NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

A GRACEFUL GARDEN PARTY GOWN FOR A YOUNG GIRL.
—(The Ladies' Pictorial.

TEACHERS AROUSED.

Women Want a District Superintendent of Their Own Sex.

"Will a woman be chosen district superintendent?" is the question that all the public school teachers of this city, especially the women, are asking one another just now. The vacancy left in the Board of District Superintendents by the death of Mr. Haskell last summer has aroused the women to action in their own behalf and to the firm belief that it is high time their sex had representation in this department. Of all the aspirants for this honor Miss Catharine D. Blake, principal of the girls' department of Public School No. 6, on East Eighty-fifth-st., is said to stand the best chance of being chosen. When seen yesterday by a Tribune reporter she said:

"It seems to me, as well as to many other teachers and principals, that this position ought to be filled by a woman. In a school system where three-fourths of the teachers are women, I think I should be safe if I said seven-eighths; it seems all wrong to close the higher positions to women. Women's councils are needed in the higher places of our system. There is a great deal of feeling among women that there ought to be women district superintendents; that there ought to be members of their own sex in places of authority to whom they could go when in trouble. I do feel strongly that women are the born teachers of the race. It is the mother all through that looks after the children. It is the mother that boxes the kitten's ear and teaches it how to mouse. It is the mother robin that teaches the little one how to fly. Nine young women out of ten are good teachers.

"All through the West, their progress in school matters is general. They do not consider the question of sex. The United States does not consider the question of sex, because Miss Estelle Reel is the only superintendent for Indian education throughout the United States."

"It has been said by some of the opponents to women in these positions that it is not suitable for a woman to give orders to a man. Every one will recognize the absurdity of this argument, for no one would doubt that it was quite suitable for the mistress of a house to give orders to her butler. But it is not a question of giving orders. No district superintendent ever does give orders to principals under his charge. The duties are supervisory, and his province lies with tact and courtesy to suggest innovations if needed. Tact and courtesy should be the watchword of the district superintendent and surely in women these qualities are quite as highly developed as in men."

Miss Julia Richman, principal of the girls' department of Public School No. 77, and Miss Alida S. Williams, principal of the girls' department of Public School No. 33, the two most prominent among Miss Blake's many rivals, are expected shortly from Europe, and the race will probably then take on a more serious aspect. Nothing definite can be done, however, until Dr. Maxwell, who has also spent the last two months abroad, is again in harness.

Nothing is known as to his wishes in the matter, and as the district superintendents are nominated and recommended by the Board of Superintendents, but ultimately elected or rejected by the Board of Education, Dr. Maxwell's indorsement is a matter of moment. Though the Board of Superintendents met a number of times in early July, after the death of Charles E. Haskell, their time, according to Dr. Maxwell's representatives at the Board of Education Hall, was given entirely to the consideration of changes in this autumn's curriculum, and the vacant district superintendency was not accorded any official discussion whatever. The summer, however, has, it seems, developed numerous candidates for it, both men and women, but principally the latter.

"Of course, we must have a woman in the place," said Dr. Elizabeth Jarrett, president of the Normal College Alumnæ Association, and one of the medical examiners for the Board of Education. "I really know nothing about the details of the situation, for I am only a day or two back from the country, but, just on general principles, I say most emphatically that a woman should fill this vacancy. I know nothing of the qualifications of the rival candidates, but I feel sure our association will not as a body support any one in particular. There are some fifty principals among our members, and naturally we all feel warmly on the subject.

"The position of district superintendent is one which, I think, the right kind of woman could fill eminently well, and if any effort of ours can tip the balance in feminine favor we will leave no stone unturned."

According to the revised manual of the Board of Education, the necessary qualifications for district superintendent are one at least of the following: "Graduation from a college or university recognized by the University of the State of New-York, together with at least five years of successful experience in teaching or supervision since graduation." "A principal's certificate for any of the boroughs of the city of New-York, obtained as a result of examination, together with ten years' successful experience in supervision or teaching."

