NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

BLOUSES AND COFFEE COATS.

NEW-ENGLAND WOMEN.

Their Place in the Twentieth Century—Last Luncheon.

The praises of New-England women were sounded in no measured terms yesterday afternoon by the guests of the National Society of New-England Women at its closing luncheon at Delmonico's. She was considered from all points of view—as homemaker, teacher, student and club woman—and at all points she was declared to be pre-eminent.

Dr. J. Minot Savage, who is himself a New-Englander, paid a high tribute to the character of the New-England women he had known most intimately, and said that on their account he was unable to approach the subject of woman without a favorable prejudice.

Dr. Savage had been asked to discuss "The Mission of the New-England Woman in Modern Society," but he said he always felt suspicious of people with missions. A woman could accomplish more by being simply a noble woman than by having a mission, and if she were wanted for any mission the mission would hunt her up. Dr. Savage nevertheless suggested a mission that the New-England woman might take up, namely, the relief of the women and children laboring in the sweatshops of New-York City.

Dr. Savage expressed regret that he could not trace his ancestry back to the Mayflower, and said he would be prouder of that than of royal descent. He also congratulated the women on knowing the difference between a Pilgrim and a Puritan, a thing which, so far as his experience went, most New-England men did not know.

Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College, had something to say about the intellectual attainments of the New-England women of the past, and extracted some astonishing facts from an old curriculum of Mount Holyoke, which she exhibited before the audience. According to this document, our grandmothers were expected to read books like Butler's "Analogy" and "Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers." Their studies embraced natural philosophy, political economy, the evidences of Christianity, algebra, geometry, ancient history and geography and other dreadful things.

"They were not so far behind us as we suppose," said Miss Woolley, "and as they had time to think and learn things for themselves, they perhaps had more true culture."

Mrs. Doré Lyon read an original poem on "The New-England Woman in the Club." The composition was a parody of "Paul Revere's Ride," and represented the New-England woman as outstripping all others.

Mrs. Dow brought greetings from the State Federation, and said she was much prouder of her New-England ancestors than of any others. Mrs. Charles Whittlesey Pickett discussed "The Modern Woman and Her Grandmother," and said that if the modern woman was less domestic than her grandmother it was rather the fault of changing conditions than her own. Mrs. Linda Hall Larned, president of the National Household Economic Association, spoke of "The New-England Woman as a Housekeeper."

The newly organized glee club gave a couple of glees under the direction of Miss Sallie Frothingham Akers, and there were songs by Mrs. Akers and Mrs. Antonio Sawyer.

The arrangements for the luncheon were in charge of Mrs. Charles Frederick Naething, who received many congratulations on their success. The tables were decorated with pink roses and spirea and lighted with pink shaded candelabra, and the front of the officers' table was a mass of foliage. The whole room was also elaborately decorated with greenery, and behind the officers' table was the red and white banner of the society.

Among those present were Miss Florence Rand, president of the Montclair branch of the National Society of New-England Women; Mrs. John Francis Barry, Mrs. J. Woolsey Shepard, the retiring president; Mrs. Charlotte E. Wilbons, president of Sorosis; the Rev. Phebe Hanaford, Mrs. Minot J. Savage, Mrs. Malcolm McLean, Mrs. Clark Sumner, Mrs. Joseph Bedle, Miss Florence Guernsey, Miss Conrad, Miss Frank Barker, Mrs. George W. Tew, Mrs. Thomas A. McIntyre, jr., Mrs. Anna Knox McIntyre and Mrs. A. M. Palmer.

HANDSOME MODELS REDUCED.

Rare imported gowns at one-half of former prices are now offered by S. Kneitel, ladies' tailor, No. 1 East Thirtieth-st., in sizes 36, 38 and 40. The gowns are described as exquisite models from the hands of distinguished Paris artists, the latest designs of the season, each possessing an individual style and charm. This week orders will be taken by Mr. Kneitel for tailor-made costumes to order, and he will personally attend to all fittings. These gowns, of the latest imported materials, richly silk lined throughout, are now offered for about two-thirds the regular price.

EXHIBIT OF PUPILS' WORK.

The industrial schools under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society will give an exhibition of pupils' work in the assembly hall of the United Charities Building, Twenty-second-st. and Fourth-ave., beginning to-morrow. From 9:30 till 5:30 o'clock during Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week the hall will be filled with the bent iron, bead and clay work, the sewing, whittling, etc., of kindergarten and primary grades and the classes for crippled and deformed children. There will also be an exhibit of the manual training work of the boys in the truant and evening classes.

