NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

TOTS AND THE STRIKE.

They Resent Cessation of Work on Public Bath Buildings.

The burning question just now with the youngsters of the vicinity of One-hundred-and-ninth-st. and Second-ave., and the hundreds that come quite a distance to attend the big public school in the neighborhood, is "When will the strike end?" The reason for this intense juvenile interest in local industrial phases is that the recent tieup has seriously delayed the completion of the free municipal bathhouse in that locality. This was scheduled to be in working order in August last, but it is still many weeks from completion, and the youngsters thereabouts are in despair.

The question of free baths for the greater city has been a vexed one for some time. During the present administration a total of $1,239,000 has been appropriated for this purpose, and, while it required four years for previous officeholders to erect the one public bath, authorized under Mayor Strong, the years of 1902 and 1903 will have practically eleven such institutions to their credit. The building in West Sixty-seventh-st. may be equipped with a swimming pool, but in general the showers are considered more advantageous, as with the class of people who most largely patronize free baths these make for the most cleanly conditions. A building having a fifty foot frontage, such as that in One-hundred-and-ninth-st., accommodates seventy showers and four tubs for men, and thirty-odd showers and three tubs for women. Experience has shown that many more men than women patronize such places. The basement is used for the steam plant, heating, lighting and ventilating apparatus. The main floor on the street level is divided equally as to bathing compartments between men and women.

EXPENSE $21,000 A YEAR.

The second floor is given over to men entirely, and can be shut off in seasons when the demand is light, and thereby materially reduce the cost of maintenance. Engineers, firemen and foremen, besides men and women attendants and cleaners, are employed at each establishment, and, including supplies, the cost of annual maintenance of each bath will be about $21,000.

At the Centre Market Place baths, where the whole of a nickel is charged for soap, the use of a towel and the bath for thirty minutes, there is a slightly different class of people from that frequenting absolutely free baths.

With a record of over eleven hundred baths a day in one establishment, it would seem that the population of Gotham ought to be about the cleanest set of people on the green earth. These are the figures for certain overwarm days in the past summer. At the Centre Market Place baths July last averaged about 19,000, including men, women and children. Even on the coldest day in winter the attendance rarely falls below two or three hundred.

Seven of the new baths will be located in Manhattan and four in Brooklyn. Besides that in East One-hundred-and-ninth-st., Manhattan will have one in Forty-first-st., near Ninth-ave., and one at No. 133 Allen-st., the construction of all of which is well under way. Before December 1, it is hoped, ground will be broken for the following, for which the sites have already been secured: One in Seventy-sixth-st., near John Jay Park; in Sixty-seventh-st., west of Amsterdam-ave; in East Eleventh-st., near Tompkins Park, and at the foot of East Twenty-third-st. This last named is expected to cost in the neighborhood of $200,000.

LOCATIONS OF BATHS.

In Brooklyn the localities chosen are Hicks-st., near Degraw; Pitkins-ave., west of Watkins-st.; Montrose-ave., east of Union-ave.; Huron-st., west of Manhattan-ave. The Sixty-seventh-st. building, Manhattan, may be equipped with a swimming pool.

One of the attendants at these baths, whose experience covers something like ten years, has some amusing stories to tell of this side of metropolitan human nature. For instance, the disappearance of towels on the women's side of the building is appalling at times.

"Do you think that is because men are more honest?" he was asked.

"Oh, no," was the frank reply; "they just wouldn't be bothered with a little thing like that. Often a woman with half a dozen youngsters tagging at her gown will calmly present her five cents at the window and ask for the customary towel and chunk of soap. Of course, for this amount she gets only one compartment, and into this the whole family huddle.

"Once, a woman, an Italian, with two children and a goat, appeared with a single nickel among them. The obliging manager balked at the four-footed customer, and a policeman consented to hold it outside the door until the remainder of the family appeared. 'But he dirty; he mus' be wash,' urged the beast's owner tearfully, and every few minutes out came one of the young ones to see if the policeman was still true to his trust."

A QUESTION OF TOWELS.

Rubber caps are provided to keep the women's hair dry during shower bathing, and these, too, often mysteriously disappear. Occasionally one of these or a towel is discovered by an attendant in some neighboring yard, whereupon the owner of the yard, of course, professes the utmost mystification as to how such articles should have come upon his premises. Many factory workers come at 6 o'clock in the morning for the daily bath before the day's work. Dozens of shop girls come in every night before going home to their dinners. Not a few patrons come all the way from Brooklyn. A centre of this sort is one of the most democratic of institutions. Bank clerks and hod carriers, Broadway merchants and sweatshop workers, go side by side into the little booths and occasionally such remarks as these are caught by the manager: "Say, cap, it beats a drink o' whiskey all holler;" "Good as I can get up town for 50 cents," or, "A flow feels like somethin' when his skin's clean."

