NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

GOWN WORN BY MISS GRACE GEORGE IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

FOR WOMEN WORKERS.

Especially Helpful Classes at Y. W. C. A. This Season

The class department of the Young Women's Christian Association, at No. 7 East Fifteenth-st., opened for the year on October 1. Nearly every class is full to its maximum limit, and in several cases applicants have been forced to wait for the formation of other classes or go elsewhere. The art school, one of the most successful and prominent of the many divisions of class work, has been re-equipped, a number of new casts and all the most modern appliances for drawing, modelling, etc., having been added through the summer. Morning classes meet for eight months, twenty hours a week, and evening classes for four hours a week for the same number of months. In the morning classes the schedule includes parallel courses in wood carving and clay modelling (four hours each), historic ornament, color scales and cast and mechanical drawing. The object of the entire course is to apply the fine arts to industrial training. The advanced classes pay special attention to water color from still life and flowers, and time sketches from students posing in turn.

The costume class is for dressmakers, illustrators for fashion magazines, and the like. A professional model is employed. Pupils are first taught to draw, and, when more advanced, are required to make pen and color sketches and design costumes. This class was begun last year, and proved popular and helpful. The art department offers a scholarship for the second and one for the third year, which are awarded at commencement, and special certificates are given to students completing satisfactorily the three years' course.

Pupils in the Young Women's Christian Association Art School have been exceedingly fortunate as prize winners in competitions at Cooper Union and elsewhere, and the practical value of the instruction they receive is shown by the fact that one girl while still a pupil made $10 a day last year designing for a Fifth-ave. house.

The dressmaking class is full to overflowing.

"We could have placed many more of our girls as assistants last spring if we had had them," said Miss M. D. Nesmith, clerk of the educational department. "There is hardly a dressmaking firm in Fifth or Sixth avenue where you cannot find our girls. After a little while they get charge of a room or an establishment. It is much the same with the sewing classes, graduates of which are always in demand for the finest work on babies' frocks, wedding trousseaus, etc. Beginning with unbleached cotton patchwork, they go on till they do the most exquisite work on the finest of nainsook and lawn.

"The diploma of the stenography department is held in high esteem by business men."

One of the classes which seem to offer exceptional inducements to the self-supporting woman is that which trains them to serve as attendants on the sick. The purpose of this class is to fit women to care for convalescents, feeble or elderly persons and sub-acute and chronic cases.

There are many intelligent women who are unable to give to study the length of time required to become a trained nurse; and there are many families, who, for economic reasons, are obliged to do without the trained nurse in times of illness. It is to enable such homes to obtain better aid at a moderate compensation and to offer an honorable means of livelihood to women that this work is established. The place of an attendant is not, however, that of a "trained nurse," and women cannot hope to become trained nurses by taking this course alone. The course of study for a "trained nurse" lasts at least two years, while this course lasts only ten weeks. An attendant cannot charge or expect to receive as much as a "trained nurse." On the other hand, the attendant cannot be expected to assume the responsibilities of a "trained nurse."

Applicants must be between the ages of twenty and forty. During the course members of the class have hospital practice, and after graduation they are kept busy, so cordially do physicians approve of them. The trained attendants are not permitted to charge more than $7 a week, with board and laundry, during the first year after graduation.

The bookkeeping class starts out under a new teacher, with new methods, and the cooking class, graduates of which are in great demand as teachers in the vacation schools, has had its kitchen newly fitted up. Besides these classes, there is the advanced class in English, designed especially for stenographers and typewriters, secretaries and writers, librarians and teachers. The class in choir music is absolutely free. A popular class is that in physical culture, which opens on October 12, and for which more applications have been received than can be accommodated. For those who are deficient in arithmetic, writing, etc., there are preparatory classes, also in business forms.

As usual, a series of entertainments will be given through the winter, on the last Monday in every month. The first one will take place on the last Monday in November.