Weddings and Other Social News.

Miss Ella Willard Wilson and Paul Comstock, of Richmond, Ind., will be married to-day at the home of the bride's parents, No. 37 West Eighty-sixth-st. Miss Marie Wilson, a sister of the bride, will be maid of honor, and will wear a gown of point appliqué lace. The bride will wear white chiffon and point Venise. T. Reid Fell, a brother-in-law of the bride, is to be best man, and Dr. Philip Bissell and Sterling Sherman Beardsley, the ushers. The Rev. Anthony Evans will perform the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Comstock will reside in Richmond, Ind.

STEINHARDT—NEWBURGER.

A pretty wedding which took place at Sherry's last night was that of Miss Sadie Newburger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Newburger, and Alexander L. Steinhardt. The bride was attended by Miss Hattie Newburger, Miss Lillie Steinhardt and Miss Josephine Lehman, and she wore a gown of ivory white satin crêpe de chine, with trimmings of duchesse lace. Frederick Steinhardt acted as best man, and the ushers were Eli Newburger, Max Emanuel, Joseph A. Strasser and Ludwig C. Heller. After an extended trip through the West the young couple will reside at the Heuri, No. 246 West One-hundred-and-twenty-eighth-st.

ST. MALACHY'S BAZAAR.

To-day a large and attractive bazaar will open at the Grand Central Palace for the benefit of St. Malachy's Chapel. Many rare and beautiful gifts have been contributed, among which is a handsome table screen of white and gold satin sent by Mrs. Roosevelt. Among the other donors are President Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt, Miss Blanche Walsh and Miss Marie Cahill. Special features and attractions for children have been arranged from 4 until 6 o'clock in the afternoons.

WARNER—WHITMAN.

The wedding of Miss Mary Barbour Whitman, a daughter of Mrs. Arthur Train Whitman, of Groton, Conn., and Lucien Thompson Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn., will be celebrated at 5 o'clock this evening in the First Congregational Church, in Groton, Conn. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Frederick S. Hyde, and the church will be decorated with palms and laurel.

FLYNN—KINGSLEY.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Laura V. Kingsley, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Kingsley, to John J. Flynn, of No. 217 West One-hundred-and-fourth-st. The wedding is to take place some time in June.

PARKE—PHYFE.

More than three thousand invitations were issued for the wedding of Miss Julia Floyd Phyfe, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James William Phyfe, of No. 246 West Seventy-third-st., and Norman H. Parke, of Scranton, Penn., which took place last evening in the West End Collegiate Church. The Rev. Dr. Parke, of Pittston, Penn., grandfather of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Henry Evertson Cobb, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Jessie Phyfe, who acted as maid of honor, and M. Grier Parke, a brother of the groom, was best man.

The last meeting of the Manhattan Whist Club, organized by Mrs. E. M. Hoagland, of No. 60 West Seventy-sixth-st., was held at Mrs. Hoagland's home on Monday evening.

PAQUIN
39, DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, W. LONDON, AND PARIS.

AMERICAN LADIES VISITING LONDON

Are invited to view our Original Designs, and Special "PAQUIN" Corset, Each produced simultaneously at the London and Paris Salons.
Newly created Gowns, Jackets, Blouses, Tailor-built Garments, Millinery, and Lingerie always on view.
Court and Evening Dresses.
—SEASON 1903—

GRAFTON FUR Co., Ld.
164, New Bond St., London.
Choicest selection of FURS and smartest styles in LONDON.

A MOTHER GOOSE PARTY.

Pro-Cathedral Tots Interpret Bo Peep and Other Classic Characters.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.

At the Pro-Cathedral last night, where they gave a Mother Goose party, Tom was a weirdly named little German boy in a giddy costume, and the pig was a pillow, pinned into a realistic counterfeit presentment and covered in gray silesia, after the manner of all good pigs, with a curlicue of a tail and two black buttons for eyes and a candle shade for a snout. And, oh, a lovely snout it made! Not only Tom, but Little Bo Peep, Little Red Riding Hood, Miss Muffett, Mistress Mary, Tommy Tucker and Jack and Jill were there, and they gave the old nursery rhymes with a vigor and a picturesqueness that were invigorating.

Miss Muffett had her spider, of course, a virulent looking fellow, with creepy legs and malevolent yellow eyes. As for Little Boy Blue, who in private is Sebastian Heid, he wore a jaunty Alpine hat, with one irresistible ostrich feather foaming over one ear, and he slept in the corn so sleepily and blew his horn so convincingly you felt you had never before appreciated the role.