AT A HARVEST BALL.

The harvest ball of the Penataquit Corinthian Yacht Club, which took place on Monday, was one of the most brilliant functions of the season. The club and Casino were most prettily decorated with quantities of sheaves of wheat, jack-o-lanterns, corn, pumpkins and fruit, all artistically arranged.

A special feature of the affair was the excellent dance music, and the fashionable Bay Shore, Islip and Babylon colony showed their appreciation by their large attendance.

The patronesses of the affair were Mrs. J. Adolph Mollenhauer, Mrs. John A. Tucker, Mrs. Edward C. Blum, Mrs. G. Herbert Potter, Mrs. J. Campbell Smith, Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, Mrs. Charles A. O'Donohue, Mrs. Rawson Underhill, Mrs. Henry G. Barber, Mrs. George J. Weaver, Mrs. Joseph E. Owens, Mrs. Willard L. Candee, Mrs. William A. Hulse, Mrs. Allan Pinkerton, Mrs. Maillard M. Canda and Mrs. William J. Gordon, and among others present were Commodore and Mrs. Mollenhauer, J. Carlyle, Miss Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer Worden, Mr. and Mrs. E. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hubbs, Mr. Candee, Herbert Potter, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. O'Donohue, Mrs. Donald Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Julian D. Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pinkerton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Snedeker, Mr. and Mrs. Penning, Mr. and Mrs. R. Brinckerhoff, Mr. and Mrs. C. Fabre, Mrs. John A. Tucker, Miss Falconer, the Misses Wooley, E. Turnbull, James Hyde and Miss Lulu Hyde.

NOT ENOUGH ROOM YET.

Though the Educational Alliance Has a Brand New Annex.

The auditorium of the Educational Alliance contained a large gathering of young people last evening, when the opening exercises of the senior department of classwork took place. Isidor Straus, president of the alliance, presided and welcomed the new members. Dr. Blaustein made a short speech, in which he included some announcements for the coming year, and then an informal reception was tendered to the new students, at which there was a promenade concert, with refreshments, and teachers and students became acquainted.

The early part of November will probably see the opening of the new extension now in course of erection upon the site of the former annex, at No. 199 East Broadway. This will be a handsome six story building, and will cost between $50,000 and $60,000. It is the gift of Felix M. Warburg and Mortimer Schiff. Mr. Warburg's idea has been that the greater part of the building should be used for social work, and that certain rooms should be set aside for the residence of the alliance workers.

During the eleven years since the Educational Alliance first opened, the work has attained to such proportions that the present building is quite inadequate to accommodate all the classes, clubs, administrative work, etc. As it is, some of the rooms in the main building are used by four different sets of people in the course of a day, requiring the furniture to be set up each time differently, according as it is a kindergarten class or a club of adults, a sewing class, a millinery class or a dressmaking class.

The activities of the alliance long ago overflowed the main building, at East Broadway and Jefferson-st. At No. 624 East Fifth-st. is a three story building, which is known as Branch A, the rooms of which are used mainly for classes in Hebrew and religion. At No. 302 Madison-st. is Branch B, where classes and clubs are conducted by the Thomas Davidson class. A change of location is under consideration for this branch. In Montgomery-st. the alliance has the use evenings of the rooms which are used through the day for a school for crippled children. Finally, at No. 201 East Broadway, the entire third floor is occupied by the Legal Aid Bureau and classwork. Still, the alliance has not room enough.

The junior department classes opened yesterday. As heretofore, those under sixteen are admitted to the junior department, while those over sixteen are entered in the senior department. Registration has up to the present been somewhat less than last year, but this is attributed to the fact that the public schools have not yet opened. The opening of the public schools is the formal announcement to most persons that the school year has begun. A growth of interest in the subjects of domestic art and domestic science is shown by increased registration in those departments.

