NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

A FETE GOWN FOR JUNE.

WOMEN AS COLLECTORS.

Most of Them Failures Because of the Bargain Instinct, Say Dealers.

The collector craze or fad is increasing rapidly in feminine ranks, say collection brokers. There are now a hundred where twenty-five years ago there was one. But the older and more observant of them add that, nevertheless, women rarely possess the collector's instinct, pure and simple.

"That is a gift," said an antique dealer, himself a collector of note and having over half a century's acquaintance with the craft; "collectors, like poets, are born, not made. The man who will sell his birthright, joyfully part with his last cent for the love of a historied bit of pottery, to whom some shred of rare old tapestry is as the pearl of great price, that man is a genuine collector. But that man isn't often a woman," continued the speaker, with a smile. "Women, I find, care more for such things because they are desired by others, because the possession of them gives them an enviable publicity and reputation as virtuosi. I do not know a single woman among the many with whom my work brings me in contact who would be happy, unknown and unheralded, in the simple possession of her collection of treasures. Yes, I know many men in that frame of mind, too.

"Quite the majority of my customers or clients have made their collections, many of them famous, on the skill of others. They themselves do not know, and never can know, the intrinsic, inherent, individual, almost personal value of the things their money buys for them. They have an intellectual appreciation of them, their reason approves the reasons given by their deputies for the purchase of this or that, they have a very distinct pride in the exclusiveness and perfection of their particular collection, but at bottom their motives for making it are either financial, for the sake of the investment, or because of the personal glory that will accrue through its possession.

"There is really no surer, quicker, I might even say, cheaper, way of gaining an enviable reputation than by being known as a fine collector. Such collectors, of course, do not advertise the fact that their deputies have all the brains and the artist souls.

"There is a freemasonry among collectors which makes it possible to gain access by this means, where it would otherwise take generations of effort to enter. Why, in Boston it is almost necessary to be a collector of something in order to have any individual standing whatever, to be 'known who you are on the little green car,' so to speak. Collections are displayed there much as the fourth rate physician frames his license or certificate in several inches of gilt plate and hangs it conspicuously in his office. It is his passport to confidence and standing among his fellows. New-York is the collector centre, then in importance follow Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. London holds a place of its own, but it is not so cosmopolitan from a collector's point of view as is this city. I think the desire to be unique, distinguished, noted for something, has almost everything to do with the collecting that women indulge in, though, of course, I have known one or two exceptions. If women, as a rule, controlled the fortunes that men have at their disposal, we would have, I think, about twice the number of women collectors. As it is they form a large percentage. But the bargain instinct enters conspicuously into their transactions. If they are absolutely assured that such and such a thing is so rare as to be desirable to the extent of thousands, or even hundreds, of them, and if the spending of these will forever preclude the possibility of any rival in their possession, they don't hesitate long. But if the value of an article is a purely intangible, impersonal thing, a quality that would appeal to the true lover of antiques only, women try all sorts of bargain counter tactics to get the price down, if only a fraction. Why, I had one woman come in here looking for some bits of Oriental pottery, and she wanted only 'perfect' pieces. I had showed her a wonderful bit of old glazed ware, with a little cluster of cracks like a spider's near the mouth. I had rarely handled a finer bit. What did I do? I told her to go to the ten-cent store or to some steam factory over in Jersey. Yes, their money is as good as anybody's else, but to tell you the truth, I'd almost rather keep my things than see them go into such hands.

"As a rule, women go in for Oriental wares, embroidery laces, rugs, precious stones and such things. There is Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer with her hundreds of tea jars, Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Mrs. F. A. Constable, all noted, and justly, for their splendid collections. But these are exceptions; the majority of women, as I said, make their collections merely a means to an end. Some of my customers are art teachers and are gathering antiques from a purely educational standpoint. Many of these are interested in Japanese art and have fine assortments of old kakemonos, silks and lacquers. One woman I know has gathered hundreds of 'gift cloths,' or tukusas. The correct way, you know, of presenting even the most trifling object in the Flowery Kingdom is to envelop it in a heavily embroidered silk cloth of your own design and workmanship. Many of these are of far more value than the gift inclosed and are among the finest examples of silk or metallic thread embroidery. A good collection of these is really of historic as well as artistic value.

