper edge and joined to the yoke. The sleeves are full and gathered into wristbands at the lower edges. Over the shoulders are shaped frills that form the stylish epaulettes. At the neck is a band or narrow standing collar.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (two years) is 3 yards 36 inches wide, with half a yard of tucking for yoke; seven-eighths of a yard of embroidery and 2 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated. The pattern, No. 4,327, is cut in sizes for children of six months, one, two and four 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.

SEEN IN THE MARKET.

Many Varieties of Vegetables.

Scarcity of fresh vegetables, which some people are prone to lament as characteristic of the winter season, may hardly vex the housekeeper's or steward's ingenuity while there is such a list as the present for her or him to choose from. Neither is it an indication of high or extravagant living that one may buy vegetables in variety at this season, for the New-York markets have the year around a supply at reasonable prices.

In the first place there are all the winter vegetables, which are in their prime now—carrots, onions, cabbage and turnips, all of which have their excellent food values, and to add to this are cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, which are at their best now. Spinach is rather high priced, but there is a green kale, which is cheaper, and then all the salads, which include, besides lettuce, the bitter escarole and chicory, romaine, watercress and freldt.

Of the salads lettuce always stands at the head for delicacy and beauty, but recently the French salads have been used a good deal in its place. They are somewhat less expensive, and the long leaves are always well liked. Next in favor is the chicory, but that is more bitter.

After the green things the most important ingredient of the salad bowl is the onion, always plentiful and cheap. There are the giant white ones, especially suitable for slicing, to serve raw, Russian style, and the tiny shallots, used with lamb and mutton as a sauce or to stuff in the meat for flavor in the cooking. They answer the same purpose as garlic, and are much more delicate.

FROM THE SOUTH.

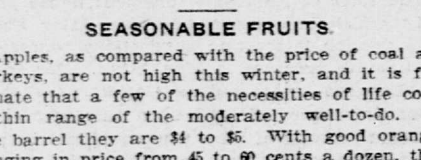
The Southern vegetables make quite a list, and of these the most cherished, because it is more rare, is the tomato. The Northern crop of the last season was a heavy one, but from Florida, where the fresh ones come at this season, the supply is small. The baby red fruit is wrapped in paper as carefully as any oranges, and sold at 15 cents a quart. The new potatoes are the same price. But it Key West tomatoes and Bermuda potatoes are still luxuries, there is no extravagance in paying 25 cents for two quarts of string beans. Baltimore spinach fetches 35 cents a peck, but that price will diminish as the season wears along, and by spring it must become a major article of the diet, for its medicinal virtues, if no other. The iron which it contains makes it one of the best spring tonics. Some other good things in this line are the sweet potatoes from Vineland, N. J., which suffice to prolong the season of this vegetable; but they are dear. Cauliflower sells from 15 to 25 cents a head.

SEASONABLE FRUITS.

Apples, as compared with the price of coal and turkeys, are not high this winter, and it is fortunate that a few of the necessities of life come within range of the moderately well-to-do. By the barrel they are $4 to $5. With good oranges ranging in price from 45 to 60 cents a dozen, that fruit is still somewhat out of reach; but grape fruit at 10 to 15 cents is reasonable when the size is considered. A half of one of the large ones is enough for a small family. At the other extreme of size and mandarins and tangerines. They are 30 cents a dozen. Still smaller are the cumquats from the Florida West Coast, which, as the miniature of a box of oranges, sell for 50 cents. The white grapes sell now at 25 cents a pound.

THE FISH MARKET.

At the fish market shad is now selling as low as 60 cents and from that to $1 apiece, according to size, and they are coming from Carolina and Florida. The Spanish mackerel, which are always from the South at this season, sell for from 25 to 30 cents a pound; pompano, 25 cents; sheepshead, 15 and 18 cents, and red snapper is cheap at 15 cents. Green fish from the North continue rather scarce, and yet white perch can be bought for from 15 to 18 cents, "cucumber" smelts at the same price, striped bass 15 cents and sea trout 12 and 15 cents. Lobsters are 20 cents a pound and scallops are still uppish at 65 and 75 cents a quart.



For the tea gown the favorite materials are all of a soft, diaphanous sort, with lavish trimmings of chiffon or lace. These in turn are held in by rosettes with long ends of ribbon.