A new customer of economical tendencies appeared one Sunday morning and after receiving his towel and soap said he "didn't like to do business on the Sabbath," and if the attendant did not mind, he would just give him the money some other time.

It is not yet decided whether all the new municipal baths will furnish towels and soap or not. Undoubtedly the supplying of these is a great inducement. Many a man who would not take the trouble to provide himself with these necessaries and carry them about with him until he has a leisure half hour, will, nevertheless, frequently drop in empty handed and enjoy a rub down.

EVERY ROOM FILLED AT WELLS.

Aurora, N. Y., Sept. 23 (Special).—Wells College opens with every room filled. Many applicants have been refused for lack of accommodation, and the freshman class would have numbered over a hundred had an additional dormitory been available. Several have been admitted to advanced standing from other colleges, and applicants for the freshman class have been allowed fewer entrance conditions than heretofore. The requirements for those entering in 1904 and thereafter have been raised to include a third language, with the option of offering an equivalent amount of science, and the allowance of entrance conditions will be still further restricted. A special meeting of the full board of trustees has been called for November to consider several pressing questions connected with an increase of the present equipment.

The following changes have occurred in the faculty: Lincoln R. Gibbs, A. B. Wesleyan, A. M. Wesleyan and Harvard, has been elected professor of English and head of the department; Miss Martha Snell Hall, A. B., A. M., Mount Holyoke, professor of the history of art; Miss Agnes Hunt, A. B. Smith, Ph. D., Yale, instructor in history. Professor Emil K. Winkler, director of music, has been given leave of absence for the year, and Miss Edith A. Ellis, instructor in piano, has charge of the department. Miss Grace B. Gillmore, A. B., a pupil of Sherwood, has been appointed instructor in piano and theory. Professor Freley still continues as acting president.

Several pleasant customs are connected with the opening of the term. Some weeks before the new student starts from home she receives a letter from some member of the college Young Women's Christian Association, offering information, assistance, to meet her at the station, etc. She thus receives the personal attention of some one upon her arrival and until she finds her room. The first Saturday evening, after dancing, the old students call upon all the freshmen, and the following week the custom is reversed, the freshmen returning their calls. The first Monday evening, Monday being the college holiday, the Young Women's Christian Association gives a reception to the new students, inviting the faculty and members of the upper classes. In the mean time the classes have been organized and the college has settled down to serious work.

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Union Square, North, 20 E. 17th Street.
We have Imported a Number of Choice
FRENCH MARBLE MANTELS,
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Our Own Foundries and Shops.

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.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS.

There's a wonderful country lying
Far off from the noisy town,
Where the windflower swings
And the veery rings
And the tumbling brooks come down:
'Tis a land of delight and of laughter,
Where peace all the woodland fills;
'Tis the land that lies
'Neath the summer skies,
In the heart of the happy hills.

The road to that wonderful country
Leads out from the gates of care;
And the tired feet
In the dusty street
Are longing to enter there;
And a voice from that land is calling,
In the rush of a thousand rills,
"Come away, away,
To the woods to-day,
To the heart of the happy hills."

Far away in that wonderful country,
Where the clouds are always blue,
In the shadows cool,
By the foaming pool,
We may put on strength anew;
We may drink from the magic fountains
Where the wine of life distills;
And never a care
Shall find us there,
In the heart of the happy hills.
—(Boston Transcript.

NOTICE.

All letters and packages intended for the T. S. S. should be addressed to the Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building New-York City. If the above address is carefully observed communications intended for the T. S. S. will be less likely to go astray. The Tribune Sunshine Society has no connection with any other organization or publication using the word "Sunshine."

MONEY RECEIVED.

A generous friend in Manhattan has sent $25 "In Memoriam." In a letter from New-Haven, signed "Every Little Helps," $10 was inclosed. Mrs. W. H. Doane, of Cincinnati, Ohio, now at Watch Hill, R. I., contributes $5, and Mrs. Henry Mostyn, president of Bahamas branch, $1 for Sunshine badges.

INVALID YOUNG WOMAN.

There is a young woman living among the West Virginia hills who is in need of sunshine to brighten lonely hours. For ten years she has been a sufferer from severe heart trouble and nervous prostration, and she has not been out of doors for four years. In order to be quiet, she has to lie in an upper room, and is necessarily much alone, as her mother is a hard working woman. The girl writes: "I was in school when my health failed, and it does seem hard to spend one's life in bed, and to do no good to any one. My heart aches when I see how hard mother works, and I so helpless. When a person is ill, and good for nothing for so long a time, it is nice to have a few little things to brighten the room. I am fond of interesting books and of sea shells or any little curios, and I should be glad if some of the Sunshine members would write me, for I have so few things to help me pass the time."

CANCELLED STAMPS.

