NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

NAVAJO WEAVERS.

Exhibition of Blanket Making at Teachers College.

A party of Navajo Indians took possession of the Educational Museum at Teachers College yesterday afternoon and wove their famous blankets in the presence of a continual stream of visitors, precisely as they wove them in their primitive dwellings one thousand years ago. In all that time, it appears, they have not been able to improve on their loom, and the only things they owe to the white man are the scissors with which they cut the wool from the backs of the sheep and the combs with which they card it.

They are also, unhappily, beginning to use the white man's dyes, but this is being discouraged by those who are trying to preserve the Navajo industries, and in the blanket which was seen in process of construction at the exhibition yesterday only the natural white and black wools were used.

The carding and spinning of the wool were shown, as well as the weaving, a primitive distaff which looked something like a top with an abnormally long handle being used. A number of finished blankets were also shown, and although the designs were geometric for the most part and did not suggest anything in particular to the uninitiated, they proved to be full of meaning and extremely interesting when explained by the manager of the party, George H. Pepper, of the Museum of Natural History. One figure used to indicate a bird was known to be two thousand years old, Mr. Pepper said, and was often seen on Pueblo pottery.

The first visitors to the exhibition were the children from the Speyer school, and as they know all about weaving they were greatly interested in what they saw. Mr. Pepper gave a little talk to them, and told them how the Indians used to get their wool by stealing sheep from the Spanish, until the United States Government, recognizing the importance of the industry, gave them thirty thousand sheep. In earlier days still they ravelled out a kind of red cloth which they obtained from the Spanish, using the yarn thus obtained as the woof of their rugs.

There was no silver beating, as was announced, owing to some dangerous features of the process, but the party exhibited many specimens of the work in the form of endless chains and enormous belts, and among them was the most famous of Navajo silver beaters, Peshliki, which is Navajo for silversmith. This man, Mr. Pepper said, is possessed of remarkable originality, an unusual thing in a Navajo. The weaving yesterday was done by Peshliki's wife, and the carding by his niece, while two or three of his children, in gay attire like their elders, added picturesqueness to the scene.

The exhibit was arranged by the Hyde exploring expedition, of which B. T. Hyde, one of the trustees of the college, is the prime mover. Mr. Hyde organized this expedition a few years ago for the purpose of investigating the history and industries of the Navajo Indians and of preserving their wonderful and at that time rapidly dying arts. His object was the twofold one of affording the Indians a means of self-support and of giving to the world the benefit of their beautiful work. To this end many such exhibits as that at Teachers College yesterday have been given. There is yet, however, no demand for the best work the Navajos are capable of doing, and Mr. Hyde is anxious to create one. The difficulty lies in the costliness of the work, the finest Navajo blankets costing in the neighborhood of $150, while the ordinary blankets sell for from $20 to $30.

As the party did not go to Teachers College till the afternoon, instead of the morning, as was announced, another exhibit will be given this morning. On Thursday afternoon they will go to Pratt Institute.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LOOK TRIG.

Miss White Says She Can Make a Woman of Sixty Look Like a Girl.

The numerous patients of leading New-York physicians reported to have been recommended by their physical advisers to go to the president of the Dressmakers' Association for correct "corseting" did not materialize yesterday afternoon, at least not for the edification of the public. Miss White also declined to give the names of the recommending physicians. "They might back out and say they never sent them," she explained. There were sufficient models, however, for elaborate demonstration in Masonic Temple, Sixth-ave. and Twenty-third-st., at the convention's afternoon session.

"I haven't been able to get quite as fat a woman as I want," apologized Miss White. "These ladies," indicating the row of five models, "even the stoutest of them, don't weigh more than 180 pounds. I just want you to see what I can do with a 225 pounder. Why, I can make her more dainty and stylish than a woman of only 135 pounds, whose corsets aren't put on right. I've travelled a good deal, and I just want to tell you that the American women have the best style to them of any woman God ever made if they are 'corseted' right. If they're not, they look like the old boy himself. From the day I show you how to put on a corset you'll begin to live. You might as well be dead as wear 'em like most people do. Why, I've shown half a dozen lady physicians how to put on corsets this week. Some of them had never worn them before; thought they'd make 'em sick, and you never saw such round shoulders and hollow chests. But when I got 'em into those corsets my way they said they'd never felt better in their lives. Think of that, now! You must get your diaphragm to working. That's the point. And you can look the same at sixty that you do at sixteen. I don't make any allowances for age. I don't have to. Throw out your chest, stand on the ball of your foot, stiffen your knee and no matter how old or how fat you are, you don't feel any heft at all."

