NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

TAILOR-MADES FOR THE COMING SEASON.

—(Lady's Pictorial.

ART OF GROWING OLD.

Woman Is a Pupil Till She's Forty, Says Marion Harland.

Dressed becomingly in a black gown relieved by white, with a bonnet of violets to crown her white pompadour, Mrs. Edward Payson Terhune (Marion Harland) spoke at Delmonico's yesterday on "Looking Westward; or, the Fine Art of Growing Old."

"It is generally considered that American women have increased in vitality during the last half century," she said, "and this is conspicuous in women over forty-five. The well-kept matron of 1903 is fuller of figure and much brighter of eye than the matron of 1853. She has pushed the age line about ten years, and she can make that ten twenty. The first step must be to take account stock of one's health and heredity; then find some special work to do, and do it.

"If you have not a profession, have a hobby. I knew a man who fought disease for years with a strawberry patch. One woman kept humming birds. Those birds added a dozen years to her life.

"The day when she realizes that she is growing old is a turning point in a woman's life, but the worst thing she can do is to settle down into the existence of 'nothing-in-particularism.' Think of the people who, at seventy, seventy-five, eighty and even ninety, were in the full tide of vigorous usefulness.

"The talk about delights of childhood and youth is nonsense. There is suffering then, too, but in age we have the solace of having suffered, and we may find solace in the fruits of experience as well. The crowning beauty of youth is that it is youth, but if apple and peach trees bloomed all the year around, what should we do for fruit?

"'Act well your part—there all the honor lies.'"

Mrs. Terhune continued, speaking of dress, and on that, she said, depends more than a woman likes to concede. But let us be honest with ourselves. A picture hat only calls attention to the sparse hair, and a pink waist emphasizes the fact that the apple blossom tints have faded. It is better always to look like a well preserved old woman than a much damaged old woman.

"The greatest aids to life are proper food and proper exercise, with proper sleep. A man of sixty-three with the step of a boy said, 'The price of suppleness is eternal exercise.' The greatest enemies to life are rust and worry. You combat rust with a hobby, and by the wisdom of living one day at a time you quiet worry, which absorbs so much of the American vitality. You have heard of the old woman who had three sets of glasses which she called her 'fur-offs,' her 'mediums' and her 'nigh tools.' The last she used to do her fine work and her reading, and we need the 'nigh' tools for the work of old age.

"The period of mature life is the most productive, as it is the longest, provided the powers have not been overtaxed in incipiency. Up to forty years old a man or woman has been learning how to live. Real life begins at forty-six years and eight months. Up to that time man is a pupil."

The afternoon's programme, which was for the benefit of the Mary Fisher homes of New-York and New-Jersey, included singing by the Euterpe Club of women and reading by Will Carleton from his own poems, "Our Travelled Parson" and others. Mr. Carleton presided at the entertainment quite informally and much to the delight of his audience.

NOTES OF SPRING MODES.

The Bolero Returns Again to Popular Favor—Neck Chains Smaller.

For a dainty spring toilet, gray voile or eolienne or some of the canvas stuffs are very smart. Stitched straps of gray taffeta are natty by way of decoration, but further than this trimming should be used with much discretion.

The Russian blouse is waning, according to the best authorities, and with the spring model it would seem that its reign was quite over. The pouch bodice, too, which has had accompanying popularity, is passing. But the bolero holds its own, and a little more. On many of the choice Paris models it is most in evidence.

For the elegance of a train, and nobody wears a real court train except in the royal presence, three widths are quite enough, and four yards in length. No interlining is used, but the entire edge of the train should be wadded. An underskirt worn with this train has the usual length of an evening gown.

Chains of the long, flaunty order have quite given way to the short, tiny ones which fasten with slides. The latter, as well as the tips, are set with pearls or turquoises, or any fashionable gem. More costly they are, but their daintiness is far preferable to the jangling ropes which suggested the belle of savagedom.

For the coat and skirt suit of the coming spring it is expected that very short jackets, as well as the three-quarter length, will have popularity. It depends somewhat on the skirt and its length, also the wearer's own height. The proportions must be studied with much care, and on the niceness with which this is done hangs the fate of this service costume.

DID NOT HELP ON CONSTITUTION.

It has been announced that Mrs. Cora Welles Trow was one of the women who helped to draw up the constitution for the recently formed New-York City Federation of Women's Clubs. This statement Mrs. Trow wishes to have contradicted, as she took no part in the above mentioned work.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE FAILS IN MAINE.