"Yes, it is the woman of midle age, or at least the mature woman, who usually goes in for collections, though sometimes the instinct is inherited and you see the fine nucleus gathered by the grandfather added to by succeeding generations. I know one of this sort, a hundreds of fabulously rare Oriental potteries, that had been slowly increased for four generations and zealously guarded through all sorts of family disaster and ill fortune, only to be swamped in debt at the last. The woman who inherited the collection and the collector's love for it had spent thousands on it from her girlhood. All her childish and filial associations centred in it, as did the most passionate interests of her own life. Though the folly of an only son, however, for whom the rare bits were only so much old crockery, or so much 'spot cash,' they had to be sacrificed, and that, too, not as a whole. By ones and twos and half dozens they are now scattered all over this country, and probably across the water as well. I will never forget that woman's face when she sent for me to tell me of the inevitable. I believe in my soul she would have sacrificed her son, his good name, his future, his physical life, even, to have kept that intact. She knew every bit, every historic crack and storied nick in the hundreds of pieces, and she loved them as she did her life. As a matter fact their sale cost her hers. She failed from the time they left the house. I never knew anything more pathetic than her visits to me after that. The few that were stranded at the public sale I offered to dispose of for her, and as long as there was one of them left here in my cases, she would have little excuses for dropping in. I understood and always kept them in the best light just where she could not fail to see them from her favorite chair. She would pretend to be talking to me, but her eyes were hungrily devouring for the hundredth time the lines and curves and tints of some old earthenware water bottle, some quaint ornate vessel that used to be a member of her now scattered family. She never questioned me about them. The last time she came their corner of the case was empty. When she noticed it she made no sign, but she seemed to shrivel and grow lifeless before my very eyes, though she forced herself to keep on talking about the weather, the condition of the streets, anything, just to be talking. I never saw her again. She was a collector."

To be bien coiffé, the Parisian considers brushing an essential. The heads of Parisian women of fashion are brushed till they shine like mirrors. Gloss—polish, it might almost be called—is at rather a discount at present in this country, as it is hard to have fluffy hair and glossy hair at the same time, and light, tously hair one must have. Nevertheless, a well groomed head can scarcely be had without systematic, careful brushing.

There are conditions of the scalp when just the thing needed is a smart grooming with a wire brush. The wire brushes clean the dust and fluff from the roots of the hair and scalp, quicken the circulation, bring the blood to the surface and excite the oil glands. Wire brushes are said to be hard on the long hair, and to pull it out ruthlessly. If the hair is first freed of snarls—which, by the way, ought not to occur in well groomed hair—and the bristles are passed through the hair slowly and carefully, there will be nothing to complain of.

The young English girl of the period is responsible for a rather nice innovation, namely, the tea frock. The tea gown not being considered one of her prerogatives, she has looked around for something in the nature of a graceful indoor frock of simplified structure, and the tea frock is the upshot. Without being a princess robe, it is an all-in-one-gown, and, while far from a negligée, it is intended to be worn without corsets. Voile de sole, crepe de chine and soft silks are developed into tea frocks, and lace is used in profusion, daintiness and elegance being desiderata. The fact that the tea frock dispenses with hooks, eyes, pins and all such weariness is a point in its favor.

A sure cure for indigestion, according to "Medical Talk," is to lie on the left side for fifteen or twenty minutes. The explanation is that lying on the left side "crowds the stomach." This lessens the capacity of the stomach and forces the gas up through the œsophagus. This will frequently bring relief. After the gas has been all forced out of the stomach, one can generally roll over on his back or right side, the journal continues, and go to sleep. It is said that Mark Twain has recommended this remedy as wellnigh infallible.