An unusually large audience was in evidence to see fat women "made stylish in three minutes," and when some one toward the back called out that she "couldn't see," the model was put up on a chair on the stage. Then somebody giggled. "You don't come here to laugh," said Miss White; "you come to learn. Why, when I'm fitting a corset I never see my customer as a woman. I just think of her as a figure. It's mighty kind of these ladies to stand up here, anyhow, for your instruction."

THE BOOTBLACKING BUSINESS.

"Well, why shouldn't women 'shine shoes,' as well as do anything else?" said a woman, who has set up a bootblacking business in one of the New-York hotels. "It is not nearly so laborious or thankless a task as dressmaking or school teaching, and I'm sure I don't see why it should be considered at all humiliating. You know Thoreau said, 'It is the business of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works is doing his share,' and I am sure in this instance I will be doing a very necessary share of creation's 'shining' and polishing.

"No, indeed, I don't feel that it is at all unwomanly, and I take men as cheerfully as women, though, of course, the place was opened primarily to give women comfortable and convenient facilities. I know how often I have walked blocks to get a 'shine,' for which I would not have to climb down dingy steps to some underground den, or wait my turn among a dozen or two in some crowded shoe store. A place like this is just what I have been wanting for years, and I am sure there must be thousands of women like me."

This new "bootblacker to women" is from west of the Mississippi, but has lived long enough in this "centre of civilization" to know just "what's what." Her "parlor" is in delightfully harmonizing tones of warm olives and bronzes, cream and buff, and plants and draperies make it positively luxurious in appearance. There is a separate chair and screen for each customer, and a picturesque little Italian "Joe," in dark blue uniform, as assistant. With all this, the price of shines is to be made four cents, and that of a "patent leather polish," eight cents. She intends to take orders for cobbling and putting on heels, and for a nominal sum lost buttons will be replaced while one waits.

In the near future stocking darning will be added as an adjunct to this establishment.

The Vicar—Now, boys, what animal supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?

First boy (promptly)—Father.—(Moonshine.

GLEANINGS.

Miss Lucy Page Gaston, of Chicago, says that cigarette fiends should be shut up before getting to the crime stage, which so many of them reach. "I am thrown in contact with the very worst cases of this kind of mental disease," said Miss Gaston. "In fact, the fiends themselves come to me frequently, and beg for some cure to be given them. It is terrible to think that, in spite of this, there is no help for them. My plan is to establish a home for boys who have become enslaved by the cigarette habit, and to isolate them there so that they may be free from all temptation and all association that will tend to remind them of the habit. Outdoor work will be a great factor in the reformation of these patients. They will be taught gardening and will have various forms of open air employment."

George Henty, the well known writer of boys' books, made the statement, shortly before his death, that he had received a great many more letters from girls than from boys. He was puzzled rather to account for this, as his books were not at all of the kind that the average girl is supposed to be fond of. It may possibly be accounted for by the well known dislike boys entertain for letter writing.

An interesting experiment is now being tried by a New-York veterinary surgeon. He is feeding his horses with chopped hay, bran and meal mixed with molasses. This he believes a better and more nutritious food than oats, and it is much cheaper. Molasses is part of the regular diet of the Filipino horse, but this is the first time that the New-York steed has seen it form part of his menu.

English taste in dress is turning more and more to the picturesque. The merely fancy dress ball, in which all types, ages and imaginary beings were represented, have given place to the period dance or dinner, at which the costumes vie in intelligent and artistic representation of the given period. Every period of art or history may also be traced in the conventional dress of clever English women, artistically adapted to modern requirements. A woman may present a veritable Romney study in a simple velvet gown, with a simple fichu of lace and hair thrown back from her brow, while in no way transgressing modern canons of dress. It is remarked also that English men are, dubiously and tentatively, consenting to contribute something to the brilliancy of evening scenes by their costume. At a recent ball at Edinburgh many of the men wore court or Highland dress, while the majority were in black satin knee breeches, with either hunt coats or evening coats and stocks.

In addressing a White Ribbon audience the other day a woman physician touched on a few points of hygiene overlooked by the average temperance talker. To begin with, she asked her hearers to stand up and take three or four deep, full breaths while the windows were opened for a moment. It was toward the close of an afternoon session, and several hundred women had been sitting practically motionless for hours. "There's Christianity in good blood circulation," said the doctor. "Health is contagious, much more potently so, too, than is disease. I've about come to the conclusion that we physicians study disease too much and health too little to be of best use to humanity. Why, during our student years, we have an average of only one hour a week devoted to hygiene, and two, perhaps, to physiology. All the rest of the time we're studying—disease. Now, I believe that's just the opposite of what we ought to do. If we'd study health, talk health, act health, I believe disease would take care of itself. And it's much the same thing with temperance. If we, as White Ribboners, would make ourselves as lovely and lovable, as sweet tempered and usefully womanly, as we possibly could (and we can be none of these things unless we have sound bodies), I believe nothing would so help the cause we all love. You know it isn't much use to talk temperance after your third cup of tea or coffee, or your one-too-many helpings of pie or even roast beef. It is not only intemperate, it is unchristian, to have dyspepsia. It is a disgrace to have any ailment that common sense will obviate. And it shows a lack of intellectuality to make each other's ailments and diseases the chief topic of conversation. I hope to live to see the day when it will be considered as ill bred to ask after last week's influenza or last month's rheumatism, as it now is to remark on the patch on one's shoe or the mole on one's face. I tell you, when we learn to think health and poise and wholesomeness, temperance and economic and physical happiness won't be long in taking up their abode with us."