Augusta, Me., Feb. 18.—On the question of allowing women the right to vote, the Senate to-day cast a tie vote—12 to 12. President Virgin broke the tie by voting against the suffragists.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

"The question of table decoration is one of more or less vexation," said a hostess lately. "To be really successful it requires originality, even ingenuity, as well as taste and skill. I'm speaking now, of course, in behalf of the sisterhood who cannot afford to give carte blanche to capable florists and dismiss the matter from their minds. Some, indeed, of this sisterhood, to which I myself belong, live practically beyond the reach of florists. A friend of mine so situated had her Thanksgiving table charmingly arranged with scarlet thornberries, acorns, nuts and autumn leaves. Another 'country cottage' table I know was gay with crimson dahlias and long ribbons of Virginia creepers, radiating from the centre, as we have often seen smilax arranged. Mosses, the dryer, delicate fernlike varieties, make most artistic table decoration when arranged over a fine white cloth. Great care, however, should be taken to see that none of the tiny creeping things that haunt wood mosses remain in them, or dire disaster to the dinner party may follow.

"Violets lend themselves at all times to table needs. Even the frail wild violets, when combined with broad mauve ribbons (which latter, by the way, can be made to do duty more than once, if need be), are most daintily attractive, either for cloth or polished table. Ruskin's dictum, that 'unity and simplicity are the true sources of beauty,' is nowhere more evident than in floral decoration. Never, for instance, mix roses and chrysanthemums. The shades of the two flowers are radically dissimilar. Their yellows do not harmonize, and their pinks actually fight. And, above all, don't have too much decoration. Nothing hinders conversation and kills the 'go' of a dinner as does heavy, towering 'greenery' about the centre of the table. The one advantage to my mind in amateur decoration is that the hostess's own taste—in a measure, personality—can thus be allowed to pervade every detail. I myself always feel more entertained, I believe, when I know my hostess's own hands have fashioned the decorations before me, and I do not see why any housekeeper should consider such work a task."

Naphtha cleans gloves as thoroughly as benzine, and without the offensive odor of that chemical. About a quarter of a cupful is all that is necessary for one glove, and it is better to clean one glove at a time and throw out the liquid and take fresh for the other glove than to try to do the pair together. Dip the glove in the naphtha, "sozzle" it around and squeeze it gently till it appears to be clean in the parts most exposed to wear. Spread on a clean dry cloth and rub gently all over. This will remove the last particles of dirt, as proved by the soil on the cloth. This process completed, hang over a chair back to dry. Every one using naphtha or benzine must be cautioned against using either by a light or fire.

An experienced flower grower, who has her plants not only on the several windowsills of her apartment, but scattered through the room on tables and stands, says she has found that a square of glass makes the most effective support for a flower pot or jardiniere. If placed on the woodwork itself or on a centrepiece the pot is sure to make a bad spot. The glass saves the polished wood or bit of embroidery, at the same time not concealing them.

One housewife says that wiping a carpet with a cloth wrung out in warm water and ammonia in which a tablespoonful of kerosene has been mixed cleans and brightens the colors wonderfully.

WOMAN FACTORY INSPECTOR.

Trade Unions of New-Jersey Urging Appointment of Mrs. McDonnell.

The present agitation for a woman factory inspector in New-Jersey is not coming so much from the clubs and women's societies of the State as from the labor organizations. About two years ago a petition was sent to the Governor by the women's clubs, setting forth the need of such an officer and urging an appointment, but no result followed. Last year, however, the New-Jersey legislature enacted a law empowering Governor Murphy to make the appointment, but, so far, nothing has been done. The trade unions, notably the United Silk Workers' Association, are now agitating the matter, and that organization has issued two circulars, one addressed to the Senators and Assemblymen and one to "All Trade Unions," urging the appointment and recommending Mrs. J. P. McDonnell, wife of the Editor of "The National Labor Standard" of Paterson. An appeal will also be sent to the Governor.

Mrs. McDonnell appears to be a favorite candidate for the place. The Passaic "Daily Herald" says: "She is, perhaps, the woman, both by nature and training, best suited for the position. . . . She has had business experience enough not to be fanatical in the matter, and would use conscientious discretion in all cases."

In the appeal to the trade unions from the headquarters at Paterson of the United Silk Workers the following paragraph occurs: "It is asked by the female and male wage-workers of New-Jersey, and is required on moral, mental and physical grounds. Its necessity is apparent to all, especially to those who work in factories and shops where women and girls are employed."

The appeal to the legislature says:

"We desire to say that if the Governor thoroughly understood the situation that exists, he would, we believe, not only make the appointment promptly, but also recommend the passage of a law providing for the appointment of several female factory inspectors."

The clubs are making no movement at present to urge the matter, although Mrs. McDonnell could undoubtedly obtain considerable support among them. Among other names mentioned for the place is that of Miss Mary Philbrook, attorney for the Legal Aid Association.

While no action has been taken, Governor Murphy is probably giving the question consideration.

HARLEM Y. W. C. A.

Its Annual Meeting To-night—Progress of Domestic Science Classes.