The cancelled stamps, of any denomination, for the benefit of the orphanage in Switzerland should be sent direct to Loizeaux Brothers, No. 63 Fourth-ave., New-York City. This address is repeated in response to the requests of Mrs. L. A. Lockwood and Mrs. Alfred Colt, of Connecticut.

WOULD LIKE GAMES.

President of the T. S. S.: In the name of the Home Garden Branch, I send many thanks for the box of cheer which was received and distributed among our destitute little ones. Should you at any time have any dolls or games and do not know where to place them, please remember us. Our stock is very low indeed, and we have use for them in our playrooms. Thanking the T. S. S. again, I remain, in Sunshine,

ADRIETTA GUYON,
Assistant superintendent, The Home Garden.
No. 419 East One-hundred-and-fifteenth-st., New-York City.

RECEIVED READING.

Mrs. Sarah Todd Sprague, president of New-Berlin, N. Y., branch, acknowledges the receipt of reading matter from Mrs. J. H. Durkee, Miss M. C. Durland, Miss C. J. Heuston and Miss Fannie Southwick, all of New-York State. Mrs. Sprague has been so generously supplied with this form of cheer that she will not need any more at present.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A box of silk pieces has been received from Miss Emma G. Lathrop, of Newark, N. J.; current magazines from Miss Timpson, of Staten Island; a barrel of apples from Miss Quick and Mrs. Lent, of Brewsters, N. Y.; a box containing silks, velvets, embroidery materials, books, etc., each package carefully arranged, from "a childless widow ninety years old," in New-Jersey. The contents are to be distributed among lonely ones. A box of paper dolls came without the name of the sender. This will be cheer for a little crippled child. Bound books for an invalid have come from "E. L. M." The game entitled "Who Am I?" sent by L. B. D., will, no doubt, fulfil the desire of the sender by "helping a 'shut-in' pass a pleasant half hour." The half tone pictures of thirty-eight well known people are pasted on separate papers, and blank slips with corresponding numbers to the answers are inclosed, so that several may play the game. Who would like to have it?

GLORY.

It is not all,
At duty's call,
Thyself to give.
Bear thou the stings
Injustice brings,
And then forgive.
VIRGINIA L. JONES.

A member of the Syracuse, N. Y., T. S. S. branch.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Shirred Triple Skirt, No. 4,535, for 10 Cents.

Triple skirts are exceedingly effective worn by the women to whom they are suited, and can be relied upon as correct, both for the present and for the coming season. This one is made of champagne colored voile, with trimming of lace, and is exceedingly handsome, but various trimmings can be used with equally good effect, and all the pliable materials suited to shirrings are appropriate.

NO. 4,535—SHIRRED SKIRT.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 11 yards 21 inches wide, or 6¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 6¾ yards 21 inches wide, or 4½ yards 36 inches wide, for foundation.

The pattern, No. 4,535, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

This 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.

LONDON WOMAN'S PAPER.

The idea of a daily newspaper for women appears to be gaining ground, and at the present rate of progress will soon cease to have any novelty. London has been making plans for the publication of such a paper simultaneously with New-York, and already some trial issues of "The Daily Mirror," a "journal for gentlewomen," have appeared.

"The Daily Mirror" will be a morning paper, devoted to the interests of no particular propaganda, and will give all the general news of the day, with much else for which London women now have to await the arrival of weekly journals. The illustration, it is announced, will be of a character not hitherto attained in daily publications.

The more strictly feminine features of "The Daily Mirror" will be in the hands of women, but the news gathering department has been organized by the same brain that constructed the news gathering machinery of "The Daily Mail."

The exact date of permanent publication has not yet been announced.

Informal TALKS.

CARD FIENDS AND OTHER FIENDS.

"I think I shall have to join you, after all!" said the newcomer, with a sigh, as she sank into a chair amid noisy exclamations of welcome from the group on the dark piazza.

"Glad you've come to your right mind," said the man who had brought the chair, as he pulled his own back into the circle. "We told you it was fine out here. Not a bit cold!"

"No, it isn't! You're a lot of fresh air fiends who would sit out here and shiver in January, if this place were open in the dead of winter. Lucky for you it isn't! I haven't a fancy for sitting outdoors on chilly nights, but I had to come away from the parlor, or I'm afraid I should have killed somebody!"

"Bless us and save us!"

"Oh! I'm mild enough here."

"But who has been naughty?" asked a woman in the group.

"Several. I shall not mention names. You see"—looking at the nearest window—"they're playing cards in there."

"And, of course," said the man seated next to her, "an old gentleman who shall be nameless—we'll dub him Mr. X. Pert—has been making himself disagreeable!"

"Of course!" exclaimed the woman who had escaped. "But not so disagreeable as Mrs.—well, never mind. All whist experts are disagreeable."