"Oh, the cruel thing!" said somebody passing the corner of Broadway and Twentieth-st. yesterday, where the funny little old woman who sits there with her lap full of kittens and rabbits and puppies, was holding up a string of dolls' muffs and fur collars and coats. "See, she has skinned the poor bunnies." The miniature furs are in imitation of ermine, and their black and white looks surprisingly like the same colors differently disposed on the pink-nosed, bob-tailed, wriggling bundles that play bopeep with each other's long ears under the old woman's apron. Hence the horrified exclamation of the tender hearted passerby. "Skin my bunnies?" returned the ancient vender of livestock. "Indeed, I don't then! What for would I do that? These here bunnies fetches 75 cents apiece, and these skins is only 35 cents a set. Yer wouldn't do a thing like that yerself, would yer now; them being the prices?" By this time a small crowd had gathered, as happens at a moment's notice nearly anywhere in New-York, and the old woman was volubly explaining that "they was only kitten skins —kittens what weren't no good to sell. No power under heaven could make her do such a thing as to kill a little bit of a rabbit, and them at 75 cents apiece." The tender hearted passerby went her way.

THE OLD BOY.

Mrs. C. was horrified to discover that her little seven year old daughter was rapidly acquiring the habit of alluding very freely to the devil, and at last she told her determinedly that a repetition of the obnoxious word would bring severe punishment, says "Lippincott's."

The child knew that her mother was in earnest, so she set a seal on her lips. At last she seemed to have forgotten it, but one Sunday Mrs. C., who had been too ill to go to church, asked her if she could tell what the minister preached about in his sermon.

"Oh, yes'm," she answered, "he preached about our Lord going up into the mountain and being tempted by—by—by the gentleman who keeps hell!"

INVITATION TO READERS.

The Tribune invites correspondence from its women readers, and will welcome the freest expression of opinion regarding all matters of feminine interest. Many topics are constantly being discussed in the Woman's Department which must be of vital interest to hundreds of women, and toward which they might contribute some valuable thought. Whether they approve or disapprove of what is said at the meetings, lectures and interviews reported, their opinions and their reasons for holding them would be interesting, and possibly useful to many others whom they could never reach except in the way suggested. The Tribune has therefore decided to devote a certain amount of space each Sunday to the publication of letters from women readers, and hopes that they will avail themselves of the opportunity. Communications should be as concise as possible, and must not exceed five hundred words. The shorter they are the better will be their chance of being used promptly. Names and addresses should accompany all letters, but a pseudonyme may be used for publication. Address Woman's Department, New-York Tribune.

HOW INSPECTORS WORK.

A Few Girls Sent to Ellis Island, but No "Traffic" Found as Yet.

It is learned on good authority that, although a number of young and unprotected girls have been detained and sent to Ellis Island by the different members of the new squad of women inspectors, no indication of organized illicit traffic has been found so far.

"Naturally," said some one long acquainted with the work, "the appointment of these women inspectors is widely known here and on the other side; also, that their term of office is tentative. Whatever activity there was before has, of course, ceased while they are known to be on guard. The only way, really, to put a definite stop to that sort of thing is to cut it off at the root. Instead of sending women on board the incoming vessels, after they have already reached our waters, they should be stationed on the other side to prevent any undesirable persons taking passage. It is a well known fact that the chief activity on the part of these so-called 'agents' is during the late spring and summer. The expenses after reaching this country are lower then, and the chances of ill health consequent upon change of climate less.

"The half dozen or more persons detained so far would in all probability have fallen into improper hands had this vigilant surveillance not been exercised over them, for several of them were coming over to relatives who failed to materialize for days, and were almost wholly without means. A missionary and his wife who came over recently were rejoiced to find the women inspectors on duty. They hinted that some supervision of outgoing human cargoes from this country was also necessary. Secret traffic, they said, was going on at frequent intervals between here and India.

"Brothers in arms, however, the men who have heretofore had the Barge Office as headquarters, with none to dispute their sway, are still shaking doubtful heads over the success of feminine inspection.