The Young Man who lived by himself, but afterward reformed and repented, and bought himself a wife in London, brought her back in a wheelbarrow—a real wheelbarrow—borrowed from a grocer or a livery stable or a butter-and-eggs man, and the little wife wore a black coal scuttle with red roses and a white muslin veil. Herman Billingheimer and Amelia Ebbitsch were probably not the names of the original young man and his wife, but they served admirably last night.

Of course there was a chorus. You cannot give a Greek play without a chorus. Last night all the little girls who did not take Thespian part in the performance formed the chorus, and wore fancy dresses, with great flower hats on their heads, and stood behind a stone wall, with vines and flowers creeping over it. Their feet were invisible, but the crop of sunflowers, poppies, Dolly Varden sunbonnets, roses and other attractive headgear amply made up for it. The chorus worked early and often. When Carrie Finkernagel, for instance, as Mistress Mary, was about to walk up and down between her silver bells and cockleshells and pretty maids all in a row, the chorus piped up very softly, so as to let the audience—the large audience—know what to expect. Then when Mary actually began her promenade they sang it again, but up good and loud, this time. And so on.

The ballad of Mary Jane followed, read by the Rev. Phillip M. Kerridge, the vicar, and illustrated by a series of clever shadow pictures. And there were solos and recitations, and the "kindergarten twins" (Kuzleman is their name) gave an illustrated song, and even the kindergarten doll figured in a song. This kindergarten doll is an important personage in the Pro-Cathedral kindergarten. A friend of the kindergarten living in Orange, N. J., presented it, with the idea that dressing and undressing it would teach the children correct principles of dress, the use of a nightgown, etc. And it has. There is not a girl in that kindergarten who does not know "Miss Abby Jane's doll's" wardrobe by heart, even down to the brown corduroy coat lined with pink silk and a pink straw hat to match, or who does not take a personal and vivid joy in the openwork stockings and truly embroidered flannel petticoat, too.

A nightgown drill, in which six little tots in nightgowns, carrying lighted candles, sang a pretty song and vanished one by one to bed, closed the entertainment, which was given for the candidates for the Girls' Friendly Society. About fifty children—all "candidates" with the exception of five or six boys—took part. Mrs. Kerridge was responsible for the shadow pictures, and Miss Mary E. Purdue and Miss Irene Bates for the rest of the programme.

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.

Treasure the shadow. Somewhere, firmly based,
Arise those turrets that in cloudland shine;
Somewhere, to thirsty toilers of the waste,
Yon phantom well-spring is a living sign.

Treasure the shadow. Somewhere, past thy sight,
Past all men's sight, waits the true heaven at last;
Tell them whose fear would put thy hope to flight,
There are no shadows save from substance cast.
—(Edith M. Thomas.

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."

A SUNSHINE PARTY.

The Arlington (N. J.) junior band of the T. S. S., Mrs. Belle V. Dutcher, president, will give a Mother Goose party on the evenings of May 1 and 2. There will be no doubt of the success of this entertainment, as the members of this branch are indefatigable workers, and never fail to accomplish good results in whatever they undertake. The money raised will be given for the summer Sunshine work. The liberal contribution from this branch last year enabled the office to send out several trolley parties of poor children for a day's outing.

The Coreopsis Club, of New-Haven, Conn., has sent $1 as annual dues to the T. S. S.

EXCHANGE OF CHEER.

Mrs. A. C. Marsh, of Bayonne, N. J., acknowledges the receipt of cacti bulbs and Spanish moss from J. H. Bryce, president of the Geneva (Fla.) branch, for which she expresses her cordial thanks. Some of these bulbs were "passed on" to "shut ins" in Massachusetts and Brooklyn. In return Mrs. Marsh sent birch bark napkin rings and needle-books to Mr. Bryce for distribution among his members. This will serve as her initiation fee to the T. S. S.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT.