A MONTCLAIR WEDDING.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 8.—A wedding of prominence in fashionable circles was that of Miss Elizabeth Ferney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Ferney, of Montclair, and Emile C. Boerner, jr., of Port Chester, N. Y., which took place in the Church of the Immaculate Conception this afternoon at 5:30 o'clock.

The Rev. James J. Mackinson, of Kearny, cousin of the bride, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Joseph F. Mendl. Miss Letitia D. Ferney, a sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and the Misses Margaret H. and Frances Ferney were bridesmaids. Charles L. Boerner, of Trenton, was the best man. The ushers were Thomas Halpin, of Harrison; Thomas J. Ferney and John J. Ferney and Arthur Gallagher, all of Montclair. A large reception followed the ceremony at the bride's home, in Valley Road.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Misses' English Coat, in Three-Quarter Length, No. 4,514, for 10 Cents.

Coats in three-quarter length make a notable feature of autumn styles, and will be greatly worn by young girls. This one is made in tailor style and is essentially smart. As shown, the material is fuschia colored cheviot, and the garment makes part of a costume, but the design suits the general wrap equally well, and is appropriate for all suiting and cloaking materials. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5½ yards 44 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 54 inches wide. The coat pattern No. 4,514 is cut in sizes for girls of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age. The pattern 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.

NO. 4,514—MISSES' ENGLISH COAT IN THREE-QUARTER LENGTH.

GLEANINGS

"We will have only ourselves to thank," said a public school teacher recently in addressing a mothers' meeting, "if twenty years from now our own children are living from hand to mouth, while the sons of our German, Italian and Hebrew neighbors are buying real estate." The teacher had made a personal canvass of the six hundred pupils of the school for data as to the money that passed through their small fingers. The children were of both sexes, and ranged in age from nine to fifteen years. As to class, they could be reasonably ranked with the "comfortably poor." Five-sixths of these earned more or less money. Less than one-third received an allowance. Two-thirds said they generally got money when they "asked for it." Lamentably few of the children had ever been advised as to the spending of their pennies and nickels. Most of these went for candy. American parents made the worst possible showing in this respect. Most Americans confuse thrift with parsimony, and forget that a spendthrift is as foolish a creature as a miser.

"Why, I thought sky only growed in strips," said a small East Sider, who had scarcely been out of her "block" until taken for a day in the country.

Many city dwellers who know that the sky does not grow in strips nevertheless rarely see it in any other fashion. Many who live high enough to get a good sweep of its inspiration rarely give it a glance, except to interrogate the weather prospects. Few even of those who have ample time for such a friendship know what an intimate acquaintance with the sky at sunrise, at opal tinted sunset, in the starry depths of midnight, may mean to a workaday life. A dear old soul whose years have known many bitter happenings, and yet have left no trace of bitterness in her spirit, has for years "said good night to the stars" from her window in the sixth story of a downtown apartment house. Tin roofs and chimney tops stretch away from this window for half a city's length, but the sky is overhead and it is from the sky, not the blackened chimneys, that the inspiration of a long life has been derived. As Lowell makes Hosea Biglow say, there are days when it seems human nature "can't bear nothin' nearer than the sky." A missionary in a Far Western village wrote home: "Everything is so different and so lonely, I don't know what I should do out here if I hadn't the sky. Its blue is the same as at home, and its big white clouds. It makes home for me where everything else is strange."

The importance of her dress is becoming better understood every day by the business woman. As women make more of a business of their business, as they adjust themselves more successfully to the demands of a business life, they are coming to see that shabbiness is not a synonyme of ability, and that a woman's personal appearance is an important part of her stock in trade. One clever business woman has adopted one special color for office wear. She wears it summer and winter—navy blue—and manages to look surprisingly nice on a small outlay, because, her gowns, hats, coats and umbrella being all blue, she can make any number of different and pretty combinations. The same scheme could be carried out with brown, black, gray or green, provided the foundation color were becoming to the wearer.

