

NEYS SAID NEWS OF WOMEN

The House on the Hudson.

BY FRANCES POWELL.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Athena Derohan, born in Athens of American parents, who had long remained abroad, while a child in France...

CHAPTER III.

My father was never the same again. The loss of fortune had tried him; but if by my mother had lived he might have become his old genial self once more.

Our house in Paris was given up, and my father, before sailing for New-York, placed me in the care of a melancholy French lady who lived in the country.

I was fourteen when I first saw the flat, green meadows and gray dunes of Long Island. I love the eastern end of that strange length of sand better than any place on earth.

My father spent most of his time and all his money in Wall Street. He took no comfort in being with me, realizing too keenly the change in my position.

Boxing I was not allowed to forget. Prize-fights still aroused his enthusiasm, and when one came off he read me every detail from his sporting paper.

"Nonsense, Athena," he would cry, indignantly. "No woman is the worse for understanding the art, the noble art, of self-defence."

"I'm all right," he said in answer to my questions, "for God's sake, don't badger me!" But he could not eat, and later I heard him pacing his room, up and down, and up and down, till he came back to me and said, his eyes averted, his voice low and husky:

"Athena, I must raise money on the ring. Put it in my room. I go back to town early tomorrow."

"Nemesis!" I cried. "Oh, papa!" He turned upon me fiercely as if about to speak harshly, then his expression changed to one of feeble bewilderment.

and this knowledge held no terrors for me, but when I opened my father's desk to find his pigeonholes stuffed with unpaid bills my heart sank within me.

It was a lovely morning in May, but I sat like a stone before the old-fashioned secretary, unconscious of the beauty of the outside world. I stared from the windows without seeing the stretch of fresh, green meadows, the blue waters sparkling in the sunshine, or the spray of apple blossoms tapping gayly against the pane.

I tossed a handful of corn into the air for my doves. The chickens, rushing pell-mell from every direction, crowded about my feet, scolding, pushing, gobbling—a greedy lot! The pigeons, appearing less so because of their beauty, flashed and whirled about me in the sunshine, alighting now on my shoulders, now on my outstretched arm with soft rustle of furling wings.

Suddenly I heard a step, and, glancing around, saw a town-bred man, of easy carriage, standing by the fence. He was watching my doves with evident admiration, but when I turned, took off his hat and entered the yard.

"I am Richard Thorpe, junior partner in the firm of Beverley & Thorpe," said the stranger, smiling so pleasantly that I forgot to think him plain looking.

"I bowed again and he looked a trifle embarrassed. I had been expected to know about him and his firm. Since this failed, he tried again.

"I come from your cousin, Mrs. Spuyten," "From Mrs. Spuyten?" I echoed as I led the way into the house. "But I fear you have made a mistake, Mr. Thorpe. I don't know Mrs. Spuyten, and I have no cousins."

"Then, I am sorry to say, Mrs. Cornelia Derohan Spuyten is most certainly your cousin, and I, equally certainly, must deliver a most unpleasant message—one I was very unwilling to have anything to do with. But on junior partners falls the dirty work."

"Tell me of Mrs. Spuyten first," I said, trying to make matters easier. Then I learned that my grandfather had taken a poor orphaned niece to live with him, but when he died, had failed to provide for her.

When Mr. Thorpe had placed the slip of paper in my unwilling fingers a silence fell between us which lasted a long time. He stood by the western window, staring into the orchard, an uninviting spot in spite of its gay blossoms.

when camping, and that he was "a dab" at cooking, too.

He had supper and stopped over night at the Welborns, and discussed my affairs with them. He was to dispose of my ring for me, and came for it with Mr. Welborn. As I stood on the old porch saying goodbye to my visitors, I opened the shabby leather case and looked once more at Nemesis. The moon had just risen, flooding meadow and sea with its light. The air was full of sweet spring scents. From the distant pond came the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill. It was very lovely, but my heart ached. The circle of diamonds sparkled brilliantly, but the emerald, translucent in the moonlight, gave forth no ray.

