

NEWS AND NEWS OF WOMEN



ELEGANT RACE COATS.

THE GRACE OF HUMOR.

One Attribute Necessary to Success in Philanthropic Work.

"Health, humility and humor" are the three chief qualifications of a philanthropic worker, according to Miss Susan W. Hoagland, agent of the Seventh district of the Charity Organization Society...

GRACE OF HUMOR.

Regarding her second qualification, Miss Hoagland said that once she seems to fail in charitable work...

AGE AT A PREMIUM.

"The work is too responsible for very young persons," she said. "It should not be undertaken until one has some idea of life, and I don't think that a too early acquaintance with the depressing things of life is advisable."

Miss Hoagland's paper provoked considerable discussion and brought up the question of the age at which this kind of work should be undertaken.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY TRAGEDY.

"They do not understand the position of women, nor a state of society in which children have opportunities to earn money and be independent of their parents."

PAQUIN AMERICAN LADIES VISITING LONDON

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

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NEWLY CREATED GOWNS, JACKETS, BLOUSES, TAILOR-BUILT GARMENTS, MILLINERY, AND LINGERIE ALWAYS ON VIEW.

COURT AND EVENING DRESSES. SEASON 1903.

CHOICEST SELECTION OF FURS AND SMARTEST STYLES IN LONDON.

SUNSHINE READING.

The box of reading matter sent by Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, T. S. members of Goshen, N. Y., was sent direct to a Brooklyn hospital.

A Summit, N. J., member has forwarded eighteen novels to Nelson McCarty, who is confined to bed by a crippled member, they will be "passed on" to others.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Two serviceable waists, received from Eliza Trowbridge, of Massachusetts, will supply the needs of two invalids; patterns for knitting work, a gift book for a "shut in" and a box filled with roses, pansies and pinks were the gift of Miss Edith Brockett, of New-Jersey.

COLD STORAGE OF EGGS.

How They Are Tested and Kept Fresh for Months at a Time.

Cold storage of eggs is one of the greatest conveniences of modern times, giving housewives an abundance at a season when there would otherwise be an egg famine, and enabling the produce merchant to control the market year round.

WHITEBAIT.

Whitebait is an English luxury which has been introduced within the last twenty-five years to the American people.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.

A pineapple pudding is delicious and welcome at this season. An excellent one is made as follows:

MONEY RECEIVED.

Miss McKee has contributed \$1 for "Florence," the "Little Mother," who is ill; Mrs. E. T. Gallows, \$1 as annual dues for Ruthford branch No. 1; Mrs. L. S. von Kleffer, of Greenwich, Conn., \$2 remitted; Mrs. G. Dutch, 40 cents for badges; and Mrs. Lucy T. Guild, 50 cents as annual dues for six little girls of the Cuba, N. Y., branch.

WORK IN NEW-JERSEY.

Mrs. Frank Drummond, president of the Allendale branch, reports, through the State president, Miss Brockett, that since her last report three dozen pieces of clothing have been distributed and many flowers.

WORTHY FEES.

Mrs. Nellie Flynn, of West One-hundred-and-sixteenth-st., Manhattan, is constantly doing kind acts that entitle her to membership in the T. S. S. One week she visits Blackwell's Island, and not only sings for the inmates, but always takes substantial comforts for the people at the almshouse.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

There is nothing that blends more beautifully with white China and Japanese silks in the construction of shirtwaists than the Maltese lace in cream silk that are now being shown for insertion, edgings and flourishes, as well as in the form of square medallions.

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PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

The Adventures of Harry Revel.

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q").

Author of "Dead Man's Rock," "The Splendid Spur," "I Saw Three Ships," etc.

(Copyright, 1903, By Charles Scribner's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Harry Revel, a founding in the Geneva Hospital at Plymouth and a favorite of Miss Philimmon, is thrown into a cell in the prison. He is there for a few days, and then escapes. He finds Archibald on the roof, helps him to flee, and escapes himself. He is then taken to the police station, where he is interrogated by the police. He is then taken to the court, where he is tried for the murder of a woman. He is found guilty and sentenced to the gallows. He is then taken to the gallows, where he is executed.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OWL'S CRY.