People are often puzzled to know precisely what is meant by doctors when they prescribe a "hot" bath or a "cold" bath. Now, a hot bath means one with a temperature exceeding that of the body, 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit. A cold bath is one registering less than 65 degrees. A tepid bath is anywhere between 80 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit. By a warm bath is meant one between 90 and 98 degrees. Both the warm and the hot bath are considered sedative, while the effects of the cold tub are stimulating. A system of hot and cold baths in combination is prescribed for nervous women, often with good results. First, a shower bath is taken for six minutes, the water beginning at tepid and progressing till it is as hot as can be borne. Then the hot spigot is turned off and the cold water—as cold as it can be got—is turned on for six minutes more. The results are a stimulation quite impossible to describe. One feels like a circus trick pony or a frisky kitten or any other gay and sportive creature. One could eat three breakfasts or walk twenty miles; one feels equal to any sort of "stunt." In the general exhilaration of flesh and nerves troubles and disappointments slip off and one feels like the "stout hearted swimmer," mastering and controlling the element in which he moves, head above water, not submerged or oppressed. A nickel plated hollow ring, perforated on the inside with numberless small holes, and with a rubber hose and nozzle attached, is all the apparatus necessary in any bathroom where the pressure of water is good. Before concluding to take this hot-cold shower bath as a prelude to the day, however, one should consult a physician. It might work wonders in another woman, but be the death of you.

THE KIMONO COATS.

Oriental Garments Favored by the Summer Girl—Soft, Cool Silks.

The Oriental fad which made its appearance in New-York during the winter now counts its devotees by the thousand, and nothing will be more popular for summer wear than Japanese coats and kimonos, one woman having even gone to the length of building a Japanese home in the Adirondacks, where she may live and dress this summer as the Japanese do. One of the charms of the Oriental in summer apparel is the delightful coolness of the silken garments, with their thin, strong texture and loose folds, untrimmed save for embroidery such as only Orientals can do.

Happy, even in the dog days, will be the possessor of a number of cool and dainty kimono coats in light silk, with panels and broad bands of a contrasting color with flowers embroidered in all their natural tints upon the fabric.

For morning wear in the house come some of the prettiest little silk sacks imaginable. They scarcely cover the belt, but fall in the front and have sleeves in handkerchief ends. They suggest nothing so much as butterflies. These are of crimson, lavender and various pale colors, trimmed at the edges with embroidered bands of several mingled colors, while over the material are lightly scattered small wreaths of delicately tinted flowers.

One pretty woman just over from Japan is wearing a house dress of light lavender silk decorated with flights of white cranes. Another gown in which she dazzles less fortunate acquaintances is of red silk, with long clusters of wistaria blossoms, in all the tints known to that exquisite and fashionable flower, embroidered all over it. This woman is also the owner of no less than five of the prettiest evening coats that ever came out of the Land of the Rising Sun.

The love of things Oriental, however, extends far beyond the wearing of Oriental garments. Oriental sashes are effectively combined with white organdies and malis, and Oriental scarfs for the head and shoulders appear in silk gauze. The latter are particularly desirable when worn with lace polerines and collars. White Oriental belts, buckles and jewelry are worn with everything, and every woman has her Oriental bag, in beads, leather or silver, with chatelaine to match.

An odd conceit in summer shirtwaists is a decoration somewhat resembling fragments of a Chinese laundry ticket. These are done in four or five colors on the box pleats down the front of pongee and linen waists. The work can be done quickly by any woman accustomed to embroidery, and is extremely effective.

Loveliest of all Oriental decorations, however, is an appliqué made by cutting out the flowers embroidered upon kimonos and applying them to pongee. The applications are usually made down the front of the bodice and skirt, around the yoke and upon the neck and sleeves, and a pongee frock so adorned takes on a style and distinction that nothing else can give.

GLEANINGS.

A bewildered Manhattanite lately found herself, about nightfall, in a thinly settled part of Brooklyn where the houses were set well back from the sidewalk, which was only occasionally paved, and every dooryard seemed to contain a growling dog. But few of the street lamps were lighted, a heavy mist was falling, and it was impossible to decipher the house numbers, many of which were tucked snugly under the tread of the top step after a fashion prevailing in Brooklynville. Encountering a diminutive specimen of the genus messenger boy, the bewildered Manhattanite besought him to direct her to a certain number. "I never saw such a place," she continued, more to herself than to him; "no lights, no numbers, no sidewalks"——The frown that had begun to settle on the small, blue-capped brow at the thought of delay, instantly lifted. "Sure, lady, I'm from the city myself!" and sympathy for a fellow exile from civilization triumphed over the thought of a hot, waiting supper.