BEYOND THE HORIZON. "Oh, the freedom, the joy of the sea!" She thought with a stifled sigh. And she longed for the liberty of the open air. Of the ship that was sailing by. She looked at the quiet home. When the day has been passed. "Oh, unless some change can come I could wish this day my last!"

ALL letters and packages intended for the T. S. S. should be addressed to the Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York City. The above address is carefully observed, and no letter will be sent to any other address without the express permission of the Society.

CHILDREN AT CONEY ISLAND. Miss J. Olmstead, president of Manhattan Branch No. 11, took twenty-two children from the vicinity of South Ferry on a trolley outing to Coney Island last week. An early start was made in the morning, that they might have as much time as possible on the beach, and get ready for the rush hours of travel.

THANKS FOR WOOLS. Miss E. B. Totten, of Somerville, N. J., acknowledges with the five wools sent by the members of the Sunshinette. The box sent from the office was also appreciated. The bright stripes of the Afghan are finishing up. It had received sufficient black may be received to complete it.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. Mrs. H. Harms, now at Chestertown, N. Y., is pleased to acknowledge the receipt of books for distribution from Orange, N. J., and Manhattan. Mrs. Harms is trying to start a small circulating library in the town where she spends her summers. The children, after reading, pass the books from one to another, so all have the benefit.

TO GIVE TO OTHERS. Two books came from Little Combs for the Little Mothers, a package containing several shirts and a girl's dress from "a friend" in Mount Vernon; a dress for a woman and five summer shirts-waists from A. O. B. B., Canton, Conn.; a box of reading matter from Mrs. J. F. Lloyd; reading matter from Miss Fink, and a trunkful of interesting reading matter from C. Burrows, Keyport, N. J.

MONEY RECEIVED. One dollar has been contributed by E. F. to help some one in need of sunshine; \$1 by Miss Link to be used where most needed; 24 cents by Miss Lida M. Santos-Gelhardt to help send a package to some one.

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SMALL BASKETMAKERS IN VACATION SCHOOL NO. 20, IN RIVINGTON-ST.

OUTING OF CRIPPLES. New Society Formed Solely to Give Them a Little Pleasure.

In Central Park on August afternoons surreys and drive by men and women whiz past in gay automobiles, young men in cutting flannels play tennis and happy lovers hold hands. Healthy little boys and girls, whose legs and arms are straight and strong, and their innocent cheeks flushed with red, tumble about on the grass or harry their nurses. And people come with luncheon boxes under their arms and the evening paper.

Such a still, unsmiling, heartrending procession! No fun, no pranks, no larking. Just patient acceptance. On One-hundred-and-sixteenth-st. a crowd of gamins cheered the teams. "Hi, boys, give us a ride?" they yelled in unquenchable lightheartedness.

The little cripples never turned a hair. "Can't you cheer back?" asked Mrs. Silas F. Wright, the treasurer of the Outing Society, who was in charge of the party. "Now! One, two, three! Hurrah!"

There was one little boy, with spinal complaint, whose body was fairly incased in harness. A heavy leather support came up the back of his neck and over on the forehead, where it met a strap which fitted closely around the head. From this strap came a third, which passed under the child's chin, holding the head rigid. The body seemed to be held in a vise by a jacket of leather, and the two legs, divided to stiffen the child, were in closed between iron braces terminating in a sort of foot. He might have been seven or eight.

On the way home the sense of enjoyment found expression in little murmurs of delight, and here and there a child crooned to herself a happy little song. "They will talk this ride over for a week," said Mr. Wright.

There are some things in the way their American cousins behave at the seashore that the English, with all their natural humility, cannot but think a little strange. One of these is the "habit" that many fashionable girls at watering places in the United States have of going about driving, playing games or bathing, quite hatless.

"There are three things," said Mme. Geoffrin, "the women of Paris throw out of the window—their time, their health and their money." What the same be said with equal truth of a good many women of New-York?