Soft cloth fabrics, so they be richly spangled, are suitable for evening gowns, and brown and fawn shades, even a dark chocolate tone, may be worn under these conditions.

Braid trimmings of embroidered leather are one of the developments of the fashion of using leather for the outside garment.

Lace collars are in greater favor than ever before. They have a coarser mesh than previously, and are longer, with stole ends.

A brocaded slipper to match the gown is a novelty to be worn at a fancy dress ball, and the buckle which should, of course, grace such a shoe is of old gold.

A dancing slipper of gold kid striped with white satin ribbon is the dainty accessory of an evening toilet, and may be worn with any color costume.

Kid hats are not pretty, but they are useful, and for the motorist a gray one is smart when trimmed with black braid.

Tassels will be more in vogue than ever this spring, for their lavish use on evening gowns seemed only to have established the mode.

The necklace with pendant jewels has a charm all its own, and a row of "freak pearls" alternating with turquoises is a dainty ornament.

Another novelty for the throat is a graceful chain of platinum, which is passed through a diamond slide and finished with two circular stones.

A melon shaped fur muff has been introduced by a modish actress, and has caught the fashion.

Brocade petticoats have two flounce trains—one plain and suitable to wear with the short skirt, the other long and lace trimmed, for more dressy service.

Shepherd's plaid velvet for winter wraps is a fashion of Southern Europe, and these garments are made with large collars of lace and linen.

Poplin—that charming fabric of olden days—is the latest rage in Paris. The richness and softness of the stuff, with that lustre of finish that Irish poplin possesses, have made it a favorite with women for generations back, and even had it been hard and unbecoming the patriotism of Queen Victoria would alone have sufficed to make it a favorite with the English. Pale pink and blue are the Parisienne's favorite colors in poplin, and the style of make is a double skirt, very full and billowy around the feet. A sash, an inner bodice and crêpe de chine are generally added as embellishments by the French modistes.

SMOKED SALMON SANDWICH.

Sliver the fish (which means cut the same in very small and very thin slices) and place on thin slices of buttered bread, season with salt and pepper, add a crisp leaf of lettuce which has been dipped in French dressing, then the other slice of bread.

LENTEN SANDWICH.

Take half a dozen anchovies, skin and bone them; the yolkes of three hard boiled eggs, some leaves of watercress, and chop fine, season with salt and pepper, add a little French dressing, work all into a paste, and spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.

Caller—Madam, I've called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and pressing.

Lady of House—What suit?

"Your husband's best suit, ma'am. He called at the shop as he went down this morning."

"And he said I was to let you have them?"

"Yes'm."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?"

"Why, certainly."

"Look and act naturally?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject!"

"I—I have made a mistake, perhaps!"

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. Good morning."

That swindler got out of the street as soon as possible.—(Chums.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE PIANO IN NEW-YORK forms a striking feature in the famous collection of art objects which adorned the residence of the late Henry G. Marquand, sixty-eighth-st. and Madison-ave., all of which will be sold at auction soon. The article will be profusely illustrated, in to-morrow's Tribune.

The Straying of Penelope.

BY MARGARET WESTRUP.

Really, tracing matters to their source, it was all the fault of the little calf. It is an unjust world: no one thought of punishing the little calf. Perhaps, too, the white sunbonnet had something to do with it; but the white sunbonnet was not punished either.

Certainly it would be at once apparent that the very small gray figure, walking so demurely on such very slim black legs to the rectory, could not be in fault. Even if the slim legs had not been proof enough of this, the great, grave eyes in the depths of the sunbonnet must have been.

Moreover, the brown hair, drawn tidily back from the wistful brow, the droop at the corners of the quiet little mouth—all went to prove that Penelope, left alone, would never have strayed from the path of duty, which in this case was the path that led to the rectory, and Mrs. Crigby, and lessons.

A little blue butterfly flitted mischievously past the sunbonnet, but Penelope kept steadily on her course. She was saying to herself with anxious solemnity: "Jerswee-tooay-ilay-noosom-voosate-ilsong."