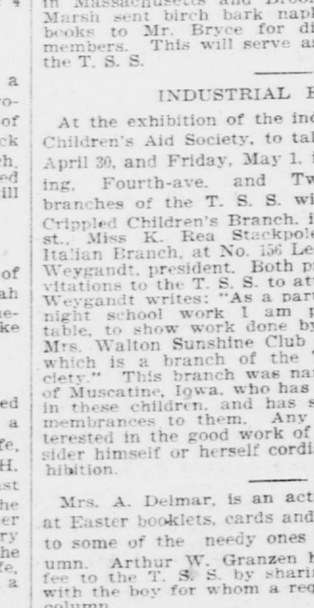
At the exhibition of the industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society, to take place on Thursday, April 30, and Friday, May 1, in the Charities Building, Fourth-ave. and Twenty-second-st., two branches of the T. S. S. will be represented—the Crippled Children's Branch, in East Eighty-eighth-st., Miss K. Rea Stackpole, president, and the Italian Branch, at No. 156 Leonard-st., Mrs. Louisa Weygandt, president. Both presidents have sent invitations to the T. S. S. to attend the exhibit. Mrs. Weygandt writes: "As a part of the exhibit of my night school work I am preparing a Sunshine table, to show work done by the members of the Mrs. Walton Sunshine Club of the Italian school, which is a branch of the Tribune Sunshine Society." This branch was named for Mrs. Walton, of Muscatine, Iowa, who has taken a great interest in these children, and has sent many helpful remembrances to them. Any Sunshine member interested in the good work of this society may consider himself or herself cordially invited to the exhibition.

Mrs. A. Delmar, is an active member who sent at Easter booklets, cards and small sums of money to some of the needy ones mentioned in the column. Arthur W. Granzen has paid his initiation fee to the T. S. S. by sharing his foreign stamps with the boy for whom a request was made in the column.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Woman's Blouse Jacket, No. 4,392, for 10 Cents.

Blouse jackets are among the notable features of the season's styles and are much liked both for general wraps and jacket suits. The smart model illustrated is adapted to both purposes and to all the season's suitings, to etamine, to cloth and to silk, but in the original is made of tan colored canvas, with trimming of fancy braid, and makes part of a costume.



NO. 4,392—WOMAN'S BLOUSE JACKET.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six yards 21 inches wide, three yards 44 inches wide, or two and three-quarters yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 4,392, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and bust measure 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.

Concerning Two.

Her years were few, and her charms many—facts that, by the time the entrées were reached, dawned on her neighbor and caused his mental man to put off its lassitude.

"My mood," he confessed then, leaning back in his chair and deciding that gray eyes were after his own heart, "is a very enviable one. The burden of an annoyance has been rolled from my mind, and so I am at peace with all men."

"I hadn't thought of hunger as an annoyance before," mused she, accepting the conversational olive branch he held out to her with graciousness. "But that the annoyance must have been hunger, I am sure."

He shook his head, laughing. "And why?"

"I have brothers. When they are hungry, they are always cross or taciturn."

"It was so bad as that?"

"Quite."

"Yet for all your discernment, you will have to lay these sins of commission at another door. One can't always recover one's temper at a moment's notice."

She propped her chin in one palm. "Tell me about it," she said, confidingly.

Her glance quickened the magnetic currents of friendliness circulating in his veins, and he sent a fleet look of amused analysis round the groups at their side, pending obedience to her command.

"No one will hear," she asserted. "These little tables—so delightful, so aloof! Lady Pro-Dighton always does things nicely."

"She does," acquiesced he, with his mind on Lady Pro-Dighton's chef.

"Very well. Begin!"

"Because you are you, I will. And if you will forgive an old exile for speaking his mind, let me tell you in passing that I have been just now busy in building up the grown-up Miss Lancaster out of remembered bits of the playmate Maud. You aren't half as much like Dick as you used to be; your hair was red, I am sure; now it is brown; and your chin—oh, your chin isn't half as friendly looking as it used to be when we played at Heron's Moat together. Yes; you are very changed."

For a brief second her glance widened, her lips moved with embryo confidences, then her purpose changed, and, marshalling her features to dimpled decorum. "Ten years and the arts of the toilet," she pondered, "are great transformers," and added abruptly, "I do want the annoyance—the story of the annoyance."

He refused ice pudding to comply with her request, and she rewarded him by undivided attention.

"Well, you know," he said, "that 'the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley.' Lady Pro-Dighton's dinner of welcome to me has been no exception. People died who ought to have kept alive, and other people coquetted with influenza who ought to have maintained undivided allegiance to the most popular hostess of her day. She is only my second cousin, so I may praise her."

"Ah!" commented the girl with the gray eyes. "And then general post set in among the couples at the last minute, I suppose, and you"——

"No; the unlucky number asserted itself. Lady Pro-Dighton is superstitious. She sent me out at day dawn to rectify it. And as soon as we had converted thirteen into fourteen a dear and thoughtless bishop undid my gallant work by developing pneumonia with no consideration at all of to-night's banquet. So I secured his curate. And after I had tramped to the curate's"——

"Such a wet day, too, and such shocking lanes, ours!" murmured she, with adorable commiseration in her glance.

