

NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.



ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN VELVET AND FUR. No. 1—Dark blue velvet, with ermine, guipure, and passementerie. No. 2—Maroon velvet and sable; motifs of satin with silk aiguillettes.—(The Ladies' Field.)

THE PLAY INSTINCT.

Educational Importance of a Child's Dramatic Tendencies.

The educational association of a Boston suburb listened the other day with much approval to a talk on the play instinct in children by a prominent educator.

"If you will watch a child playing, you will be struck by its seriousness," he said. "Whether it is a baby trying to put his toe into his mouth, or a boy climbing a chair, with varied and nerve destroying results, a little girl treating the diseases of her dolls, or whatever else the child is doing, you will notice that he gives his whole mind to it, and is as much absorbed as you become in your most serious pursuits. It is play in the sense of being spontaneous, agreeable, undertaken for its own sake, and not an ulterior object; it is not play in the sense of being mere relaxation or diversion, or of secondary importance. It is the seriousness of play that gives it its educational importance."

"Education is not a question of acquiring knowledge, neither is it a matter of the training of powers; it is a matter of the fostering and cultivation of life. For the thing we are trying to get at is not the muscles or the mind, but the thing behind that runs the muscles and the mind—the central thing, the soul, or whatever else we call it; for the soul, like the body, grows by exercise, and in no other way. Play is a principal means by which the inheritance of the race is transmitted. Nature does not furnish the child, as she does the young animal, with directly useful instincts, but in place of so doing she provides the one single instinct which forces him to go to school, and the school which she keeps is a play school.

"At the beginning, and dominant until about the age of six, is the dramatic impulse. This impulse is something far deeper than that of mere imitation. It is rather the instinctive tendency of the child to act out what he feels within him. When a girl plays doll she does, it is true, imitate what she has seen her mother do, but the essential thing that is happening is that the maternal impulse has stirred within her and demands expression. Whatever guidance we give ought accordingly to be addressed to the thing the child is trying to do, as he himself feels it. We ought to help him to express, not to imitate. It is the home, as he feels it, that is building, and your mediocre suggestions of practical details are irrelevant.

"Next comes the age of self-assertion, whose characteristic impulse remains dormant up to the age of eleven or twelve; continues powerful, though in a subordinate capacity, for some years longer, and lasts in a less degree through life. The first symptom of its coming is disillusionment. The boy begins to turn up his nose at the games of the smaller children, and shows an especial and peculiar aversion to the dramatic play that has characterized the preceding period. The impulse behind these negative symptoms is, of course, not a negative one. It proceeds from the boy's desire for real life, from his longing to get at the realities of existence. What has supplanted the love of make-believe is the desire for that which shall not be make-believe, the necessity for finding reality, the hunger for hardpan. The boy of this age is the severest and most unimagination critic, the most materialistic of philosophers, the great skeptic and, therefore, the great learner of all time. The girl's aversion to the dramatic play is similar, though less aggressive ones.

"The boy's apparent love of lawbreaking is simply another illustration of the impulse to self-assertion that is upon him for engaging in bold and daring enterprise. Do not be made to believe, however the evidence superficially considers, that a boy's desire for self-assertion is ever at bottom a lawless one. It is the most lawful thing there is. The boy knows that he lives within himself a new and authentic revelation of the law—a revelation which it is his business now and evermore to declare. He knows that with him, with the most vital part of his nature, it is a question of now or never; that he is never to be again, and that he must do it in a manner, and this do away with much of its fundamental qualities of address, courage, manliness, he must do it now. He could not put this conviction into words, but that is what means by his pathetic insistence upon the assertion of his own individuality."

AMUSEMENT BOTH WAYS.

"I guess we would be amused if we could see ourselves as others see us. But think how amused others would be if they could see us as we see ourselves."—(Philadelphia Press.)

'T WAS 'THE LATEST.'

From Puck. She—'What is a genuine antique? The Dealer—'Why, of course it is, madam! And, besides, it is the very latest thing in antiques!'

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

When the young girl wants to give a little entertainment and make it something different from the ordinary afternoon tea she gives a chocolate. The refreshments all have chocolate in some form. There is hot chocolate with whipped cream to form; ices in the shape of little paper baskets, filled with chocolate ice cream on a bed of spun sugar; fancy cakes with chocolate and white sugar frosting, and chocolate bonbons. One flavor is apt to become cloying, sandwiches of plain bread, butter and olive oil, and plain, will be found grateful adjuncts to the chocolate.