"One of the surest signs of the demand among women and girls which our class work fills, next to the facility with which our graduates find employment or obtain better wages, is their happiness while studying," said Miss Nesmith. "Nearly all express regret when the year's work is done, and girls come back to us year after year."

KEEP TAB
ON THIS SPACE.
THE NEW FALL
COLLAR WILL
BE SHOWN HERE
IN A FEW DAYS.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
MAKERS

GLEANINGS

Feminine unrest is usually spoken of as something essentially modern, but a glance over that famous book, "Jane Eyre," shows that it existed at least as far back as Charlotte Bronte's time. "It is vain," says Jane Eyre, "to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity; they must have action, and they will make it if they cannot find it. Millions are in silent revolt against their lot. Women are supposed to be very calm generally, but women feel just as men feel. They need exercise for their faculties and fields for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer, and it is narrow minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags."

The substitution of "third cabin" for "steerage" is not a change in name merely. It accompanies a marked improvement in the hitherto crowded life of the lower deck. All the new vessels are providing dining rooms in this department which compare not unfavorably with the same rooms in the first and second cabins. There are revolving chairs, there is a printed bill of fare and the dishes it indicates are varied, palatable and cleanly served. In the sleeping accommodations there are a comfort and a privacy provided which have hitherto been unknown. There is even a piano, and the vessel's daily runs are printed in several languages precisely as in the cabins above. On the high seas as well as in the tenement world the under dog is coming in for a share of the world's progress, and there, as elsewhere, there is a definite, material gain for the upper dog resulting from his care for his nether brother.

It was on a corner of the Bowery and one of the lower streets. Quite a knot of the modern Athenian order had gathered about a policeman, and a stranger on the outskirts inquired casually of an alert youngster who was shouldering his way out from the centre of interest as to the cause of the disturbance. "Oh, it's jes' a drunk lady, mister," was the nonchalant reply, "an' I t'ink de cop's goin' ter lug her in."

The one redeeming influence of the present prevalence of bibulous habits among women is that this tendency is no longer considered an indication of a perfectly hopeless condition of character. A female drunkard has heretofore been considered wholly beyond hope. Dr. Braithwaite, inspector under the recent British Inebriate acts, an authority whose wide experience gives weight to his opinion, strongly dissents from this view. Such popular impression, he says, did incalculable harm. Formerly the woman who gave way to an appetite for drink despaired of recovery and was forever after ostracised and regarded with suspicion. Now, however, when it is no longer a public disgrace to be seen imbibing, while the light tipplers increase in number, the so-called "hopeless drunkards" do not, and at least a degree of the stigma attached to the habit being removed, fewer extreme cases are met with. Drinking in general, however, among women has undeniably increased, and, in the doctor's estimation, is to be much deplored. As reasons therefor he gives the greater freedom with the purse strings now accorded women and the life of ceaseless wear and tear which is called "society."

The single palliating by-issue is the larger charity accorded the helpless.

It was at a chamber concert by a famous string quartet, and the two large hatted, chatty persons of the matinee type who sat directly before the music lovers were so communicative as to their affairs and those of all their acquaintances that the recital was of small pleasure to the appreciative and long suffering couple directly in the rear of the conversationists. "I am sorry we could not have heard more of your conversation," the patient male lover of music wrote on the margin of his programme, "but the violinist has inconsiderately been making himself heard from time to time. I am sure, however, if you speak a little louder he will understand and give way to you."

"I would like to drop that in their laps," he said, passing it to his companion with a savage gleam in his eye, "but I don't quite dare."

"I do, then," said the mild voiced young woman at his side, and in some sudden and inexplicable manner the paper appeared before the eyes of the voluble persons before her. They looked wrathfully behind them, only to encounter a row of immobile faces, all eyes raptly regarding the stage. They glared to right and to left of them, with no more satisfactory results. Then they sulked, which had the desired effect, and the remainder of the evening was a distinct success in their vicinity.

