NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

FANCIES IN FICHUS.

—(The Ladies' Field.

FOR THE PICKANINNIES.

Fine Day Nursery for Little Children of All Shades.

Pickaninnies! Black pickaninnies, brown pickaninnies, old gold, ivory, ecru, cream colored, white pickaninnies! Colored babies, half-breeds and white babies—they crowed and gurgled and cooed and rolled over one another on the floor of Hope Day Nursery, which yesterday had a housewarming and formal opening.

What was formerly a tenement house at No. 325 West Thirty-fifth-st. will hereafter be devoted to the happiness and health of little children. And not colored children only. Although it is a colored day nursery, the result of the interest shown by colored women of the West Side, designed primarily for colored children and officered by people of the same race, white children have already been admitted, and will be so long as there is room for them. The kindergarten is opened under the auspices of the Kindergarten Association, and Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge has made herself responsible for the repairs and for the first year's rent.

"There never has been a day nursery in the city expressly for colored children," said Mrs. E. E. Greene, the promoter and matron. "In fact, there has been no place of the sort for them, as the other day nurseries were either overcrowded as it was or else objected to admitting colored children. This house has been leased for four years. It has been remodelled from garret to cellar, and we expect to care for forty children daily as soon as we get in running order.

"If one could only instil a sense of responsibility and decency into these children's fathers, half the day nurseries in the city could close their doors. I think there isn't a child in this nursery who isn't here because its father has run away and deserted the mother. This baby"—and she pointed to a little one in a crib, asleep, with its tiny, rounded arms lifted over its curly head—"is the elder of two children who belong to a deserted mother. Nobody knows where the husband and father is. Before the nursery opened the mother boarded them out, but, as she had to pay $4 50 a week and earned only from $4 to $5 a week, she was running behindhand. The other child is only two years old.

"This child"—she stroked the velvety cheek of a white skinned, fair haired boy of five—"has a white father, but its mother is colored. That sweet little girl yonder is one of two children whose mother, a very pretty woman, was brought up in a convent. She married a headwaiter, and seemed to prosper until her husband deserted her."

The child looked up for a minute with large, fawnlike eyes, then bent its curly head over its box of blocks.

"That boy there is only thirteen months old. His father left to go to Boston one day, and has never been heard of since. And so it goes. Always infidelity of some sort on the part of the man. Very likely, after ten or twelve years, by the time the children are partly grown, they will turn up, and go back to be supported by the wife and children."

About three hundred invitations had been sent out for the afternoon and evening receptions. Visitors were shown the upper and lower nurseries, the slat beds, which fasten up against the wall when not in use; the immaculate white iron cribs; the large back yard, where later the children will play on a raised wooden platform, and the diet kitchen, equipped with a gas range, an ice box and several hundred small bottles for sterilized milk. Every one was delighted with the freshness of the building and the common sense with which it seemed to have been remodelled and equipped for its future as a day nursery.

In the evening there were speeches by the Rev. Hutchin C. Bishop, of St. Philip's Church; the Rev. Mr. Moore, of St. Mark's, and Father Burke, of St. Benedict the Moor's, and music by D. Arthur Gray, Harry Burleigh, Leon Gray, Miss Nellie Ford and Miss Emma Magnan. The reception committee included Mrs. Pegram Williams, Mrs. T. B. Francis, Miss Emma Magnan, Mrs. Emma Doreay, Miss Wright, Mrs. William Hyliger, Mrs. John Dias, Miss Eto and Mrs. E. E. Greene. Refreshments were served by Miss Eva Burleigh, Miss Jessie Sleet, Miss Kate Smith, Miss Annie Dias, Miss Maud Griffin, Miss Emily Fletcher, Miss Lizzie Frazer, Miss Emily Murray and Miss Brown.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Woman's Tucked Blouse, Closed in the Back, No. 4,425, for 10 Cents.

Fancy waists that close in the back are much in style, and are exceedingly attractive in the season's materials. This pretty one is equally well adapted to the entire costume and to the odd waist, to the long list of washable fabrics, and all soft and simple silks and wools, but, as shown, is of handkerchief lawn, with trimming of Valenciennes lace, and is unlined. A foundation lining accompanies the pattern, however, and can be used when silk or wool is the material chosen. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards 21 inches wide, four yards 27 inches wide, three and three-fourths yards 32 inches wide or two and one-fourth yards 44 inches wide. The waist pattern, No. 4,425, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

NO. 4,425—WOMAN'S TUCKED BLOUSE, CLOSED IN THE BACK.

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.

GLEANINGS.