"It'll take them a year to get the hang of things. No, I don't mean the ropes and ladders; they take to the climbing well enough, but they are a little too much in evidence with their eyes and their questions sometimes, I think."

NAVAJO BLANKET WEAVERS AT TEACHERS COLLEGE.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Watercress is the only green salad which does not require oil in dressing it. Procure three bunches. Look them over carefully. There is very little brought to market which is entirely free from snails and other water insects, which gather in it in the ditches where it grows. Rinse it carefully, handful by handful. Pare off the heavier stalks. When it is finally clean dry it in a cloth. Lay it on the ice to become chilled, and then transfer it to a chilled salad bowl. Three bunches of properly cleaned watercress require two large saladspoonfuls of vinegar, a tablespoonful of salt and a little pepper, but no oil. It is an especially valuable breakfast salad, to serve with beefsteak, fried fish or veal cutlets. It is also excellent with croquettes of fish or meat.

Sickrooms should be ventilated even more conscientiously than the rest of the house. Many an amateur nurse forgets that the sick require pure air quite as much as the well, and so neglect to secure all the air space that is necessary or available. All draperies, hangings and stuffed pieces of furniture that are not absolutely necessary should be banished from the sickroom. To air the room without giving the patient cold, place an extra blanket or coverlet over the bed, draw the sheet up over the patient's head and face, and let a strong draught blow through the room for a few minutes. This will effectually dislodge any layers of foul air that may have collected. Continuous ventilation should be maintained both day and night by means of an open window in an adjoining room, the door between being kept open.

We heard recently of a small city boy who one day, at the age of four, appeared in his father's study clasping in his hands a forlorn looking little chicken which had strayed from a neighboring incubator.

"Willie," said his father, sternly, "take that chicken back to its mother."

"Ain't dot any mudder," answered Willie.

"Well, then, take it back to its father," said the professor, determined to maintain parental authority.

"Ain't dot any fadder," said the child; "ain't dot anythin' but an old lamp!"—(American Kitchen Magazine.

INDORSE BILL AGAINST TRAP SHOOTING.

The Forestry Department of the New-Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs has sent a circular to all the prominent clubs in the State urging them to communicate with the Game and Fisheries Committee of the Assembly on behalf of the bill proposed by Assemblyman Edgar Williams, of Orange. This bill forbids the shooting of live pigeons and other birds for sport, in the manner known as trap shooting. The measure has hitherto failed to pass. The Woman's Club of Orange and the Political Study Club, of that city, are among those which have passed resolutions in compliance with the request.

The same clubs have also indorsed the action of the Consumers' League in regard to the laws regulating child labor. The petitions to be sent to the Governor and to both houses of the State legislature embody a plea for a more effectual measure restraining children under the legal age from working, and also urge that the matter be no longer left to the discretion of of the factory inspectors. An additional clause indorses the bill providing that children under ten years of age be prohibited from selling newspapers on the streets before 7 o'clock in the morning and after 7 at night, or during school hours. Evasions of the child labor laws are very common in New-Jersey, and the movement instituted by the National Consumers' League in this direction is receiving much attention from organizations of women throughout the State.

NEW-YORK FLOWER MISSION.

In the report of the good work done by the Needlework Guild, of this city, published on March 3, one of the recipients of its benefactions, read "New-Jersey" Flower Mission, instead of "New-York." The guild never distributes garments outside of this city for any object, public or private.

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.

AFTER THE RAIN.

O wild bird, singing after the warm, sweet rain,
With fountain of tremolo gushes, wild and glad,
I turn and linger and hearken thy fairy strain,
Thou movest my soul in her mantle of twilight clad!

And she remembers dimly a spell remote,
Some life before the mist and vapor of Time,
When, as thou pourest thy heart song out of thy throat,
Her mood was a melody springing pure and sublime.

O wild bird, singing, singing after the rain,
So when the shower and veil of Time shall be past,
My soul will sing, and live as a song again,
And pour an inmost joy from her heart at last!
—(Irene Putnam.

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."

REPORT FROM ARKANSAS.

J. P. Ennis, of Locke, Crawford County, Ark., reports, with many thanks, the following generous responses to his request for reading matter to distribute among his neighbors: Mail packages, from Miss Hattie Belden, Mrs. C. H. Bill and John Krell, of Connecticut; Mrs. J. W. Surbrug, Mrs. W. S. Mays and Mrs. L. M. Halsey, of New-Jersey; Mrs. S. Bernstein and Miss M. C. Tubbs, of Pennsylvania: C. B. Pollock, Miss G. Albro, Miss Alice V. V. Tibbals and Mrs. H. E. Lowerre, of New-York State. E. M. W., of Fifth-ave., will send papers and Miss E. E. D. and her sister, of Manhattan, have forwarded one year's numbers of "Outlook," "Century" and "St. Nicholas." Mr. Ennis has been notified that a considerable quantity of reading is on its sunshine way by express and freight for him. Anything sent by express should be addressed to "Mountainburg," as Locke is only the country postoffice station. Mr. Ennis would be glad to have copies of The Tribune inclosed in his parcels of reading, which go to people too poor to subscribe for it.

