NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

AN IDEAL OUTDOOR GOWN.

DOMESTIC ARTS DISPLAY.

Educational Exhibit of Interest at Teachers College.

"When I was looking into the subject of trades for girls, what do you suppose it was all the manufacturers united in saying to me?" asked Professor Mary S. Woolman. She was arranging some miniature beaded moccasins, which were to form part of the domestic arts display in the educational exhibit of Teachers College and Horace Mann Schools, which began last night, and lasts through the 28th. "They all said: 'Girls haven't skill enough to do the best kinds of work. Girls never want to do anything new—they just keep on repeating and repeating the old styles and the old methods. Girls lack interest in their work—they do just enough to earn a small wage for a little while, but they do not love their work, and only do it to fill in the time till they get married.'

"Now," said Mrs. Woolman—and by this time she was tacking up a lovely white bead chain against the sage green burlap background—"now, it is that sort of thing only in children, not grown girls, that we are trying to combat in our work in this department. Everything we teach touches the home and, through the home, society. It also shows the craft side of household art and how to apply it. Here, for instance, is a pair of shoes made by a fourth grade child in the Speyer School. She couldn't sew very well, but she did everything herself, and now she is in a position to make a pair of shoes for her baby sister, if need be. When she grows up she will know that there is a market for shoes, and she will value good work and insist on having it. Children can understand simple processes; they have the impulse to do. So we teach them on actual things.

"In the art schools they will keep a student making designs for impossible wall papers. Here we teach them to make something that they can use, however simple it may be and however poorly they may do it. We are trying to teach our girls, who are going to be teachers in their turn, how to foster this love of doing in the children who come under their influence, so that of them, at least, people won't say, 'Oh, you never can get them to try anything new. They don't care a pin for their work.' Do you see?"

Among the new things taught at Teachers College this year have been knitting, crochet and upholstery. The idea has been to develop as many different kinds of simple things as possible for children to do, first teaching them to the young women of Teachers College, who will themselves be teaching in the course of a year or two. Here is a pair of window curtains of white point d'esprit. The children will be taught to cut them off, hem them, make the shirring at the top, and the little cord and tassels of raffia. Here is a portiere of burlap. It is copied from a Bagdad rug. Here are tiny woollen rugs, six inches long, made on school looms. Those miniature chair covers, cosey corner cushions and mattresses are other parts of the whole, and behind them lies all the world of textiles and the industrial problems.

"One great difficulty," says Mrs. Woolman, "has always lain in the home. Women make the home, they have every reason for making the most out of what they have, yet what uneconomic creatures they are and how little they know what they are about! If they could begin in childhood to learn the value of textiles, say, and how they have made and unmade cities, and all that lies at the back of them through their effect on the world's history, don't you think it would make a difference when they grew up and had to buy textiles on their own account? I hope at all events when the children who are to be taught by the pupils of Teachers College grow up they will insist on honesty in what they buy. The silk trade has been ruined in response to women's insistence on cheap silks. There is nothing dishonest in wanting a cheap silk—the dishonesty comes in selling a shoddy silk for a good silk. Training along these lines will not only make women more economical, but see what the ethical effect will be on society!"

The exhibit of the domestic art department contains some natural grass baskets worked out in charming new combinations, such as violet hemp, pine needles and cornstraw. Then there is coarse canvas work, by which some of the commoner stitches are taught: cane seating, dressmaking, embroidery; sketches of original designs as applied to embroidery, millinery and dressmaking; beadwork, cordwork, splint and raffia work, and so on.

"It isn't that we expect to turn out dressmakers, or even teachers who can teach dressmaking, basketry and the rest," said Mrs. Woolman. "But we do want to train the young women who study here to correlate in their teaching all this to the geography, arithmetic, etc., the child learns. To unify, and to make it all react upon the home, and so on society—that is what we seek."

THE CHILD HOUSEKEEPER.

How to Bring Poetry Into the Homely Domestic Tasks.

"This is emphatically a good and a great thing to do," says Jacob A. Riis, in an introduction to "The Child Housekeeper," by Elizabeth Colson and Anna Gansevoort Chittenden (A. S. Barnes & Co.). "Any one who can put poetry into dishwashing and sunshine into the housecleaning we men had learned to associate only with colds and loose tacks and bad language, has given the world a real boost toward the better day. Making two blades of grass grow where one grew before is great; but to bring them into the house, into the kitchen—grass, daisies and all—and the sunshine and the summer winds and the birds with them, is to make happy house mothers out of the weary wives of the future. And when that comes to pass we shall not have to fight King Alcohol and his vassals. The war will be over. For who will be tempted away from home when that is the cheeriest, brightest spot in the landscape?"