Miss G. Stewart, a California woman, who has gone to London with the amiable purpose of helping London to solve its servant problem, suggests as her panacea that English women should follow the Western model and do their own work. "In California it is the common thing for persons of good standing to do their own housework," she said to a "London Mail" reporter. "The American housewife who does her own work is by no means a domestic slave. It is true that she cannot, like so many English women, spend her mornings reading the newspaper. Her day begins earlier, as it is customary to have breakfast between 7:30 and 8:30. During the morning she works, and work does her good. Her domestic tasks are done easily, quickly and thoroughly." "And how," asked the astonished reporter, "does your servantless housewife manage with the boot cleaning, knife cleaning, washing up, grate blackening and answering the door?" The Californian was ready for him. "The American man and woman wear rubbers when it is wet, and these are easily cleaned. The woman cleans her boots with liquid blacking, which is no work at all. The knives are electro-plated, and do not need cleaning. Our rooms are heated by steam. Washing dishes is one of the things that is still done in the old-fashioned way, but as in American houses the kitchen usually adjoins the dining room, this is not so serious a matter. Enamelled ware is in general use for cooking and is easy to keep clean. As to answering your own door, what is there derogatory in that? Why shouldn't you? It is incredible to suppose a woman lowers herself by opening the door to a caller."

If Miss Stewart can persuade English women to use some of the American labor saving devices which housekeepers in this country habitually employ, she will not have lived in vain. Americans who hire furnished houses in England are amazed at the lack of kitchen apparatus they find in them. Even an expensive villa or a "gentleman's country residence," which will have ample stables, a wine cellar, a stillroom, a servants' hall and other things that Americans in plain circumstances manage to worry along without, will lack such sine qua nons of domestic comfort as a double kettle, an egg beater, a strainer, a chain dish cloth, a gem or muffin tin, a flour sifter or a rolling pin and board. This list might be extended almost indefinitely, to include such contrivances as carpet sweepers, wringing machines and the like, of the existence of which the average English housewife and English servant do not seem to be aware.

At the International Anti-Alcohol Congress that recently held its ninth session in Bremen, the teachings of science concerning a moderate use of alcohol and the effect of its use on every phase of human progress were discussed. Two schools of thought were represented—the moderates, who called themselves the "Temperate School," and the total abstainers, who called themselves the "Abstinence School." By common consent the congress passed no resolutions, but the applause for the testimony of science and experience on behalf of total abstinence showed the moderates to be in the minority. The statement of Dr. August Forel, one of the foremost authorities in the world on brain and nerve diseases, that neither science nor experience furnishes evidence to justify calling alcohol a food, called out prolonged acclamations. In a paper on "Alcohol and Art," Professor Berens, director of the German School of Art at Dusseldorf, said that alcohol, by dulling the spiritual aspirations essential to the greatest work, is an enemy of the highest attainment in art.

A paper on "Scientific Temperance Education in the Public Schools in the United States," by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, led to a discussion in which twenty speakers took part, and nearly every one of them commended the extension of the American method for the prevention of intemperance.

The crowding out of men by young women who take their place is assigned as one of the reasons underlying the increase in youthful crime in a Western city. "The St. Paul Globe" says:

"The startling statement is made in Minneapolis that of the forty-one prisoners in the Hennepin County jail, not one is above twenty-three years of age. The condition that brings about this state of affairs is worth while inquiring into. A Hennepin County judge, commenting upon the situation, says that he believes the increase of crime among young men is due to their being forced out of many sources of employment by girls. The one thing certain is the fact that there are more young men occupying cells in jails and penitentiaries than there were a few years ago, and it behooves those persons who interest themselves in criminology to inquire into the conditions that have brought about this increase in the criminal tendencies of young men."

BROWN TINT ON JAPANESE PRINTS.

Sogo Matsumoto, the Yale man who made the large collection of old Japanese prints lately on exhibition at Teachers College, had many interesting experiences during the process. The classic period of the Japanese print—which is a thing famous in the art world—was in the eighteenth century. The making of this collection occupied him for several years, and he found the prints in all sorts of places, largely in the homes of old and wealthy Japanese families. The characteristic article of furniture in a Japanese house is the screen, and many of these fine old prints he found pasted on antique screens.

Those at the bottom of the screens had been mangled by the nimble toes and fingers of generations of Japanese babies, but on the upper part they were often found in perfect preservation. Another result was the delicate brown tint which the prints had taken on through exposure to the atmosphere. This alters the original coloring, which was one of the marvellous things about the Japanese print, but still it has a certain soft, pleasing effect of its own. Sogo Matsumoto says that all over Japan artisans are busily employed nowadays imparting this delicate brown tint to new prints by means of coffee for the benefit of trustful tourists from the Occident.

NATURE STUDY FOR CHILDREN.

Brooklyn Museum a Never Ending Source of Delight to Them.

"Our teachers like to have us come here because it makes us smart," was the recent remark of a little Brooklyn girl to Miss Anna Billings Gallup, assistant curator of the Children's Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

"I don't know exactly what she meant by being made 'smart,'" said Miss Gallup, in an address before the New-York Unitarian Sunday School Union, which met in the parish house of All Souls' Church yesterday afternoon; "but a habit of visiting the museum regularly certainly does have a very beneficial effect upon children. The teachers all bear witness to it, and the great interest aroused thereby in the study of nature is conspicuously evident from the enormous attendance at lectures. I used to think that it would be difficult to get children interested in such subjects, but I find that the exact reverse is the case. They will listen as long as any one will talk to them, and come day after day and bring others to hear the same story.