An unmistakably countrified old party, evidently in a state of mind aptly termed "flustrated," was hurrying along Twenty-third-st. the other day with a crumpled bit of newspaper in her hand. "You don't happen to know where Blank's is, do you?" she importuned a kindly faced passerby. "Why, yes," was the reply; "it's between —— and —— st. on Sixth-ave." "Well, that's what they say," returned the anxious stranger, referring to the huge headline advertisement her bit of paper contained, "but I couldn't seem to find it there, and I thought maybe you couldn't always believe what you see in New-York newspapers," and the good soul shook her head shrewdly.

Among the agencies at work to-day to bring wholesome reading within the reach of the poor, the isolated, or the ignorant, few are more efficient than the travelling library, says "The Clubwoman," and the great factor behind the establishment of the travelling library has been the woman's club. The travelling libraries of Kansas were first equipped in 1897, through the instrumentality of the clubwomen of the State, the State Federation collecting 3,000 volumes from clubs and individuals to start them. When, in 1896, the Ohio Legislature passed the act establishing the Ohio Library Commission, under whose charge the State Library was to circulate travelling libraries, its action was almost entirely due to the pressure brought to bear on the lawmakers by the Ohio clubwomen. In Idaho the Women's Columbian Club started the travelling library, intending to keep it as a club activity, but so popular became the movement that they requested the legislature to appoint a State commission to manage the matter. Washington has given woman her share of the credit by requiring that of the two members to be appointed to the commission by the Governor, one must be a woman; that the State Federation of Women's Clubs shall always have on the commission one person chosen from its membership to represent it, and that the secretary of the commission must be a woman. Other States in which the influence of women's clubs has been the great factor in the establishment of travelling libraries are Delaware, Illinois, Utah, Wisconsin, Texas, Tennessee, Maryland, Minnesota, Michigan, Oregon, Nebraska, New-Jersey and New-York.

JAPANESE KIMONO COATS WHICH WILL BE FASHIONABLE THIS SUMMER.

WHITE AND GREEN SILK EVENING COAT, COLORED EMBROIDERIES.

PALE PINK SILK COAT, CONTRASTING BAND AND COLORED EMBROIDERIES.

PALE LAVENDER SILK COAT, CONTRASTING BAND AND EMBROIDERIES.

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.

"MOTHER'S" GARDENING.

She is up in the morning early,
With the rising of the sun.
For in her garden always
There is so much to be done.

It is well her heart is loving;
Well if her hands are strong;
Well if her temper is cheerful
And even the whole day long.

While the father goes to his labor,
Mayhap uses hoe or spade,
She is busy at work in her own domain,
For the beds must all be made.

And oh! she has always many,
So many buttons to sew;
Her hands must train the branches
Which in her garden grow.

She never rakes up a grievance,
All anger is rooted out,
And nothing is left untidy,
Or carelessly lying about.

She plants in her garden borders
Seeds that will bloom and bear,
And yield in the golden harvest time
A crop of happiness fair.
—Margaret Dooris, in Living Church.

HEALTH BOARD APPEAL.

Dr. Lederle, president of the Health Department of New-York, has made a personal appeal to the Tribune Sunshine Society for reading matter for the hospitals for contagious diseases; also picture books, games and toys for the amusement of the children in these hospitals. A barrel of magazines and illustrated papers and a box of games, picture books, etc., for the children will be sent from the general office to-day, but much more is needed. All who can and will respond to this appeal will please send their contributions direct to the Health Department, Sixth-ave. and Fifty-fifth-st., Manhattan, addressed to Dr. Lederle, who will see that the contributions are distributed among the different hospitals.

HELPFUL RESPONSE.

The following sums of money were received on Saturday for the benefit of Lydia Aust, of Brooklyn, whose sad condition was mentioned in the column: Miss Helen Weston, $25; Mrs. M. F. Eichell, $10; Mrs. G. L. S., of New-Jersey, $3; Edith Forrester, $2, and "Sympathy," Manhattan, $1. Mrs. Winthrop, of Manhattan, also offers to give aid. The wish in the hearts of all these donors is that the girl may be saved from the insane asylum.

SUNSHINE HATS.

Mrs. F. H. Jerome, of Manhattan, has received about sixty new straw hats, mostly sailors, and trimmings for the same, from an importer. She trimmed twenty-six, which she has distributed among the poor children, white and black, in whom she is interested. The others will be divided among the "Little Mothers," some children in No. 3 branch and Avenue A branch. Mrs. Jerome would like some dresses, skirts and stockings for two little colored girls, seven and nine, so they can go to school. The mother is a widow, and tries by washing to support these children. Only plain, serviceable articles are required.