"The Child Housekeeper" is intended as a guide to teachers in kitchen gardens, but would be equally useful to any one who had occasion to teach these subjects to young children. It consists of nine simple lessons, with songs, stories and games, and brings a surprising amount of poetry, as intimated by the introduction, into the supposedly prosaic art of housekeeping. Even the disagreeable business of dishwashing gains a dignity and beauty from the rainbow hues of the soap bubbles, and through them the children learn something about the colors of the spectrum and the Indian interpretation of the phenomenon of the rainbow as the souls of the flowers.

"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there.
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

In building a fire the children are told about the sunshine in the wood and in the coal, which comes out in the form of a pretty yellow flame, and how the coal was formed ages ago, and still holds

"The sunshine and the heat which moved
That world of old."

Bed-making brings in Eugene Field's "Rock-a-bye Lady" and "Shut-eye Fain" and Stevenson's "Land of Nod." In the lesson on sweeping and dusting the dust becomes identified with wicked fairies, and when it comes to cleaning, Mother Nature's methods of cleaning are described:

"The wind she uses as a broom:
He sweeps the earth with care;
Then rain upsets his pails—the clouds—
And cleans things everywhere."

The music for these little songs is by Alice R. Baldwin, and the book is illustrated by Alice Leonore Upton.

WEDDINGS.

Miss Rose Greenwald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Greenwald, was married yesterday afternoon at the Tuxedo to Hyman William Raphaelson. The ceremony took place at 5 o'clock, and Dr. Grossman, of Temple Rodoph Sholom, officiated. A dinner and reception followed the ceremony, and then Mr. and Mrs. Raphaelson left for a honeymoon at Niagara, Washington and Boston.

The marriage of Miss Aimee Marie Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Samuel Knox Wilson, No. 111 West Eleventh-st., to Dr. Sumner Shailer will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Marble Collegiate Church.

The marriage of Miss Sarah Elnora Jarvis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Jarvis, of the Plaza Hotel, New-York, to Charles Edmund Goodman, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Goodman, of St. Louis, will take place to-day at Harrison, N. Y.

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Are invited to view our Original Designs, and Special "PAQUIN" Corset, Each produced simultaneously at the London and Paris Salons.
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PUBLIC SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Yesterday's Patriotic and Memorial Observances by Scholars.

A triple programme combining civic "birthday" exercises, Emerson memorial and Memorial Day exercises was given yesterday in Public School No. 96, Eighty-first-st. and Avenue A. In the grammar department, including about eleven hundred girls, every little head wore a white bow, ribbon, if may be, or even a strip of starched white muslin, and from every shoulder streamed the national colors, a tiny flag or a tricolor knot. There were patriotic songs—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "The Blue and the Gray," etc.—and there were also the old "Concord Hymn," Emerson quotations and the naming of noted landmarks throughout New-York by a number of pupils, each in turn mentioning some historic spot and giving a brief sketch of it.

An interesting exercise was called the social development of New-York, a series of dances by tots in costume. First, half a dozen little Indians appeared with a whoop, and performed a war dance around a mock campfire. Then rosy cheeked little Dutch maidens toed a rollicking step, followed by others in Colonial garb, giving a graceful minuet, and again by some up-to-date couples indulging in some more or less novel waltzing. One of the prettiest numbers on the afternoon programme was the singing of Field's "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" by little people dressed as Gretchens, wooden shoes and all.

Flags, of course, were everywhere, from the roof of the school building to the street curb around it, and if the lustiness of the little voices that, hundreds strong, proclaimed "Our lives protect New York from wrong, our deeds defend her fame," is any earnest of the patriotism of the coming generation, such work as yesterday's throughout the public schools was certainly not in vain.

The city's 250th birthday was celebrated yesterday afternoon with appropriate ceremonies in Public School No. 179. The pupils of the grammar department gathered in the assembly room at 1 o'clock, which was the hour set for the ceremonies by the Board of Education, and after the reading of the Scriptures and a hymn the Mayor's proclamation was read by Charles E. Springmeyer, one of the teachers. "America" followed, and then, in recognition of the recent centennial, Emerson's "Concord Hymn" was recited by Israel Williams. "Hail, Columbia," followed, and songs continued to alternate with the other numbers all through the programme. These were a particularly attractive feature of the occasion, as the singing in this school is exceptionally good.

An address on "New-York in the Wars of the Country" was given by G. G. Brockway, one of the teachers, who happens to be a veteran of the Cuban war, and the Rev. Appleton Grannis, of St. Michael's Church, gave a brief sketch of the city's history. Quotations showing the growth and greatness of New-York were given by the school, and the boys of class 6a—2 supplied some information regarding the influence of immigration on the city.

The remainder of the programme was as follows: Recitation, "The Blue and the Gray," Frank Holden; recitation, "Our Honored Dead," Samuel Kronman; reading, "New-Amsterdam," Charles Martin; violin solo, Walter Lee; reading, "A Hundred Years of Progress," Elmer Silver; mandolin solo, Charles Dirkes; reading, "Recollections of Old New-York," George Hanlon; choruses, "The Veterans," "Red, White and Blue," "Some Think the World," "Right Makes Might," "The Star Spangled Banner."