"They make a great effort and come long distances to hear the lectures, and some of them insist very urgently that their parents shall come."

The location of the museum, in a building which was formerly a private house, Miss Gallup considers to be a distinct advantage to it, as the small rooms give a sense of cosiness and privacy. Other points also contribute to the popularity of the Children's Museum. Instead of exhaustive and confusing collections of plant and animal life there are small collections of local fauna and flora, such as any child can find in park or field. These are clearly labelled with their popular as well as their scientific names, and generally some interesting fact about the specimen is added.

"Our live material is a great attraction," said Miss Gallup, "as children always like living things. We have a collection of local snakes, which has served to correct many erroneous ideas. The boys generally assure me when they see them that they are poisonous, but I succeed in convincing them that most of them are not merely harmless but useful, and could not hurt us if they wanted to. Boys do not know how much harm they are doing when they kill snakes and birds and destroy nests, and when they become acquainted with the facts they do not wish to do these things.

"The great disadvantage of the museum," concluded Miss Gallup, "is that it is not accessible to all the children of Brooklyn, and particularly to the poorer ones. There ought to be many more of them, and I hope that some time we will get them."

Edward Aborn, of Orange, presided at the meeting, but owing to the extremely hot weather the attendance was rather small. A second session was held in the evening, and supper was served at 6 o'clock.

WOMEN AS IMMIGRANT INSPECTORS.

Secretary Cortelyou to Decide Whether They Are a Success or Not.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Washington, May 22.—The question as to whether women immigrant inspectors are a success as moral monitors and ship climbers will be one of the first problems to be laid before Secretary Cortelyou when the Immigration Bureau is formally transferred to the Department of Commerce and Labor on July 1. Secretary Shaw tacitly passed the question along to Mr. Cortelyou to-day when he was brought face to face with a demand for the continuance of the services of the female inspectors by the Rev. Josiah Strong, of New-York, president of the American Institute of Social Service; Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, superintendent of the department of legislation for the Women's Christian Temperance Union; Miss Sadie American, of the Woman's Municipal League and National Council of Jewish Women, of New-York, and Mrs. Florence Kelley, also of New-York, but recently at the head of the Illinois factory inspectors.

It was represented to the Secretary by this delegation that the reports of Immigration Commissioner Williams were from the wrong point of view. It had not been the object of the inspection to detect and turn back persons coming to this country for immoral purposes, but to protect the innocent women and girls who come to the United States in search of friends or work from falling into the hands of persons with evil designs. From this point of view the Secretary was assured that the work of the women inspectors had been an unqualified success. Mrs. Ellis said that many cases where good had been done had been called to her attention personally by the women inspectors, and that the results of the three months' trial had been creditable, not only to the personnel of the inspecting force, but to the government.

Dr. Strong told the Secretary that Great Britain had recently put a force of three hundred women inspectors on duty to perform exactly the work outlined for those whose terms of appointment have just expired in New-York. Dr. Strong declared that in seven days of the service of the women inspectors in New-York Harbor twenty-eight young women had been placed on the right road, all of whom would undoubtedly have gone to moral destruction otherwise.

At the close of the hearing Secretary Shaw suggested that the arguments be made to Secretary Cortelyou. He indicated that he would take no action which would not leave the case open for Secretary Cortelyou. He did not, however, promise to reappoint any of the six inspectors whose three months' trial has just expired. Any reappointments to this service will undoubtedly be made through the Civil Service Commission, and should Secretary Cortelyou decide that the service ought to be continued the commission will have to be instructed by President Roosevelt to prepare an eligible list.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

STAINS IN WHITE GOODS.

It is always best to try simple methods of removing stains before resorting to strong chemicals such as chloride of lime, which is one of the most powerful chemicals for removing stains. It is so strong that it may be very destructive if not used carefully.

Iron rust may be easily removed by covering the stain with a thick layer of salt and then saturating it with the piece of a lemon and laying it in strong sunlight to bleach. If the stain does not come out with the first application it certainly will with a second.

Mildew is one of the most difficult of all stains to remove. Rub well with brown soap, then apply a paste of chalk and water and put the stained article in the hot sunshine. After two or three applications the mildew may be bleached out.

To remove tea or coffee stains rub powdered borax thoroughly into the stained part and pour boiling water through it into a basin.

A MIXED JELLY OF FRUIT.

Prepare a quart of good lemon jelly, flavoring it with about a gill of brandy or Dantzic water. Add to the jelly just as it is setting two or three sheets (two will be enough) of gold leaf and an ounce of pistachio nuts, blanched and shredded. Pour the jelly into a border mould, breaking the gold leaf up into tiny bits and scattering it through the jelly. Meantime, take as great a variety of canned fruit as you please, drain off the syrup, flavor to the taste with a very little good brandy. When cooling mix the brandy through it. When the jelly is firm turn it out and serve with the centre heaped high with canned fruits of different varieties. If the fruit is nearly frozen it is nice served in this way with a border of Dantzic jelly around it. This is an ornamental, showy piece for the table at an evening party or for dessert at a dinner table.