She had gone to sleep the night before saying it, and when she awoke in the morning she began at once. "For," she confided to the pillow, "I are very stupid." She accepted the fact of her stupidity with the wistful resignation which was the keynote of her small existence. Mother and Mrs. Crigby said she was stupid, so, of course, she was.

Penelope's mother was a stepmother, and Mrs. Crigby at the rectory taught Penelope. By these two Penelope's life was bounded at present. She walked steadily, a small gray figure crowned with a big white sunbonnet, along the sunny road that led to the rectory and lessons. She walked in a subdued sort of way by force of habit: Penelope's stepmother was possessed of "nerves"—a mysterious word significant to Penelope of scoldings and punishments and calls for "Fielding." So, obedient to the teaching of the few years of her existence, Penelope walked softly along that road straight to temptation. She was still saying her French verb over to herself in anxious fear lest she should forget. All unwitting of the bad little calf waiting behind the hedge in the next field, she went innocently on. And just as she was passing the hedge a warm, soft, wet nose was pushed irresistibly into her hand. Penelope jumped, for the sunbonnet hid the calf. Then she looked around.

"Oh!" she gave an ecstatic gasp of utter love, "you—dorable."

The little calf performed an absurd whisk of long legs, and fled into the field. Penelope could feel the soft warmth of his damp nose in her hand. She looked at him with shining eyes of deep longing.

How was she to know that he was a bad little calf who had roamed away from his poor mother and was just seeking for some one to lead into mischief?

He stood a few yards off and looked at her with alluring eyes. Penelope's heart was beating fast. She clambered through the gap in the hedge, and drew softly near, trembling with eagerness to touch him. He let her get quite close, then flung up his heels and fled a few yards further still. Penelope followed with earnest purpose.

This is where the white sunbonnet's responsibility came in. Penelope was sideways to the rectory, and the sunbonnet hid the smoke from the rectory chimneys. Now if Penelope had seen the smoke she would have remembered Mrs. Crigby and lessons. Often coming along the road, she had eyed that smoke; it was connected inseparably in her mind with the spare black figure of her austere teacher. But the sunbonnet's huge sides hid it from the eyes within, and Penelope pursued the calf—pursued with but one thought, one desire—to touch him. Her staid legs grew riotous; they twinkled and stumbled in the eagerness of their pursuit.

Her small mouth was tightly closed in determined effort. Forgotten was the French verb. Forgotten were Mrs. Crigby and lessons. In the world just then there was nobody but the little calf and Penelope. Again and again her heart beat high with hope. Again and again the calf flung up his absurd legs and skipped off, just as the eager little hand, outstretched to the fullest straining point, was tingling with joy at the warmth that came from his thick, soft coat.

Earnestly Penelope followed over three fields. In the third the distracted lowing of a cow became discernible. With his legs at acute angles the calf stood still. Penelope drew near—nearer—eagerly she stretched out her hand. The calf gave a final high kick and raced awkwardly in the direction whence the lowing came.

The calf's foolish mother, instead of scolding him as he deserved, hailed his frisky, unabashed approach with joy. Penelope, seeing him stop at his mother's side, had a fresh glimmering of hope. She toiled eagerly on.

But the mother chose to turn nasty. Perhaps she blamed Penelope for her son's bad behavior, some mothers being blind to the truth where their own children are concerned. Anyhow, she watched the approach of the gray cottoned figure with a baleful glare. And when Penelope, renewed hope shining in her eyes, drew near, she put down her head and came forward in such a threatening manner that even Penelope's great longing gave place to fear, and her legs went scurrying and stumbling across the grass till they had landed their small owner safe in the next field. Then, as she paused, frightened and breathless, a thin spiral of gray, filmy smoke rose accusingly to the skies from the rectory chimney—and Penelope saw it. She gave a gasp and stood staring, wide-eyed and petrified. Her world came tumbling in a threatening chaos about her ears. She saw Mrs. Crigby, tall and severe, seated behind the pile of books at the head of the dining room table—waiting. She put up her hands to her eyes and tried to shut the vision out; but it would not go. Momentarily the long lean face at the head of the table grew longer and leaner. Side by side with it Penelope saw another, a pale, peevish face, whose light eyes pierced her through with their cold gleam.