Silence—and then Mr. Rogers's voice uplifted and shouting for Hodgson. But Hodgson, it seemed, had found a way of his own. For, a moment later, a fresh sound of hoofs alarmed the night—this time in the lane, down which it swept in pursuit—a tune prolonged out to the accompaniment of loose stones volleyed and dropping between the beats.

"That's the man's impudence," said Miss Belcher, coolly; "he's taken my mare."

"You won't find another horse, Jack, unless you brought him. Whitmore keeps but one."

"Confound it all, Lydia! He came sullenly back toward the window."

"You've said that before. The man's gone, unless Hodgson can overtake him—which I doubt. He rides sixteen stone, if an ounce, and the mare's used to something under eleven. So give over, my boy, and come in and tell me what it's all about."

"Look here," he growled, clambering back into the room, "there's deviltry somewhere at the bottom of this. The fellow's nag was ready saddled—I got near enough to see that; and the yard gate posted open; and—the devil take it, Lydia, I believe you opened that window on purpose! Did you?"

"That's telling, my dear. But, if you like, well, suppose that I did."

"Then," said Mr. Rogers, "it may interest you to know that you've given him ball from the gallows. He's no priest at all; by his own confession he's a forger, and I'll lay odds he's a murderer, too, if that's enough. But perhaps you knew this without my telling you?"

Miss Belcher took a step or two toward the fireplace and back. Her face, white for a moment, was composed when she turned it again upon us.

"Don't be an ass, Jack. I knew nothing of the sort."

"I knew enough, it seems," Mr. Rogers persisted, sulkily; "guess he was in a hurry. And you'll excuse me, Lydia, but this is a serious business. Whether you knew it or not, you've abetted a criminal in escaping from the law, and I've my duty to do. What brought you here to-night?"

"Are you asking that as a justice of the peace?"

"I am," he answered, flushing angrily.

"Then I shall not answer you. Who is this boy?"

"His name is Harry Revel."

"That? The youngster the hue and cry's after?"

"Quite so; and a youngster in a pretty bad mess, now that you've opened the cage to the real bird."

"Jack Rogers, you don't mean to tell me that he—that Mr. Whitmore?"

"Killed the Jew Rodriguez? Well, Lydia, I've no doubt of it in my own mind; but when you entered we were investigating another crime of his, and a dirtier one."

"She swept us all in a gaze, and I suppose that our faces answered her."

"Very well," she said; "I will answer your questions. You may put them to me as a magistrate later on, but just now you shall listen to them as a friend and a gentleman." With her hunting crop she pointed toward the door. "In the next room and alone, if you please. Thank you. You will excuse us, rector?"

She bowed to the old man. Mr. Rogers stood aside to let her pass, then followed. The door closed behind them.

Mr. Dodge fumbled in his pockets, found his spectacles, adjusted them with a shaking hand, and sat down before the bureau to search for the license. The pigeonholes contained but a few bundles of papers, all tied very neatly with red tape and docketed. (Neatness, at any rate, was one of Mr. Whitmore's virtues. Although the carpet lay littered with books, boots and articles of clothing, which by their number proclaimed the dandy, the few selected for the valise had been deftly packed and with extreme economy of space.) In the first drawer below the writing flap the rector found the register and parish account books in an orderly pile. He seized on the register at once, opened it, and ran his eyes down the later pages, muttering while he read:

"There is no entry here of Miss Brooks's marriage," he announced. "One, two, three—five marriages in all, entered in his handwriting; but no such name as Brooks or Philimmon. Stay! what is the meaning of this, I wonder?—a blank line between two entries—one of March 20, and the other of the 25th—both baptisms. Looks as if he'd left room for a post entry. Let's have a look at the papers."

He tossed the bundles over and found one labelled "Marriages"; spread the papers out and rubbed his head in perplexity. Isabel's license was not among them. Next he began to open the books and shake them, pausing now and again as a page of figures caught his eye.