In order to set forth the work of the Harlem Young Women's Christian Association elaborate plans have been made for the eleventh annual meeting, to be held this evening in the Mount Morris Baptist Church, Fifth-ave. and One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth-st. A large attendance of the class members and representatives of all the departments of the association will march in a body from the building to the church, where the exercises, beginning at 8 o'clock, will consist principally of an address by Robert E. Speer, of Princeton. Robert H. Saze will preside, and there will be music by the Glee Club, under the direction of Mme. de Vabre, and solos by Anna Taylor Jones.

At the Young Women's Christian Association's East Side home, some months ago, a spirited debate took place on the question, "Is it better for girls to do housework or to go to business?" Almost to a girl, the answer was, "To do housework." As most of the debaters were employed in the last mentioned capacity, the next query naturally was:

"Why do you not do it, then?"

"We don't know how," was the answer.

Realizing from this how very pressing was the need of practical instruction in the housewifery art, the board of managers set about opening classes in cooking and kindred subjects without delay. Every room was in use already, so the auditorium was taken. The fixed seats were disposed of and movable ones substituted. By means of flexifold coiling doors and a partition, three rooms were made available. By October all was ready for the new department—that of domestic science—range, tables and sink put in, together with an individual gas stove and complete outfit of cooking utensils for each pupil. All is in full swing now, with a competent director.

This is only the beginning of what in time the association hopes will expand into a thorough training school for housekeepers, with a suite of rooms for instruction in cooking, marketing, waitress, chamber and laundry work.

Another onward step was taken in the opening of a girls' department. While some juniors had been enrolled in the gymnasium classes, no general work for girls under fifteen had been attempted. Knowing the early age at which New-York girls are thrown upon their own resources and the temptations to which thy are exposed, it was felt that definite and progressive work must be attempted for them. A clubroom specially for them has been set aside, meetings and socials planned and classes in English, arithmetic, sewing, basket weaving and elocution opened, all to be carried on by volunteer teachers.

The physical department is a particularly interesting one. That it is fully appreciated by those availing themselves of its benefits is shown by its great increase in membership, the largest increase of any department.

The annual report shows that this association's advantages are being sought by a larger number than ever before. At the opening of the year 1,412 members were recorded; the close finds 1,652 members on the books. The association trusts that in the near future some large hearted man or woman will come forward with $60,000 for the erection on its vacant lot of an eight-story building for a home with moderate charges for women. The Woman's Hotel, the managers urge, has solved the problem for those who earn large salaries, but large numbers of girls who are earning only from $4 to $9 per week are uncared for.

GLEANINGS

"New-York street cars are not fit for pigs," said Mrs. Elizabeth Britton to the public school teachers the other day, and speaking with especial reference to the elevated trains which run to The Bronx she said: "They are never washed for one thing, and germs cling to the seats and rope rugs year in and year out. The enormous percentage of death by tuberculosis in New-York City has so aroused the people that special committees have been set at work to study the problem of how to check it. The first thing necessary is the observance of the commonest laws of hygiene. Cleanliness may be taught to a large extent in the public schools, and the women principals are doing the work of real missionaries along this line, a work for which the city can never remunerate them in dollars and cents. Until recently ordinary hygiene has not been required in the public schools, but now that it is being taught the teachers may do much to combat the germ diseases, such as catarrh and tuberculosis, which are so prevalent in the city. When the children are taught in school that expectorations in street cars are the cause of these troubles it may in time develop a strong public opinion against the offensive habits of passengers, and the fatal neglect of filthy conditions by the transportation service."

"Many women teachers in the city are devoting their entire time and lives to the work of uplifting the city," said a woman at Normal College the other day. "Men teachers, if single," she continued, "spend their time out of school in clubs, or if married they have other interests outside of school. But the women teachers are mostly single, and they live altogether in and for their work."

"It cannot be denied," says "The Queen," "that the appearance of a woman is subtly influenced by her connection with her environment. Order and punctuality are the watchwords of every well ordered household. The observance of these oils the wheels of life, preventing the worry that brings wrinkles to the brow and lines around the mouth. Consciously or unconsciously, we absorb into our nature the ugliness or beauty with which we come in contact. Therefore the arrangements of our goods and chattels is a serious consideration. A woman in a well appointed home has a much more attractive personality than one who takes no care of the province meant to be the setting of the jewel that may lose its own lustre through the dimness of its background. Expense and luxury are not essential to this effective background. But there must be an artistic eye, a skilful hand, an observing mind and a due appreciation of the beautiful."

The adaptability of the Japanese is illustrated by the fact that they first altered their New Year's Day to coincide with ours, and then started the habit of putting up their New Year's decorations in time for Christmas whenever there are sufficient foreigners about to make it worth while. The streets then are decorated with allegorical festoons miles long.

A plea for "clean money" has lately been made of Brooklyn clubwomen by a woman of that borough. She herself scours all her own money, and she says there is "no reason why currency should not be kept comparatively clean." Many clubwomen wash and iron their dollar bills, although the rest of the world does not keep them long enough for any laundry treatment.