BENEFIT LECTURE.

Lester Bernstein, of Lehigh University, and son of the Pennsylvania State president, T. S. S., will give an illustrated lecture on Friday evening, March 13, for the benefit of All Saints' Lutheran Church in Philadelphia. The title of the lecture will be "Nicaragua, the Land of the Proposed Canal." Mr. Bernstein will speak from personal knowledge and experience, having visited that portion of the country as a member of the United States engineer corps of the Nicaragua and Isthmian Canal Commission.

FOR WORKING WOMAN.

"A. A. A." has sent $1, "to be used for some poor working woman." This will be added to a fund which Mrs. Clarence Burns, the president of the T. S. S., is anxious to raise to buy a rubber stocking for Mrs. Ferrish, of No. 10 Branch. This poor woman has varicose veins and is hardly able to stand. She has four children and tries to help support the family by washing and cleaning, as her husband only earns $8 a week. She could work with comfort if she had this stocking, but she cannot afford to buy it.

A BOX OF SUNSHINE.

An express box filled principally with children's clothing came from Cochecton, N. Y. The contents contributed helpful cheer to several parcels sent from the office to needy families.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Miss Jennie C. Holmes has been taken away from the Memorial Hospital in New-London to Hopeworth, Bristol, R. I., and as she is unable to write letters would like her T. S. S. correspondents to know her new address. She says, "I am in a strange place, surrounded by strangers, very sick and lonely, and so tired of suffering and homelessness." Will the friends of Miss Holmes please note this change of address and send her cheering rays of sunshine. Mrs. J. C. Howell, of New-Jersey, has been asked to send the Woman's Pages asked for by Miss Holmes.

LITTLE GIRL PLEASED.

Miss Crane, of the Amity Mission, writes: "Allow me through the Sunshine column to thank all the kind friends who so generously and promptly sent sunshine into the home of dear Cassie Wright, ill with diphtheria. I wish I could tell them all how much good they have done. I would suggest that any further gifts received for her be kept at the office until after the fumigation of the house, as this reserve fund would, in a measure, replace the articles already sent, which will probably be destroyed by the Board of Health."

ANOTHER POVERTY LUNCHEON.

The success of the "poverty luncheon" given by the Elm City branch of New-Haven Conn., has inspired the Mizpah Circle branch of this city to raise some money for its philanthropic work by a similar scheme. Mrs. Bennett, the president of the circle, will give to-day the first of these unique luncheon parties, to which ten guests, each paying 50 cents, have been invited. The cost of the entire luncheon is not to exceed $1 50. It is expected that a series of these luncheons will be provided by other members. The following invitation was sent to the guests:

Will you come, dear friend, to my Poverty Lunch?
Nothing so swell, but plenty to munch;
The cause is a good one, so never you fear,
'Tis to aid the finances of charity, dear.
Our Mizpah's poor cashbox is emptying fast,
And if you don't aid, our circle can't last;
So pay fifty cents and come for a chat,
On Wednesday, the 11th, and make our box fat.

The hour will be at half past one,
And we hope to have an hour of fun.
Let me at once know, if you cannot come,
So another fair member may gladden my home.
As our number is limited only to ten,
And just for our members, without any men,
I hope you'll accept this invite I send,
And come and be merry, is the wish of your friend.

Mrs. —— ———.

Notes of the Lenten Season.

The prayer meeting of the Ladies' Christian Union held every Wednesday in the Collegiate Church chapel, Fifth-ave. and Forty-eighth-st., at 11 a. m., will be led to-day by Mrs. Margaret Bottome. Women are cordially invited.

The New-York State Household Economic Association will hold a "Lenten Talk" this afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Berkeley Lyceum, No. 19 West Forty-fourth-st. Robert Erskine Ely will speak on "Labor Problems in the Home." The presiding officer will be Mrs. D. T. S. Denison, president of the General Federation.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Harlem Dispensary is to give a concert, euchre, reception and dance on Thursday afternoon, March 19, at the Harlem Casino. Mrs. John H. MacCarthy is the president of the auxiliary. The members of the committee are Mrs. Joseph P. McGovern, chairman; Mrs. James Wood, Mrs. Walter Wagstaff, Mrs. J. Barr, Mrs. Andrew J. Shipman, Mrs. J. C. Lyon, Mrs. John Mitchell, Mrs. C. A. Marsh and Mrs. James H. Purdy.