Penelope's legs gave way, and she sank down on the grass in overwhelming despair. The little calf never once glanced her way; he was so busy over his own concerns that he had forgotten all about her. Penelope realized his desertion with an acquiescent throb of misery. It was only in the order of things that she should be left utterly alone in the world. She began to cry subduedly, drearily, on and on. She knew that every minute she stayed there she was making matters worse; yet she stayed. She thought night must be getting very near; she shivered all over at the thought, but she dared not go home or to the rectory. The shadows lengthened on the grass till they enveloped the little gray heap, and in their coolness Penelope experienced acuter misery.

The cow had led her calf back to his proper place.

There was nothing to break the hushed solitude save the mournful piping of a bullfinch flitting in and out of the hedge. Perhaps if Penelope had raised her head and seen him, with his cheerful scarlet breast, he would have brought a ray of alleviation to her tear drenched misery. But the white sunbonnet, all its stiff primness outraged, lay crushed upon the ground. Inside it wet cheeks and tragic eyes were hidden by clutching little hands. Penelope was alone, and in the uttermost depths of despair.

Meanwhile things had happened. The village fly had drawn up at the small gray house where Penelope's stepmother had lived since the death of her second husband. The fly had been followed by a queue of interested urchins and urchinesses, for in Haywold the fly was a vehicle of grandeur and importance, seldom used and much admired.

From its interior a tall girl had descended and disappeared into the gray house. Whereupon the immaculate Fielding, who cherished an incongruous affection for her mistress, had appeared, to help the driver with the boxes and other travelling impedimenta. Lastly, the driver had emerged, smiling at a coin he held in the palm of his hand. He had mounted to his seat and driven away. The urchins and urchinesses had dispersed slowly.

Inside the gray house the young lady, who was Mrs. Hardy's sister, stood looking down on the sofa in the shaded, scented room, where Penelope's stepmother lay assiduously smelling at a silver vinaigrette.

"Sorry I startled you," the girl was saying, in a pleasant, brisk sort of voice; "it's over two years since I've seen you."

"Yes, I am so easily startled now." The voice came in sharp contrast to that other; it was thin and slow and decidedly peevish.

"Worse?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes," with what sounded strangely like enjoyment; "oh, much worse, Helen! My nerves"—

"Shall I go? Do you want to be alone?"

"How unkind you are. When I get so little company"—

"Oh, all right. How's the baby?"

"Penelope? Nothing's ever wrong with her."

"Where is she?"

"At the rectory, I suppose. She racks my poor nerves with her noise. So I send her to the rectory all the morning and afternoon. Mrs. Crigby is glad to earn a little money. The rector spends everything on musty books, full of microbes."

Helen was pulling off her gloves.

"What does she do there?" she asked.

"Who? Penelope? Lessons, of course."

"Poor mite!"

"How absurd you are, Helen!" The light greenish eyes on the sofa looked with a cold sort of fire upon her. Helen remembered with a whimsical smile her terror at that look when she was much younger. She wondered suddenly if Penelope were affected by it.

There was a pause. Helen's thoughts wandered; their wandering brought a softness to her eyes.

"You know I'm engaged?" she said.

"Yes; to Sir Ralph Bennington;" the name rolled lingeringly from her tongue. "It is a very good marriage for you, Helen."

Helen frowned. She rose and walked to the window.

"When is it to be?" asked her sister.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet."

"It ought to be soon; I see nothing to prevent it, and much to render it advisable. You are homeless, now that Mrs. Willoughby has her cousin to travel with her."

A curious look shone in Helen's gray eyes for a moment.

"I can get another post as companion," she said quietly.

"But how ridiculous it would be! And I cannot offer you a home here, Helen. If you will stay a few weeks I shall be pleased. But I am so poor; my bad health is so expensive"—

Helen's eyes swept the crowded room; the vases of flowers; the scent bottles; the fans; the screens and cushions and yellow backed novels.

"Yes," she said.

"Does Sir Ralph hold back?" asked her sister.

A gleam of mirth lit the frank face over by the window.

"No; he wants me to marry him now—at once."

"Then why"—

"Oh, I don't know," Helen shrugged her shoulders slightly, her short upper lip curled wilfully. "I won't be hurried," she said; "he's too masterful."

Upon the peevish remonstrances of Mrs. Hardy broke the immaculate Fielding.