Children chauffeurs are by no means a novelty among the London parks, where motoring parents are bringing them up in the sport. Sometimes the youngsters ride in the car with their parents. But now and then a child has a car all his own, made in diminutive size, as are the pony equipages. In one of these little motor carriages a wee miss of distinction always drives herself to school.

"The excessive death rate during the hot summer months first called my attention to the importance of cultivating trees in the city streets," says Dr. Stephen Smith. "The death rate and heat record coincide in a most striking manner, as may be found from statistics. This heat destroys life directly, as in sunstroke or heat stroke, and indirectly by filling the air with poisonous gases from decomposing animal or vegetable matter, by causing deterioration of all forms of food, and by lowering the vitality of the feeble young or old. The southern aspect of the greater part of New-York avenues and streets gives the heat more sway, and the complete absence practically of shade trees increases its deadly effect. Now vegetation in its various forms is conceded to be the most potent physical force in modifying climate. Trees are beneficial in several ways. They protect the earth from the direct rays of the sun. They exhale in the form of vapor large volumes of water. Cooling the air, they have a uniform temperature of 54 degrees Fahrenheit, which equalizes the heat in their vicinity. The leaves absorb from the air its poisonous element, dioxide of carbon, and give back in its place oxygen, which is essential to life. They absorb from it also malarial poisons. One of the most attractive features of Paris is its cultivated street trees, which it counts by the hundred thousand. Emperor Napoleon III remonstrated with Baron Haussmann, chief of Department of Public Works, for his lavish expenditure of such large sums of money in this direction. 'Sire,' he replied, 'if we make Paris the most beautiful city of the world it will attract the wealthy of every nation, and the money they expend here will amply repay the present cost.' To-day Paris is realizing a thousandfold on that investment."

The little boy relative who frequently appears among the nuptial group of the smart English weddings is always an important figure there. His costume, too, is carefully prescribed by etiquette, and leading fashion journals name his outfit thus: A page's suit of satin, shoes that have buckles, breeches tight, and a long, flowered waistcoat. The longer coat has gauntlet cuffs, and with this uniform he wears a white lace tie, lace ruffles, and a tricorn hat.

TO BROADEN ITS SCOPE.

In order to broaden the scope of the State federation the president, Mrs. Charles M. Dow, has issued a circular letter to all the women's clubs in the State asking the individual clubs to tell their needs and describe the work which they are doing. If co-operation in the undertakings of the various clubs is possible and desirable, it may be furthered through this system.

The clubs realize that their organization is strengthened as a whole by working together in this way, while the weaker and less important clubs are influenced by the work of stronger ones.

The Tribune Sunshine Society.

GOOD CHEER.

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

SUNRISE MAGIC.

Along the silent, sleepy street
The houses, gray and old,
Bloom into castles, ruby peaked,
Their windows pared with gold;
And rose lights flicker where but now
Were shadows, deep and cold.

The shafts of ashen smoke that swept
From chimneys, tall and grim,
Now wind, in coils of violet
And purple, soft and dim;
Then roll away in broken wheels,
With amber spoke and rim.

The sun's red wand has made a court
Of every barn and byre,
And with a single flashing gem
Has tipped the village spire,
And turned the snowballs on the lawn
To balls of carmine fire.

—(Hattie Whitney, in Youth's Companion.

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."

ELM CITY BRANCH.

The Elm City Branch, of New-Haven, Conn., held its regular meeting on February 10, and the treasurer reported the net proceeds of the "poverty luncheon" was $20, which will be used to help pay the monthly expenses of the invalid at Saranac. Encouraging reports are received of the improved condition of this young girl threatened with consumption, and the branch will keep her there until May 1, paying her bills of $30 a month. The visiting committee of four reported their visits to the sick and "shut in" ones, and brought to the notice of the branch several needy cases. The subject of providing an invalid outfit was talked of, and the president hopes soon to report that it is filling an important place in their work.

"Each member," says the president, Mrs. Walker, "has pledged herself to earn $1 for an Easter offering to the T. S. S., and it's lot of fun to hear how the different ones will accomplish this result. Some will make ice cream and sell it. Others will make candy, and one member will rent her carriage at 25 cents an hour, and it is already engaged. On February 21 Mrs. G. G. Powning and Mrs. Wilson H. Lee, two of our members, will open their houses for an afternoon whist. Each will have twelve tables, and there will be three prizes at every house. These have been contributed. Some of the members have magazines, music, pages, etc., to 'pass on' to others. Our membership has now reached seventy-five, and twenty-five more have been proposed, and their admission will be voted on. Much more than the money was gained by holding the luncheon. The social part of it, and what it did to help all of us feel nearer to each other in this blessed work, more than repaid us. We hope to hear that some of the other branches have tried this pleasant way of helping along Sunshine work."