The sixteen-year sentence of a young German who six years ago was sent to Sing Sing for housebreaking, has been cut short by a pardon on account of rapidly failing health. Six years ago he was in perfect health. To-day he is a wreck. The report of a medical expert is that "the whole of the left lung is involved with the tuberculosis process, and the apex of the right lung also shows evidence of trouble. Efforts are now being made to secure his pardon from the German Government for the military offence of desertion, so that he may go home to his mother to die. The cells at Sing Sing are so infected with disease, say members of the New-York Prison Association, that a short imprisonment is frequently equivalent to a death sentence. The State Board of Health and the State Prison Commissioner have both condemned the prison buildings as unfit for human habitation, and the instance quoted above is only one of

WOMEN AND COLLEGE.

Interesting Statistics—The Various Types of Students.

Some interesting facts and figures are given in an article on "Women's Colleges and Their Executives," contributed by Jane A. Stewart to "The Booklover's Magazine." "At the time of the Civil War," says the writer, "there was but one educational institution of college grade which had women students. This was Oberlin College, which has been open to women since 1833. Now there are more than four hundred and fifty colleges and universities in the United States which are offering to women opportunities for higher culture and professional training. In the universities and colleges, where a generation ago scarcely any women were enrolled, more than a third of the total number of students are women. In the eleven higher educational institutions for women only, which fulfil the true college standard in entrance requirements, training of faculty and curriculum, there are now enrolled 5,152 students and a teaching force with university attainments numbering 502. The total number of women college students is estimated at forty thousand.

"The increase of women in professional schools has been particularly marked in the last fifteen years. According to the carefully compiled figures of President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, the gain in numbers of students in medicine from 1890 to 1898 was 51 per cent of men and 64 per cent of women; in dentistry, 150 per cent of men and 205 per cent of women; in pharmacy, 25 per cent of men and 190 per cent of women; in technology and agriculture, 119 per cent of men and 194 per cent of women.

"There are three distinct types of institutions for the higher education of women in the United States. First, there is the independent college for women only, which has developed out of the private school and seminary, where our grandmothers were taught the meagre branches of knowledge which past generations deemed fitting for the sex which was destined to a purely domestic sphere. This type of college predominates in the East, and is based on the conservative traditions of the separateness of women's sphere of work. Nevertheless, the great institutions of this type have swung into the main current of educational progress, and such colleges as Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith and Wellesley stand for the broadest and most advanced ideas of curriculum and method.

"Second, there is the compromise type, which is attached to a men's college as an 'annex.' The chief examples of this type, Barnard and Radcliffe, are also in the East. Both are attached to great universities, and naturally both are of the highest grade. Barnard College, one of the youngest institutions of higher learning for women, is most closely affiliated with Columbia University.

"Third, we have the co-educational type, which has now spread throughout the country, but which is best represented by the State universities of the Middle West.

"Of all the types of institutions for the higher education of women, the co-educational is the most interesting at the present moment. Its advocates claim that it is the ultimate type, and that the other two are simply stages in educational evolution. Aside from the educational theory which maintains that women and men are mentally benefited by association in lecture room and laboratory, co-education is supported by that strongest of arguments, economy. President Jordan of Leland Stanford University sums up the educational theory by claiming that women do more work in a more natural way, with better perspective and with saner incentives, than when isolated from the influence and society of men; and that, other things being equal, through association with women in the classroom, the young men are made more earnest and improve in manners and morals.

"An attempt is sometimes made to distinguish between the ideals of culture of the different colleges. One hears discussion of the Smith type, the Wellesly type, the Vassar type of college girl. The differences, after all, are very slight, and are growing less as the colleges are coming into closer contact. Nevertheless, there is something quite distinctive about the Oberlin ideal. A certain moral enthusiasm and an emphasis on the social service which the college man and woman owes the world have marked this college from its earliest days. Dean Luce is an excellent representative of this splendid spirit.