"Accounts seem in order, down to the petty cash." He stooped, picked up and opened a small parcel of coin wrapped in paper, which his elbow had brushed off the ledge. "Fifteen and ninepence—right to a penny. But where in the world can that license be?"

There were drawers in the lower half of the bookcase, and he directed me to search in these while he hunted again through the bureau. And while we were thus occupied the door opened and Miss Belcher re-entered the room with Mr. Rogers at her heels. Had it been possible to associate tears with Miss Belcher, I could have sworn she had been weeping. Her first words, and the ringing masculine tone of them, effaced that half formed impression.

"What the dickens are you two about?"

"We are searching for a license," the rector answered. "I am right, Mr. Rogers—an I rector—in my recollection that Whitmore indicated it to be here, in this room, and easily found?"

"To be sure he did," said Mr. Rogers.

"I cannot find it among his papers—which, for the rest, are in apple pie order."

Thereupon we all fell to searching. In half an hour we had ransacked the room, and all to no purpose; and so, as if by signal, broke up and eyed one another in dismay.

And as we did so Miss Belcher laughed aloud and pointed at the valise lying in the middle of the floor—the only thing we had left unexplored.

Mr. Rogers flung himself upon it, tossed its contents right and left, dived his hand under a flap, and held up a paper with a shout.

The rector clutched it eagerly and, unfolding it as he went, hurried to the bureau to examine it by the light of the candles he had taken from the chimney piece and placed there to assist his search.

"It's the license!" he announced.

The two others pressed forward to assure themselves. He put the paper into their hands and, stepping to the rifled valise, bent over it, rubbing his chin meditatively.

"Now why," he asked, "would he be taking this particular paper with him?"

"Because," Miss Belcher answered, with a glance at Mr. Rogers, "he was a villain, but not a complete one. He was a weak fool—oh, yes, and I hate him for it; but I won't believe but that he loathed this business."

"I don't see how you get that out of his packing the paper, to carry it off with him, though it's queer, I'll allow," said Mr. Rogers.

"It's plain enough to me. He meant, if he reached safety, to send the thing back to you, rector, and explain; he meant to set this thing right; I'll go bail he abominated what he'd done; and abominated the man who compelled him."

"He called it damnable," said I. "I heard him."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when my ears and senses stiffened at a sound from the night without, borne to us through the open window—the hoot of an owl.

The others heard it, too.

"There he is!" I whispered.

"Who?" he asked Miss Belcher. But I nodded at Mr. Rogers, who understood.

"Letcher; that's his call."

Mr. Rogers glanced at the window and grinned.

"Now, here's a chance," he said softly.

"Eh?"

"He hasn't seen us. Stand close, every one—oh, Moses, here's a game!" He seemed to be considering.

"Let's have it, Jack," Miss Belcher urged. "Don't be keeping all the fun to yourself!"

"What a moment and don't bustle a man! I was thinking what to do with you three. The door's in line with the window, and he'll spot any one that crosses the room."

I pointed to the window skirting. "Not if one crossed close under the window, sir—on hands and knees."

"Good boy! Can you manage it, Lydia? Keep close by the wall, tuck in your tuppenny and slip across."

She nodded. "And where then?"

"Under the bed or behind the far curtain—which you will do for the rector. Is that your hat, sir?—leave beside you, on the bureau?"

"No; I left mine in the next room. It must belong to Whitmore."

"Best still! Pass it over—thank you. And now, if you please, we'll exchange coats." Mr. Rogers began to strip.

The rector hesitated, but after a moment his eye twinkled and he comprehended. The coats were exchanged, and he, too, began to steal toward the window.

"This will do for me, sir," said I, pointing to a cupboard under the bookcase.

"Plenty of room beneath the bed," he decided, as Miss Belcher disappeared behind her curtain. And so it happened that, better than either she or the rector, I saw what followed.