President of the T. S. S.: Accept our hearty thanks for the box of beautiful valentines sent us a few days ago. They were thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the fortunate boys and girls who received them. There were enough to give to all the club boys, as well as to the girls of the Mrs. Walton Sunshine Club—Italian branch. Several of the prettiest valentines were sent to our sick members, and proved indeed rays of sunshine to them. Again thanking our dear Sunshine friends for their thoughtful kindness, I remain, sincerely yours,

LOUISA E. WEYGANDT.

Italian Evening School of the Children's Aid Society, 156 Leonard-st.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. A. C. Donaldson, an active member of Rutherford, N. J., branch No. 1, left yesterday for North Carolina to rejoin her husband, who was ordered to a warmer climate on account of illness. They will probably go to Bermuda to receive the benefit of a still more tropical climate. Mrs. W. C. Foster has returned to her home in Worcester, Mass., after a short visit with Sunshine members in Manhattan. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hawley, of Yonkers, N. Y., are spending several weeks at San Diego, Cal. Mrs. George Perkins Lawton, president of the Saratoga T. S. S. branch, has entirely recovered from her illness of several weeks, and is now able to resume her many social duties.

"PASSING ON."

A Nyack, N. Y., member will send a box of toys and games to the little boys at Barre, Vt., who have no playthings, and she will also send games which her own children have outgrown to the Home Garden branch, No. 419 East One-hundred-and-fifteenth-st. The large bundle of clothing for children and some garments for women, sent by Mrs. Mary T. Hayden, have already been distributed in several directions where most needed. The silk and velvet pieces asked for by the Greenport, Long Island, member who is confined by accident to her sewing chair have been sent to her, and also a package of the same cheer to a Manhattan member who is making a quilt. Boxes were packed yesterday for the "Little Mothers"; for Manhattan Branch No. 10 and an East Side branch; a package of sewing, embroidery and crocheting materials for the classes of No. 12 branch; a package for No. 6; also wools for a New-Jersey member. Rutherford Branch No. 1 will send an express package of clothing to Mrs. C. V. Dorsch for distribution.

Mrs. K. Rea Stackpole, president of the Crippled Children's Branch, acknowledges the receipt of valentines from little Dorothy Stelle, of New-Jersey.

MONEY RECEIVED.

E. A. B., of Manhattan, and "Batavia, N. Y.," have each sent $1 as special cheer; Miss Sarah Osborne, president of Public School No. 96 branch, $1 as T. S. S. dues for her branch for 1903; A. C. P., of Springfield, Vt., $2, to be used where most needed. This money has come opportunely for the coal fund, as the sudden cold weather has caused much suffering among the poor.

LEGISLATIVE LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The annual conference of the National Legislative League will be held in Washington February 23 to February 25, and as the Daughters of the Revolution convene the same week, the combined organizations have secured low transportation and hotel rates.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Boy's Pajamas, No. 4,360, for 10 Cents.

Sleeping suits or pajamas make by all means the most acceptable and comfortable garments for the purpose for boys as well as for men. The excellent model shown is made of pongee, stitched with silk and trimmed with Brandenburgs, but is available for all cotton and linen fabrics, and can be closed with buttons and buttonholes only when preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is 5½ yards 21 inches wide, 5 yards 27 inches wide, or 4 yards 32 inches wide. The pattern, No. 4,360, is cut in sizes for boys of four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

NO. 4,360—BOY'S PAJAMAS.

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.

HOW HE WON HER.

Ice cream he bought his darling,
And she ate and ate and ate,
Till at last her heart she gave him—
To make room for one more plate.
—(Harvard Lampoon.

BEANS AT A MILITARY ACADEMY.

Son of Actress Declares They Did Not Agree With Him.

Miss Amelia Summerville, the actress, was the defendant yesterday in the Tenth District Municipal Court, before Justice Murray, in an action brought by Captain Joel Wilson, proprietor and superintendent of the Hudson River Military Academy at Nyack-on-Hudson, for $150, which he declared was due, according to verbal contract, for the balance of a year's tuition for Miss Summerville's twelve-year-old son, Russell Runnells, who attended the academy in 1901-'02, but was withdrawn in February owing to ill health.

Counsel for Miss Summerville, who entered a general denial and plea of breach of contract in defence, asked the superintendent if it was not a fact that young Runnells was "thin as a rail" from lack of food and illness when his mother took him from the school. This Captain Wilson denied.

"How often did you have beans at the academy?" was the next question.

"I don't know," was the answer. "We have beans—Boston baked beans—for Sunday breakfast, and those that are left for another meal."

"You don't keep the left-over beans more than two or three days, do you?"

Captain Wilson said the beans were served only about twice a week.

"Isn't it a fact," persisted counsel, "that beans and potatoes predominate in the diet at the school, and the more beans and potatoes the pupils eat the less meat they will eat?"

Captain Wilson answered in the negative.

"Then you do not use embalmed beef?" was asked.

"Certainly not," was the answer. The captain denied that he ever punished Runnells with a strap.

Miss Summerville testified that she had visited her son three times, on two of which he was ill.