Mrs. George Washington Wilkinson and Mrs. George Soule Newman, of No. 133 West Seventy-second-st., received yesterday afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. George Soule Newman sail to-day on the Oceanic for Europe.

At the reception of the Colonia Club, held at the home of Mrs. J. H. Van Wie, No. 654 St. Mark's-ave., Brooklyn, on Thursday afternoon, Mrs. M. J. Ludden, the president, presided. Russian music and art were the subjects treated, and Mrs. W. C. P. Rhoades had an interesting paper upon "Verestchagin and the Russian School of Painting." Mrs. W. G. Brower read an instructive paper on "Scripture, Gems and Bronzes," and said that owing to the severity of the climate marble was but little used, and sculptors wrought out their thoughts in wood and granite. Lieburich was the only Russian sculptor represented at the World's Fair. Mrs. R. W. Middleton's paper dealt with "Architecture and Art." August Arnold played selections from Russian composers. Miss Catharine Hooper, of Boston, gave two character sketches, "A Dress Suit Case" and "At the Telephone." Upon invitation of the hostess the members and guests remained for a social half hour, when refreshments were served.

Mrs. William Gerry Slade, who is the founder and organizer of the National Society of New-England Women, will be at home to the society on Wednesday afternoon, March 18, from 3 until 6, at No. 232 West Eighty-seventh-st.

The West End Woman's Republican Association will hold a regular social on Thursday, beginning at 3 p. m., at No. 2,307 Broadway (between Eighty-third and Eighty-fourth sts.). The guests of honor will be Mrs. Charlotte Wilbour, president of Sorosis; Mrs. William Gerry Slade, Mrs. Frank Louis Nugent and Dr. William R. Ritterson, of the Tenement House Department, who will speak on the Tenement House laws.

Miss Melva Beatrice Wilson is in the city to execute her commission in sculpture for the St. Louis fair.

A series of lectures will be given during Lent at the homes of members of the Manhattanville Alumnæ Association under the auspices of that body. The first took place last Thursday morning in the apartments of Mrs. William J. Fanning at the Sinclair House. The subject of this lecture was "Shrines and Cloisters of Southern Europe," and it was delivered by the Rev. John Walsh, of Troy, N. Y. Next Thursday the second one will be given by the Rt. Rev. James F. Loughlin, of Philadelphia, at the home of Mrs. J. F. Kaughran, No. 120 West Seventy-ninth-st.

Mrs. George W. Post's home, No. 234 West Eighty-seventh-st., will be the scene of the third lecture, Thursday, March 19, which will be given by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, of Philadelphia. The Rev. J. H. McMahon, of this city, will deliver the fourth lecture, at No. 34 East Forty-fifth-st., the home of Miss O'Leary.

A meeting of the Universalist Women's Alliance of the Metropolitan District will be held at the Church of the Reconciliation, North Henry-st., near Nassau-ave., Brooklyn, on Friday, March 13, at 11 a. m. Mrs. F. A. Bradford will read the report of the religious news committee, after which the subject of this meeting's consideration, "The Meaning of True Christianity," will be treated by Mrs. J. J. Schoonmaker, who will speak on "The Essentials of the Christian Faith," and Mrs. Frederick Terhune, who will speak on "The Practical Outgrowth of Christian Faith." The soloist will be Miss Marie Lancaster. This meeting will be called to order promptly at 11 a. m., and all are requested to be present at that hour. Each woman will provide herself with luncheon. Tea and coffee will be served. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Madness of Abednego.

BY HARRY DAVIES.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

Abednego Malpas was what people always described as a "nice little man," but for fully six months of his life he lost all sense of judgment and modesty, and became so puffed up with his own importance that he grew to be a veritable thorn in the flesh of James Tibbs, the "leader" of the singing, and all of the members of the choir as well. So thoroughly did he try their patience, in fact, that they got to dislike the very sight of his bald little head.

It arose in this way: Abednego had had the misfortune to learn a few things concerning harmony and counterpoint from an old book which he had picked up among the belongings of his uncle, when that worthy old man had departed this life. Abednego's uncle had been quite a musician in his day, and a "reg'lar stunner" of a player on the bass viol. What Abednego's uncle did not know about music, according to all evidence, was not worth knowing; but Abednego was by no means so gifted, and consequently thought a great deal more of himself. Having read a few facts in the book aforementioned, in a superficial kind of way, he thought he knew everything about music, and he took it into his head that he was a composer—to the great discomfort, worry and perplexity of James Tibbs and the choir for a space of fully six months.