FOWL EN CASSEROLE.

An old fowl may be cooked in this way to advantage, as the slow, prolonged cooking will, in time, render it tender. Any thick stoneware kettle with a tight cover will do for the dish. Regular French casseroles are now sold in housefurnishing stores, so that fowls may be easily cooked in this way in the genuine French style. Truss the fowl as for boiling, putting the liver and a piece of butter rubbed with a little minced parsley and lemon juice inside. Put two tablespoonfuls of clarified drippings in a casserole with a bunch of parsley, three small onions, a bay leaf and some pepper corns. Lay in the fowl and fry it a golden brown all over. Pour off most of the fat and add a cup of hot stock. Draw the pan to the side of the stove and let its contents simmer for one and a half hours. Skim the fowl, removing any extra fat and serve it in the casserole.

OFFICERS OF MUSICAL FEDERATION.

Rochester, May 22.—The new officers of the National Federation of Musical Clubs are: President, Mrs. Winfred Collins, of Akron, Ohio; first national vice-president, Mrs. R. R. Dorr, of St. Paul; second national vice-president, Mrs. J. E. Kinney, of Denver; vice-president of Eastern section, Mrs. J. Breck Perkins, of Rochester; vice-president of middle section, Mrs. W. C. Lawson, of Chicago; vice-president of Southern section, Mrs. W. T. Beers, of Galveston; vice-president of Western section, Mrs. H. M. Thomas, of Portland; recording secretary, Mrs. A. D. Cooper, of St. Louis; corresponding secretary, Mrs. David Campbell, of Denver; treasurer, Mrs. T. E. Ellison, of Fort Wayne, and auditor, Mrs. E. F. Houk of Knoxville. H. E. Krehbiel, Edward MacDowell and Theodore Thomas were elected honorary members of the board.

Among the social functions in honor of the federation was a reception given by Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley. Invitations for holding the next biennial were received from Denver and Portland, Ore.

SUNSHINE

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on
'Twas not given to 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.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT.

How little it costs if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth;
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought;
A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch—
What magic with them is wrought!
—(McCall's Magazine.

The foregoing poem is reprinted at the request of a T. S. S. member.

Miss M. F. Worthington has a tender heart for the tenement house children, and the recent oppressive weather reminds her, she says, of the need of sending "her mite" toward getting them out into the fresh country air. The "mite" was a check for $12, for which the donor is cordially thanked.

"M. A." has sent $2 for a needy one.

VERMONT.

The Vermont State president, Mrs. E. B. Buck, was unable to attend the T. S. S. reception, but this State is always in line. The Springfield branch, Miss Mary Darlt, president, has among its members those who not only help the invalids in their own State, but contribute to special cases elsewhere. East Arlington branches, Middletown Springs, Shoreham and Hartland do local work.

DESIRES TO HELP.

Mrs. Crowell, of Brooklyn, is much interested in an invalid T. S. S. member in Louisiana, who is often very ill, with no one to do for her, as she lives all alone. Owing to the severe drouth she has injured herself carrying water from a long distance. Mrs. Crowell is willing to give $15 toward the building of a small cistern, which is probably the most helpful Sunshine deed that could be done for this invalid. A few more dollars are needed to build the cistern.

SUNSHINE MUSICAL.

The Elm City Branch, of New-Haven, will give a large musical on May 27. This branch is fortunate in its friends. Several well known artists will contribute their services, and the use of the hall has been given, also the piano. Being under no expense for this entertainment, the members look for large returns to replenish the treasury for the summer work.

A HELPFUL GIFT.

A T. S. S. member at Park Hill, Yonkers, whose sunshine deeds extend far and wide, has generously responded to the needs of the widowed mother whose little daughter has just died, by sending a box containing an excellent black suit, hat, etc., with 50 cents to pay express charges. A light weight black waist contributed by E. E. W. was also put in the box, which was immediately forwarded to its destination.

Some new black material and a white dressing sack from an unknown friend will meet two other needs.

CHILDREN ENTHUSIASTIC.

President of the T. S. S.: We are greatly pleased to know that the T. S. S. will provide a day's outing to fifty children of the Tompkins Square School, and the principal tells me that Saturday, June 6, is the date arranged for the excursion to The Bronx. The children are very enthusiastic about the good time they are going to have in the country. Yours very truly,

W. L. GROSVENOR,
Assistant Superintendent Children's Aid Society.

CHEER PASSED ON.

The pretty pictures sent by Mrs. Harrison E. Gawtery have been forwarded to the children of the Indian branch at Cherokee, N. C. Some of the contents of the box of new pieces sent by Mrs. Fuller, of Kingston, N. Y., have gone with other articles as helpful rays of sunshine to two poor mothers in Virginia and Texas, who are in need of almost everything that comes under the head of ordinary comforts. The pictures received yesterday from Schenectady, N. Y., were forwarded as cheer to the Indian children's branch in North Dakota. The request for silk pieces for a member at East Providence, R. I., has been supplied at the office; also reading matter for Tennessee, and useful and fancy articles to New-Hampshire and New-Jersey.