"When he came home he was thin as a rail, and was suffering from gastritis," she declared. "He could not keep anything on his stomach. That was the reason I brought him home. He could not stand the fare at the school, and he was getting sick."

"What was his condition when he went to the school?"

"He had just come from Muldoon's farm, and he was in perfect condition. He was an athlete, you might say. He was just like a prize fighter."

Miss Summerville said that Russell threatened to commit suicide if he was sent back to school. She testified that she had paid the bills as presented up to the time her son was withdrawn.

The boy said that on three occasions Captain Wilson had struck him with a leather belt for punishment. He could not eat beans because they had an ill effect on him. None of the food agreed with him to a great extent, especially a kind of salty meat which came in glass jars.

BIG RICE COMPANY INCORPORATED.

Its Capital $6,000,000, with Twelve Million Shares—Wide Field of Operation.

The Union Rice and Irrigating Company was incorporated at Newark yesterday with $6,000,000 capital stock, divided into 1,200,000 shares of the par value of $5 each. The amount paid up is $52,350. There are sixty-eight corporators. They are planters and others of Lower Louisiana. The sections represented are Rayne, Opelouse, Crowley, Marietta, Baton Rouge, Lancaster, Andreport and Burnside Parishes. Northern capitalists interested are represented by Charles A. Greene, of East Orange, and Alfred George Brown, of No. 27 Pine-st., New-York. The New-Jersey Registration and Trust Company of East Orange is the local agent. It is set forth in the articles of incorporation that it is the object to "buy, sell, store, warehouse, deal in or handle every manner of rice, rough or clean oats, grains and cereals of every description, and to grind, mill and convert the same into various products thereof; to own, lease or otherwise hold elevators, mills, granaries and structures of every nature and kind for the storing, handling, utilization and sale of rice, oats, grains and agricultural products." The corporation may make and sell machinery to be used for the purposes indicated and establish a system of irrigation and transportation.

HATTERAS LIGHTSHIP MISSING.

The Diamond Shoal light vessel, whose anchorage is off the outer shoals of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, is reported by the Savannah liner Kansas City, which arrived to-day, to be missing from her station. The Kansas City passed Cape Hatteras on Tuesday morning and found the lightship gone, but the anchorage buoy in place. It is thought that in the windstorm which passed over Northeastern North Carolina on Monday night the vessel broke from her moorings, and has been blown to sea. Little anxiety is felt for the boat, because she is new, built of steel and steam propelled.

TROOP C BUYS GROUND FOR PADDOCK.

Troop C yesterday closed title to a plot of ground in the rear of the site recently bought for its new armory. It is proposed to establish a corral or paddock for the troop horses, and incidentally the ground may be used as an athletic field and for outdoor sports by the troopers. The new armory site is on the easterly side of Bedford-ave., Brooklyn, and covers the entire block between Union and President sts. The plot is in Union-st., and has a frontage of over a hundred feet and a depth of about a hundred and thirty feet. It will cost the troop about $5,000. When the troop gets into its new armory it will purchase many new horses. It is proposed to have at least a hundred horses ready at all times for an emergency.

The Fall of Minerva.

BY A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

"But, darling, I must be at the office to-morrow morning. I can't lose all my clients."

"I've told you you're not to go back to-night."

"But I must, dear. Really!"

The speaker's voice verged on the plaintive.

"You can go in the morning. I don't mind you leaving me so much when the sun's shining and it's bright and cheerful."

"I shan't get in till afternoon, then, and that means another whole day wasted. I must catch my train to-night."

"Then you'll have to turn right around the second we get up to my hotel and walk all these five dreary miles back to the station. And on this bitter night, without your dinner! You can't travel hundreds of miles without anything to eat. Don't be ridiculous!"

"I'll get something at the station."

Miss Dennison conveyed by her expression that she considered the resources of the station inadequate.

"You are not going to-night, dear?"

"I must, pet."

"You are going to stay and eat a good dinner beside a blazing fire and have a real nice cosey evening. Just think how dull I'll be if you go and leave me all alone to listen to the howling of the hateful wind!"

"I'd give anything to stay, my own darling little girl; you know that as well as I do. I'll be down again for the week-end."

"Then you don't love me, and you never loved me!"

"Oh, my darling, don't begin all this! I've got to catch that train to-night, and nothing you can say or do will make me miss it."

"I'll never speak to you again if you go by it; I swear I won't."

"For Heaven's sake, don't let's have another scene! I'm getting perfectly sick of it all!"

"Then why don't you turn right round and leave me? Why do you walk on beside me? Why do you stay engaged to me?"

"Because I'm a fool!"

As Miss Dennison could not consistently contradict this assertion, she confined herself to a dignified toss of her head, and continued to walk along the road in haughty silence.