Abednego being a singer (his voice was bass, and he let it out in gusts, with his chin dug into his chest), the marvel is that his ear did not undeceive him as to his musical productions, and I can only surmise that pride and conceit dulled his sense of hearing in the same way as they so often blind the understanding.

Abednego was a bachelor, and lived with his brother-in-law and sister in a little cottage which stood amid a clustering wealth of roses and laburnums off the lane hard by the chapel. Lemuel Webb, Abednego's brother-in-law, was a slow, stolid, steady-going man, who did his work well, and supported his family comfortably, and took his rest with a hearty sense of comfort of an evening, and went to chapel o' Sundays, and did not trouble himself much about intellectual accomplishments or the vexed problems of life. Lemuel thought the world of his wife and her judgment, and she in turn worshipped her brother Abednego; and, consequently, Lemuel, accepting her doctrine in all things, took it into his head that Abednego was one of the cleverest men in the countryside, and second only to the minister in point of ability. Whatever Abednego did was right and wonderful and clever in the eyes of his sister, and good-hearted Lemuel, in simple faith and loyalty to his wife's opinion, regarded her brother with a great awe and admiration. It may have been this home worship and applause that so turned Abednego's head.

There was a little room at the back of the cottage that looked out straight upon the old-fashioned garden, and upon the cornfield that lay beyond. It was called in capitals "The Room," as becomes the importance of the chief apartment of the house, and was marked by that cold primness and that spick and span, comfortless exactitude of arrangement which was the pride and ambition of every housekeeper in the neighborhood in reference to her "room." Abednego liked to sit here in his shirtsleeves after the day's work was done and compose his music or play with laborious slowness on the reedy harmonium. As for Lemuel, save on the rarest occasions, he was never allowed to put his nose inside the room—this to his unbounded satisfaction, for he heartily preferred the great armchair by the kitchen fire.

After Abednego began to feel the divine afflatus stirring within him, and took to composing scraps of music, his sister, full of admiration as usual, would shut the door of "The Room," and go about the house on tiptoe, and hold up her finger when Lemuel spoke in his deep-chested voice, and say: "Sh-sh! Abednego's a-composin'."

And meanwhile Abednego, nursing himself with pride and satisfaction at the idea of "composin' a toon" out of his own head, sat at the table with a book of harmony and counterpoint on one side of him, and a penny ink bottle on the other, and a big sheet of paper spread out before him. Taking the thin penholder between his thick fingers he had, as a preliminary, ruled several staves across the paper with the aid of the edge of a bookcover. Regarded as lines, they were incoherent, for Abednego's hand was heavy and the ink was shallow, and the supply ran out of the pen several times before it had made its journey across the paper. But they served Abednego's ardent purpose well enough, and here he sat at the table, with the paper spread out before him, occasionally making strange hieroglyphics among the staves, occasionally turning over the leaves of the book on harmony, occasionally going to the harmonium and laboriously finding out the chords which he had written down, occasionally "pom-pomming" the air to himself with a complacent and self-satisfied look on his face. Like so many people to whom writing is an arduous task, Abednego always hovered waveringly over the paper with his pen before he finally summoned resolution to make the crucial stroke. Hence his progress was slow, and his notes, when made, were fantastic—mere shapeless dots of black, with trembling stems going off in different directions. When the four parts were scored, and the bars were marked, and the rests put in, the sheet presented in the distance the appearance of an Oriental scroll. Looked at closely, it was a still more bewildering production. The air seemed to be in constant doubt as to whether its place was on the staves or between them, and in parts where Abednego had made a thicker blob than usual it ran over both, so that it was impossible to tell whether the note was C or D. The alto was a wavering and irresolute kind of lieutenant, now making a bold bid for the A with a big emphatic dot, now hastily changing its mind and sounding a timid and attenuated F where Abednego had interlined the change with faint stroke. The bass made reckless leaps upward and downward of octaves at a time, or even more, just like a switchback railway. Abednego's chief idea of writing bass was either "jumping octaves," as he called it, or continuing on the same note for several bars at a time. The sharps and flats and naturals were so alike that it was impossible to tell one from the other. But the sheet of paper gave Abednego unspeakable pleasure and pride, and he held it at arm's length when it was done, and walked to and fro, "pom-pomming" with his chin in his chest, and then sat at the harmonium and spent fully half an hour of rapt delight, trying to make out his chords, and playing them over and over again when he had spelt them note by note.

"That's beautiful, that is!" said Abednego. And then he opened the door of the room, and called out proudly to his sister and Lemuel to listen; and, going to the harmonium, he spelt each chord through again for their special behoof. Hannah, with a flush of pride on her face, said it was grand.