"The privately endowed institutions exclusively for women are well equipped materially, and the endowments of the principal colleges are growing rapidly. Three of them—Bryn Mawr, Smith and Vassar—are included among the fifty-two colleges of the United States having vested funds of more than $500,000, and two—Vassar and Bryn Mawr—are listed among the twenty-nine colleges possessing productive funds of $1,000,000 and over. The total value of the property and endowment, as given for last year, is: Vassar, $2,611,150; Bryn Mawr, $2,000,000; Wellesley, $1,500,000, and Mount Holyoke, $1,400,000. If numbers were a gauge of worth, Smith would be ranked as the first undergraduate college of the United States, for it has an enrolment of 1,048 students. Wellesley is next, with 889; Vassar, 860; Mount Holyoke, 675, and Bryn Mawr, 426."

The writer concludes with sketches of the careers of the presidents of the various colleges whose portraits supplement the text.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

"I have thought of such a nice use to put my stair above to," said the mistress of an old fashioned downtown house the other day. "You know what I mean—that queer little niche near the first floor landing that was originally designed for a piece of statuary, I suppose, but that most people simply leave empty to-day. Well, I have made my statuary niche into a telephone booth. A handsome Roman blanket hangs like a curtain over the space and inside hangs an electric droplight. The bell is heard easily all over the house, and being situated nearly midway, one doesn't have so much running up and down stairs to do."

Sir Edwin Arnold tells of a dinner party in the home of an English official employed by the Mikado's government in Tokio, at which he was present. It was a remarkable occasion because of the perfect skill and attention with which the guests were waited upon by the seven or eight "boys," well looking and well dressed. The poet had quietly offered one of them, changing his trays and charging his saki cup, a kinsats (a small Japanese banknote) and the exquisite delicacy of respect and deference, mingled with such evidently wounded pride, with which this overture was greeted was a revelation. After the meal the Englishman made inquiries of his host as to the source from which such service came, and discovered, to his dismay, that all of them were high born, well educated youths of some native families of the old "Kozoku," or "Shizoku," rank, and they did not feel that even such so called menial service could in any way degrade their inherent nobility. They were willing to accept lower wages than are usually paid to the jinrikisha runner, and cheerfully perform any domestic task assigned to them for the sake of learning the English language quickly and becoming familiar with Western manners and customs.

A resourceful woman who lives in a town where there are no public waterworks devised a satisfactory bathroom after the following fashion: A small lower floor bedroom was given over for this purpose; a copperized steel tub five feet long was put in one corner; a pipe under the floor and through the foundation carried off the waste water. A board platform eight inches high and two feet square at one end of the tub held a two-burner gasolene stove. A galvanized iron tank, with a capacity of forty-four gallons, was placed on the stove so that the faucet was directly over the tub, and a hose from the iron tank led directly to the pump at the windmill. The bathroom was complete, and had cost only $21: Tub, $13; pipe, $2; stove, $3; tank, $3.

To make banana sauté in a chafing dish remove the skin from the fruit and cut in halves lengthwise. Put a tablespoonful of butter into the blazer, and when melted lay the sliced bananas in it and cook until soft. Turn once carefully, so as not to break; then drain and dust with powdered sugar. Sprinkle a few drops of lemon juice over each slice and serve at once. For "banana bake" select fine ripe bananas and loosen one section of the skin. Let them cook in the blazer until the skins are dark and the pulp soft. Then roll carefully from the skins on a plate, sprinkle with powdered sugar and lemon juice, and serve with cubes of sunshine cake or ladyfingers.

The pain resulting from a severe pinch or blow can be relieved by immersing the injured part alternately in hot and cold water, massaging it steadily the while.

A strong stick, like a broom handle, with one end cut into a deep notch, will be found useful for hanging pictures. Generally this process involves a stepladder and much climbing up and down before satisfaction is attained. During housecleaning and other cleaning days pictures can be taken down, cleaned and replaced with the aid of the stick.

One small quince to every half dozen large apples gives a delicious flavor to the conventional apple sauce and a difference in thickness and texture that is most appetizing.