"Oh, come, now! Are you going to deny the glory of expertship to all this party?"

"I hope so. I don't love any of you if you're authorities on cards—any game, but especially whist."

"Don't be afraid; we're not. But hitherto we have felt ashamed of it, and humbly wished to learn."

"You needn't! I fairly hug myself because I play a poor game. I don't understand trump signals, and I glory in it. I don't know how to play 'bridge,' and I don't want to know."

"But why not?" asked another woman. "It's good for the brain, isn't it, and a test of a certain kind of intelligence."

"It may be good for the brain, but it's bad for the character. It seems to turn an ordinarily decent person into one of two intolerable things—a fiend or a bore. Principally the former. Why, a person of fairly good disposition, who wouldn't dream of being rude or ill-mannered, for any other reason on earth, will turn upon you in a game of whist and insult you without scruple. Or, if by chance he's too good-natured to do that, he'll assume the air of a patient instructor of youth, and lecture you on the rudes of the game until you're so bored and bewildered that you don't know an ace from a ten-spot."

"Who insulted you?" asked the other woman.

"Nobody insulted me—for a wonder. Mrs. Playfair—absurd name, for her, and I don't care if I do mention it!—she only complained that I didn't give her signals, and said I was playing 'fist,'—not whist! That's mild, for a player who thinks she knows it all. But old Mr. X. Pert, as you called him, prosed on and on about leads, until we were all nearly crazed. And he nagged his partner, that dear little Mrs. Green, until she was ready to cry; and then Mrs. Playfair went at her, and was so brutally rude that I rescued Mrs. Green by refusing to go on with the game. She was completely unnerved; I'm afraid she's crying now, upstairs. And I came out here to cool off. I'm not unnerved; I'm just plain mad, clear through!"

"But I think you're a good player," said some one in the group. "Mrs. Green isn't, but it's an outrage to treat her so for a mere game."

"Call that pleasure!" I'm fond of the game, and I'm a fair player in an ordinary way, but an expert I will not be. I've seen enough of them."

"It's apt to be the case with any game," said the man. "The exceptions are the athletic sports, in which they're trained to fair play, and are all more or less expert. Parlor games and amateur field games are apt to be spoiled by bad temper and silly egotism. Some things seem to have that effect on people, you know. Turn 'em into fiends, as you say. Other things do it, besides games. Street-cars, for instance. I've known some decent fellers who always forgot their manners in public vehicles."

"Oh, yes! And women are as bad. They don't move up; they don't thank people. And even persons who imagine themselves leaders, or gentlemen, will hold the end seats in open cars. The subject of the car fiend is an endless one."

"Worse than the card fiend, eh?"

"If anything could be worse! I believe they're forms of insanity. Unquestionably, there's a card mania. Oh, there's Mrs. Green; I'm going in to comfort her. I'm freezing, anyway. Goodby, and thanks for your sympathy."

FREE LECTURES THIS WINTER.

The free lecture system maintained throughout all the boroughs of New-York by the Board of Education will enter on its fourteenth season on October 1, and is to be enlarged so as to cover the whole city. Sections where there have been no lecture centres in previous years will be provided for, making a total of about 150 centres, as compared with 128 last year.

The lectures will be arranged in courses more than previously, and the subjects will include electricity, physics, chemistry, astronomy, natural science, literature, art, music, architecture, history, sociology, travel and descriptive geography.

Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, supervisor of lectures at the Department of Education, has issued a pamphlet in which are given the situations of the lecture centres in the various boroughs and instructions as to how they may be reached by train, ferryboat or electric car.

FREE BATH BUILDING ON EAST ONE-HUNDRED-AND-NINTH-ST.,
Which would have been in operation now but for the strike.

ITS MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

Woman's Municipal League Has Promoted Political Education All Summer.

Although the mothers' meetings which the Woman's Municipal League has been conducting during the summer have been highly successful, it is an open question whether this method of educating public sentiment will be continued during the coming campaign. About six hundred women and some men have attended these meetings, which have been held in St. George's Memorial House, Union Settlement, and the parish houses connected with the Church of the Ascension, St. Mark's and St. Bartholomew's and Madison Square Church House. Among the speakers have been Dr. Robbins, Mrs. William S. Carter, Mrs. Tonjes and Mrs. M. D. Fisk.

While the league has kept pretty quiet over this side of its work, it has exerted a strong anti-Tammany influence through the meetings, and it seems to feel that while it has hitherto dwelt largely upon the principles underlying good government and bad government, it is now time to come to the personal issues involved in the campaign. The people of the lower East and West sides have had their attention directed to the improvements that have taken place under the reform administration, in better cleaning of streets, the more effective precautions against the spread of infectious diseases, and tenement inspection. The league thinks the time has come to pass from the abstract to the particular, and to emphasize the fact that to continue these advantages it is necessary to vote the reform ticket.