The story of the founding of Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, which has just been told in the "Book of the Jubilee of Glasgow University," reads like a fairy tale. It all grew out of a dinner party at the home of one of the professors of Glasgow University, where a number of women interested in the higher education of their sex, which was then a burning question, happened to meet. After dinner one of the women suggested a course of lectures for women at the university, and Mrs. Campbell, of Tullichewan Castle, was deputed to ask Professor Nichol, who was one of the guests, to be the lecturer. He received the proposal with astonishment. "I lecture to ladies?" he said. "No one would listen to me. The thing is preposterous." However, by dint of great persuasion, he was induced to consider the matter, and the result was a large and enthusiastic audience and a brilliant course of lectures on "English Literature." Encouraged by this success, the women of Glasgow formed the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women, with the Princess Louise, then Marchioness of Lorne, as president, and secured regular courses of lectures for women at the university. Shortly after this a handsome building, surrounded by beautiful grounds, was presented to the association for the use of the women students, and they thus secured a local habitation and a name, that of Queen Margaret being chosen in honor of the famous Queen of Malcolm Canmore, who figures so prominently in the pages of Scottish history as a patroness of art and literature.

"The most successful social functions are those managed by a host and a hostess," says a society scribe, "not by either alone. Leave a man to make up a party and he is sure to forget that Mrs. B. was engaged to C. before she married D., and that Mrs. C. is aware of this fact, and that the D.'s and E.'s have long been at daggers drawn, and he will have no eyes to detect the designs of Mrs. H. On the other hand, a woman gets nervous and fatigued with the constant effort to keep the ball rolling, and fails just where a man would succeed. What is wanted is a division of labor, and if this were done oftener there would be less disappointment on the part of entertainers and entertained."

The visitors to Stratford-on-Avon are mostly Americans, it is said, and there are so many of them and they are so irreverent for the most part that the spirit of the place has retired from public observation. The motor car now scatters its petrol where it listeth in its dash from end to end of the town, and the dreaming Avon is scarred with the screaming steam launch, which sends its wash against the arches of the old Clopton Bridge and the borders of the venerable churchyard. The birthplace is almost in a state of siege, and within its portals there is scarcely room to turn. Every one is in a rush and anxious to "do" the town as expeditiously as possible, and any real appreciation of the memories and associations of Stratford is hard to find.

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 have long remained abroad, while a child in France is offered a doll for some kisses by Lord Ebbrides, who bets that any one can be bought. He loses. Athena's mother buys, from her winnings on the bet, an antique emerald. After the loss of her father's fortune and her mother's tragic death this stone, which is left to her, she calls "Nemesis." After her father's death in America she sells the emerald to Mr. Beverley, through Richard Thorpe, a young lawyer, who comes to announce that her cousin, Mrs. Spuyten, has obtained for her a position as housekeeper and companion at Highgrove Hall, on the Hudson, the home of Mrs. Erranti, an old and mentally unbalanced lady and her son Philip. Mrs. Spuyten commits her to wearing a name not her own, Augusta Dean. She saves from drowning Mr. Randal St. John, nephew of the purchaser of "Nemesis," who lives near by, and himself the wearer of the ring. During a house party she is subjected to insult by one of Philip's friends, named Sturgis, whom she finds next morning in the garden spring, where he has committed suicide. Philip seems vaguely to have had something to do with the tragedy. He claims to have known her father. Richard Thorpe reappears. He and Athena resume their friendship. Meanwhile Philip asks her to marry him. At a secluded spring, where Philip and Athena dismount on one of their rides, he seizes her and kisses her wildly. Two English friends of Philip, and Randal, whom he entertains at dinner, discuss with Athena the admixture of negro blood in marriage, to his evident annoyance. Athena engages herself to Thorpe, but prefers not to have it announced. While they are discussing Philip, Athena discovers one of the servants eavesdropping. Philip's attitude changes to sullen displeasure. Thorpe starts for Russia on a client's business. Athena takes Mrs. Erranti on a cruise. On her return she finds that Philip has discharged all the servants and engaged a new set. Philip has three entrances of the grounds locked and Athena shadowed by a servant. Athena receives no more letters from Thorpe, and finally is told that he has died in an accident. Lord Ebbrides is entertained by Philip as "Mr. Percy," feigns illness, and contrives an interview with Athena. He warns her of Philip's character, her own questionable position, and asks her to marry him. Philip intervenes, and after a scene orders him from the house. Lord Ebbrides has given Athena his address on a card.