Dr. John P. Conroy, the principal, presided, and Ralph Trautman, of the district school board, was among those present. In the High School the Rev. Dr. E. P. Nichols gave an address on "What the Nations Have Contributed Toward Making a New-Yorker," and ex-Judge James P. Davenport told something of "Life in Old New-Amsterdam." The Mayor's proclamation was read by Clifford E. Cavanaugh, and an essay on "The Draft Riots" was contributed by Stanley Quinn. Preston C. Farrar read Emerson's "Concord Hymn," Henry Shostac gave a violin selection and Mrs. Jennie Kiebler Gordon sang a solo.

The primary classes had their celebration in the morning.

THE SUMMER BEDROOM.

Its Correct Furnishing to Promote Health and Restfulness.

"The planning of the summer bedroom is worthy of more thought and care than is generally accorded to it, for restful sleep is absolutely necessary to build up the brain cells, which are constantly being burned out during the waking hours," says Louise Cowperthwaite. "Harmoniousness therefore is immensely important for preserving a sane condition of mind.

"The color scheme of the bedroom is of great moment, for colors are the voices of light. Color is a great nerve stimulus, and change of color is oftener needed than change of air. White is the happy balance of all colors, and therefore gives an evenness of temper; it is also the least absorber of germs and odors. We should have as much white as possible in our bedrooms. A red bedroom, or red in any of its variations, could never be cool and restful, and in summer it is particularly bad, owing to its heating influence on the blood. Blue gives coolness and rest, and has been found beneficial in the treatment of the insane. Yellow is entirely too inspiriting and very trying to the nerves. It had best be used sparingly, or in its amber tones with blue. It is nearest to the color of the sun, but for rest we must have shadow. Green is soothing, and to many persons a better balance than blue.

"The floor should be left bare, or covered with fresh matting, and wiped over every day with a damp cloth to collect the dust. If rugs are used, several small ones which may be easily cleaned are better than a single large one, and many pretty ones of domestic manufacture may be obtained. There should be as few curtains as possible and no portières, and the former should be washable and of a fabric which will allow the sun's rays to penetrate. Light flowered cretonnes are refreshing, wash well, and when made into slip covers for the furniture are the cleanest covering.

"Brass beds are the most sanitary, but with a little care there should be no trouble with wooden beds. The bedding must be as light and open as possible, to allow the current of air to pass through. A silk coverlet, while it is a non-conductor of heat and retains the heat of the body, does not allow us to use the vital force which constantly surrounds us, so a pure wool blanket is the best.

"The bed, it is believed by many, should always be placed with its head toward the North Pole in our Northern Hemisphere, as the cool electric forces from the magnetic needle are needed in the brain, the most heated portion of the body. If two persons have to occupy the same room, two beds are an absolute necessity, especially if there be a difference in ages, as the older will always take the vital force from the younger."

SILVER PLATE FOR MR. JASPER.

Teachers Express Their Esteem in Gift to Former City Superintendent.

"In appreciation of useful, earnest and intelligent work," a handsome silver plate, suitably inscribed, was last night presented to John Jasper, ex-City Superintendent of Public Schools, by the New-York City Teachers' Association. By Mr. Jasper's wish, the affair was quite informal and took place at his own home, No. 130 West One-hundred-and-twenty-third-st. Otherwise the teachers would have given a more public expression of the esteem in which he is held by them. Magnus Gross, president of the New-York City Teachers' Association, made the presentation, and Miss Katherine D. Blake made a supplementary address.

The plate, which cost about $300, is fifteen inches in diameter, and bears on its face the following inscription:

John Jasper, Superintendent of Schools for the City of New-York, from 1879 to 1898; Superintendent of Schools for the Borough of Manhattan and The Bronx from 1898 to 1902. From the New-York City Teachers' Association, in appreciation of useful, earnest and intelligent work.

Owing to Mr. Jasper's departure from the city after his resignation of the office of City Superintendent, the presentation could not be made at that time, and as he only returned to New-York in May yesterday was the earliest date at which it could take place.

Miss Margaret A. Regan, of Public School No. 179, had charge of the arrangements for the presentation, and was assisted by the following committee: Thomas J. Boyle, No. 75; Henrietta Woodman, No. 11; Joseph H. Wade, No. 23; Mary M. Lilly, No. 30; John Walsh, No. 74; Katherine D. Blake, No. 6; William C. Hess, No. 30; Mary Underhill, No. 76; Carrie Montfort, No. 57; Annie E. Boyne, No. 92; Mary C. O'Brien, No. 96; Charles T. Leaman, No. 6; William J. Timmons, No. 85; Joseph A. Fripp, No. 79; Albert Shields, No. 40; Lizzie Sigerson, No. 103; John T. Nicholson, No. 10; Plowden Stevens, No. 170; Mary R. Stryker, No. 145; Mary M. Foster, No. 76, and Oscar Birnbaum, No. 2.