Through the summer the league has also held public meetings at Harlem, two parlor meetings at Washington Heights and one at Williamsbridge. It may decide to hold a series of mass meetings between now and election day, as a further means of fighting its enemy, Tammany. But the plans of the league are as yet in abeyance. As one of the officials said yesterday:

"We can't do anything till the nominations are made. Of course, we shall stand by fusion. We have our committees appointed, but the precise form our activity will take cannot be decided on until we know more definitely. We shall be active in some way, of course."

MISS CHANLER TO RETURN.

Miss Margaret Astor Chanler, the president of the league, is expected to arrive on the St. Louis on Saturday from Europe, whither she was unexpectedly called this summer by the drowning of her young nephew. As Miss Chanler is chairman of the campaign committee, nothing very definite can be done before her return, but it is expected that her presence will be the signal for the institution of a definite line of action. Since assuming the head of the league, Miss Chanler has come down from her summer home at Barrytown every week to look after the interests of the organization. It is thought that during the campaign she will take up her temporary residence in New-York, so as to be on the spot to direct matters. Although a Democrat, Miss Chanler is heartily in sympathy with the fusion movement.

Last April the league moved from the Park Row Building to No. 31 Union Square. In reply to a question whether the league would open other branch offices for campaign purposes, it was stated that there would be no headquarters opened other than the permanent headquarters at Union Square.

What is practically the league's opening shot in the municipal campaign of 1903 was fired yesterday, when the regular monthly bulletin of the league appeared, containing a letter from Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, the originator and first president of the league. Mrs. Lowell's letter disposes once for all of the accusation that she gave up the work at the close of the last campaign because of strained relations between herself and members of the league. Having started the league and dictated the policy of its first years, Mrs. Lowell felt unable, on account of lack of strength, to maintain the active administration of the league, although she has continued in the most cordial relations with it and with Miss Chanler ever since. Mrs. Lowell will return soon to the city, and will take an active part in campaign work, it is said.

MRS. LOWELL'S LETTER.

Mrs. Lowell says in part in her letter, which is addressed to the editor of the bulletin:

I congratulate you sincerely on your exposure of the fallacy that "Tammany cannot be beaten twice in succession." The statistics given by you in your September issue prove that New-York has shown itself in the last three Mayoralty elections to be an "anti-Tammany" city, and this fact should be repeated over and over again from now until November 3, in order that all the time servers who desire above all things to be on the winning side may fully understand that in voting the Tammany ticket they are putting themselves on the side of a hopeless minority.

I congratulate the league also upon its intention to appeal to the indifferent to register, and, above all, to vote after having registered. Such appeals will affect many.

Individual women, however, can do more by reminding the men with whom they have influence of the great issues at stake in the coming election, and begging them to do their duty as citizens of "no mean city." We have now, as Mr. Jerome has truly said, an administration of city affairs far better than any that New-York has ever known, and (as he might have added with equal truth) far better than that of almost any other city in the country, and it behooves all good citizens to give the Mayor who has done us this great service the opportunity to continue, to improve and to perfect his work, which is but just begun.

For the sake especially of the hundreds of thousands of people living in our crowded tenement districts, those who have votes should feel it a sacred duty to continue the present administration in power. To the well to do it is of little personal moment what sort of a city government we have. A man with money can make himself quite comfortable under any kind of administration, provided he has no care for the good name of his city and no sympathy for his suffering fellow citizens.

If the water supply gives out or becomes polluted the well to do can buy plenty of pure water; if the streets they live on are filthy, they can hire men to clean them; a bad police force never troubles the rich; their food is not adulterated; they need no Health Department to save them from disease; their houses are not invaded by prostitutes; they can get fresh air and sunlight without the help of the Tenement House Department; the Fire Department is not their only protection against being burned in their beds; their children are educated, whatever may be the condition of the public schools; if a pestilence of typhus fever or cholera threatens the city, they can leave it with their families.

Far otherwise is it with the mass of tenement house dwellers. They are dependent for everything that makes life bearable, for everything that makes life possible, upon upright, intelligent and devoted city officials.

Let women realize this, and let them appeal to the voters to register and to vote for the sake of these helpless people who live so near to us, but yet whose lives are so cruelly different from ours.

That a part of the energies of the league will go out to the raising of money seems certain.

"Money we must have to carry on our work," said a member, "but considerable will probably be raised among the members. Last year we raised $30,000, but that was largely on account of the book which the Citizens Union was getting out, and the league offered to publish for it."