A row of telegraph poles stretched desolately before them, and the wind swept across the marsh and hummed mournfully along the wires. Far away the sea boomed, and the sharp, white sand flew up from the road in stinging showers, so that Miss Dennison put her muff before her face as she battled onward. The man at her side strode on with downcast head, and hands rammed deep into the pockets of his overcoat. His cap, pulled low down over his frowning eyes, partly protected his face from the onslaught of the gale. He was a strong, thick set man, and his expression resembled that of a well beaten but desperately goaded dog.

A fat and cheeky gust of wind sent the girl's boa flying round her hat, and the man caught it just in time. As three miles had still to be traversed before they reached the hotel where Miss Dennison's people were staying, and Miss Dennison was of a chatty disposition, she welcomed this opportunity to break the silence.

"If I were a man I should be perfectly ashamed to let a girl insult me and trample on me so! I don't know what sort of a husband you think you'll make!"

The man preserved a discreet silence.

"I always wished to marry a man I could look up to. Why, you can't have any self-respect at all!"

"You've done your best to kill it, haven't you?"

It is policy for the owner of the dog to maintain a firm hold if it resent chastisement. Miss Dennison tilted up her chin and assumed an air of intense and injured indignation.

"I have done my best to wake it up. If there is an insult which has power to rouse you, it is my misfortune and not my fault that I do not know it."

Miss Dennison's happy and fortunate betrothed looked down on her with patience that was tightly strained.

"Is there any object in quarrelling at this particular moment? The wind makes conversation rather an exertion, and though I assume the proper course for me to take is to turn on my heel and stride away for ever, I can't leave you to go home alone, you see."

"Why not?"

"The road is too lonely."

"Solitude is more companionable than you."

The more than happy object of Miss Dennison's affections hesitated, then decided not to answer.

A whirl of sand came hurtling to them up from the ground. Miss Dennison stopped dead. A hoarding stood on one side of the road, behind the iron railings. Tattered bills and posters fluttered from it miserably.

"Do come along, dear," said the man.

Miss Dennison pressed her hands into her muff and began an exhaustive study of the contents of the hoarding. The man took a few steps forward; he was of chivalrous disposition, but had been engaged six months to Miss Dennison.

"It will be dark in a few minutes!"

Miss Dennison continued to peruse the bills pensive interest in every line of her arrested pose.

The man stood a few steps off, with a look on his face akin to that on the face of a nurse who waits for a more than usually spoilt child.

"Do you know, I'm beginning to think I've gone the wrong way about managing you?"

An involuntary dimple flashed and disappeared in Miss Dennison's carefully averted face. Her betrothed, however, saw only a still abstracted back.

"Suppose I were to take you at your word and leave you to walk home alone?"

"You are quite unmanly enough to do so!"

"Unmanly!"

"Is it manly to wait round after me, at my heels, like a little dog?"

"What, in heaven's name, do you want of me? If I rebel you have hysterics and call me a brute!"

"'Vivyella!'" read Miss Dennison aloud. "What ridiculous waists girls have on fashion posters! Have you noticed?"

The man suppressed an exclamation.

"But that's rather a sweet blouse she's wearing. I wonder if I could remember it. I must make mental notes."

Miss Dennison rested her elbows on the railing and buried her chin in her muff, reflectively.

"If you think you are going to make me miss that train by dawdling in this insensate fashion you are mistaken."

"Sweet sleeve!" murmured Miss Dennison. "I like the cuff so!"

"I shall simply leave you here, you know."

"But I can't see how it's put on. Oh, it's cut all in one with the sleeve!" said Miss Dennison, with a sudden burst of illumination. "Now, I must learn that!"

Miss Dennison redoubled the fixity of her gaze.

"I know perfectly well you hear everything I'm saying. Are you coming or aren't you?"

"I believe it's arranged with a gusset!" announced Miss Dennison.

The man opened his mouth, then suddenly turned on his heel and swung down the road. He had cut the Gordian knot. Miss Dennison must make her deliberate way home alone. He had gone back to the station and his city bound train.

Miss Dennison found herself left staring at the hoarding in an attitude of mind that can only be described as one of stunned amazement. Then the dimples reappeared, and Miss Dennison smiled into her muff with an air of happy power.

"The further he goes, the further he'll have to come back, so I won't look round," said the astute and experienced Miss Dennison; "and the slower he is coming back the surer he'll be of missing his train. If he thinks he's going to catch it to-night, when I want him to stay here, he's very much mistaken, the ridiculous old thing!"

Miss Dennison began to reperuse the hoarding: it sheltered her pleasantly from the wind.

"A hundred pounds reward!"

An unassuming little notice caught her eyes. "Vivyella" as a subject is capable of exhaustion. Miss Dennison welcomed a change in literature with alacrity.

As she read, Miss Dennison's face portrayed a curious panorama of expression; her cheeks paled gradually. The little notice bore a crown, and was couched in terse and simple language; it was an earnest invitation to a one-eyed gentleman to return to his sorrowing friends and guardians at the convict prison across the marshes. It concluded with a thoughtful warning to lonely and unprotected travellers as to the gentleman's unprepossessing appearance and playful disposition.