BOOKS FOR LIBRARY.

Adolph Koch, at the Home for Incurables, Chicago, writes that his surprise and pleasure were beyond expression when he received a box containing two dozen books for his circulating library with the following inclosed slip: "With best wishes from Elm City Branch, T. S. S., New-Haven, Conn." He desires to express his sincere thanks for this helpful gift, which will mean sunshine for so many.

FLOWERS.

Miss E. Brockett, State president of New-Jersey, sent a box of lovely roses. These were taken to Mrs. Joseph Greenleaf, No. 104 Madison-ave., president of the Sunshine Circle of "Little Mothers," who is still confined to her room, although improving in health.

SUNSHINE DUES.

Mrs. George Eason, president of Manhattan Branch No. 7, has sent $1, and Mrs. Henry Mostyn, president of the Bahamas branch, $1, as branch dues for the year. C. J. C., of New-Rochelle, $1 as individual dues.

WANT READING.

Nelson McCartney, of Penn Run, Penn., needs reading to help make life endurable in the lonely place to which fate has consigned him. Being crippled to the verge of helplessness, his only pleasure in life is reading.

Any one having children's books to "pass on" will please send to Mrs. Ida Borine, Friendsville, Tenn.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Woman's Circular Skirt, No. 4,429, for 10 Cents.

Skirts tucked on tapering lines are among the novelties of the season and are exceedingly graceful and effective. This charming one suits a host of materials but in the case of the original is made of cream canvas veiling with applique of lace and stitched with silk. Linen, cotton, silk and a variety of wools are, however, equally appropriate.

NO. 4,429—WOMAN'S CIRCULAR SKIRT.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6½ yards 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 32 inches wide or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The skirt pattern No. 4,429 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

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

(FROM THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE WEEKLY REVIEW, MAY 30.)

Latest Foreign News About Books.

London, May 29.

Constable has secured Colonel Reginald Hennell's quaint and entertaining history of "The Yeomen of the Guard" from the Tudor times. A limited edition, dedicated to King Edward, will be issued in sumptuous binding and printing. It will be artistically illustrated from the records preserved in St. James's Palace and the memorials of court functions. The late Max O'Rell left an unfinished handbook, "Love and Marriage." Among the publications of the week are the opening volume of the new and enlarged edition of Lamb's writings, edited by E. V. Lucas; Charles G. Harper's "History of the Old Fashioned Stage Coach from 1657 to the General Introduction of Railways," and J. L. Hammond's "Study of Charles James Fox." The autumn fiction will include a new story by the author of "Sir Richard Chalmady." I. N. F.

Paris, May 29.

René Doumic publishes through Perrin a collection of studies under the title "Hommes et Idées du Dix-neuvième Siècle." The subjects are Bonaparte, at the moment of the eighteenth Brumaire; Mme. de Staël, Dumas aîné, Pasteur, Hugo, Barbey d'Aurevilly and Verlaine. In "L'Amoureuse Redemption," published by Ollendorff, Armand Charpentier makes a clever sentimental analysis of the sadness in which love idyls end, and the severance not only of love but even friendship by a divergence of ideas. It is a curious and suggestive book. "Lamartine, Homme Politique," by Pierre Quentin Bauchart, is issued by Plon Nourrit. C. I. B.

Books People Are Reading.

NEW-YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.—The popular books for the week have been:

Fiction—Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter"; Rice's "Lovey Mary"; Norris's "The Pit"; Green's "Filigree Ball."

Juvenile—Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy"; Jamison's "Lady Jane."

Miscellaneous—Ulmann's "Landmark History of New-York"; Van Vorst's "Woman Who Toils"; Hemstreet's "When Old New-York Was Young"; Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Chicago, May 29.—The most popular books among Chicago readers, according to the demands at the Public Library during the last week, were:

Fiction—Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter"; Rives's "Hearts Courageous."

History and Biography—Doyle's "The War in South Africa"; Wilson's "History of the American People"; Washington's "Up from Slavery"; Riis's "The Making of an American."