During its short life the Municipal League has attracted to its membership lists many women whose social prominence and wealth make their services particularly valuable. Besides Miss Chanler and Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Herbert Parsons, Mrs. E. R. Hewitt, Miss Grace Dodge, Miss De Peyster, Mrs. Frederick Lowell, Mrs. George Alexander Strong, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Dike and Miss Dreier, of Brooklyn; Miss Leverich, Miss Sadie American, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Jackson and Miss Katherine Day are actively interested in campaign work. James B. Reynolds, secretary to the Mayor, will speak on "The Issues of the Coming Campaign" at the next regular meeting of the league, on October 1.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

With the opening of the elementary evening schools on October 1 the new provisions of the compulsory education law, requiring the attendance at these schools of boys employed during the day who are between the ages of fourteen and sixteen and who are not graduates from a public elementary school or fitted to graduate, will be strictly enforced by the Board of Education.

Heretofore children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who were engaged during the day in gainful labor were excused from attendance at day school, and no attempt has been made to continue their education, and nothing will now be done in the case of girls between the ages specified who are thus employed. Employers of boys between these ages are required to keep and display certificates showing that the boys are attending evening school, as required by law; that is, for not less than six hours each week for not less than sixteen weeks in each school year, and a fine of $50 will be imposed for each violation. The truant officers are empowered to arrest boys who violate the law and to place them in truant schools. Parents who fail to send their boys to evening school will be fined $5 for the first offence, and for each succeeding offence a fine of not more than $50, or imprisonment for not more than thirty days, or both.

ELEVEN INFANTS AN HOUR.

First Quarter of 1903 Throws Statistics of 1902 Into the Shade.

The recent report of Dr. Louis Haupt, of the Board of Education, on the birth rate of New-York for 1902 was the occasion of considerable comment, but its figures are a bagatelle compared with those for the first quarter of 1903. The average birth rate of 1902 was estimated to be four an hour, or one every fifteen minutes; but the statistics for the first three months of 1903 show the astonishing average of eleven births an hour, or one every five and a half minutes.

As might be expected, the greatest number of these births have occurred on the lower East Side, where the rate is fifteen an hour. In the fashionable sections of the city, such as Murray Hill and Riverside Drive, only one infant is born a month, but in that part of the city bounded by the Bowery, the East River, Houston-st. and Catherine-st., the rate is fifteen an hour, while in one small district in the neighborhood of Division-st., a still higher average is reached, and a child is born every three minutes. The Russians are the most prolific of New-York's inhabitants, and the Italians come next, the total percentage of foreign births being 60.

When the statistics for the next three months are made up, Dr. Haupt expects to see an even higher average of births, and this ever enlarging crop of babies he regards as one of the most serious problems confronting the Board of Education, for, though one-third of these infants will die before the age of six, an appalling number will remain to seek admission to the schools.

An Encounter in High Places.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

Oakley of the Trotters possessed many solid qualities—a touch of military genius and the gift of popularity among them; but he had rather more money than is good for a young soldier; he had a gayly impertinent air that annoyed elderly persons, and he had a weakness for escapades. High authorities, who knew that youth is not, as a rule, a hopeless malady, shut their eyes to many of his pranks, for the good that was in him. It was not, in fact, until he had flung a native police inspector in the Nymoorie Lake at 11 o'clock in the morning (in the face of half the bazaar) that their forbearance showed signs of coming to an end. Oakley pleaded that the man was insolent; and possibly the defence helped him a little. But he was told that, anyhow, this kind of thing would not do, and he was invited to take leave—a long leave—out of India. They meant him, perhaps, to go home and make friends unto himself of the Pall Mall mammon of unrighteousness, against a day of reckoning; but because Oakley suspected they meant it, he announced that he was going to shoot ovis poli across the borderland. He packed his gun cases; and a few weeks later he walked in upon Colonel Silver, who was the British Resident at Gulibad, and drag upon the erratic wheel of Ama Singh, Maharajah of Feristan. He had traversed the first stage of his journey. Feristan lies lapped in the skirts of the great mountain ranges behind the northwest gates of India; it is a smiling, bounteous place, and some day it will be the playground of more people than the tired Anglo-Indians who now dawdle up its lakes and camp among its pleasant groves.

Young men in difficulties often brought them to Silver: a scapegrace on enforced holiday was nothing new to him. He stroked his white mustache when Oakley, whom he had known from ovable child to man, gave him a jaunty version of his crime.

"You have been let off very lightly," he said. "It was an ungentlemanly, stupid exhibition of ill temper, and it might have been used to show that a man who cannot command himself is not fit to command others. You had better wipe it out by doing something to prove your regret—something, let me say, more useful than climbing into Central Asia."

Oakley shrugged his shoulders.

"What else is there to do?" he said. "There isn't a little war anywhere."

"And if there were you could hardly expect to be picked for it after this," Silver said severely. "Go home and learn something."

"I passed in Russian two years ago," Oakley said. "I don't think I'm keen about any more cramming at present." He took a pace to the open doorway and stood looking upon a shimmering river and the cool shade of the plane trees about it. A boat floated by with a young man lolling in the stern and a fox terrier blinking on a cushion at the sunshine.