"However do you do it, Abednego?" she asked admiringly, as her brother, the precious paper in his hand, came out of the room with an important air.

"Ay, however do you do it?" asked Lemuel, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking at Abednego with undisguised awe.

"These things is nat'ral," said Abednego, somewhat distantly, as becomes a man of genius when the crowd applauds. "You can't say how you does it or how it comes. It's born in a man like!"

"Ah, think of that now!" exclaimed Lemuel, still holding his pipe in his hand and looking at Abednego with wide open mouth.

"You'll astonish 'em all when they hears that," said Hannah, proudly.

"Ay, you'll astonish 'em fair," said the good-humored Lemuel, shaking his head with firm conviction as he put his pipe in his mouth again and blew great clouds of smoke up the broad chimney. "You'll make 'em sit up, Abednego!"

The weekly singing practice of the choir was held with open doors in summer time, and the vocalists could see the long vista of quiet landscape stretching away to the darkening hills of the west as they sat together, with James Tibbs standing up before them, beating time.

Pleasant was it to saunter amid the waving grass of the burial ground and look upon the quiet scene, while the voices of the singers, as they practised the hymns for the following Sunday, floated out in old fashioned rustic harmony—

Sweet is the day of sacred rest!
No mortal care shall seize my breast.
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

"That verse again," said James Tibbs. "Just a leetle bit softer on the words 'Oh, may my heart in tune be found.' You see, the idea of the verse is as it's very sweet to have a day of sacred rest, an' then it goes on to another idea—as he wants his heart to be quiet and peaceful, like the day—in tune, d'ye see? Let us sing the lines as if we felt 'em, and then we shall be sure to do 'em well. Begin soft on 'Sweet is the day.' Then get softer on 'No mortal care.' Then very soft on 'Oh, may my heart.' Now, that verse again."

Thus, with loving care and the keenest personal enjoyment, James used to take the choir through every verse of the hymns chosen for the following Sunday, pointing out to them the spirit of the words, and ever adjuring them to "sing as though they felt 'em." It was entirely due to his devotion that the little chapel had a reputation throughout the country for the excellence of its music. With the minister's daughter at the small pipe organ, and the choir in full force, and the congregation joining heartily in the hymn, there rolled forth upon the countryside such a volume of sweet, well-attuned melody as often made James's face glow with honest pride.

It was after a Wednesday evening practice in the summer time that Abednego went up to James Tibbs, and with swelling chest produced his composition.

"I've got a little thing here as I've knocked off myself," he said, with studied indifference. "Just knocked it off when I was a-sittin in the room there, the other day. What do you think of it?"

"What! Your own composin', Abednego?" exclaimed James with genuine pleasure, as he took the sheet of paper in his hand. He was a kind-hearted man, and had not the slightest spark of jealousy or exclusiveness about him.

His face had just a shade of blankness about it as he studied the score, but he kept on talking quite pleasantly in his genial way. "Oh, you've took a hymn tune, I see. 'In the dark and cloudy day.' Splendid words, them, for treatin' with expression. You've done it in three flats, too. Good key for soft, feeling music. I had no idea as you had a—a—gift this way, Abednego. I'm very pleased to find as you've got the taste for it. We must try it over, a few of us, some evenin' after practice."

Abednego went home in such an ecstasy of pride and gratification that he seemed to be walking on air. He pictured them all sitting in a group, after the next practice was over, singing his music—his very own music out of his very own head! It sounded grand played chord by chord on the harmonium. What would it sound, then, when sung straight off, with James Tibbs taking the tenor and Israel Hobbs, their best bass singer, thundering out that marvellous bass that went up and down an octave at a time! And his very own music—his, Abednego Malpas's—written down by his very own hand! His bosom swelled within him, and he carried himself, if not exactly with a strut (for the time was yet to come when he strutted), yet with the jaunty air of a man who is doing great things in life.

"Going to sing Abednego's toon?" exclaimed Lemuel, when Hannah told him. "You don't say so! There, what d'you think o' that, now? We'll go and 'ear that, Hannah! We must 'ear 'em a-singin' Abednego's toon, eh?" And Lemuel's face shone with genuine gratification.

By the next Wednesday evening Abednego had four copies of his music written out, and he sat through the practice with the precious roll in his breast pocket, his heart thumping against his ribs in the pleasure and excitement of proud anticipation. His head swam with the intoxication of coming fame, and he found himself holding his tune book upside down and singing mechanically from memory. When he saw Lemuel and Hannah steal in at the open door toward the end of the practice and enter the nearest pew his heart gave a great bound. His moment of triumph was near at hand. He drew himself up, and, laying his hand upon the roll of music, prepared himself for distinction as James Tibbs gave out the customary notices and closed the practice with prayer.

(To be continued.)

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