WORDS OF GRATITUDE.

Adolph Koch, at the Home for Incurables, Chicago, writes that as he read the reports given of the work of the T. S. S. he regretted that he did not send his personal thanks to be read at the assembly of Sunshine workers. He added:

I look back a year, since the last annual reception was held, and realize how much kindness has been shown me, how much sunshine has come to me! Hardly a day goes by but some bright ray of sunshine reaches me—a book, a letter containing a few postage stamps or other means of help; sometimes money, yea, even flowers. To-day a small tin box filled with the loveliest of pansies came from a dear Sunshine friend near Boston, and reached me well preserved. God bless her! These tokens of friendship, of remembrance, of financial aid, do not always come from headquarters, where, too, I am never forgotten, but from members of this Sunshine Society, from this band of noble men and women, always on the alert to bring sunshine to the poor, sick and crippled. And what can we, the recipients of all these kind deeds, offer in return? What can we do to show how much we appreciate all that is done for us? I use the plural, because I am sure there are thousands who, like me, have received so many, many kindnesses that they would join me in sending these sentiments to you. We can do nothing to show our gratitude, but to say "Thank you"; and, believe me, I do thank you from the bottom of my heart. What would I do if it were not for The Tribune Sunshine Society? God bless one and all!

To Please Mr. Pitkin.

BY TOM GALLON.

"If I could only find something that'd bring 'em together, I think I'd really face Mrs. Pitkin, and put up with the consequences."

In that remarkable sentence Mr. Joseph Pitkin summed up at once his ambitions, his hopes and his fears. If you had known Mr. Joseph Pitkin, and had also been acquainted with Mrs. Joseph Pitkin, you would have been astonished at the sheer audacity which prompted him to do anything which should offend her. For Mr. Joseph Pitkin was small and mild—one of those long suffering individuals whose chief mission in life is to wed large ladies, and thereafter to pay a dreadful price for that one indiscretion. And Mrs. Pitkin was a very large lady indeed.

Mr. Pitkin was a small man, with what can best be described as a "blown-about" appearance. He had weak grayish hair at the sides and back of his head, brushed back so strongly that he always looked as though he were facing a heavy wind, and that the heavy wind in earlier years had absolutely blown his hair off the top of his head; to carry the metaphor further, he spoke in gasps, as though battling with the wind, and had watery blue eyes, as though that same wind had been too much for him.

Mrs. Pitkin was of a large and stern aspect, ruling her household with a rod of iron, and apparently despising Mr. Pitkin. Mr. Pitkin was the ostensible proprietor of "Pitkin's Private Hotel"; but Mrs. Pitkin could have told you another tale. Mr. Joseph Pitkin went out in the morning, and was supposed to dabble in vast financial affairs, somewhere east of the Mansion House; he came home at night (without any direct results in his pockets), and listened for an hour or two afterward to a long recital of Mrs. Pitkin's woes, and an oft-reiterated inquiry as to why she had ever united herself to him.

At the time this faithful history begins Mrs. Joseph Pitkin had gone on a visit to a sister (reputed to be even more firm and forbidding of aspect than herself), and Mr. Joseph Pitkin was free. More than that, a diabolical scheme had matured in the brain of Mr. Pitkin, and he meant to carry it out. He trembled a little when he thought of it; but his resolve was taken, and he was not to be shaken from it.

"I'll bring 'em together!" said Mr. Pitkin, wondering a little at his own boldness.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Pitkin had suddenly found himself involved in a romantic episode. Of course, he need not have touched it; but, despite Mrs. Pitkin, he was of a romantic nature himself, and was rather pleased than otherwise to find himself mixed up in the affair.

Such a very poor and ordinary affair it was! It had happened some years before that Mrs. Pitkin had taken into her establishment (as a matter of charity, she declared) a young girl to assist her in regard to "Pitkin's Private Hotel," and had, from that time onward, got a little more out of her than she could have got out of two average servants, and had been able to abuse her in a way no self-respecting servant would have stood for five minutes. Little Deborah Rendle had stood it, for the sake of bread and butter, for three years; had seen the great world to which, under happier circumstances, she might have belonged slipping away from her; had done everything for "Pitkin's"—from the keeping of accounts to the making of beds on an emergency.

She was a pretty girl, and, what is better, a nice girl. She was always cheerful and bright and kind; she had long ago subdued what spirit had been left in her; she had long ago forgotten, apparently, that there was any world outside "Pitkin's." And—strangest thing of all—she was a lady—in thought and feeling and manner.

Suddenly into the midst of her life had come that one element of romance. A certain nephew of Mrs. Pitkin—one Frank Dornton—paid an unexpected visit to his aunt. He was a young journalist, struggling and fighting to plant his little banner of fame somewhere in London; full of hope and buoyancy, and bringing with him a breath from the great world that was not bounded by Bloomsbury and Tottenham Court Road.