THE "NEW WOMAN" AGAIN.

"People are so apt to see only one side of a controversy," remarked a woman to her friend, when the other callers had gone, and the two were consuming together the remains of the tea and wafer in cozy intimacy.

"What an original remark!" said the friend, laughing, as she tried to melt a lump of sugar in a cup of cold tea.

"I've always thought," said the visitor, "that whatever the 'new woman' might be, the 'old woman' was unbearable. Women needed an infusion of the masculine element in their souls, and reforms. The kind of woman, you know, who says 'Never say you are too busy!' There is always time for one thing more"; the kind that doesn't believe in ripeness and leisure. Well, it never occurred to Mrs. Brown that such a woman is a reaction from a worse type. Her extravagances are only a swing of the pendulum.

"Exactly! And men forget that when carried to excess it is not only wearing to them, but tenfold more wearing to reasonable women. Hence the reaction. A woman with any logic, or even common sense, in her makeup, thinks 'Heaven defend me from being like Dolly,' or Polly, as the case may be. So she goes too far, and tries to live by mind alone. And then men call her 'masculine,' and bid the little pussy Dollies, forgetting how they can scratch!"

"They can scratch!" exclaimed the other woman, shuddering. "But men don't realize that they have to suffer from the claws, because of their own false estimate of the value of reasoning power in a woman."

"And fair play!" said the hostess, eagerly. "Oh, those two words mean more than all the creeds in Christendom! Why, all goodness is comprised in them. And the typical woman, the ultra-feminine type, doesn't know what they mean. Such a woman happens to be born with a conscience and a good heart, she gets through her impulses and does little harm, because those impulses are kindly on the whole. But assume that she is naturally selfish, or devoted to a crime. Her conscience does not force her to consider fair play or rational methods of thought. I have seen such cases—several of them. I knew one woman whose every judgment was based on prejudice; 'I don't like you, so you must be wrong. I do like you, so you must be right. That's my motto.'"

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN. A Tissue Paper Pattern of Woman's Bertha in Three Different Styles, No. 4491, for 10 Cents. Berthas make a marked feature of the season and are to be noted upon most of the latest and smartest gowns.

THEY LOVE THEIR SCHOOL. Vacation Youngsters Sorry When Summer Classes Close.

When Shakespeare wrote of the schoolboy "with his satchel and shining morning face creeping like a snail unwillingly to school," it is evident that he had never seen a vacation school. Otherwise he would probably have used another simile, for it is when leaving, not when going to school that vacation students walk with unwilling feet.

"I wish," said a busy girl student to a Tribune reporter yesterday, "that the vacation schools would keep open until the others open in September."

This was in Public School No. 20, Rivington and Forsyth sts., of which H. W. Smith is principal, and the class in question was doing embroidery. And everywhere it was just the same. The children were so occupied in making hats, or weaving baskets, or beating iron, or designing cathedral windows that they scarcely looked up when a visitor entered.

The embroidery has been a very popular class, and there had been three times as many teachers there could easily have been kept busy, but there has been an even greater demand for admission to the classes in millinery and crocheting. There are three classes in millinery, and hundreds of hats have been turned out, but there is only one in crocheting and the result is that the supply of material is hard to come by.

Between the kindergarten and the industrial classes is a transition class, called the class in social occupations, and the children have been much interested in making blue prints of flowers. They have also built and furnished a little doll's house. A new feature in the vacation schools this year is the nature study room, to which all the classes go for half an hour two or three times a week.

ITEMS OF SOCIAL INTEREST. The engagement of Miss Julie M. Young, soprano soloist in the First Presbyterian Church, Montclair, N. J., to Harry M. Cole, is announced. Miss Young is a daughter of Thomas F. Young, and she has frequently appeared in concerts. Last spring she took the leading role in the comic opera "Paul Jones." Mr. Cole is identified with many of the prominent business interests of Montclair.

IN CHICAGO. The lady next door is celebrating her golden wedding. "Married fifty years?" "No—times"—"Guck."