"Mrs. Colquhoun took it into her head to fancy an only child's illness sufficient excuse to upset a dinner table."

The gray eyes smiled. "And you were still thirteen?"

"Still. And my temper, unaccustomed to the tyranny of Old World superstitions, growing hourly dangerous."

"Poor Lady Pro-Dighton!"

"Rather, poor me!" he contradicted, bristling.

She pursed her mouth, laughing, and repeated, "Poor Lady Pro-Dighton! A man as cross as a bear for company, a wet day, and a prospectively spoiled dinner party! What did you do?"

"Fell back on a convenient cousin, a sort of stop gap, a girl at the Vicarage here whom I used to quarrel with twelve years ago, and who—Mrs. Colquhoun playing me false for the sake of her infant—fell to my lot as partner to be."

"A cousin! How nice and homely," she mused.

"Nice! Homely! It would have been neither, my dear Miss Lancaster, had that course of events run to its final issue. She was a dreadful little prig when we had our fights a lifetime ago. Her energy was always originating escapades that my weakly boyhood staggered at (you remember that I emigrated for my health), and, moreover, she is called Dorinda. My special antipathy is modern girls with Old World names."

"Why?" asked she, leaning her curious little face nearer to him across the roses.

"They are anachronisms. Besides, the prettier the name" ("It is pretty," she interrupted, softly), "the duller the owner—at least, that has mostly been my experience. I had a great-aunt Angela once. My boyish loves (I was an imaginative sort of youngster, I fancy) revolved around her unseen presence. I pictured her in white samite with forehead garlanded. At twelve I met her, and she wore a black front and a papery silk that set my teeth on edge when she walked."

"Fastidiousness—thy name is man!"

Her laughter was delightful, infectious, too; and he gave himself up to its spell, determining that his pleasure in Maud matured was of a keener sort than in Maud adolescent. He had not seen such possibilities in her—kind, good humored, sunny she had been then, with a genius for measuring her powers by his limitations, but sparkling, beautiful, blithe.

"Aunt Angela may have been the exception," she resumed, nibbling salted almonds daintily.

"No, there was Cousin Diana. 'No huntress born, of goddesslike deport' is she, but the smallest, most contradictory person I have ever met, who corrects the details in your pet story, and knows all the dates in history and other people's lives."

"How wonderful!"

"You think so?"

"It seemed so to me. But about Dorinda. We have decided she has a nice name, and so must be nasty. Now we get on to the escape."

"From her?"

"Yes."

"Oh, a series of muddles insured it. Colonel Pro-Dighton had been out all day; imagined we were still thirteen; and, knowing the elastic qualities of Lady Pro-Dighton as hostess and her double dyed superstitions, pressed a trio into the service as he came home. The upset was pretty bad—introductions at the last minute, and Lady Pro a model of afflicted grace. It gave me, poor spirited bachelor as I am, the feeling that I would like to be back in that narrow den of mine in Burmah, where dinners are not and wives enter not in; but in the end," he pointed his remark by a glance of some effectiveness, "it was all right—quite right."

A delicious, if fleeting, glance from beneath dark eyelashes rewarded him; a little sigh stole to his ear.

His interest in her passed from the abstract to the personal. Really her smile was a revelation.

They were silent a moment, he expending some care on the stripping of a banana.

"I don't think your reasons at all adequate," she reflected, presently. "She always seems to me quite—harmless, and not at all bad when you come to know her."

"I didn't give you particulars enough," he averred, with laughter. "Our family enjoys a pleasing notoriety for pride that, in the Wylde branch (perhaps because it is so poor), develops into a passion. The very raison d'être of Dorinda being here to-night would have put up her prickles—at least, I imagined it would, I being of all people in the world the one most likely to provoke the porcupine in her. She wouldn't see me to-day when I carried the invitation to the vicarage."

"What unfriendliness!"

"Cousins," he resumed, "are a dubious possession, neither 'fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.' They have none of the useful properties of a sister, and few of the requisite charms of a sweetheart. How Dorinda used to blaze up at twelve!"

"I always think her so patient," smiled his neighbor to her finger bowl.

"With you—I am sure of it," he returned, his eyes again expressing much.

"And even if she is poor and touchy—well, I don't think it quite nice of you to harbor malice after twenty years."

"Twelve, you mean."

"Yet"—her glance was full of expansive sympathy—"I am afraid I feel for you about the poor relations. Mine are all porcupine-ish. Lamb—or some nice, old fashioned gentleman (was it Shakespeare or perhaps Wordsworth?)—said a lot of true and funny things about them, didn't he? But I am no good at quoting. Are you?"