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.

WORRYLAND.

Worryland's a wilderness
Where no tree nor flower will grow,
Where no sunbeam's sweet caress
Cheers the desert place below.

Worryfolk are sure to frown,
Be the weather what it may—
Keep in sight of Sunny Town,
And you cannot lose the way.

Hill paths are the best, you'll find,
Sunshine falls on every hand;
So, beware of paths that wind
Down the vale to Worryland.
—(Frank Wolcott Hut, in Forward.

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 BARREL OF SUNSHINE.

Mrs. Annie Wears, of Farmdale, Fla., reports as follows:

I received a barrel whose contents helped very much indeed in my mission work here. It was filled with Sunday school books, school books, papers, reading matter, and castoff clothing, which I distributed among these poor people. Many are the thanks they send to the kind Sunshine friends who contributed these gifts. I find it much easier to help them morally when I can help their physical needs. One poor old man thanked me with the tears streaming down his cheeks when I put a nice warm coat and vest on him. I told him not to thank me, but the good Sunshine friends who sent them, and he said: "God bless the good, kind friends. I did not have to do without a coat when my boy was alive." His only son was drowned, with fifteen others from this part of the bay, in a storm. He said how comfortable he should be now in the cold winds. It was cold when I sent for him, and he came with an old skirt of his wife's around his shoulders. I am now able to get outdoors and enjoy God's sunshine, and can give more time to my little Sunshine school. I was so glad to find trousers for three little boys who can now attend our school. Before this was impossible, as they practically had nothing to wear.

REQUESTS.

An aged woman in Avenue A branch will soon be sent to the hospital. She needs two muslin nightgowns, medium size, not necessarily new, and a pair of comfortable low shoes or slippers, No. 5 or 6. Mrs. Nannie E. Freeman, of Edna, Labette County, Kansas, is a semi-invalid who is fond of good reading, which, after being enjoyed, is "passed on" to others. Mrs. Anna I. Phillips, of Troy, Idaho, asks for "The Christian Herald," if some one has it to spare. A West Virginia invalid member would like a good sized work basket, for when able to sew her fingers are always busy. Mrs. William H. Tafft, of North Collins, Erie County, N. Y., is another invalid who needs little rays of sunshine to brighten her life. Mrs. N. Mason, of Bear Gulch, Lawrence Co., S. Dak., will be deeply grateful to any one who will send her an occasional magazine. Mrs. Mason is an educated woman living on a ranch, and all reading she receives is passed on to the ranchmen in the vicinity. Mrs. Sydney Evans, of Morganton, N. C., wishes she had a copy of "The Benefactress." There is no library in the place, and the inability to buy books is a cross to several intelligent members of the T. S. S. who live in this small place. What is sent for one reaches all, and nowhere is Sunshine reading more keenly enjoyed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. Lora Merrick, president of the West Derry, N. H., branch, acknowledges the receipt of "abundant sunshine" from a member of the Friendly Aid branch of Manhattan, and the distribution of cheer sent from the general office. Miss Phebe Boughman, of Cuba, Ill., has been materially helped by many contributions from a Brooklyn member.

READING FOR VERMONT.

If there is any member in Vermont who would care enough to pay freight on a barrel of good reading, he or she can obtain it by communicating with Miss Mary F. Boutwell, Gaysville, Vt., P. O. Box 128. Miss Boutwell says she would gladly prepay the expense of this reading matter if she were able to do so, but with her narrow limitations and a life handicapped by long illness, she feels unable to scatter the sunshine she would like to bestow.

FOR OTHERS.

Mrs. J. Lyle, of Florida, is anticipating the need of winter sunshine by sending several additional pairs of mittens she has knitted from Sunshine wools. These will be placed in the Christmas box which already contains many comfortable articles for the days to come. Mrs. McKay, of Montana, has contributed two sets of underwear, for distribution; Mrs. Edward Clarke, of Connecticut, an express box of miscellaneous articles—music, pictures, stamps, shells and reading—and Mrs. Pardee, religious reading for a "shut in" in Kansas. An express box from Westfield, Mass., without a name, contained unfilled scrapbooks with pictures to finish, for junior branches, photograph cases, fans, souvenirs and fancy articles. Mrs. Fannie Clark, an invalid, confined to her bed for years, sends three doilies as her dues for this year, and expresses her gratitude for the cheer that comes into her invalid life through the agency of the T. S. S. M. J., of Manhattan, has contributed a warm wrapper, corsets, remnants, cards, etc., and some unknown friend shoes and fancy articles.

DISTRIBUTION.

Sunshine was distributed yesterday from the general office to Alabama, Idaho, Tennessee, Nebraska, New-Jersey, Massachusetts, Oneida County, N. Y., Sullivan County, N. Y., Italian Settlement and East Side branch.

HORACE MANN SINGERS.