"Please, ma'am, it's after five and Miss Penelope has not returned. She didn't come home to dinner, neither."

Fielding spoke in hushed tones that reminded Helen irresistibly of a death chamber.

"Really, Fielding, I do not see why I should be troubled. She is at the rectory"—

"Does Miss Penelope always return to dinner?" broke in Helen's voice.

"Yes, miss"—

"Then why wasn't your mistress told that she had not returned to-day?"

"I didn't want to trouble her, miss. I never vex her with little things; and I knew Miss Penelope would be quite safe at the rectory."

There was a hint of defiance in Fielding's hushed tones.

"She is quite right," murmured her mistress, feebly, "my nerves will not stand"—

A thought had struck Helen.

"Does she return alone?" she said.

"I do wish you would not speak so abruptly, Helen. Fielding, my lavender salts."

Fielding handed the bottle to her mistress and answered Helen.

"I can't be spared to take and fetch her, miss, nor cook neither."

"She is perfectly safe," moaned Mrs. Hardy, "all this is so upsetting"—

"Some one must go to the rectory at once," said Helen.

"Fielding must not go," the peevish voice grew energetic, "it's nearly time for my egg in milk, and I am hot. You must fan me, Fielding."

"Yes, ma'am. And cook can't go yet, because she's just cutting the bread for your buttered toast, and you don't fancy any one else's toast"—

Helen walked to the door.

"I will go," she said, and went.

When she returned Fielding met her in the hall. "Oh, miss, you mustn't go to the boodoor; mistress is terribly upset"—

"Hasn't Miss Penelope been heard of yet? She hasn't been to"—

"Oh, yes, miss. Mr. Parker, the farmer, brought her back soon after you'd started. And mistress is that upset over her naughtiness"—

"What has she been doing?"

"Hiding and playing truant, and didn't want to come home, and mistress"—

"Where is she now?"

"She's locked into the boxroom, miss, for a punishment."

A vast pity for the small prisoner swept over Helen's soul.

She looked round the darkening hall and through her mind flashed those words of Charles Lamb anent his childhood: "I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night time, solitude, and the dark were my hell."

She turned to Fielding. "Give me the key, please."

"Mistress said"—

Helen turned to the boudoir.

"I will ask your mistress"—

"No, no, miss! She's quieted down, now," Fielding held out the key in an agitated hand.

Helen took it and swept up the stairs.

She knew she might be disquieting herself vainly, but the mere idea of a child's suffering terror hurt her. She had been a nervous child herself.

When she opened the door of the boxroom silence and dim shadows greeted her. She peered round the room, which was filled with boxes and trunks and rubbish. She recognized with a thrill the ghostly possibilities of the place to a nervous prisoner.

"Penelope," her charming voice rang out clear and comforting.

Over in a corner she descried a bundle that looked despairingly human. She made her way swiftly to the corner and bent over the bundle.

"Darling!" She touched the little figure, and a scream of terror echoed amongst the empty boxes.

Helen saw that Penelope was lying huddled up, face hidden against the floor, and both ears covered tight with agonized hands. Quickly and with a firm touch Helen pulled the hands away.

She felt a long shiver pass through the little body, but no more screams rang out. "Penelope, I am Aunt Helen. Darling, don't you remember me?" She held her close to her warm heart. "Aunt Helen, dear."

Slowly the figure in her arms relaxed. In a trembling whisper Penelope muttered, "They will get you, too—you, too"—

"We'll come downstairs now," Helen said cheerfully.

A pair of arms clung round her neck with stifling fervor.

"Will you lock the door?" Penelope whispered. "There are such a lot of them—oh, do lock the door!"

"Yes, dear," answered Helen, soothingly, "but it's only bad dreams, sweetheart."

She turned the key with reassuring creaks in the lock, and they went downstairs. Helen's gray eyes were blazing.

"Did you have your tea, darling?" she asked briskly, as they entered the dining room.

"There was the one with the light green eyes," whispered Penelope, "and he was ever so long, and he crept round the boxes"—

"Penelope," Helen's voice was very firm, "he was a bad dream; they were all bad dreams; none of them were real. You must not talk about them. I shall be vexed with you if you do."