A smooth, thick chocolate icing is one of the best to put upon a fruit cake. Curiously enough, the various flavors combine deliciously.

A pretty fancy for decorating soup is to cut crisp lettuce leaves or celery stalks with a vegetable cutter, then scatter the stalks over the soup, where they look like pale green and white confetti.

At a high tea given by a hostess whose charming hospitality is known in Paris as well as in her American circle the menu consisted of oysters on the shell, with salt crackers, clear tomato soup in cups, with reception flasks; lobster mousse, with which was served finely chopped pickles in carrot cakes and slices of stuffed olives, peaches and apricots, and a variety of other delicacies, and a head of curly lettuce. With it were served cheese cakes, frozen eggnog, with fig cake, composed of raisins, walnuts, and almonds, and a variety of other delicacies. The tea and chocolate which followed were poured by the hostess herself, and the salad was served by her. The chocolate refreshments in the dining room a peach cordial was served to the guests in liqueur glasses.

Housekeepers are not apt to look upon pork sausage as a luxurious dish, yet the French never serve sausage with ordinary sauces, but with rich brown sauce and elaborate garnishes. A delicious way of cooking country sausage meat is to brown a finely chopped onion in a tablespoonful of butter, add a few slices of ham, and a little salt, and cook in a saucepan; add half a glass of ordinary wine; prick six sausages in length, and add them, or six more, and cook for ten minutes. Let them cook five minutes. Put in a cupful of rich brown sauce. Serve the sausage at the end of this time with a little minced parsley sprinkled over them.

Sausages may be cooked in the oven. Put twelve sausages in skins on a baking dish. Separate them by twelve slices of bread cut the same height as the sausages. Add a tablespoonful of Madeira wine and a rich brown sauce. Add if desired six minced mushrooms to this sauce. When the sausages have baked twelve minutes serve them with the sauce in a separate bowl.

Another way of serving baked sausage is on a layer of red or white beans cooked to a purée, and arranged in a shallow dish. The purée should be thick and rich. Add a tablespoonful of butter or oil, and a rich brown sauce. Add if desired six minced mushrooms to this sauce. When the sausages have baked twelve minutes serve them with the sauce in a separate bowl.

Pork chops are delicious breakfast meat, but are not always served with the proper sauces and accompaniments. They may be cooked thoroughly in a saucepan with a scant tablespoonful of butter or oil, and a rich brown sauce. Add if desired six minced mushrooms to this sauce. When the sausages have baked twelve minutes serve them with the sauce in a separate bowl.

The favorite way of serving broiled chops is with maitre d'hotel butter. Stir the juice of half a lemon into a large tablespoonful of butter. Add a teaspoonful of minced parsley and spread over the chops.

Pork chops are also delicious served with the same purée sauce that is given for pigs' feet, or with a French sauce à la diable, with its hot seasonings of mustard, red pepper and Parisian sauce.

Broiled pork chops with maitre d'hotel butter may be appropriately served with a pint of acid apple sauce served in a separate dish. Apple sauce furnishes to be one of the most agreeable and appropriate accompaniments of broiled or roast pork when a purgant sauce is not used to assist digestion. Cooked pork chops may be served on a purée of peas or on a layer of mashed potato arranged in the center of the platter. No extra sauce is then necessary except a little maitre d'hotel butter spread over the chops. These suggestions are given for serving pork in a simple but much despised manner, and this do away with much of its objectionable quality. Properly cooked and properly served pork is not an indigestible meat, but, on the contrary, is a desirable one in cold weather.

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A GOOD IMPRESSION.

From Youth. A young woman organist in a Montreal church was very anxious to make a good impression on a visiting clergyman who was to be married. The organist was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought that the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she took it and in spite of her anxious beginnings, carried it straight to the preacher. "What was the matter when he said, 'Strike me this morning, by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop.' Miss Allen."

A COOK'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Collection of Tried Recipes by Well Known Authorities.

A distinct boon to the housekeeper who is in a hurry is Harper's Cook Book Encyclopedia (Harper, New York). Its arrangement of recipes resembles that of a dictionary, and one may find on the instant the particular recipe she is in search of, without turning page after page, or referring again and again to an index. The recipes have been compiled under the direction of the editor of "Harper's Bazar," and include contributions from many well known authorities on cooking, among them Maria Blay, Christine Terhune Herrick, Marion Harland, Mary J. Lincoln, Josephine Grenier, Margaret Sangster, Elena de la Torre Bueno y Saguirre and others.