Miscellaneous—Norman's "All the Russias"; Eddy's "Two Thousand Miles in an Automobile"; Machray's "The Night Side of London"; St. John's "Things a Boy Should Know About Electricity"; Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena"; Bolton's "Patriotism"; Creelman's "On the Great Highway."

BUFFALO PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Buffalo, May 29.—According to the demands made at the Public Library the following were the most popular books this week:

Fiction—Bacheller's "Darrel of the Blessed Isles"; Bell's "Wee MacGreegor"; Brown's "The Manerings"; Eggleston's "Master of Warlock"; Gray's "Richard Rosny."

Juvenile—Eastman's "Indian Boyhood"; Rouse's "The Talking Thrush"; McMaster's "History of the United States"; Brown's "Stories of the Woods and Fields."

Miscellaneous—Hilty's "Happiness—Essays on the Meaning of Life"; Wagner's "The Better Way"; Scidmore's "Winter India"; Going's "With the Trees"; Wood's "Americans in Process."

FREE LIBRARY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Philadelphia, May 29.—The books most called for during the week at the Free Library of Philadelphia were:

Fiction—Green's "Filigree Ball"; Norris's "The Pit"; Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter"; Wilson's "The Spenders."

Miscellaneous—Wagner's "Simple Life"; Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Oxford"; Lang's "Prince Charles"; Bryce's "Studies in Contemporary Biography"; James's "Varieties of Religious Experience."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.—Washington, May 29.—The following list of books called for indicates the tastes of readers in Washington this week:

History—Fisher's "Brief History of Nations"; Baring Gould's "Germany Present and Past"; Emerson's "History of the Nineteenth Century."

Description and Travel—Allen's "The European Tour"; Arnold's "India Revisited"; Frazer's "Letters from Japan"; Peters's "The Eldorado of the Ancients"; Waddington's "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife."

Biography—Higginson's "Longfellow"; Jusserand's "The Romance of a King's Life"; Whitman's "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck."

Fiction—Page's "Gordon Keith"; Mowbray's "The Conquering of Kate"; Zangwill's "The Grey Wig"; Crawford's "Cecilia"; Smith's "The Turquoise Cup"; Wister's "The Virginian."

Miscellaneous—Phillips's "Paola and Francesca"; Edward's "Japanese Plays and Playfellows"; "The Reflections of a Lonely Man"; Du Bois's "The Souls of Black Folk"; Hodder's "A Fight for the City."

What N. Y. Booksellers Say They Are Selling Most.

The six best selling books in New-York this week, as reported to The New-York Tribune Weekly Review by leading booksellers, were taken in the following order:

1. "The Captain"	Churchill Williams	(The Lothrop Publishing Co.)	$1 50
2. "The Eternal Woman"	Dorothea Gerard	(Brentano's)	1 50
3. "Lady Rose's Daughter"	Mrs. Humphry Ward	(Harper & Bros.)	1 50
4. "The Grey Cloak"	Harold MacGrath	(The Bobbs-Merrill Company)	1 50
5. "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"	George Gissing	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	1 50
6. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"	Mrs. Hegan Rice	(The Century Co.)	1 00

TOO MANY IMMIGRANTS, HE SAYS.

Minister Declares They Should Not Be Allowed to Settle in Big Cities.

The subject of the Rev. George W. Grinton's sermon yesterday at the Forty-fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church was "Some Selfish Conceptions of Liberty in a Great City." He said in part:

If the Golden Rule was the regulator of life and conduct, the "smart set" would have little time for gossip and slander, and more for reading, reflection and study. This would result in many of the divorce mills shutting down, thus permanently benefiting society.

It is the loss of home life that makes the white light, yes, the red light, districts of this city so pleasing. How can the wretched hovel and stuffy little room in the tenement house, where a dozen human beings are herded together, regardless of age or sex, be called a home? Neither is the palace of the wealthy, where children are controlled by nurse and governess, and know little of parental love, a home.

New-York City needs a revival of home life, where love is the controlling force. Selfishness cannot exist in such an atmosphere.

Our home and municipal life is being largely influenced by the great tide of foreign immigration. These newcomers are being dumped upon our shores in unprecedented numbers. This great mass should be kept moving, and not be allowed to settle down in cities like New-York and Chicago, where our great centres of population are suffering from congestion in an alarming degree.