From the circumstances of his life he had been a great reader; his companion knew it. He smiled musingly. "It was Lamb—dear Charles Lamb who said them, among the thousand and one true and delightful things he spoke. He called a poor relation, the fly in your ointment, a death's head at your banquet"——

"She doesn't look like that," interrupted the girl with the gray eyes.

"She? Who?"

"Why, Cousin Dorinda, of course. So plump, so sound, so cheerful. Look at her now. You said the curate took her in. There he is, two tables away behind the big woman who looks like John Gilpin's wife, with the frugal mind exercised on her frock. I expect they are talking blankets and coal clubs. Hasn't she a nice, companionable smile? People really ought to be more like their similes. A death's head at your banquet, indeed! Tell me more. The unlikeness amuses me."

He craned his neck a moment, trying to see further than the big woman with the inadequate frock; but the curate's back—a broad one—filled the gap.

"Cousin Dorinda was invisible save for a few inches of white throat and a pink wave of her gown.

He returned to his walnuts.

"Some more contrast, please!" she commanded.

"I can't enjoy it."

"Never mind, I can. And after dinner, when we are wondering how long in the world the men mean to dawdle over their wine, Dorinda and I will get in a corner cosily and have some fun in rehearsing old Mr. Lamb, instead of yawning over servants and babies."

The cajolery of her voice was irresistible; he obeyed her.

"Promise to repeat them all to Dorinda and you shall have as full a list as memory is capable of." He pushed a little heap of blanched nuts to her and quoted: "They are the one thing not needful"——

"She was to-night."

"A bot on your escutcheon, a mote in your eye, a Mordecai at your gate, a Lazarus at your door, Agathocles's pot. There won't that list suffice you to laugh over till we come?"

She crumpled up her mouth thoughtfully. "I fancy it will. Dorinda will want to know if Mordecai is Biblical or mythological; and when we have settled the question of Lazarus we shall have a titbit to worry over in the shape of Agathocles. Agathocles! What a long word! Yes; he will take us a good ten minutes. We shall run to an encyclopædia and find it dusty; and then there will be a commotion over a smudge on Dorinda's pink frock, because, you see, she can't afford many, and it is such a nice one. (She always dresses so prettily, I think). And, just as half a score of women have scolded us for burrowing into dull, dusty books, and are advising ammonia—'No, no, my dear Dorinda! A delicate silk like that, and you suggest ammonia! Much better use benzine.' 'Benzine! Dust doesn't want benzine'—and every one is growing argumentative, then the door will open and you will all come in. Dorinda must be your goal, for auld lang syne; and you must pretend you know nothing about the similes, and tell her how unfriendly of her it was not to have come down to see you this afternoon after twenty years"——

"Twelve."

"——And by the time you have begun to be a little bit quarrelsome and contradictory, I shall hop away to my curate. You don't know enough of Illchester gossip yet, I suppose, to have heard that I am put down to Mr. Morse, and that all the parish approves?"

"He oughtn't to look so engrossed with Miss Wylde. Now and then I catch a bit of his profile, and it looks deeply absorbed." Her audacity and mirth entertained him; he experienced a positive pang of disappointment when a breeze swept over feminine flower-land, and engulfed his companion in its course.

She was gone without a word.

He went to find her as soon as Colonel Pro-Dighton's move sanctioned it, quite forgetful of cousins and the claims of auld lang syne.

She was standing talking to her hostess with the audacity a little in abeyance.

"Ah, John!" said Lady Pro-Dighton, absorbing him into their tête-à-tête. "Things seem to have settled a little since our last interview, don't they? Was I cross at the upset? Well, well, I am growing old. And so long as you didn't give me away to Dorinda, I will forgive you. Dorinda, was he very rude and honest?"

Captain John Aylmer and the girl with the gray eyes looked at each other.

A tick of the clock was sufficient to teach each each of them much.

"Yes," said Dorinda Wylde, curtseying low to cover her roseateness. "We each have a dreadful big bone to pick with Colonel Pro-Dighton for muddling names."

"Or with each other," said her ladyship, grasping, as it was her art to do, the situation in a glance. "But go and do so in a corner, please. History repeats itself, and you have fine material for a quarrel. But don't quarrel before me. You should have told him, Dorinda. Men are hopeless at introductions. Teddy always makes a mess of things."

"And where is Miss Lancaster?" asked Captain John Aylmer grimly, as Lady Pro-Dighton turned her beneficence upon some who were not cousins.