By arranging the whole work—every subject—alphabetically, with a complete system of cross-references, the contents are admirably systematized. Similar recipes are grouped under general headings, so that the reader has a choice of several well tried recipes. A unique feature, which gives the time required for roasting, boiling, baking and broiling meats, poultry, fish, vegetables, and bread, occupies the inside of the front cover, where it may be easily referred to. Opposite is a table of weights and measures, with a complete system of conversion. The latter will be found exceedingly useful, as many a young housewife is puzzled to know the equivalents of ounces and pounds in metric units. For instance, one cake of compressed yeast is given as the equivalent of one cupful of liquid yeast. To two ounces of relative one three and one-half pints of liquid, and so on.

A few of the hundreds of recipes contained in the encyclopedia follow.

KUMYSS. Champagne bottles and fine corks are necessary. Fill a bottle three-quarters full of milk; add a tablespoonful of fresh brewer's (beer) yeast and a tablespoonful of sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly, then fill up the bottle with milk and shake again. The corks, which should have soaked in hot water on a stove for at least an hour, are driven in with the finger nail, and are then secured down securely. Stand them upright in a cool, dark place, say on the floor of the cellar. After two or two and a half days lay the bottles on their sides until required for use. If brewer's yeast cannot be got, take one-fifth of a cake of compressed yeast (dissolved in a little water) and mix with the milk.

Kumyss contains the full nutriment of milk and the stimulating and tonic qualities of yeast without their ill effects. It is agreeable and refreshing in taste and highly digestible and nutritive in character.

PEACH SURPRISE ICE. Into one quart of chopped peaches stir a cupful of water, one pound of sugar and the unbeaten whites of five eggs. Turn all into the freezer and grind until firm. The dasher, whips the peaches to a delicious frothy surprise, which may use any fruit you choose in the place of peaches.

ARTICHOKE A LA LYONNAISE. Wash, blanch and trim four artichokes; then place them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, the juice of a lemon, a pinch of salt and a pinch of pepper. Simmer them gently until they are sufficiently cooked, then drain them from the fat, and put them into the oven to brown lightly. Put a cupful of stock into a saucepan, add the artichokes, and simmer for five minutes, and pour the stock into a glass jar, and pour the artichokes into it. They will be ready for use in three months.

BRANDY PEACHES. One peck of peaches, five pounds of sugar, one quart of brandy. Put the peaches into boiling water, let them remain three or four minutes, then take them out and throw into cold water. Wipe the peaches with a coarse towel, and put them into a bowl, and pour over them a quart of brandy, and pour the brandy into a bottle, and seal it. The peaches will be ready for use in three months.

HERRING SALAD. Soak two good salt Dutch herrings in water for twenty-four hours; remove the bones and cut into small dice. Cut also an equal amount of cooked meat of any kind, and boiled potatoes, apples and beets, but only half the amount of each compared to the meat. Mince one tablespoonful of capers and four hard-boiled eggs, the yolks and the whites separately. Separate a little of each kind for garnish. Mix the salad, and mix the dressing carefully, so as not to mash it, with two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, two of sweet oil, two of vinegar, and pepper, sugar, and French mustard to taste. Cut a few leaves with a vegetable cutter. Rub a form with sweet oil, and cover the bottom with the salad carefully, and press it down somewhat. Now turn the form upside down on a platter, and turn the salad out. Garnish with the white, yellow and red of the eggs, potatoes, apples, beets, and herring. Add a gravy of cream, oil, vinegar, sugar, pepper and mustard to taste. Instead of herring, salt salmon may be used if preferable.

FLORAL CREAMS. The Germans have a great variety of cold, sweet dishes. Apple blossoms, violets, jasmine, or red roses may be chosen, according to the season. Of course, only one kind of flower must be used. Chop, for instance, fragrant red roses, not too full blown; free them carefully from withered petals or rose worms. Take six and one-half ounces of the petals, chop them very fine and quickly put them on a clean plate, and add two ounces of powdered sugar, cover closely and let them stand for half an hour.