Penelope's arms tightened. "Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Very well. Now, tell me, did you have a good tea?"

Penelope shook her head.

"Why not?"

"I—I was too bad to have tea."

"What did you have for dinner?"

The arms clung. "I was—on the grass."

"Do you mean that you have had no dinner?"

"Yes."

For a moment Helen's lips shut in a straight line. Then she said, gently: "Will you stay here a minute, dear? I want to get you something nice and hot to eat."

Penelope's short life had been one of obedience. She struggled valiantly and loosened her arms. When Helen saw the small white face for the first time in the light, her upper lip quivered, and she caught Penelope to her again.

Penelope's courage gave way; her arms clung round Helen's neck. "Please—oh, please," she whispered, "I don't want anything to eat—ever."

"We will ring for cook," said Helen, tenderly.

When the cook came she quailed under the gray eyes and made voluble excuses. Helen cut her short.

"Where is her dinner?"

"Cook did so 'ate waste, and that Fielding 'ad such a big appetite you wouldn't believe, and nat'rally they thought when Miss Peniloppy didn't come 'ome as 'ow she were dining at the rectory."

"You mean you have eaten it. What have you in the house?"

It appeared that there was mistress's beef tea for that night and for to-morrow.

"Make half of it hot at once for Miss Penelope."

Cook looked scared at that. She began a feeble remonstrance. "But I will take all blame," said Helen, and cook bustled away in a sudden hurry of sympathy for Penelope, now that all responsibility was removed from her shoulders.

Helen sat down with Penelope on her knee, and kissed the soft little neck and cheeks and hair. Helen was rarely demonstrative, but there was an ache in her heart for her small niece.

Penelope said politely, "Thank you, Aunt Helen," and looked up at her with heavy, dazed eyes.

"Don't, child!" Helen's voice was sharp.

Penelope, of course, misunderstood. "I—I am sorry," she said.

It was a formula she was continually called upon to use, without understanding why.

Helen's brows contracted. She kissed her gently, and began to talk to her pleasantly on cheerful subjects. She doubted if Penelope followed what she said, but she achieved her object of making the atmosphere less electric and charged with invisible horrors.

When cook brought in the tray she set it down on the table with a beaming air of self-approval. "There, dearie, all strong and 'ot, and two pieces of toast with it!"

"Thank you, cook," Penelope said politely, but she did not want the food. However, she took it obediently, and when she had begun liked it. When it was finished Helen put her arms round her close and warm. "Now tell me all about it, dear," she said.

And Penelope, her usual staid self-restraint swept away in a mighty whirlwind of emotions, poured it all out in a torrent of sob-broken words. It was a queer jumble of pathos and humor, of tragedy and comedy, but to Penelope it was all tragedy. It was not only of that day she told; unknowingly she told of other days, too. With the utter abandon of a sensitive nature meeting with an unexpected wealth of sudden love and sympathy, she poured out all without reservation. Many expressions shone in Helen's eyes as she listened. The little calf brought a pitiful smile to them, and they were often filled with sorrow; but there was anger, too, deep anger, and scorn and disgust and wonder.

But when the breathless, broken voice ceased there was only love. Penelope lay exhausted in her arms, and a feeling of restful happiness stole over her. "Aunt Helen," she said earnestly, "you are heaps comfortabler than a bed."

Two minutes later Helen laid the small sleeping figure down on the sofa, covered it with a rug, and sought her sister.

Five minutes later still a bell was pealing wildly from the boudoir, and Mrs. Hardy was calling feebly for Fielding and sal volatile. Helen, her head high, her face pale, passed Fielding on the threshold.

A good deal can be said in five minutes.

She went back to the dining room. Penelope had vanished under the rug.

"Penelope!"

At her voice the scared face and roughened hair emerged. Penelope flushed. "I—I thought just a minute I was in the boxroom"—her eyes looked up appealingly into Helen's face.

"Never again, dear," Helen said firmly; "I am going to take you away with me"—

She was interrupted by a sudden surprising disappearance of the sedateness she had thought part and parcel of her small niece. Penelope flung herself upon her with a choking cry, "With you—with you?"

"Yes, dear, for always," said Helen gently.

"To—to live?" Penelope's voice was beyond her control, it shrilled out in quavering excitement. But habit was strong; she looked round anxiously. "I—didn't mean to make such a noise," she said apologetically.