The pupils of the five lower grades of the Horace Mann elementary school will sing to-day, from 2 to 3 o'clock, in the auditorium. Grades VII and VIII of the elementary school and the High School Glee Club will sing in the auditorium to-morrow afternoon, from 2 to 3 o'clock. Both recitals will be given under the direction of Miss Mari R. Hofer. There will be an exhibit of classes in gymnastics in the gymnasium to-day and to-morrow, from 3 to 4 o'clock.

The Daughter of the Horseleech.

BY CLO GRAVES.

Beaujoy Park runs to little more than nine hundred acres, the house crowning a long, steep rise, thinly wooded and sparsely grassed, the bare chalk showing in patches through the trim herbage as Sir Danvers's bald, polished scalp revealed itself through his rapidly vanishing hair. This was invariably of a fine brown color, and it was whispered in the village that my lady herself, being an energetic and stirring woman, wielded the sponge and dye saucer from which the baronet periodically emerged with youth renewed like that of the Scriptural eagle. Sir Danvers owed more to his wife than the color of his hair. She it was who banished deer from the park, and turned it into a grazing ground for the sleek Alderneys whose milk and butter were daily sent to London, the butter stamps being the Danvers's griffin crowned with the historic panache and bearing the historic motto, "I Aspire." Her common sense gained the day in transforming the Dutch and Italian flower gardens into kitchen gardens, so that the potato flourished where once the tulip grew, and scarlet runners took the place of sweetpeas and roses. The result was unpicturesque, but then, beans and potatoes could be eaten, argued Lady Beaujoy. The household linen, washed at home, hung to dry upon the quaint clipped hedges of the bowling alley, and the kennels, where twenty-eight couple of foxhounds had once been maintained at the Beaujoy expense for the delectation of the county—the kennels had been turned into a chicken farm. One might drive past the place any morning in the week and see my lady in a scantily trimmed hat of black straw and an old waterproof, superintending the feeding of the feathered dependents, even with skilled thumb and finger deftly applied testing the plumpness of feathered breasts and deciding the fate of victims doomed to the table. Yet despite the old hat and the waterproof, the managing ways and homely pursuits, Lady Beaujoy was a personage, and made her weight felt in the county.

Of Sir Danvers, the few brief particulars already given will serve. He needs no description. But with Cluny, the heir and hope, Cluny the adored of his mother, we have more to do. The young gentleman had been reared at home, taught by a tutor. Not for worlds would Lady Beaujoy have suffered her boy to accumulate knowledge of books and men with other boys at a public school. She shrank with horror from the thought of Eton, Harrow was terrible to her, and as the boy developed into the young man his mother had shown equal aversion to the notion of his being sent to Oxford. So Cluny at the age of thirty-three was a home grown, home-taught specimen of the young English gentleman. He knew a little Latin, a little French and a little Italian. He was fairly read in the more romantic chapters of history. He played a little, sang a little, painted a little, fenced a little, rode a little, fished and shot and played tennis a little. He was a young gentleman of effeminate appearance and ladylike manners. He had never been alone in London, and was the darling of his mother's heart.

Time slid imperceptibly away, and that mother's heart quailed within her when Cluny attained his thirty-third year. He must marry—for his own sake and that of the entail. But whom? From the modern English girl, with her coolness, her transatlantic savoir-faire and self-possession, her London tailor made gowns and Parisian hats, her knowledge of the world, her love of manly sport and outdoor exercise, her chaff and her slang, Lady Beaujoy revolted. She had a special kind of stare for such "young persons," as she invariably called them, which the "young persons" never seemed to understand was intended for their annihilation. She had fortified her son by maternal counsel against all imaginable kinds of nets and springs set by the other sex to catch unwary young men. She herself had been young; had worn a chignon and a panier, and walked upon high heels with a Grecian bend, and carried on innocuous flirtations with one or two young men less eligible but more attractive than Sir Danvers. But she had ever been feminine, she told herself. Could she have found a girl who resembled herself as she was in those dim, prehistoric days how joyfully would she have led the garlanded virgin to Cluny, and blessed her son and daughter. But the girl of her dreams and desires was buried beneath forgotten cycles, out of date, lost as the dodo or the great auk. Elderly ladies produce fossilized relics of her to-day for the delectation of young ones, and the young ones are frankly puzzled. They do not mock; they are sorry for such a young woman, if, indeed, she ever lived, and are frankly glad that they themselves live, move, and have their being in more enlightened times. "No tennis, no golf, no 'bridge, no 'bike.' It must have been awfully dull for the girl of 1875."