Put one quart of sweet milk over a slow fire, and let it boil, cover carefully, and let them simmer half an hour. Then bring the milk to a boil, strain it through a sieve into a clean saucepan, squeeze the rose petals thoroughly, put the milk back on the fire, and one-quarter of a pound of sugar. Add to one-quarter of a pound of one and one-eighth of a pound of butter, and stir the mixture, put enough milk to be able to stir the mixture. Put a spoonful of salt, and if obtainable, a few spoonfuls of the juice of preserved cherries to give a pink tinge, or a few drops of cochineal or of beet juice can be used. When the rose milk boils stir one-half gradually into the flour, then stir in the rest of the mixture. The end of the mixture continue to stir until the whole mass is clear and thick. Fill a china mould with cold cream, and let the mixture set. The mixture is now ready for use. The delicate flavor of the flower can always be distinctly perceived.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

White net dresses, which form some of the prettiest that are designed as evening costumes for young girls, have lately been modelled with rows of graduated ruffles of some color. The skirts were invariably gathered at the waist, mounted on chiffon tulle like the velvet, and then lined with white satin. The ruffles were made of the same material and the same time an exquisite beauty, which may be enhanced with a tracery of silver sequins on the top of the ruffles. The first dress of the first beauty of the costume so appropriate to the young girl.

Beautiful evening wraps seem always to introduce somewhere a glow of pink, which serves well to brighten the complexion. Lining or trimming furnishes the color, and sometimes the whole garment is built of the softest pink satin. One of these is combined with a row of a bright red or orange into mauve, and a cobwebby lace of white with fairy outlines of black. There is a wide collar of ermine, and the ermine tails, whose fringes are combined with festoons of pink roses.

The garniture of artificial flowers on evening gowns was never more beautiful. There are pastels toward the neck, heartsease and roses, and several tones of one flower are used on one dress.

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THE RIBBON SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

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.

OLD LACE. Fold upon fold. "Reddened with gold." Woven by delicate fingers of old. Here in its place Grandmother's face Lies like a dream of her maidenhood's grace.

FRAGRANCE OF ROSE. Out of it flows. Leaves of the past that its meshes enclose; Sweets of old days, Lavender sprays. All that a maid in her treasure chest lays.

PAIR AS HER HEAD. Mrs. Jerome's hair is a thread. Sleeps the old lace that she wore when she wed. Beautiful day! But faded away. Grandmother's lace, and the rose, and the spray! —(James Buckham, in Lippincott's.)

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 followed, all communications intended for the T. S. S. will be less likely to go astray. The Tribune Sunshine Society has no connection with any kind of religious organization or publication using the word "Sunshine."

TEMPORARY CHERL. Mrs. Jerome, of the Mizpah Church branch, asks for sunshine for one of her poor families in West Fifty-sixth-st., where the father has met with a severe accident by hot asphalt dropping on his leg and causing blood poisoning. He is treated daily at the hospital clinic, but is unable to keep a roof over his head, and other needs, including and she begs for work, as she fears to be disappointed, not being able to meet her rent. The eldest girl, nine years old, is playing "little mother" to three younger children, one a baby of eighteen months. There is need of clothing for these people. A contribution of \$5 from the card fund has been sent, but there are other needs. Mrs. Jerome says she has done everything she could to help them, as they are so deserving, even to dividing her dinner with them. She only asks temporary help, until the father is able to work.

A PLEASING OFFER. The Junior department of the Young Women's Christian Association, of Allentown, Penn., is to have a valentine party on February 14, and each one has been requested to bring one or more valentines, "passed on" to other girls, or to their children. About fifty of these pretty missives will be contributed, and the secretary has been asked to send them direct to the children of the Union Settlement, at No. 237 East One-hundred-and-fourth-st.

MORE HELP. President of the T. S. S. I wish to acknowledge through the Sunshine column a contribution of \$5 from the young ladies of Miss Gerrish's School, in West End-ave., for the benefit of the Little Mothers' Club, at No. 237 East One-hundred-and-fourth-st.

LETTER PARTY. Miss Scofield, of Stamford, Conn., writes that one of her Sunshine correspondents is desirous of having a letter party on her fifty-fourth birthday, February 14. The address is Mrs. Alice M. Mansfield, Norfolk, Conn., and she is a patient invalid, who has been confined to a wheelchair more than twenty-five years, and has not been as well as usual this winter. Miss Scofield says if some of the members will write her letters, or send her some kind of valentine matter, it will fill her birthday with happy hours. The attention of the Connecticut members is specially called to this request.