"'Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring!'" mused Dorinda, irrelevantly to her fan.

"It was a case of sheer deception."

"Of pure misconception. As if Miss Lancaster's hair could ever be anything but red. Look at it."

He followed her gaze, grudgingly.

The head of the girl in pink shone ruddily under a cluster of candle sconces a stone's throw away; her plump face glowed, turning sunflower-like to her curate.

"She used to be awfully kind to you once," murmured Dorinda, watching her. "It was a shame of Uncle Teddy to thrust Mordecai on you."

"It was quite unfair."

"No, merely a manly mistake."

"I refer to your action—not his."

"Well, it all sounds dreadfully unfriendly—almost quarrelsome. I like corners to quarrel in. Don't you? Once the Vicarage hayloft offered us great opportunities. Also the nursery backstairs. That one looks more promising for our maturer years."

He made no effort to resist her leadership, and sat down beside her in a neighborly alcove.

"You don't mean really to quarrel, do you?" she said, leaning toward him. "You don't think really I am a fly in your ointment or a death's head at your banquet, or Mordecai, or Lazarus, or Agamemnon, or any of those funny old people? Because, even if you do, I mean to forgive you. My mood is one of Christian expansiveness."

He thawed in spite of himself.

"How you are changed," he said, considering the manner of her coiled dark hair, her apparel, her buoyant charms.

She patted a stray lock, pensively.

"My hair is just the same color, and if my chin isn't as friendly looking as Maud Lancaster's—Do you know, I thought you dreadfully stupid. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard you call me Miss Lancaster. But I never enjoyed a dinner more; and I came to the conclusion that a cousin could be as—as interesting as any of the more favored mortals of this planet; and that"——

"Well?"

"That it would be rather fun to convert you."

He leaned nearer to her, his strong brown face purposeful.

"Don't you think, Dorinda, you have been—just a little unfair? To steal a march on a poor wanderer in such a way; to coax those similes out of him (well enough for the diversion of a Miss Lancaster, but ill-timed folly for the hurt of Miss Wylde!), doesn't all this occur to you as unfriendly toward one trying to pick up the threads of twelve years ago?"

Dorinda's fan moved rapidly.

"Doesn't it?" he urged.

A pair of gray eyes, out of which all defiance had gone, lifted themselves to his briefly. "Let's be friends!" she said, pushing her fingers a hairbreadth along the sofa toward him. "Don't you think we're too old to quarrel now?"

He took the olive branch—warm, soft, human—tendered to him, and covered it in his grasp.

"We are. And I wish I were too old to feel the sting of a clumsy blunder."

Dorinda laughed softly, considering her imprisoned palm.

"Do you know, John," she said, with demure lids down dropped, "that I am conceited enough to imagine you said it all—just to amuse Miss Lancaster? You didn't mean it. I'm quite, quite sure you couldn't mean it."

A smile broke up the gravity of his face.

"I couldn't, Dorinda. Cousins seem to me the most delightful things in the world, and the dearest. Charles Lamb never meant anything half so charming as you when he wrote what your evergreen mischief coaxed out of me."

"How you are changed!" soliloquized she.

He laughed happily. "Go on! It is your turn for home truths."

She settled herself against the cushions. "Once you were a very John Bull in stubbornness; now you are sweet reasonableness itself. Once nothing would have induced you to forgive me under fifty minutes; now you have done it in five. Once the weaker sex was the butt of your scorn, now"——

He filled the blank with a laugh and a look; both satisfied Dorinda Wylde, a connoisseur in the fitness of glances.

"As for your hands, once they were thinner than willow wands; now they are strong as Hercules. I really believe you could take the Little Gap stream now."

He started upright.

"Let's try to-morrow."

"I shall be sure to jump further than you, John. I always did."

"Always. You surpassed me from pinafore days, and will to the end of the chapter."

"I do think cousins delicious!" pondered she, twisting a bangle. "I wish you didn't find them a 'dubious possession.'"

"My dear little coz!"

And even Dorinda, whose tastes in homage were fastidious, found the gaze of John Aylmer all-sufficing.—(Ladies' Pictorial.

TO HAVE A FASHION SHOW.

New-York is to see its first fashion show next autumn. The Fashion Show Company has leased Madison Square Garden for the first two weeks of September, and is planning to "set the styles for 1904." A number of large manufacturers have engaged show space, as has also the Dressmakers' Protective Association. There will be, too, a department of imported gowns. The exhibition will include everything within the realm of fashion—hats, shoes, hairdressing, etc. Prizes will be awarded for the finest American gowns, whether from large houses or individual artists.