"When you are with me, Penelope, you shall make as much noise as you like," said Helen recklessly.

Helen never did things by halves. It was one of her attributes that Sir Ralph Bennington dearly loved.

Penelope gasped. Then her arms squeezed Helen's throat spasmodically. "I—I'll sweep your room," she burst out, the eagerness of her longing to give something in return almost choking her voice. "I'll dig up the weeds! I'll do your dresses what do up at the back! I'll—I'll"— her imagination failed her, she halted.

Helen kissed her. "You'll just play and play and play!" she said.

"Oh!"

Penelope had an imagination. The wonders which the idea of unlimited play and noise called up held her silent for a while.

Helen went to a side table and found note paper and ink.

"P'raps," said Penelope nervously, "p'raps you don't know I are very stupid;" a scarlet flush crept over her small face.

"No," said Helen, "I don't believe it. Never mind if you are."

Penelope drew a big breath. Almost as she drew it she was overcome with sleep.

Then Helen hurried to the kitchen. "When does the last post go?" she asked.

"Seven twenty, miss, from the office."

Helen glanced at the clock on the mantlepiece. Five minutes past 7. She ran back to the dining room and dashed off a note.

"No time to write. Can you come down to talk things over? I have a condition I want to tell you of. . . . I'm afraid you'll hate it. If, when I have explained all about it to you, you agree to it, I will marry you at once. Yours,

"HELEN."

She addressed it, and then, putting on her hat as she went, took it to the postoffice herself. She caught the last post with a minute and a half to spare.

That night Penelope slept in a warm bed close beside Helen.

And the little calf who had been the cause of it all slept in a warm barn beside his mother. Perhaps, after all, he ought not to have been punished. For if he had not enticed Penelope from the path of duty—but then we are told that we must not do evil that good may come. Maybe, though, the laws are different in calfland. Anyhow the little calf was not punished, so let it rest at that.

The next morning Haywold was electrified by the arrival of a telegram from London. Helen received it at 10:30 o'clock. The time when it was handed in at the London postoffice was 8:45. Sir Ralph Bennington had received Helen's letter at 8:30 precisely.

Helen did not often do foolish things, but when she read that telegram she bowed her head and rested her lips for a moment upon the signature written some ten minutes previously with great care by the dapper young man in the Haywold postoffice.

The telegram ran thus:

"To Miss Graham, The Laurels, Haywold.

"I agree. Am catching 9:02 from Paddington. Due at Haywold 10:05. RALPH."

CHASED TRAIN TO GET BABY.

Woman Runs Five Miles After It to Kensico Station in Forty Minutes.

Commuters standing on the platform of the Harlem Railroad at White Plains yesterday afternoon witnessed the novel sight of a woman chasing a Harlem express train northward, crying out that she had left her baby on it. The woman, whose name could not be learned, left the Kensico Cemetery train when it stopped at White Plains and went into the station to buy candy for her baby, which she had left in a car seat. When she completed her purchases she heard the train moving out of the station and rushed wildly toward the door. She pushed the doorman aside, ran out, and made a sprint to catch the train, which was then almost out of sight. Wringing her hands and crying, she kept on after the train, and was last seen dashing madly up the track.

Forty minutes later, it was learned, she reached Kensico station, about five miles away. There she found her baby, which had been put off the train by the conductor.

INTEREST IN FUTURE OF COAL ROADS.

The official announcement that control of the Reading has passed to the Baltimore and Ohio, representing the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the Lake Shore, representing the New-York Central, has stimulated public interest in the future of the other anthracite roads, concerning which rumors of various sorts are heard.

One of these reports yesterday had it that the Lake Shore had arranged to buy "a large additional amount of Lehigh Valley stock, of which it is already the largest single holder," its projected acquisition being part of the Packer estate holding, upon which J. P. Morgan & Co. exercised their option a year or two ago.

A member of the firm said: "There is nothing at all in that story about the Lake Shore having the Lehigh Valley. The Lehigh Valley has $40,400,000 capital stock, or about 800,000 shares, as Lehigh Valley is a half stock; and the Lake Shore has for some time owned about 50,000 shares, it is understood."