"Can't you give me something to do, colonel?" he said persuasively. "You have plenty of tangled threads in your pigeonholes; you might set me to unravel one of them."

Colonel Silver did not speak for a moment. He looked very thoughtfully at the tall, upright figure, and he appeared to turn the matter over in his mind.

"You mean that?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," said Oakley; and this time there was eagerness in his voice.

The Resident rose from his chair, took a large scale map out of a drawer, and unrolled it.

"Did you not try once to cross Kalsi?" he said; and his fingers moved up to where the shading of mountain ranges lay outside the dotted border of Feristan.

Oakley followed the finger.

"Yes, I tried it," he said. "I was turned back after ten days' marching—starved out, you know; couldn't get a soul to supply me with coolies or fodder. The Khan doesn't want us there."

"The Kalsis do not, I think," Silver said. "They are afraid we may discover their hidden route into Turkestan, and want to gain possession of it. That is nonsense, of course; we could not police it even if we knew it. There are other people to whom it might be useful, but they are not on this side of the watershed."

"I thought the whole thing was a myth."

"Oh, no," Silver said. "It exists; but no one could find it for himself without plenty of time, and an ample commissariat, and he will not get them from Jehan Beg at present. There are, however, more ways of learning a road than travelling over it; and I believe some one has made use of them within the last fortnight. A messenger came down to me only yesterday afternoon, and he assured me that there is a white man from the north in Kalsi at this moment, and that he is believed to have had access to the Khan. Now, if Jehan Beg had not wanted him, he would not have let him get there; or, at least, he would never let him get out alive. But it is probable that he will get away, by the way he came, through Shawa; and if the surmises I draw from my information are correct he will take a plan of the Kalsi Passes with him."

Oakley gazed at him, hanging on his words.

"It is really rather an important incident," said Colonel Silver. He rolled up the map and returned it to a drawer. "It may be a mare's nest, no doubt; but Yusuf is not in the habit of discovering mare's nests. I think the unknown person from the north deserves considerable credit. His method of persuading the Khan was probably quite simple; but to get to him without attracting the attention of half Kalsi he must have travelled light. I am sure he did not try to get through with a string of pack ponies and hampers of sodawater."

"I won't—next time," Oakley said softly. "Suppose I were to cut across to the road from Shawa. . . . Suppose—oh! suppose two people ran up against each other accidentally among the mountains there?—— Does your man know enough to keep one to the trail? I don't believe there is any meum and tuum at fourteen thousand feet; it isn't the rule in Kalsi, I'll swear! . . . But it may be one of our own fellows."

"It is not," the colonel assured him. "Yes, Yusuf knows a good deal; he is a wonderfully acute person; his only fault is that his unchecked methods are a little too Asiatic to use in a delicate affair. . . . It would be necessary to get the plan—to destroy it. I understand it is very complicated—not to be carried in a man's head. Ye-es, it might be done," he meditated, "but it would not be easy, and it would not be even as safe as shooting ovis poli."

"Can I see this Yusuf?" Oakley queried. He added gleefully: "You are going to let me try; you need not deny it, sir! You don't say things without a reason."

"Don't I?" said Colonel Silver. "It is not quite settled yet, Charles." He became a little abstracted. He was thinking of the young man's heritage, his home in a far off English county. To be sure, he had younger brothers. . . .

Oakley was watching him with the zest of coming enterprise written upon his face. Silver would have chosen him upon his merits out of a thousand; he, too, knew that he was good stuff, and he came of a fine breed.

"You had better come here at 6," he concluded, looking at his watch, "and hear what Yusuf has to say."

A snowstorm, wild and sleety, danced its way over the southern spurs of the watershed. There were valleys embedded in them, pygmy valleys among the giants, where a few huddled villages looked up at precipices, and bowider strewn defiles, and the high glaciers of the snowy ranges. In the lowlands there had been apricot trees and herds of goats, visible means of subsistence; higher, there were deodars and flowery slopes; higher still, the bones of the mountains stuck out grimly, and in the lull of the storm the boom of descending avalanches pierced the freezing air.

Oakley, who had been climbing uncharted regions by moonlight, which is not an easy exercise, crept shivering into shelter as the storm swept past him. It had been daylight for two hours. He had eaten an insufficient breakfast of chocolate and dried apricots; he was nodding with sleep and exhaustion; he snapped at the lean, wiry Punjabi who stood at the entrance to his refuge, loins girded and staff in hand.

"I am not going any further this morning, Yusuf," he said. "Do you suppose I have been brought up to hanging on by my eyebrows to nothing in the dark? Go away, and call me at 11. I should like a Bombay curry, and some oatmeal porridge, and some herrings, a gallon of hot coffee for bara hazri, please."