And, of course, in the very nature of things, Frank Dornton fell in love with little Deborah Rendle. He was poor, and so was she; he was friendless, and she was nearly so; and both were young. So that it happened that he came oftener to "Pitkin's" than his desire for the society of Mrs. Pitkin seemed to warrant.

Now, the mild and gentle Joseph Pitkin had eyes to see matters of which Mrs. Pitkin would never have dreamed. Perhaps, in some far-away corner of a heart which Mrs. Pitkin had merely dipped into, Mr. Pitkin held a vague desire to give some one a better chance in Love's lottery than he had drawn himself. Be that as it may, he became vastly interested in this little affair, saw possibilities in it he had not grasped himself, and determined to do what he could to bring it to a happy conclusion. Of course, he had a dreadful fear that Mrs. Pitkin would storm and rave and make his life a misery afterward, but that didn't matter.

Watching with wistful eyes, Mr. Pitkin saw many things. He saw that the patient girl—conscious only that she was poor and shabby and of no account—resolutely thrust away from her any hope that the young man cared for her; he saw, on the other hand, that Frank Dornton, for his part, was shy and diffident about saying anything to the girl. Mr. Pitkin—trembling at the idea of that dreadful scheme of his—yet determined to put it in operation.

The absence of Mrs. Pitkin on the visit to her formidable sister gave him an opportunity. Rules were relaxed at "Pitkin's" at that time; Mr. Joseph Pitkin took a turn up and down the street, and smoked a pipe in comfort, the while he thought about his young friends. And there, coming toward him, was Frank Dornton.

Frank waited at the door until the strolling Mr. Pitkin should return; then he asked, casually, for his aunt.

"Gone away for a day or two," said Mr. Pitkin.

"You must miss her, sir," ventured Frank.

"Things are—quieter," said Mr. Pitkin, with a sigh. And then he added, with a careless, casual glance at the sky above "Pitkin's," "Deborah is inside; you'll find her in the little room at the end of the hall."

It is quite surprising how soon you can get along a hall if you are in a hurry; Frank Dornton did it in record time. And then it was that Mr. Joseph Pitkin, with a fluttering heart, knocked out the ashes from his pipe, put the pipe in his pocket, and went into "Pitkin's" with a stealthy step.

He waited five minutes, and then he went along the hall, and opened the door of the little room at the end. Deborah Rendle sat making up accounts at a little table; Frank Dornton was looking at her, as though making up his mind to say something. Mr. Pitkin thrust back that "blown-about" hair of his a little more, and smiled, and addressed them.

"When I married Mrs. P.," was his first surprising remark, "Mrs. P. gave me no time to reflect; I had a chance to do that afterward. In confidence, I might almost say that Mrs. P. rushed me into it. If I had reflected"—he sighed and shook his head solemnly—"but that's another story. Now, my dears, you've had time enough to reflect; and it seems to me"——

Deborah looked up suddenly from those eternal accounts and caught her breath; the boyish face of Frank Dornton flushed, and he looked at Mr. Pitkin.

"I—I don't understand," began Frank.

"No, of course you don't understand," said Mr. Pitkin, with a new note in his voice. "You don't understand that there may be such a thing as waiting too long; waiting, in fact, until the brightness has gone out of young eyes and the softness and tenderness out of young voices; waiting till the might-have-been is all there is left to sigh over. My dears"—this quaint little man stretched out his hands toward them with a great hunger in his eyes—"this kind of thing never happened to me; sometimes I wish it had. Now if you and the lad here have a thought that you'd like—quite apart from Mrs. P.—to set up together in a small way, and if a matter of £50 would be of any use"——

Deborah Rendle had closed the books in a great hurry and was bending her face over them. Frank Dornton had Mr. Pitkin by the arm and was forcibly taking him out of the room. Outside, in the hall, he first vigorously shook hands with him and then asked him what the devil he meant by it. And Mr. Pitkin chuckled; and then, remembering himself, said it was a hard world. There were whispers and mutterings and another shaking of hands; then Mr. Pitkin went off to the kitchen (his usual place at night, for the sake of peace), and Frank Dornton went slowly back to the little room and opened the door.

Deborah Rendle was not busy with the books; on the contrary, the tired head was down on her hands, and she did not know that Frank had come in. When the muttered exclamation on his part called her to herself, she sprang up, with a white face, and drew back from him.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Miss Rendle," he said; yet there was a twinkle in his eyes. "That old idiot had no right to talk like that."

"Oh, it isn't fair to call him names," said Deborah, gently. "Let us—let us forget all about it; or at least remember it only—only as a joke."

"Well, you see, that's the difficulty; I'm afraid we can't forget all about it."

"Mr. Dornton!"

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Miss Rendle; but it's just a question of whether we shall be brutal—and selfish—and all that kind of thing—or whether we shall study the feelings of other people."

"Please explain," said the girl, in a faint voice.