XXX.

Not wishing to follow Lord Ebbrides too closely, fearing to meet him again in the hall, longing to escape to Madam, uneasy in Philip's presence, I waited, motionless, till the minute-hand of the clock should mark the time I had forced myself to allow. I felt exhausted, unhappy.

"Athena," said a passionate voice, "give me the card!" and Philip seized the hand in which I still mechanically held it.

"No!"

My fingers closed firmly over the card, why, I could not have told.

"You shall not keep it!"

He spoke fiercely, his grip upon my hand was like iron. Still I did not yield. As if unconscious that he might give me pain he wrenched at my fingers in his passion as though they had been things of wood. I set my teeth and clung to the worthless bit of pasteboard as though to a rope thrown to save my life! I realize now that brain fatigue had set my nerves on edge, else I could not have behaved so foolishly. Suddenly, my hand being of flesh and blood, his strength prevailed, and the card, torn from my grasp, was flung into the fire. Philip stood staring at it vindictively as it turned to ashes. I looked in wonder at my wounded hand.

The card being consumed, he looked at me. My pale face seemed to arouse him to a sense of what he had done. Again he seized my hand, but only to hold it tenderly to his breast while he covered it with kisses.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, "my one ewe-lamb! My only treasure! Fiend and devil that I am to have so treated you! Say that you forgive me, my white lily—or I shall go mad!"

I thought he had already done so, and, trying to draw my hand away, I told him as much in a voice icy with disgust. He released me, and said, quietly, for his passion was over:

"It's no use keeping up the farce any longer, Athena. Every one, save you, sees how it is with me. You heard what that man said. Well, it's quite true. I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you. During your engagement to Mr. Thorpe I retired, because I had to, into the background. That's over now"——

"Oh, hush!" I cried, shrinking back.

"That is over now," repeated Philip, steadily, "and I mean to win you for myself. You don't hate me, Athena? Oh, for God's sake, say you don't!"

There came a dull knocking at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Philip, furious at the interruption.

It was Mathilde, as stolid as always.

"What do you mean, woman?"

"Madame grows impatient. Mademoiselle is to come at once."

Very thankfully I followed her to Madam's room, although I knew I but gained a short respite. Lord Ebbrides's coming had destroyed the little peace that had been mine. Because of him I had lost my reliance on Philip, on Philip, whom I had come to regard as a faithful friend.

Since the death of Richard Thorpe I had been very unhappy. Morning after morning I waked to look forward in terror to the empty future stretching before me. My sole comfort had been in Madam's happiness in my society—in the knowledge that I was able to brighten her rapidly shortening life.

Philip had been so good to me that I had learned to trust him, and now—— His avowal of love taught me his sympathy had been false. His wild outburst of passion proved that he was, in truth, no reliable friend. My gratitude for his steady kindness began to melt away, Lord Ebbrides's insinuations to find a resting place in my mind.

"That mountebank a friend of Charles Derohan's!"

I hated myself for allowing suspicion to creep into my heart. I caught myself wondering if Julie and Cray had taken the emeralds. I began to speculate about the nicked gem in the stiletto's haft—then called a halt; but one thing was of real importance after all. I had promised Madam to remain with her till the end, and she must be kept in ignorance of Philip's feelings toward me. Disagreeable as was the task, I must seek an interview with him.