Yusuf Mahomet smiled. The snow lashed him in the face; he stooped to bring himself under the lee of the rock. The wind went roaring past them; they had to raise their voices when they spoke.

"There are many kos between the Sahib and the food he desires," he said. "I, too, have hungered a little. But there are only a few kos to the place I spoke of, the place where we must wait; and we must get there before they do. We have travelled upon our feet all through the night; they will march at daybreak. The Sahib said we were to allow an eight hours' margin, and if we do not go forward now we shall not have it."

"On our feet? On our knees and elbows, you mean," Oakley said. He looked at a pair of dogskin gloves, worn through to grazed and bleeding palms, and mournfully at the state of his breeches. "Are you sure you are going to strike the road at the right spot?"

Yusuf stepped out of their refuge for a moment.

"There is Hara Devi," he said, and he pointed to a towering white peak five-and-twenty miles away. "There is Shawa, behind the lower ridge, which is fifteen kos from it; and they must pass to Shawa. We have come as straight as the birds fly."

"I would I were a bird," chanted Oakley in his own tongue. He stooped, groaning, and laced up a boot; he readjusted the straps of his knapsack and screwed up his flask. "Come on, then. I suppose pieces of us may get there, if not the whole. Thank goodness, the storm is passing!"

He limped out, and they moved slowly, slanting their heads against the wind, toiling over the rough ground under the ribbed and drifted snow, working doggedly down toward the valley between them and a parallel ridge that was hanging in the middle distance. It appeared to be a straightforward piece of work, descent and ascent equally and smoothly divided; but Oakley had learned by experience that things in the uplands of Kalsi are not what they seem. There were many intervening subsidiary clefts and pockets to negotiate. He stumbled after his guide, and resigned himself to his fate.

Yusuf, testing the uneven ground with his lathi, watched every fold of the hillsides as he plodded on. He was, in spite of extreme cold and semi-starvation and many bruises, enjoying himself immensely. He had found the work he loved. He was a trained sleuth hound, bred to track men through the unsavory intrigue of a hill Raja's court or out upon the mountains; but he was a born fighting man, whose militant qualities had been too long, in his own opinion, unemployed. The fascination of shadowing the Raja's northern visitor, brushing against him in the narrow alleys of the foul little city upon the hilltop, scenting him under his disguise, burrowing into the inner workings of the court in pursuit of his purpose, had been good; but it was not to compare with the grapple that he promised himself should end this race across a barren land. He and Oakley had gone to many pains to conceal their progress; they had skirted habitations; lain hidden by day and toiled forward by night; they had robbed orchards and hen roosts to get supplies; he had not permitted his charge to show himself except on rare and safe occasions. He swung forward gleefully into the open now: the goal was in sight; he was fretting to throw caution to the winds and meet the enemy face to face.

Oakley was, of course, the difficulty; a babe could have told his nationality, and any moderately intelligent being would have seen that there was something unusual in the manner of his travelling, without a coolie or a gun case or a pack pony. He was the trump card, not to be played until the end of the game, and Yusuf cherished him tenderly. He halted now, after a couple of miles upon their way, and turned to address him. They had dropped down until they were under the ridge; there were here only a few patches of snow in snug corners; and though the wind whistled and piped like a lost soul, the great cold had departed, and some scrubby vegetation was making shift to live between the bowlders.

Yusuf pointed to a faint zigzag which was scored on the slope above them, and which descended and lost itself in distance toward the north.

"There is the Shawa Road," he said, triumphantly. "Did I not say we had come straight? They must climb from the other side to it, and they will then descend to—us. Now it remains for me to find a safe hiding place for the Sahib, and I think I shall find it below the crest of the ridge, where the great stones lie."

He moved on again, working diagonally up the slope and going cautiously from cover to cover, and Oakley followed him. They drew near enough to the road to see it for what it was—a rough, narrow track marked out by the obstructions that had been rolled away from it; and presently they were within fifty yards of it, and Yusuf, moving to and fro like a terrier, selected the ambush.

"Now, if the Sahib pleases, he may sleep," he said, inviting repose upon a bed of flints behind a bulging shoulder of rock. "I climb yet a little further, to the brow of the hill, to see what there may be to be seen. It is not yet noon; they will not come until close upon sunset."

"You had much better lie close and wait for them," Oakley said, stretching himself out wearily. "You can do no good by poking about at the top of the hill, and you may expose yourself and do great harm."

Yusuf looked down at him with the flash of an eye, his nostrils dilated.

"I—I cannot rest now," he said. "It is years since I saw a good fight; it goes to my head."

Oakley threw the note of command into his voice. He was not quite as indifferent as he professed to be. He had looked forward to this day through many weary ones; but now he set himself to throw cold water on Yusuf Mahomet's lust of battle.

"I say that you shall be still," he said;