"Thank you; I will. You see, poor old Pitkin is one of the nicest fellows breathing, although I'm afraid he does have a bad time of it. Now, it happens that—it just shows what funny mistakes people make, doesn't it?—having seen us together once or twice, old Pit—we always call him Pit for short, because there isn't much of him, you see—old Pit has set his heart on—well—on getting us married."

"But, Mr. Dornton, how perfectly absurd!"

"Mad, I call it. But people do get such bees in their bonnets. However, it seems that poor old Pit has actually been scraping money together in order to—to give us a start, as he calls it."

The girl made a movement toward him, then stopped.

"But don't you see, Mr. Dornton, what a terrible position you place me—I mean he places us—in?"

"Perfectly horrible," said Frank, earnestly; and tried to keep his lips still.

"Because, of course, such a thing—such an idea—never entered our minds."

"How could it? But then, you see, that's not the difficulty. Poor old Pit doesn't have much pleasure in his life; Mrs. Pitkin—my esteemed aunt, you know—isn't too kind to him, I'm afraid."

"But what has that to do with it, Mr. Dornton?" asked Deborah.

"Everything. The poor old chap has been saving up for it—looking forward to it; and now, in a moment, we cut the ground from under his feet, and show him that it's all a blunder. More than that, he's afraid he's offended us."

"I don't quite see what we can do, Mr. Dornton. You can only disabuse his mind in regard to the mistake."

Frank shook his head. "I must decline, Miss Rendle, to break the heart of any confiding man in that callous fashion. I feel that it would be impossible for me to go to poor old Pit in the kitchen, and say to him: 'Look here, you old blunderer, it's all wrong, and you've been scraping up your £50 for nothing.' No, Miss Rendle, I can't do it."

"But, Mr. Dornton, you must; there's no other way."

"Well—there is another way," said Frank slowly, without looking at her. "We can adopt a sort of pious fraud; pretend that what he thinks is true. Don't shake your head; it's only for five minutes, and you send poor old Pit away happy. Of course"—he smiled whimsically—"there are a hundred ways out of it afterward. You can jilt me, or I can jilt you; or you can find something out about my past that you don't like; or you may object, in daylight, to the color of my hair. Oh, it'll be quite easy, I assure you."

"And you mean to do all this to please Mr. Pitkin?" asked the girl.

"Absolutely to please poor old Pit!" replied Frank, steadily.

"Of course, Mr. Pitkin has been a good friend to me—about the best friend I've ever had," said the girl, softly. "And, if you really think"——

Frank Dornton waited for nothing more. He hurried out of the room, and presently returned with Mr. Pitkin, having subjected that gentleman to some rough usage in the shape of sundry thumps and diggings in the ribs on his way through the hall. Very demurely and quietly he informed the delighted little man that they had been under a misapprehension in regard to what he had meant; that they would be glad of his assistance—quite in a temporary manner, but that they wished the matter kept secret for the present.

"You see, Deborah" (what a wonderful thing it was to be able to say that name aloud for the first time!) "Deborah and I have really been in love with each other—Oh, practically since we first met—haven't we, Deborah?"

Frank was standing very close beside her, and quite in a casual fashion, and probably because he thought she needed support, he put his arm round her waist. She started, as though to spring away from him, caught sight of the beaming face of Mr. Pitkin, and decided that the arm might remain there, as a purely temporary arrangement.

"Yes, for quite a long time," said Deborah, in a faint voice; and it was rather a nice thing, after all, to feel that strong arm about her, and to have her head so close to his shoulder.

"Well, you certainly have hid it pretty successfully," said Mr. Pitkin. "Why, I remember when I said 'yes' to Mrs. P.—no, of course, I mean when she said 'yes' to me, it was all over the town in about five minutes. Mrs. P. took care of that; and don't you be shy before me, my dears. Give him a kiss, Deborah."

"You'd better," whispered Frank, with much earnestness. "Seems more like the real thing, you know."

The girl stood upright, with a burning face. "I—I couldn't," she whispered; and then, for the benefit of Mr. Pitkin, said aloud: "Not now, Mr. Pitkin—afterward."

"We—we're always like this, when anybody's present," said Frank. "You've no idea how shy I am—and, as for Deborah"——

When, a little later, Frank Dornton walked into the kitchen of "Pitkin's Private Hotel" and found Mr. Pitkin sitting alone, he was smiling very much. They shook hands in silence for a quite a long time; and then Frank said:

"I say, old Pit, I couldn't think of taking that—that £50."

"I'm rather glad of that," said Mr. Pitkin, with a chuckle, "because I haven't got it."

Mr. Pitkin has never told the story to Mrs. P., although that lady often wonders how it was that her nephew became so suddenly engaged to Deborah Rendle, and what he possibly could have seen in her to marry her. Mr. Pitkin slips out sometimes at night; he likes to contemplate their happiness, and to feel that he is quite directly responsible for it.—(Black and White.

UNDERWRITE P.R.R. STOCK

Syndicate Formed to Take $75,000,000 Issue.