The night had come, and I knew I should find him in the library. I went there at once, determined to get it over. He was standing on the hearthrug, his back to the fire, and, if one might judge from his expression, indulging in as disagreeable thoughts as I. But when I entered his face brightened. He came eagerly to me, both hands outstretched.

"Oh, my darling," he said, tenderly, "I've been so unhappy about you! I feared I had sinned past forgiveness. Let me look at the poor hand."

Like a child, I put my hands behind my back.

"If you consent to listen—quietly—to what I've come to say," I said, severely, "I shall be much obliged. If you persist in talking nonsense I shall go away."

An expression of deep melancholy clouded his handsome face. He placed a chair for me without a word, and, going to the chimneypiece, leaned against it, waiting for me to speak.

"I have promised your mother to stay with her until—until the end," I began in a low voice, which I tried hard to keep steady.

"You have, Athena."

"It remains with you to make my stay peaceful or inexpressibly painful"——

"Athena!" he cried. I held up my hand to insure silence, and went on.

"If you treat me with the same kindness, the chivalrous courtesy, that you have shown me during these last sad months, I can preserve my tranquillity and so be a good nurse to your mother. But if you insist upon making me live through such another scene as"——

"Hush, Athena! Hush, my child!" cried Philip, imploringly. "You drive daggers through my heart. I have repented—in sackcloth and ashes—for my violence of this morning. I swear to you by all that I hold most sacred never to offend again. I did not dream you could be so unforgiving—you, with your angel's face!"

He paced the floor with long, quick strides. I sighed deeply, wondering why I, who loved peace and the commonplace, should be forced into such companionship. I had no sympathy with his turbulent passions, but sat and watched him with the same sensations as those with which, when a child, I had watched the restless pacing of a panther in its cage at the zoo.

"If you will control yourself—I know you can when you wish—I shall be glad to live here as before." He stopped his walk to listen. "If you persist in talking as you did this morning and but now I shall avoid you as much as possible."

"Which means," said Philip, slowly, "that you will live entirely in your own room and Maman's?"

"Yes."

"Why do you deny me the right of saying that I love you"

I looked at him, but made no answer.

"Because of Dick Thorpe, you would say, but he is gone. You were not his wife, why mourn him as his widow? No, don't go, Athena! I'll speak this once; then, if you insist, keep silence, for—I can wait. Your feeling toward Thorpe was but calm affection. You don't know what real love—passionate love—means. It is such I feel—I will teach you to return it."

I rose, saying, icily.

"It is useless to talk to you. I have no request to make. Spare Madam all knowledge of—this. It could only pain her."

"One moment, Athena! It shall be as you wish. I shall not allude to my feelings again. Of course, Maman must hear nothing that might excite her. If we agree on this subject—I swear we shall later—then— Pray resume your usual mode of life. You shall find me the same Philip to whom you have been kind so long. May I finish the story I began last night?"

"Certainly, Philip."

I spoke quietly, struggling against the feeling of cold dislike that was taking possession of me. I knew what an effort he was making, and pride forbade my seeking refuge in flight. I fetched my work and embroidered while he read until nearly 11, when, the tale coming to an end, I was able at last to say "Good night!"

"Good night, Athena!" opening the door for me to pass out. "Don't fear my breaking my promise. My silence shall be a proof of my love, and, as I said before—I can wait!"

(To be continued.)

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.

A LEGEND.

There has come to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it,
Ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife,
Heartaches and weary longings
That throb in the pulses of life;
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there is in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend, to you and me;
Let us look in our hearts and question,
"Can pure thought enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?"
So, then, let us ponder a little:
Let us look in our hearts, and see
If the twilight bell of the angels—
Could ring for you and me.
—(Household.

Selected for the column by E. C. W., of Newark, N. J.

SPECIAL CHEER.

Mrs. G. L. S., of New-Jersey, has contributed $5 for the little girl threatened with blindness.

FOR OTHERS.