It has been hinted that means at Beaujoy were straitened, since the kitchen garden, the dairy and the chickens were called upon to yield revenue toward the house's support. Truly the income from the estates was a poor one, and Sir Danvers would not have needed the dye bottle so early in life had his brains been less racked, it may be, with the question of ways and means. Cluny would be but a poor baronet, if his Aunt Edwina, an elder sister of Sir Danvers, who had contracted a mésalliance in early life by wedding a wealthy brewer, and become reconciled to her family upon that brewer's elevation to the peerage—if his Aunt Edwina, Lady Cokenham, now a childless widow, should not fulfil her promise of making Cluny her heir. A hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds invested in solid securities—home rails, and so forth, with an interest in the brewery and a house in Grosvenor Square, crammed from hall to attic with those costly treasures of art and culture which, as a rule, only the inartistic and the uncultured can afford to buy. These earthly impedimenta would be shuffled off with Aunt Edwina's mortal coil, and her beloved nephew, Cluny, was named in the old lady's will as the lucky legatee. True, there are such things as codicils, and Aunt Edwina, like most elderly moneyed persons, possessed a temper. Duteous observances, semi-filial attentions, kept Cluny in the widow's good books, and it was an understood thing that he took no serious step in life—the idea of Cluny's ever taking a serious step made some people smile—without consulting his relative.

She came down to Beaujoy twice a year—at Christmas and for a fortnight in June, before proceeding, with her maid, her Maltese poodle and her gout, to Marienbad. It was in the early summer of last year, when she and Lady Beaujoy were sitting in the morning room together, that Aunt Edwina said, putting the poodle down from her lap and folding her heavily ringed hands one over the other:

"Juliana, the boy must marry."

Lady Beaujoy blotted a column of her weekly account book, closed the volume upon the pink sheet, and replied:

"Edwina, I agree with you."

"He is thirty-three," said Lady Cokenham, "though he looks no more than twenty-five. Celibacy becomes a habit if continued too long. And there are plenty of nice girls in the county. We must lose no time in bringing Cluny into closest association with some of them. Surely," Lady Cokenham continued, because Lady Beaujoy, instead of assenting with enthusiasm to this proposal, had very slightly waved her head from side to side, at the same time drooping her eyelids, "you do not mean to tell me that my nephew does not like young ladies?"

"No, no! How hastily you jump at conclusions! I would not go so far as to say that Cluny does not like girls," explained his mother. "But he is very reserved and difficult to please. Such a little thing puts him off. We really thought he fancied Ethel Crompton at one time; he called there several times last summer, and played tennis, but Ethel is what they call almost a professional in her handling of the racquet, and it struck him as unwomanly."

"She beat him, I suppose?" interrogated Aunt Edwina, who was not without shrewdness.

"I believe she played with the left hand, giving him so many games in the set, and even then"——

"Ah!" ejaculated Lady Cokenham.

"She indulged in chaff at his expense; advised him to run a mile before breakfast every morning to improve what she called his wind, and offered to lend him her Indian clubs to get up his muscles. Cluny is so sensitive, he was unspeakably shocked, and since has scarcely mentioned her name. After that he seemed to be rather attracted by Rosa Cudmore."

"That is the elder of the general's two daughters?"

"Yes. Rosa is musical and literary, and I hoped something might come of it. But she is an academy medallist, understands harmony and thoroughbass, and plays nothing but Wagner and Grieg. Cluny, as you know, renders Scotch airs and old English melodies very prettily, and Rosa's scientific pretensions disgusted him. She corrected his style, gave herself the airs of a professor, and told him that he must have learned to play the piano at a Brighton boarding school. 'Women should not attempt,' Cluny said to me, 'to thrust themselves beyond their sphere!' I didn't quite know what he meant, but yet I grasped that Rosa had revolted him."

"Evidently."

"Then I did allow myself to hope," continued Lady Beaujoy, "that Cluny had found a desirable match. The Bindleshaws asked him to the Towers, and he seemed much drawn to the youngest of the six girls, Lady Pamela. She is serious and literary, and at seventeen published an anonymous volume of poems, called 'The Wail of the World-Weary,' which if it had gone into a second edition would have brought her in a great deal of money. Unfortunately, it never did; but the poems were reviewed in several papers. . . . One critic said that he had never read anything like them. . . . Well, of course, remembering Cluny's pretty gift for writing birthday verses and acrostics in rhyme. . . ."

"You thought he must get on with Lady Pamela! In this world, I have learned," said Lady Cokenham, "that one must never count on things."

"It is too true. He composed a really charming acrostic on the name of Pamela, and sent it, with a bouquet, to her on her birthday. Could you imagine that she would have picked it to pieces?"

"The bouquet?"

"No, the acrostic. She assumed pedantic airs and termed acrostic writing a debased and effete style of composition. His ryhmes were false; he did not know the difference between a hexam. . . . something—or—other, and a pen—something—or—other else. He ought to study classic versification or give up the attempt to write. Really, she quite crushed Cluny. He rode home in the lowest spirits and did not step outside the grounds for a week. When he took to going about again," continued Lady Beaujoy, impressively laying her hand on Lady Cokenham's violet satin sleeve, "I thought—I really thought, that I should be obliged to appeal to Danvers to interfere, lest our son should plunge into the vortex of dissipation, and vanish before our very eyes."