We were in hiding some while before the owl's cry sounded again, and (as it seemed to me) from the same distance as before. Mr. Rogers, in the rector's coat and the curate's hat, stepped hurriedly to the valise and began to repack it, kneeling with his back to the window and full in the line of sight. I am afraid to say that he played his part admirably. The suspense, which kept my heart knocking against my ribs, either did not trouble him or threw into his movements just the amount of agitation to make them plausible. By and by he scrambled up, collected a heap of garments and flung them back into a wardrobe beside the bed, stepped to the bureau—still keeping his face averted from the window—picked up and pocketed the license which the rector had left there, returned to the valise, and, stooping again, rammed its contents tighter—I saw then that he had disengaged the leather straps which ran around it, pulling them clear of his loops.

It was then that I heard a light sound on the cobble outside, and knew it for a footstep.

"Wst!" said a voice. "Wst—Whitmore!"

(To be continued.)

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Woman's Yoke. Waist, No. 4454, for 10 Cents.

Yoke waists of all sorts are among the features of the season, and are made exceedingly attractive with trimming and contrasting materials of various kinds. This stylish one is shown in pale pink crepe de chine, with yoke and trimming made of bands of pink silk, held by fancy stitches, but the design is suited to a variety of materials, silk and light weight wools and to the many cotton and linen fabrics. Lace insertion can be substituted for the silk of the yoke, or bands of material, leather, etc.

No. 4454—WOMAN'S YOKE WAIST. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards 21 inches wide, three and one-quarter yards 27 inches wide, two and one-half yards 32 inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards 44 inches wide, with seven yards of banding to make as illustrated, or five-eighths yard of material 18 inches wide for yoke and collar. 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.

THE PATIENT MAN.

From The Washington Star. We all admire the patient man. And vow his methods are the best. But while we praise we oftentimes impose on him like all the rest.

SEVENTH DROWNED OUT.

Camp Emmons Clark So Wet the Boys Are Not Able to Drill.

Camp Emmons Clark, Peekskill June 23 (Special).—The day has again been as gray as the 7th's blouses. It rained for a light driving mist, and before it was many hours old rain was falling in a steady downpour. In the afternoon the rain resolved itself again into intermittent storms of mist, which have continued on into the night.

The company was organized in 1896 and its present commanding officer is Captain Robert Mazer. When it went to the front in the Civil War present Quartermaster Sergeant Henry Everdell was the first sergeant, and Lieutenant Colonel Kipp a line sergeant. Later in the war Sergeant Everdell became captain and then Colonel Kipp became lieutenant. Colonel Kipp continued in the regular army, becoming a captain in the United States Infantry, while Lieutenant Colonel Kipp remained with the 7th Regiment, and is now second in command. After leaving the regular army Captain Everdell re-enlisted as a private in his old company, and was quartermaster sergeant, and a "thunder" with First Sergeant Burdett Kipp, a "thunder" with First Sergeant Preston W. Everdell, is a private in the company. Plans, of course, are being made for a proper celebration of this ninety-seventh anniversary, which will only be equalled by the centennial in 1904.

The stormy weather precluded carrying out in full the advance guard and outpost instruction planned for to-day. In the early morning drill, companies were formed in advance and rear guards, but the woods were too wet. The men were anxious enough for work, even in the rain, and every call for three or four volunteers for special duty was answered from nearly the whole company. Schools of instruction occupied the morning and afternoon hours. The regiment had its regular evening parade, but it was in overcoats and in the rain. White duck trousers soon disappeared for the gray, and men going from camp on leave wore their overcoats. Overseas are a Peekskill merchant having sent a wagon to camp in charge of a clerk. Several details from the regiment have been engaged in practical engineering in a small way to-day. Those who get on the details are deemed lucky among their fellows for having something to do.

GIFT TO CENTRAL DIOCESE.

Requests Under the Will of Mrs. Amy J. Perkins, of Utica.

Utica, N. Y., June 23 (Special).—The Diocese of Central New York, under the will of Mrs. Amy J. Perkins of this city, comes into the possession of the Perkins estate, No. 79 Genesee-st., and a large tract of land adjoining, which will be used as the home of Bishop Coadjutor Olmsted, who was the vicar of St. Agnes's chapel in New-York when elected to the assistant bishopric of the Episcopal Diocese of Central New-York on October 1, 1902. The gift was in anticipation of this city eventually becoming the see of the diocese. The Perkins estate, which the bishop coadjutor was the rector before he received the call to the New-York parish, receives \$5,000 as the Perkins memorial. Two Episcopal institutions—St. Luke's Home and Hospital and the House of God Shepherd—receive bequests of \$2,000 and \$1,000. To Hamilton College at Clinton is left the mathematical library owned by Mrs. Perkins's husband, George R. Perkins. Several busts are left to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New-York City.