The official announcement made yesterday by Speyer & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of the formation by them of a syndicate to underwrite the new issue of $75,000,000 of stock recently authorized by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company checked the long decline in the market price of the stock and caused a general advance in the market. Pennsylvania rose 2 points, in the first hour, to 129½; but much of the improvement was subsequently lost, and the stock closed with a net gain of only ¾ per cent, at 128¼.

The stock is offered to shareholders of record on May 9 at $60 a share (par value $50), or 120 per cent, to use the reckoning of the New-York Stock Exchange, and the syndicate will take at the same price all the stock not subscribed for by June 27 by the shareholders. The syndicate's commission of 2½ per cent applies, it is understood, to the entire $90,000,000 new capital to be raised (1,500,000 shares at $60 a share). Payment for the new stock is to be made in three instalments, the first of 50 per cent, between June 15 and 27; the second, of 25 per cent, between October 15 and 26, and the third between June 15 and 25, 1904.

On March 10, when the stockholders authorized the directors to issue from time to time, in their discretion, about $150,000,000 new stock, Pennsylvania closed at 142¼. It has since then sold as low as 125¼, and predictions have been frequently heard that it would touch 120, at which level the "rights" would be worthless. The "rights" yesterday closed at 2⅛. It has been generally agreed that the present shareholders could not absorb so great an amount of new stock at this time as $75,000,000, and this view was virtually confirmed yesterday by one of the underwriting interests, who said that a large block of the new stock would be placed abroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, it will be remembered, in January borrowed about $35,000,000 at 4½ per cent on its own six months' notes, with the privilege of renewing the notes at the same rate for another six months. It is understood that these notes are not to be renewed, but will be paid off out of the proceeds of the new stock issue.

Philadelphia, May 22.—President Cassatt said to-day that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and Speyer & Co., of New-York, had agreed to take and pay for at $60 a share all Pennsylvania Railroad stock not taken by the shareholders. This arrangement, he said, had commended itself to the management of the company, and insured the steady prosecution of the improvements and additions now being made to enable the company to take care of its increasing traffic.

THE STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN will be unveiled on Memorial Day at Fifth-ave. and Fifty-ninth-st. plaza. Programme of its unveiling, with photos of Sherman and of the generals who accompanied him on his famous march to the sea; also pictures and description of Confederate veterans decorating graves of their dead. In to-morrow's Tribune.

ILLUSTRATES EARLY CITY HISTORY.

Exhibition of Manuscripts, Books and Pictures at Lenox Library.

The New-York Public Library has just placed on exhibition at the Lenox Building, Fifth-ave. and Seventieth-st., a collection of manuscripts, maps, books and engravings illustrating the history of New-York under the Dutch. Among the documents shown is a photograph of a letter by P. Schaghen, written in 1626, announcing the purchase of the island of Manhattan from the wild men for the value of sixty guilders, or about $25. There is also the original letter of Domine Michaelius, written on the island of Manhattan August 11, 1628, and giving a long and interesting account of the country, its products and climate, the Indians, etc.

The oldest publications about New-Netherland are all there, including the first printed account of Henry Hudson's discovery (in English), 1625; the liberties and privileges of New-Netherland, 1630, and the various descriptions and historical accounts of the colony, down to the printed articles of surrender to the English in 1664. Documents signed by Directors William Kieft and Peter Stuyvesant are also on view. There is Stuyvesant's portrait, in a frame made from the wood of the pear tree planted by him, together with a picture of the tree before it was blown down.

The oldest view of the city is dated 1651, but is supposed to show its appearance as it was about 1630. Views of New-Amsterdam in 1655 and at later dates are also shown, together with a selection of pictures of old Dutch houses. The modern literature of the subject is fully represented by various books and pamphlets. To the two original city charters, granted by Thomas Dongan in 1686 and by John Montgomerie in 1731, is given the place of honor in a case by themselves, with the silver box containing the Dongan seal. The exhibition is open to the public every week day, free of charge, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

GETTING THE CITY HALL READY.

Workmen Deck Aldermen's Chamber with Flags—Arches in Park.

The preparation for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of New-York as a municipality took formal shape yesterday, when workmen invaded the City Hall with tools and appliances for the decoration of the building.

The first room to show the effect of their work was the aldermen's chamber. The balcony was draped with bright new flags, banners and bright steel shields and armor plate. Over the rostrum of the president were more new flags and the coat of arms of the city and on the columns alongside on a yellow silk background the coat of arms of the United States and England.

Outside in the plaza of the City Hall Park workmen were busy with pedestals and white poles, erecting them in the form of arches, which will be decorated and festooned. As soon as this part of the work is completed the decoration of the interior and exterior of the hall will go one.

SERVICE FOR CITY ANNIVERSARY.

A special service celebrating the 250th anniversary of the granting of the city's charter will be held at the Presbyterian Church of the Sea and Land, Market and Henry sts., to-morrow, at 8 p. m. General Francis V. Greene, Police Commissioner, will speak on some municipal question. Henry W. Jessup will speak on "The History of the Church in Manhattan."

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