THE WAY OF IT.

From Puck.

Tired Thompson—Weary's got a nerve! He rushed right inter de Hoffman House an' ordered whiskey!

Frayed Fagin—Get it?

Tired Thompson—Sure! Dey thought he wuz some rich guy jest off an autermobile run!

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TO CONSTRUE BULL WILL.

Mrs. Mary Putnam Bull's Nephew Seeks Clear Title to Homestead.

Robert M. S. Putnam, a lawyer, of No. 31 Nassau-st., this city, son of the late Supreme Court Justice Putnam, of Saratoga Springs, has begun proceedings in Westchester County to obtain a judicial construction of certain parts of the will of Mary Putnam Bull, his aunt, who died in Tarrytown in 1895, leaving an estate of nearly $1,000,000. The defendants are about nine relatives.

Robert M. S. Putnam alleges that provisions of his aunt's will affect the real estate devised to him owing to the claim of the defendants to some right in the premises in hostility to himself. He alleges that the restraint is void.

Mary Putnam Bull was the great-granddaughter of General Israel Putnam. Justice Putnam, her brother, was to have the exclusive use while he lived of the estate at Tarrytown, now under dispute. The estate on Justice Putnam's death went by Mrs. Bull's will to Robert, his son. The latter now asks that the clause forbidding the sale or rental of the house be declared void, so that he may have a clear title. That clause reads, in part:

That no trees shall be felled upon said premises unless absolutely necessary. In the event that Robert M. S. Putnam shall depart this life unmarried and without lawful issue him surviving, then in such event I give, bequeath and devise said home to my two nephews, Clement Putnam and George Putnam, to be theirs absolutely, it being my intention that the said place where I now reside shall never be sold, but used as the family home of said Putnams and considered as a memorial house; and it is my wish that the oil paintings of myself and my husband now hanging in my said home be not removed therefrom at any time.

MEMORIAL MONOLITHS AT CATHEDRAL

Names of Givers Announced After Meeting of Trustees of St. John the Divine.

The trustees of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine met yesterday afternoon at No. 113 West Fortieth-st. Considerable business was transacted. After the meeting, George Macculloch Miller, the secretary, announced that the trustees had decided on the names of the six great granite monoliths which are to be part of the structure. Each will be a memorial, as follows: One given by Mrs. Richard Auchmuty, in memory of her husband; one by Mrs. John D. Jones, in memory of her husband; one by Mrs. Shaw Morris, in memory of her husband; one by the family of Dean Hoffman, in his memory; one by Bishop Potter, in memory of his father, the late Right Rev. Lorenzo Potter, and one by John Jacob Astor, in memory of his father.

Grace Church, through Dr. Huntington, presented what is to be known as the Book of Remembrances, an elaborately bound book, in which will be kept the names of all contributors of money or other valuables to the Cathedral.

The building committee showed drawings of the choir as it will be when completed, and announced that copies of these drawings, with an appeal for funds, would shortly be circulated. The choir will seat five thousand persons.

FOR ECONOMICAL EUROPEAN TRIPS.

For those who wish to enjoy the benefits of an ocean trip in the most economical manner, the special low rates now in force on the Anchor Line are worth consideration, enabling, as they do, the most economical pleasure seeker to go to Europe at a comparatively small expense. The new Anchor Line Book of Tours contains much of interest to tourists, and can be had free by addressing the agents, Henderson Brothers, Nos. 17 and 19 Broadway.

DINNER FOR EX-JUDGE STEELE.

At the Brooklyn League's dinner for ex-Judge Hiram R. Steele at the Hotel Montague, Brooklyn, this evening, J. Hampden Dougherty, the present chairman of the league, will preside. Judge Steele, who retires from the chairmanship of the league, which he has held for two successive terms, will respond to the toast, "Our Guest." Ex-Mayor Charles A. Schieren will speak on "The City of New-York"; Dr. Truman J. Backus, president of Packer Institute, on "The Meaning of Social Service"; Park Commissioner Richard Young, on "The Æsthetic Side of Municipal Life"; Herbert L. Bridgman, of "The Standard Union," on "The Relation of the Press to Good Government"; the Rev. Arthur B. Kinsolving, on "Possibilities of Good Citizenship," and Judge William W. Goodrich, on "Courtroom Ballads."

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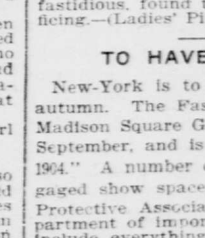

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