MRS. SIEGEL'S JEWELS RECOVERED.

Negro Who Found Them Gets Promised Reward of \$500.

Mrs. Henry Siegel's lost jewels were returned yesterday. The man who found them received the promised reward of \$500. The man who found the jewels was picked up by Samuel Showley, a colored man. He is employed as coachman by John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who resides at Orienta Point. The jewels were found soon after the accident. The coachman did not know of Mrs. Siegel's loss. Yesterday he turned the jewels over to Mr. Hegeman, who informed Mrs. Siegel of the return of the jewels. Mrs. Siegel gave Showley a check for \$500. It was said yesterday at her home at Orienta Point that Mrs. Siegel was doing well. Her injuries are not so severe as at first feared.

DETERMINED TO SEE THE MAYOR.

A woman about forty years old, wearing spectacles, walked briskly up to the gate outside the Mayor's office in the City Hall yesterday.

"I wish to see the Mayor," said she to Sergeant Peter Kunz.

"Have you an appointment?" he asked.

"The woman apparently did not hear distinctly, and seemed to grow suddenly angry.

"What's that, sir?" she demanded. "Did you ask me for a permit? Do I have to have a permit to see the Mayor of New-York? Is this an American city? Do you mean to stand there?"

"I didn't say permit," answered Kunz, getting his sentence in edgewise. "If you haven't an appointment there's no telling when you can see him, as he's very busy."

The caller said she had no appointment, and went away in bad humor.

SAY THEY HAVE NO FEAR OF OUTFIT.

The directors of the United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Company at a meeting yesterday adopted the annual report of the company, which was submitted to the stockholders at their annual meeting to-day, and also considered the receivership application which has been made in the New-Jersey courts by A. H. McNeal, a former member of the board. The officers and directors refuse at this time to make any statement in regard to the matter, but they say that it was unwarranted and could amount to nothing except the annoyance, and that they had no fear of the outfit.

GENERAL MILES REVIEWS MILITIA.

South Framingham, Mass., June 23.—Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the United States Army, reviewed the First Brigade, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, while the guest of Brigadier General Thomas R. Matthews, the brigade commander, at the State camp grounds this afternoon. The ceremony was witnessed by several hundred militiamen and civilians. The brigade was in high praise of the State troops. Battery B, of Worcester, had fired the salute to General Miles, and Battery C, of Lawrence, fired the salute to General Miles in honor of the army of General Daniel E. Sickles.

THE GOULDS COMPANY DISSOLVED.

Albany, June 23.—A certificate was filed with the Secretary of State to-day certifying the voluntary dissolution of the Atlantic Development Company of New-York City. The principal stockholders signing the certificate are Frank Jay Gould and Miss Helen Miller Gould.

FOR THE MACFARLANE FUND.

Captain Norton Goddard acknowledges the following subscriptions to the fund for the benefit of the widow and family of Charles S. MacFarlane:

Table listing names and amounts: Previously acknowledged: Henry A. Lyon, \$5; Samuel Thorne, \$5; Elizabeth A. Friend, \$5; W. W. W. W., \$5; Mrs. H. W. W., \$5; Mrs. J. H. W., \$5; Mrs. A. G. W., \$5; Mrs. B. C. W., \$5; Mrs. D. E. W., \$5; Mrs. F. G. W., \$5; Mrs. H. I. W., \$5; Mrs. J. K. W., \$5; Mrs. L. M. W., \$5; Mrs. N. O. W., \$5; Mrs. P. Q. W., \$5; Mrs. R. S. W., \$5; Mrs. T. U. W., \$5; Mrs. V. W. W., \$5; Mrs. X. Y. W., \$5; Mrs. Z. A. W., \$5; Total, \$100.