VALENTINES. An express package of valentines was received from Dorothy M. Enger, of South Orange, N. J., who hopes they will make a great many little boys and girls happy on St. Valentine's Day. Three dozen pretty valentines, in envelopes, came from Mrs. Andrews, of East Orange; two packages, from Harold and Dorothy Brotherton, of Peekskill, N. Y.; some dainty valentine greetings, from Miss Galph and Lucy Thomp, of Manhattan; an acceptable box of valentines, from Miss H. Birchall, of Trenton, with 30 cents in stamps for mailing; from Miss Elsie Hurd, of Lynn, Mass., and from Jersey City, without a name. To Sunshine children living in remote places, valentines are a great joy. Those living near New-York will receive theirs by February 14.

TO GIVE SUNSHINE. The express box from "A Friend in Newark, N. J.," filled, as the donor said, "with odds and ends," proved to be helpful sunshine in the form of useful and fancy articles. A large package of wool came from Trenton, N. J.; an express package of clothing, from Westfield, N. J.; a fur collar, from Mrs. Daniels, of Manhattan; an acceptable gift of silk pieces, "for busy fingers," from "A Bronxite"; knitted and crocheted neck scarfs, booties and cap, from Mrs. Snyder, of Pulaski, N. Y.; made from sunshine wool; a pair of dainty bed socks, wool and needles, from Mrs. Edwin Holman, of Connecticut; quilt pieces, without a name; a blue and red Tam of Shantur, from Mrs. Wood, of Harrison, N. Y.; three books of comic calendars, etc., from Miss Boynton, of Newburg, N. Y.; silk and velvet pieces, without a name; two new undervests, silk edged, "for a baby girl," from Depoist, N. Y.; reading, from Mrs. J. H. V. G., of Catskill, N. Y.; poems, from John Krell, of Philadelphia; a name; embroidery silks, from New-Haven branch; wool, from M. E. Hunt; scrap pictures, without a name; embroidery silks, from an invalid, from Mrs. Hickman, of Bound Brook, N. J.; a large express box, from Mrs. Hatch, of Connecticut, containing a quantity of useful clothing, underwear, shawls, fancy articles, invalid wrap, valentines, books, etc., and magazines, from Mrs. T. D. Howell.

A DIFFERENT LOCATION. "I suppose," said the scoffer, "you can call up any spirit I want to talk to?" "Perhaps," replied the businesslike medium, pocketing the proffered coin, "but wouldn't you rather call some spirit down, young man?"—(Chicago Tribune.)

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Child's Dress, No. 4,347, for 10 Cents—To Be Made With or Without Lining.

Little girls are never more charmingly dressed than when wearing frocks that give a glimpse effect. The pretty dress shown includes the following features: a high collar, with a row of a bright red or orange into mauve, and a cobwebby lace of white with fairy outlines of black. There is a wide collar of ermine, and the ermine tails, whose fringes are combined with festoons of pink roses.

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NEW PAULIST FATHERS' MEMORIAL.

Chapel Given by Politician's Widow Completed—Not to Receive Dead.

The new memorial to the deceased Paulist Fathers in the church at Fifty-ninth-st. and Columbus-ave. is completed. The memorial is in the form of a small chapel at the right, just inside the entrance nearer Fifty-ninth-st. The report that it is a mortuary chapel for the bodies of strangers dying in the city is said by Father Macmillan and designer Harris to be a grievous error. There is no such chapel connected with the church, and at present, at least, there is no intention to have one.

The memorial consists of the entrance to a large niche or alcove under the gallery and an ornamental door covering an opening at its further end. The alcove is about six feet wide, seventeen feet deep and twenty feet high, the entrance being spanned by a Romanesque arch resting on the modified Byzantine capitals of two marble columns.



THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT THE PAULIST FATHERS' CHURCH.

flanking the opening. Just outside the columns are two polished tablets of Vermont marble extending from the base to the level from which the arch is sprung. At the top of the tablets are treflois, symbolical of the trinity, and other sacred devices. Below this are names of priests of the church who have died, beginning on the left with that of Isaac Thomas Hecker, the founder of the order. Beneath the names of the original members of the order, and then follow the names of Robert Beverly Tillotson, Algernon Aloysius Brown, Charles Redmond Crosson, Martin Joseph Cassery and Alfred Young. On the tablet at the right of the first name is that of one of the original members, Augustus Francis Hewitt, and it is followed by those of Francis Augustine Baker, Adrian Louis Rosecrans, Louis Gregory Brown, Edward Bernard Brady and Russell Aloysius Nevins. Above the arch on a tablet of the same kind of green marble is the inscription, "A. D. 1862." and in the corner below this line, at the left, with that of the Paulist Fathers who have gone before us with the sign of faith." In a corresponding circle at the right are the words, "And whose bodies rest in the vaults below, this memorial is erected."