The dealings in Erie common yesterday aggregated nearly 200,000 shares, and the stock ran up as high as 42⅝, declining later, however, with the rest of the market, although closing with a fractional net gain. The prevailing theory to account for the movement was that Erie, which it is understood will make soon an excellent showing of earnings, was being advanced in price in anticipation of a coming large issue of bonds, the proceeds of which would be applied to meeting the expense of extensive improvements which had been planned for the system. Another report was that the Erie was to be the Eastern outlet for the Rock Island system, but a leading interest in the Rock Island denied that any such plan was in contemplation.

MAJOR TATE'S SUCCESSOR.

Colonel Robert Grier Monroe, Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, yesterday appointed John Edward Eastmond, of No. 363 Grand-ave., Brooklyn, Water Register for Brooklyn, in place of the late Major Tate.

Mr. Eastmond is a native of Brooklyn, and at present is assistant controller of the Tidewater Pipe Company, of this city.

WILLCOX BUILDS SQUIRREL HOMES.

The squirrels in the public parks, and there are thousands of them, particularly in Central Park, have a stanch friend in Commissioner Willcox, of the Park Department. For two years he has fed them when the snow lay on the ground and when there was a possibility that their store of nuts had run low, and now he is building houses for them and even giving them beds.

The Commissioner yesterday had placed in Mount Morris Park twelve houses for the squirrels. The little homes are made of wood, are about 12 by 15 feet square, covered with bark and made inside so as to resemble as far as possible the inside of a hollow tree. Soft material, such as cotton waste, will be supplied so that the little animals may have warm beds. In previous years the squirrels have had to find their own habitations and food, too.

NOT FOR ROCKEFELLER'S CLUB.

There was a report current yesterday that John D. Rockefeller, jr., had bought Nos. 6 and 8 West Forty-seventh-st. as a site for the new clubhouse which he intends to build for the club composed of the men of the Sunday school of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. The house No. 6 West Forty-seventh-st. was reported to have been sold on Thursday by Greene & Taylor for Edward H. Coster. It was said at the office of Greene & Taylor yesterday afternoon that John D. Rockefeller, jr., was not the buyer, and that the purchaser might build an apartment house on the site next summer. About five months ago Frederick Ayer bought Nos. 2 and 4 West Forty-seventh-st.

WOULD SAVE CITY NEARLY $10,000.

Secretary of Education Board Says Printing of Employes' Names Is Needless.

Secretary Palmer of the Board of Education, who is getting into shape information regarding officials and employes in the Department of Education required for publication in "The City Record," said yesterday:

There is no use whatever in filling up one hundred and fifty pages of "The City Record" twice a year with the names, addresses and salaries of the public school teachers, whatever may be said in favor of printing the list of employes of the city departments generally, as required by section 1,528 of the charter. The complete list of teachers is printed in the minutes of the Board of Education in September each year, with the existing and proposed salaries, and our teachers' directory contains the addresses of all regular teachers. To print the same matter, substantially, in "The City Record" in January and July, can only be considered a waste of money. It is required by law, however, and of course we shall comply with the law. Most of the information has, in fact, been already forwarded to Mr. Cowen.

I am of the opinion that an amendment to section 1,528 should be made. It can be a very simple amendment—merely the insertion of a clause excepting teachers in the public schools and other public educational institutions from the list of officials and employes required to be published. It is also desirable that the section be amended so as to provide for the publication of the list of city employes other than laborers only once a year. I understand that the cost of publishing the list last July was about $6,000. It covered 430 pages, 142 of which were filled by the Board of Education. The teachers occupied 138 pages. This time we are adding the evening and vacation school teachers, whose names have not appeared before, and the list will fill 150 pages. I have had a little figuring done, which shows if the teachers and the uniformed police and firemen were omitted, and the other names printed only in January, the cost would be reduced from $12,000 to about $2,500 a year.

AGED RECLUSE GOES TO HOSPITAL.

The publicity given to the condition of Caroline Groschon, the aged recluse of East Chester, in The Bronx, who, although the owner of two houses, was starving to death because she would hire no one to attend her, has aroused a number of her relatives. At their request she was removed yesterday to the Harlem Reception Hospital and dispensary. She is ninety-five years old.