They should be compelled to occupy the unimproved lands, and thus be of some benefit, rather than a burden to the country. The debt we owe the immigrant in the past is a large one, but the country has more than paid its obligation. Now it is time to discriminate, and only receive those who are of some value. A rigid examination should be given those who come to our shores, and those who are not in sympathy with our form of government, or too ignorant to understand what law and order mean, should not be allowed to land.

Many innocent pleasures have been so monopolized by the sporting fraternity that the self-respecting citizen hesitates to engage in them. Who does not love a good horse, and who would not enjoy the occasional pleasure of looking at a good race? But the price one has to pay is too expensive. A jostling, swearing and quite frequently half-intoxicated crowd, many of the number having large sums at stake, has degraded a noble sport.

TO LAY CORNERSTONE AT BRYN MAWR.

Bryn Mawr, Penn., May 31 (Special).—The conferring of degrees at the close of the eighteenth academic year of Bryn Mawr College will take place on June 4. The exercises take place in the college chapel, and begin at 11 o'clock. After the singing of the national anthem and prayer, the president of the college, Miss M. Carey Thomas, will make a brief introductory address. At the close of this the degrees will be conferred. Eighty-one members of the class of '03 will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, three graduates of the college that of Master of Arts, and four candidates will take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Of these four three have held European fellowships from Bryn Mawr. Two are graduates of Bryn Mawr, one of Leland Stanford and one of the University of Wisconsin.

After the announcements of the fellowships and scholarships for the next academic year, Hamilton Wright Mabie will deliver an address on "Academic Ideals." The address will be brief, owing to the ceremonies that are to follow. The college hymns will close the exercises of the conferring of degrees. The procession will then walk to the site of the beautiful new library building, the gift of the friends of the college. Here Dr. Horace Howard Furness will speak briefly on "The Library." John H. Converse will speak for the givers and Mrs. Charles McLean Andrews for the alumnæ. Then President Thomas will lay the cornerstone. This added function will make the conferring of degrees one of very unusual interest, and the fact that Dr. Furness has consented to make an address adds greatly to the anticipation of the college community.

The Portrait.

BY PAUL REGARD.

"I like to get out of my corduroys now and then," said Thompson through his cigarette smoke, "and go over where the swell folks live. The Latin Quarter is all right. I'm sort of an anarchist anyway. No man hates 'society' more than I do. But to get into your good clothes occasionally and take a walk around the places where there's money and fashion and good manners and all that, is a good influence. At least it has kept me from being an Indian. As a matter of fact, old chap—you're the only one I have ever mentioned it too—it's furnished the one event in my life worth living for."

Thompson looked straight at me with his steady gray eyes, to see whether I was in the right mood. I took a deep inhalation of my cigarette and looked back at him without smiling. He was so taciturn as a rule that I wanted to hear him out. There was nothing common about Thompson, and to-night, in spite of his paint daubed clothes, he possessed more than ever that air of distinguished charm which had always attracted me to him. He took another meditative pull at his cigarette. I think he colored slightly.

"Billy," he said quietly, "a princess used to live over on the Avenue du Bois who was a dream, and I was in love with her." Then, as if correcting himself: "I am in love with her. I'm in love with her now. Do you understand?

"I was hardly making enough to live on in those days. I often became sick and discouraged. I was feeling that way one day when I had been taking a walk along the Avenue du Bois. Generally, the sight of all those rich people stirred up my heart and made me ambitious, but that day it had made me more melancholy than ever. I wondered if I ever should arrive, have a good studio, have enough money to travel or enough even to buy frames. I was feeling altogether blue. But when I saw her, I felt as though I had taken a drink of Bourbon or a dose of opium. When I saw her, I tell you, it was through a haze of old castles and smoky landscapes. I stopped stock still, and felt myself grow white around the mouth.

"She was in an open carriage, with an old lady. She had such eyes—sad, dark, wonderful, hungry eyes; hungry for what the world had not, I imagined. The horses were walking and the carriage was near the curb. The old lady was looking at the other promenaders, but the princess was leaning back in the cushions, with her eyes turned down. Her face was pale and the contour was infinitely chaste and noble. She was very slender, lithe and graceful. She was dressed all in white, and she was purity personified. I stood there for that long minute that she was in passing, feeling awestruck and religious. And when at last she had passed—I blushed at doing it, I remember—I took off my hat. Then I went over and sat down on a bench and thought and dreamed all the rest of the afternoon.