Mrs. Gould, of Manhattan, while at Great Barrington, Mass., wrote the office that if no one else contributed the bed for the reduced gentlewoman, whose sad condition was reported in this column, that she would be pleased to do so on her return to the city, and also supply the bed furnishings. As no one else did respond to this needed cheer, Mrs. Gould will now supply the bed, and many thanks are due her for this generous gift to one whose life is destitute of sunshine.

Miss Berg, of Manhattan, will forward silk pieces to a "shut-in" member in Albany County, N. Y.; Miss J. Bennett, to whom a little postage has been given, says she would like to use it in sending a ray of cheer to another who stands in need of sunshine. The address of a North Carolina member has been given.

Mrs. C. W. Hedges, of Norwich, Conn., has contributed a package to the rummage sale at the Settlement House of the "Little Mother's" Aid Association. A member of Manhattan No. 3 Branch has supplied clothing, shoes and bedding for a poor family in West Forty-ninth-st, where the need of such things is urgent. Another member has given shirtwaists and a comfortable to an East Side working woman, whose husband is ill. Two sisters living in an apartment did a kindly act when the janitress of the house died by sending down cooked dinners for the family, and otherwise helping them during the sorrowful days. Still another gives genuine pleasure by reading a few hours every week to an invalid.

TO PASS ON.

Miss M. B. Crouch constantly demonstrates how many helpful, cheery acts may be done, even though one be a great invalid. Her numerous Sunshine correspondents consider themselves favored in receiving her letters. Yesterday she sent a number of puzzle pictures, all neatly arranged in covers, like booklets, and held in place by fasteners. These will help several invalid children pass an enjoyable hour. The short stories arranged in the same convenient manner will be a ray of sunshine to invalids who receive them. The colored fashion pictures will go to the children of one of the Bahama branches.

Miss M. R. Gold, a member of one of the East Orange (N. J.) branches, is always finding something to please the eye of the children. In the package received at the office yesterday from her, which she called "odds and ends," there were many things to brighten lonely hours.

HAS STAMPS ENOUGH.

Adolph Koch, at the Home for Incurables, Chicago, has sent thanks for the generous response to his request for stamps to the following members: Miss L. Anderson, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary E. Brockway, Saugatuck, Conn.; Mrs. A. F. Young, Elizabeth, N. J.; Miss E. T. Brink, Middletown, N. Y.; J. Varick, Fishkill Plains, N. Y.; W. D. Galpin, Chicago; Miss Edna Youngs, Port Chester, N. Y.; Mrs. A. R. Bass, Brooklyn; Miss Hawley R. Foster, Worcester, Mass., and L. M., Staten Island, N. Y. Others who did not give names or initials are also thanked through the column. Mr. Koch writes that he will need no more stamps at present. He is indebted to Mrs. R. Hallstram, of Manhattan, for the pages and an illustrated paper—a favor which he greatly appreciates.

May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom some good;
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life;
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage.
Selected by L. W. M.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Ginger Preserve Famous in Colonial Days —To Wax a New Floor.

To pickle ground tomatoes peel a peck by throwing them into boiling water; prick them with a large needle, add a half cupful of nasturtium seeds and cover the whole with cold cider vinegar. At the end of two weeks they will be pickled, and if closely covered will keep in good condition all winter.

The small tomatoes make excellent preserves. Choose either the red or yellow tomatoes, though the yellow are generally preferred. Weigh them carefully, peel and prick them each with a large needle. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit and one lemon to every two pounds of tomatoes, with a quarter of a pound of green ginger root scraped and shredded. Boil the slices of lemon for half an hour, or until they look clear, and the ginger root until the water is well flavored with it. Allow a cupful of water to every pound of sugar, and cook the prepared tomatoes in the well flavored syrup for half an hour; then skim them out of the syrup onto a platter or plates, and lay them for two or three hours in a strong sun to harden. Put them in jars while you prepare the syrup.