Miss Dennison reread the bill with interest no longer histrionic. The sea mist was rising on the marshes. The autumn dusk was suddenly closing in. The charms of meditation in the lonely landscape seemed suddenly to have lost their savour. Miss Dennison looked up and down the road; her despised betrothed had vanished into the mist. The lights of the station glimmered vaguely far on the horizon. On the other side, three miles of deserted road lay between her and her hotel. In the direction of the station lay nearer safety—but humiliation; for well did Miss Dennison know that her strength lay in her invulnerability. Let her once lay down her sceptre and her reign of tyranny was over forever. For six months she had enjoyed despotism; was she now to eat humble pie and cry out for protection? With Napoleonic resolution, Miss Dennison turned in the direction of the hotel.

She took five steps; then, far away on the distant marshland, she saw a moving shadow. For the first moment she assured herself it was but a fantasy of her imagination. Then the shadow came nearer and resolved itself into a human figure—a shuffling, clumsy, furtive figure, creeping with bent head along the wall which separated the barren pastures. Miss Dennison stood, arrested. The wind moaned and whistled around the hoarding, but she heard it not. Her eyes were fixed on the strange figure advancing from the mists. Presently it hesitated and stopped short. Had it seen her? Suddenly, with catlike swiftness, the figure left the shelter of the wall, and, still with downcast head, struck out into the open field. With curious, swift strides, it was covering the intervening ground; in a few minutes it would strike the open road beside her.

Miss Dennison cast one wild glance along the road in vain. Then, with a sudden shriek, she was beating a retreat toward the station as fast as fear and the kindly wind could carry her.

Somewhere behind her a hoarse voice shouted; somewhere behind her heavy footsteps hastened. With blind eyes, Miss Dennison fled on. Now the lights of the station twinkled in the distance; now the downward hill was gained which led there. Now—oh, rapture!—a tall, broad shouldered, and despised betrothed turned and stood amazed in the roadway, to see Minerva fallen from her pedestal and running after him!

"Save me!" said Miss Dennison, and flung herself, penitent, submissive, breathless, in his arms.

"Darling! here's some one coming past! Wait a second till he's passed us!"

Miss Dennison's betrothed, though a lover, was an Englishman.

Miss Dennison opened her eyes faintly.

"He's got your boa. See, he's coming up to you."

Two embarrassed young people stood still while a still more embarrassed policeman approached them sheepishly.

"I called to the young lady, but you didn't seem to hear, miss. You dropped it just by hoarding. I was coming across marsh and I see the wind take it, and I caught it as it flew across the railings yonder."

Miss Dennison smiled whitely; Miss Dennison's betrothed thanked the policeman more substantially. The policeman continued to the station with contentment in his tread.

"Now, darling," said Miss Dennison's betrothed.

"Oh, don't be angry!" said a suddenly abject despot. "I'll never be horrid again. I'll always do exactly what you tell me. Only, darling, darling, darling, don't leave me to go home along that dreadful, dreadful road alone!"

"My poor, frightened little girl! What a brute I've been!"

"You have rather," confessed Miss Dennison.

Along the lonely road two lovers loitered. The wind swept merrily above them and around them, all unheeded. Miss Dennison's face was screened from the rough blast, her head was hidden penitently against a sheltering arm.

And, as they walked along, Miss Dennison's betrothed concluded a kind and decisive conversation in which Miss Dennison played an astonishingly contrite and secondary part.

"And you understand, dear, there are to be no more of these ridiculous quarrels?"

"No, darling. I'll do whatever you wish."

"The man must always be the head. I've been foolish to give in to you so weakly. It's been as much my fault as yours."

"Yes, dear, it has."

"But you have been very inconsiderate."

"A woman is always more in love than a man."

"A man has duties which he must fulfil."

"Yes, darling, and it's very wonderful and beautiful of him to neglect them for a woman's sake. A silly, cowardly, selfish, unattractive girl!"

Miss Dennison's betrothed refuted such an appreciation of her character with warmth.

"Please!" said Miss Dennison, "the hotel people will see us."

The brilliant façade of the hotel shone out suddenly behind the hill. Miss Dennison and her betrothed walked decorously up the drive, where her anxious people welcomed them from the piazza. Miss Dennison conducted her betrothed in triumph into the hall.

Late that evening Miss Dennison and her betrothed concluded another conversation of a similar nature.

"And you'll be down at half-past seven in the morning to give me my breakfast?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And you'll take me to the station?"

"Yes, darling."

"And always do exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes, my own."

Miss Dennison hesitated. Then she ascended the stair pensively, while her betrothed stood at the bottom and watched adoringly. At the turn of the baluster she paused, candle in hand. The light shone on her sweet and saint like profile.

"But all the same," said Miss Dennison, "you must admit you did not catch that train."

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