"Good mercy, Juliana!" cried Lady Cokenham, "what are you driving at?"

"The Lady Pamela episode must have cut deeper than we thought," continued Cluny's mother. "Previously he had never shown the slightest tendency. . . . Thank heaven, the brief infatuation did not last long. But at the time it caused us intense alarm. You know Laurel Bushes, the small cottage with the large paddock and stables Danvers let to Taggart, the veterinary surgeon, whose daughter trained hunters and broke in hacks? Well, it is all over now, thank heaven again! But six months ago Cluny haunted that place. She fascinated him," said Lady Beaujoy with a shake of the head. "She must have fascinated him—there is no other word!"

"What sort of a girl was she?" asked Cluny's Aunt Edwina, eagerly.

"My dear Edwina, you shall know all. There was nothing discreditable. . . . our boy's good sense and right feeling came to his aid. . . . You ask me what she was like? Taggart, the trainer, gave out," said Lady Beaujoy with a slight shiver of alarmed propriety, "that she was the image of his wife, her deceased mother, who was a prodigy, according to him, owning every virtue. Let us hope that she was. At any rate, the girl helped Taggart in his business, breaking young horses for ladies to ride, and getting more notice, in consequence, from the De Hersons and other sporting people, than I think was at all prudent. Lady Georgiana raved about her, 'hand,' and her 'seat,' and sent her daughters to take riding lessons from her; and I will not deny that the young woman rode superbly. . . . She had a good figure and hair of that theatrical golden color. . . . I will not say dyed; but too obviously touched up. . . . Still, her complexion was undeniable, and for a young woman of that class, her manners were not offensive. . . no one shall say I denied her due even to the child of a horse trainer!" said Lady Beaujoy with magnanimity, "who presumed to fascinate my son."

"But the affair—if it could be called one—is all over?" breathed Lady Cokenham, in anxiety for her nephew.

"Dead and buried. It is two months since she went away. 'Business in London' was the excuse given, but the strong hint Danvers dropped to Taggart was, I doubt not, the real reason for Miss Taggart's exodus. Hush! I hear Cluny's step in the hall."

And the maternal ear was not at fault. Cluny came in. He was spare and short and sandy, with neat little parted curls upon a white untroubled brow, and a neat little twisted mustache over a mouth that would not always keep shut. His chin retreated, his shoulders were narrow, the eyes which his mother called limpid and his enemies watery, were of a light cerulean blue. He was neat in attire, and his gloves, neckties and little drab spats were ever immaculate. He conversed with the two ladies in a little high voice which seemed to lodge behind his eyebrows. He held a skein of tatting thread for his Aunt Edwina to wind, he read to the ladies in his little high voice an article from "The Times," he sat down to the piano and tinkled out a Scotch air in the precise style which had operated so unfavorably upon Rosa Cudmore's nerves, and said as he rose, rubbing his little hands together: "I am thinking of running up to London to-morrow, mother, dear."

(To be continued.)

BISHOP OPPOSES CHANGE.

"Bad Politics," Dr. Burgess Says, to Adopt a New Church Name.

RAPS "GRINDING FACES OF POOR."

There was a large attendance yesterday at the thirty-seventh annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island at Garden City at the religious service which preceded the convention. The Rev. Dr. Lindsay Parker preached on "The Primacy of the Pulpit." He said the clergy need to awaken to the fact that if there is any weakness in the pulpit it is largely the fault of ministers who do not insist on having more time devoted to the sermons and less on the preliminary services.

Luncheon was served at the Garden City Hotel, and in the afternoon the delegates listened to Bishop Burgess's address. He said in part:

The most important event in the history of the diocese during the last year has been the opening of the Diocesan House, at No. 170 Remsen-st., Brooklyn.

The purchase of sites for future churches should be a part of this corporation's duty. Brooklyn and Long Island are developing with a rapidity which may well appal us. Business men, understand, are getting ready for the change, but the Church goes on, doing, I grant you, in its archdeaconries, noble, self-sacrificing and effective work, but not with the vista of ten or twenty years. In this connection, I venture to express the hope that as in some other dioceses certain gifts may be intrusted to the Bishop for missionary and charitable work.

The Bishop then reviewed the experiences of the Church of the Epiphany and St. Barnabas's Church in Brooklyn, the latter of which has dropped out of existence owing to debts. He went on:

If I find that debts are accumulated without any knowledge and that the ecclesiastical authority is being ignored in this particular, then my consent to a mortgage will not be given. It is only fair to give the parishes of the diocese warning that I do not intend to be deprived of this prerogative which the State gives me.

Many conservative men have become convinced of the desirability of change in the name of the church. Leaving out of account the word "Episcopal" as only objectionable because it is an unnecessary epithet, and fixing our attention on the word "Protestant," we can see that the argument in favor of its abandonment is certainly plausible. The word first came into use in the year 1529 as applied to those who made the famous protest at the second Council of Spires.