To two quarts of syrup allow the white of one egg beaten in until it is light, but not until it is a stiff froth. Mix it with the syrup and place the well covered kettle at the back of the stove where it will merely simmer—not boil hard. At the end of half an hour take off the cover and remove the thick cake of white scum which covers the syrup. Wash the pieces of lemon peel free from the scum and return them to the syrup. Pour the syrup over the tomato preserves, and when they are cold seal them up with brandy papers and screw the cans up tight.

This is an old fashioned ginger preserve, which dates back to Colonial days. It is one of the least expensive as well as one of the best preserves. Ripe pears, as well as ripe apples, may be cooked in the same way.

MACARONI AND SAUCE.

The best macaroni in the world is made from the hard Italian flour in Italy; the poorest by Italians in America, under the unwholesome conditions of the New-York tenements. This unclean product reaches chiefly the trade of the poorer Italians who cannot afford to buy a better kind. The best macaroni that comes to this country is the French product, which is made in large quantities in manufactories at Lyons. Excellent as is the genuine Naples macaroni, the manufacturers have not yet succeeded in drying it sufficiently for it to escape the attacks of vermin. Because of this tendency it does not pay to import it to America.

To prepare macaroni with tomato sauce in Neapolitan fashion, boil in an abundance of salted water three-quarters of a pound of macaroni for three-quarters of an hour. Then drain it and put in a saucepan with a cupful of rich brown gravy and a cupful of tomato sauce. Make the latter by mixing one sprig of thyme, one carrot and one onion, cut in dice and fried in a tablespoonful of butter until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when this is mixed in, one quart of fresh tomatoes cut in quarters. Stir well and season with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Simmer the whole for forty-five minutes and strain it through a purée sieve. Add six good mushrooms, a small piece of red tongue cut in dice shape. Season the macaroni with pepper and salt, adding a quarter of a pound of grated Parmesan cheese. Pour the sauce of tomatoes and gravy over the macaroni and serve it very hot.

WAXING A NEW FLOOR.

For R. O. M.: To wax a new floor use first a good wood "filler," which must be thoroughly rubbed off before it becomes too hard, and then a prepared wax. It is better to purchase this wax unless you have had a great deal of experience in mixing it. Apply the prepared wax with a thin woollen rag and polish it in with a heavy brush or brick, rubbing the floor across the grain first and with the grain afterward. The wax must be applied in a very thin coat and thoroughly rubbed into the floor. After the floor has been filled and dried two coats of wax are necessary to finish it.

IDEAS FOR A CHURCH FAIR.

The season of fairs and festivals will soon be abroad in the land of impecunious churches and struggling charities and their fair instigators will be clamoring for ideas. Here is one that may prove of service, for if such things as fairs and festivals must be, they may as well be good of their kind.

The days of the week represented in booths make a pleasing variety. Monday, for instance, is wrought wholly in clothespins and with festoons of clothes lines here and there. The attendants are in the costume of French laundresses—sleeves rolled and skirts tucked daintily up—and laundry bags, aprons, soaps and the like are for sale.

For Tuesday the name in Chinese incense burners gleams above the entrance of the booth, and two boys in celestial garb and duly queued and squint-eyed, sell iron holders, Chinese lilies and incense.

Wednesday, as mending day, revels in spool thread and silk, eggs for stocking darning, emery cushions, etc., while two "sewing girls" sell work baskets and their multitudinous belongings.

A large booth is set apart for reception day, and its "Thursday" is outlined in visiting cards. Its attendants, in dainty gowns, are "at home" with bountifully spread tables, all of whose good things may be exchanged for the "filthy lucre" for which the fair was planned.

Under a significant "Friday" of whiskbrooms and dusters are spread sweeping day wares.

"Saturday" in rolls and doughnuts and home-made candies attracts one to a generous display of "baking day" goodies.

Sunday, if the occasion be in the interest of some infant or mortgage laden church, is easily provided for by a display of books and pamphlets such as friends of the enterprise might reasonably be supposed to enjoy, ribbon tied favorite sermons, souvenir views, etc.