The door at the back of the alcove bears a representation of the Saviour on the cross, carved in bass relief in wood. A border of conventionalized foliage and flowers of the Passion is arched over the door. The detail having been wrought in the wood with a burning point and illuminated with gold. At the foot of the cross kneel two angels with folded palms, one uplifting the wings and the other the figure of the Saviour. Above the first is the inscription, "My blood is drink indeed," and above the figure of the Saviour, "My body is for you." The memorial is the gift of the widow of one of the former prominent in New-York politics, whose name is for the present withheld at her own request. It was suggested by Father John Hughes, was designed by William Laurel Harris, the decorator, who is also the sculptor of the door and the stone-work was designed and erected by Charles Lamb.

BLOOMINGDALE REFORMED WON'T SELL. The consistory of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church has declined an offer to buy the property at Broadway and Sixty-eighth-st., including church, chapel and parsonage, and has decided to remain where it now is. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Stinson, yesterday said:

"The Bloomingdale Church has decided finally to remain where it is. The growing congregation, the renewed enthusiasm, and the spiritual prosperity of the church warrant this decision. The estate market, but is actuated solely by considerations of usefulness to the neighborhood.

It was said yesterday that the offer for the property was \$250,000.

Something in the Air.

There was something in the air—something, I mean, besides the ozone whatever it is, that we said was coming to-morrow. Richard says I shall be a perfect instinct in these affairs, and I shall begin to think he's right. The great and my new driver have often noticed that married men encourage their wives in these things, and I looked displeased. "But you just now told me that Evelyn Walters was your ideal of perfection." "And a month ago I told her so, too. No, it was quite final."—(H. W. in Lady's Pictorial.)

"Well, I'll tell you something," she said, "She's coming here to-morrow. Richard says I shall be a perfect instinct in these affairs, and I shall begin to think he's right. The great and my new driver have often noticed that married men encourage their wives in these things, and I looked displeased. "But you just now told me that Evelyn Walters was your ideal of perfection." "And a month ago I told her so, too. No, it was quite final."—(H. W. in Lady's Pictorial.)

"I've got up and looked out of the window at the tolling bicyclets on the distant high road. "We were all so happy together," I said, with a sigh. "The green are splendid, and my new driver has often noticed that married men encourage their wives in these things, and I looked displeased. "But you just now told me that Evelyn Walters was your ideal of perfection." "And a month ago I told her so, too. No, it was quite final."—(H. W. in Lady's Pictorial.)

"Suppose you were to think about it seriously—like a man?" "I've got up and looked out of the window at the tolling bicyclets on the distant high road. "We were all so happy together," I said, with a sigh. "The green are splendid, and my new driver has often noticed that married men encourage their wives in these things, and I looked displeased. "But you just now told me that Evelyn Walters was your ideal of perfection." "And a month ago I told her so, too. No, it was quite final."—(H. W. in Lady's Pictorial.)

"In mind or body?" "Bodies are so much more interesting, I mean—men always think so," she added hastily. "I've got up and looked out of the window at the tolling bicyclets on the distant high road. "We were all so happy together," I said, with a sigh. "The green are splendid, and my new driver has often noticed that married men encourage their wives in these things, and I looked displeased. "But you just now told me that Evelyn Walters was your ideal of perfection." "And a month ago I told her so, too. No, it was quite final."—(H. W. in Lady's Pictorial.)

"When it's getting rather—" "No, on the contrary. Not perhaps, what one would call plump, but I'm a decided no." "Oh, you're disarming," said Mrs. Gorhambury. "Is she to be dark or fair?" "Fairish," I said. "Dark women are ill tempered, and very fair women are fickle. She is neither—I mean neither dark nor very fair," I added.

"Upon my word," I said, "I forget—that is to say, the exact color of the eyes is of no consequence." "Oh," said Mrs. Gorhambury. "Any mouth?" "Yes," I replied. "Rather a lot of mouth, but not too wide, and one bit smaller. It's the mouth that Campaspe won from Cupid—like a bow, you know, and red."

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