This document has been thought to be also the first definite statement of the famous "Bible and Bible only" doctrine, which has had great vogue in the past. The position is one from which Lutheran scholars have long since seceded, and which the English Church never assumed. It is a more illogical claim than that of Papal infallibility.

"The fear of the Inquisition made more Protestants," says Voltaire, "than all the writings of Calvin." That may be true, but the greed, the lust, the shamelessness of the great princes of the Church at Rome, the murders and adulteries which went on in papal palaces—these were among the most powerful causes of the Reformation. In this sense "Protestant" and "Catholic" are not at all opposed, but 'Protestant' is opposed to cruelty, lust, bigotry and to every sort of denial of the truth of God. Both "Catholic" and "Protestant" are words with a noble origin, and it seems unwise, as well as unscholarly, to pit them one against the other.

But, granting, for the sake of argument, that the word "Protestant" implies a position which our Church has never taken, nevertheless, from the point of view of a Christian statesman, a change of name at this crisis would be considered 'bad politics.' In this light, indeed, the triviality of the subject forces itself on our attention. A change of name at the present juncture would be a confession of weakness, if not of defeat. The Protestant Episcopal Church has no need to feel ashamed either of its name or its history.

Let the Church go on and fight its battles with the world; let it stand in the family as the champion of women and defenceless children, against cruelty and divorce. . . . let it refuse the large gifts that come from men whose moral lives have been notoriously corrupt or from fortunes won by child labor, or by grinding the faces of the poor in the gloom of the mines or amid the clatter of the mills. . . . let it show its power by stretching out its hand to the foreign hordes which the greed of capitalists brings every year in increasing numbers within our ports; let it educate the negro and proclaim his equality in the sight of God and the nation; let it do all this and we shall have no more care about nomenclature.

The old officers of the convention were re-elected. Before adjournment the nominations for membership of the standing committee were made. The name of Augustus Van Wyck was placed before the convention, and several ministers hurriedly suggested other names. Mr. Van Wyck was for years a member of the committee, but failed of re-election a year ago because, as openly stated in the convention at the time, of his connection with the American Ice Company. The vote will be taken in the morning.

CHARLES B. WHITE EXPELLED.

No Longer a Member of Consolidated Exchange.

Charles B. White was expelled from membership in the Consolidated Exchange yesterday for an alleged offence covered by Article IX of the exchange's constitution, which reads as follows:

Whenever it shall appear to a majority of the committee on membership that a wilful misstatement upon a material point has been made to them by a member or an applicant for admission or readmission, they shall report the case to the board of governors, who may by a vote of two-thirds of the membership of said board expel the offending party or declare him forever ineligible for admission, as the case may be.

It is understood that White, who was elected to the exchange on December 20, 1901, made a misstatement as to his financial standing to the committee on membership at the time of his admission.

CHURCH CLUBS TO MEET.

A meeting of delegates from the various church clubs of Brooklyn will be held in the Bethesda Congregational Church, Ralph-ave. and Chauncey-st., to-morrow evening, to form a federation of these organizations. The object of this federation is to draw the men of the various churches into a closer bond of fellowship, to obtain civic righteousness in the city, and to take united action on questions pertaining to city, State or national government, or any others which might come before such an organization. Many churches are uniting in the movement. The meeting will be addressed by Robert H. Roy, the Rev. O. F. Bartholow, Professor Homer C. Bristol, the Rev. Dr. L. L. Taylor and Asa P. Spear. The address of welcome will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Charles Herald.

MUST SUPPLY PURE MILK, SAYS BREEN.

Magistrate Breen in the Yorkville Court yesterday served notice on the milk dealers that they must furnish pure milk or stand the consequences. The magistrate had before him seven milk dealers who were charged with selling adulterated milk. The men had been arrested by Inspector Johnson of the Board of Health. After the inspector had told his story Magistrate Breen said:

"We are bound to have good milk this summer, and the sooner you milk dealers realize this fact the better it will be for you all. You are jeopardizing the lives of children by selling this impure milk."

The prisoners were then held in $100 bail each for trial.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Misses' Sailor Blouse, No. 4,426, for 10 Cents.

No style suits young girls more perfectly than the simple sailor one. This charming blouse is adapted to linen, to cotton and to wool, and can be made absolutely plain or elaborated with band trimming as preferred. The original, however, is made from blue linen with embroidered dots, and is trimmed with a band of plain white which matches the shield, collar and cuffs. With it is worn a tie of soft silk. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards 27 inches wide, two and three-quarters yards 32 inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards 44 inches wide, with seven-eighths yard 27 or five-eighths yard 32 or 44 inches wide for shield, collar and cuffs. The waist pattern No. 4,426 is cut in sizes for girls twelve, fourteen and sixteen years old.

NO. 4,426—MISSES' SAILOR BLOUSE.

Patterns will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and years distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp, and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.