"The idea came to me that night to paint her picture. I had never done anything 'big' at that time, but I knew that I should some day. This would be it. I was absolutely sure of myself. I didn't sleep any that night. I began the portrait next morning, a little less sure, but hopeful and determined. The work went along all right, as I think of it now, but I had awful lapses. I was sick half the time with worry and disappointment. Sometimes I sat all day in front of the picture and scarcely touched it—just dreamed and aspired. I lost all heart for the rest of my work. The fellows thought I was going to have typhoid.

"But it went along. I'd go to the Avenue du Bois in the late afternoons; sometimes it was for the entire afternoon. Whenever I saw her I was always more or less upset, but I studied her. I knew every detail of the black wavy hair that she parted at one side, and the long, straight eyebrows. She had a fine delicately arched nose, rather thin lips and a chin like the Grande Demoiselle's. But the expression of her eyes! I never could have got it, if she hadn't one day when she was passing looked straight at me and smiled. She had perhaps not even seen me, but that smile set my heart to quivering as though I had just been sentenced to death or made Czar of Russia.

"It was a sad smile—the smile of a child's that's suffering and tries to be brave. I had worshipped the princess before that, as a sort of divinity, but now I loved her. I determined that, whatever I should do or become, it would be for her glorification. I knew from that smile that she was not happy, and I wondered if they were going to marry her to some one she didn't care for, or something like that. I think that I murmured a prayer that the Lord preserve her and make her happy.

"I finished the picture the next day. I had no foolish pride, but I was surprised that I had done it so well.

"It was a full length portrait. She was in her white dress and white hat, with her misty black hair combed over to one side. She held her head like a queen and looked out at you like an angel—slender, graceful, vibrant. No one had seen the picture but me. No one should see it until I had sent it to the Salon, and if the jury didn't accept it, so much the worse for them and the public.

"But if the jury did accept it! Do you see what that would mean to me? It would attract the attention of some one who would know who the subject was. They would go and tell her. She would come to see—doubting, slightly annoyed. Then, when she saw it, there'd be a revelation. Some one secretly loved her, had paid her this great tribute. She would read the signature. Perhaps—and here I had a lump in my throat—she would look for him: come to his studio with that white haired old lady; ask him how he had come to paint it; talk to him encouragingly, perhaps. But you know what a fellow feels, old man.

"When the envelope came from the jury, I carried it around with me all day before I opened it. Then I went into my bedroom, sat down on the bed, thought of my mother and the princess, tore it open——The picture was accepted!"

Thompson leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, looking at the floor. He was silent for a moment, and when he again spoke his voice, which had become animated, was soft again.

"For a while," he said, "it seemed as though my dreams were coming true. The picture attracted attention. I had entitled it, 'Portrait of Mlle. ——,' but all the newspapers knew who it was. It was the Princess de Z——. And after I had read this, I shut myself up in my studio and waited. I simply waited. I knew something would happen. I didn't know whether it was going to be what I had hoped for or not. Reaction had set in, and I was a bit morbid, now exalted, now depressed.

"I was waiting for the call. My studio was ready. I had done no cooking in it for a month. It was cleaned to the last degree. I had arranged all the properties to the best effect—tapestries, arms, spinning wheels, finished the half-finished work. At last I did receive a call.

"One rainy day there was a jingle of harness outside and then a knock at my door. I waited a weak and quaking minute, then went and opened. It wasn't the princess, but there was the old lady I had so often seen with her. This time she was accompanied by a distinguished looking old man in black. They came in and sat down. They went straight to the business of the picture, the old lady doing most of the talking. They wondered how I had painted it. They admired it. In fact they greatly desired to purchase it, as they had no other recent portrait of their niece, etc., etc.

"I listened to all this in a daze. I scarcely heard them. What I wanted to know was what she thought of the picture, and why, oh! why hadn't she come. So I took my courage in my hands at last and blurted out some such question—whether the princess had seen it, whether she liked it.

"And, Billy, the old man looked at me in a strange dumfounded sort of way and said: 'Mon dieu, Monsieur, haven't you heard? The princess died last week.'"—(Paris World.