"For pity's sake don't use that Navajo rug till you have cleaned it!" exclaimed in horror a woman who has lived in New-Mexico, as her friend went around the house "trying" her new acquisition here and there. "That rug has likely enough seen years of service in an Indian tepee, where they may have had smallpox and consumption and got drunk, and everything. I would as soon buy a gown out of a tenement house in Baxter-st. and place it on my back. Wash it in soapsuds and water and hang it out in the sunshine to dry. It will be infinitely sweeter and wholesomer to have around the house, and its appearance and wearing qualities will be in no wise impaired."

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given to 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.

LIVING.

To find true joy in others' joy
True rest in others' rest;
To work with cheerfulness and zeal
That others may be blest;
To speak the hopeful, healing word
When others' hearts are sore
To win the doubting soul to trust
The loving Father more;
To ask Him not our sins alone,
But others' to forgive;
To live in love for others
Is indeed to truly live.
—(Lizzie A. L. Tibbetts, in Universalist Leader.

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.

K. E. F., has contributed $5, as special cheer for a suffering invalid; "A Friend," of Sherburne, N. J., $1, for the same invalid; "Two Friends," of Elmira, N. Y., $1, as October dues to the general society, and R. N. L., of Manhattan, $1, "for any urgent case."

DOLLS FOR LITTLE MOTHERS.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, president of the T. S. S., desires to remind the branch presidents who attended the annual meeting of their promises to supply some of the dolls needed for the "Little Mothers'" Christmas festival, to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria December 10. The dolls should be sent as early as possible, especially those that are to be dressed, and should be addressed to Mrs. H. A. Harms, No. 236 Second-ave., New-York City. Will the members please mark their packages T. S. S., so that the general office may keep in touch with the work?

REPORT OF BRANCH NO. 10.

The monthly report of Manhattan Branch No. 10 is, as usual, a record of helpful deeds done for others. The president reports that during the month employment was secured for five poor women; two babies were kept supplied with prepared food through the kindness of Dr. Needham; cheer was sent to a little crippled girl in the hospital; a bandage from the invalid outfit "passed on" to a working girl who has kidney trouble, and an air cushion to a sick man. The branch members contributed $2 to buy comforts for one of the members dying with consumption, and medicines were provided for another member who has been ill for several weeks. Eighteen magazines were sent to the almshouse on Blackwell's Island. Some articles of mourning, placed under the charge of this president, are lent to the poor women, to wear at the funerals of their family members. Mrs. Dorsch acknowledges with thanks contributions of clothing and toys from Mrs. Belden, of Arlington, N. J., and Mrs. B. Worden, of Manhattan; also a box of beautiful flowers from the Sunshine Club, of the Liberty (N. Y.) Methodist Episcopal Church, and two boxes of clothing for distribution from the general office.

Miss Emma Hall, of Millburn, N. J., acknowledges the gift of "a nice shawl" sent to her from the T. S. S.

STORM TOSSED.

The recent destructive storm in Florida caused considerable loss to several T. S. S. members in that State. Mrs. Thomas F. McLean, president of the Conant branch, writes that the high wind and rain cost them most of their hay and corn. Mrs. C. B. McLean and her daughter, Miss Mary, who live at Lemon City, had their house blown off its foundations, and there was a general wreckage of dishes, jams and jellies. Fortunately, the cyclone was in the daytime, and the inmates were able to run out of doors, so there was no personal accident. The president of the Conant branch will be glad to lend any of her books on lace work or patterns to Florida T. S. S. members. She writes and sends occasional cheer to the members at Farmdale, and contributes a year's numbers of a magazine to the Geneva (Fla.) branch.

REPLY.

R. N. L., Manhattan.—The Rev. J. B. Lane, to whom you have been sending reading matter, has moved from Kearny to Franklin-ave., Nutley, N. J.

HELPING OTHERS.

A new member at Union Hill, N. J., will pay her initiation fee to the T. S. S. by sending photographs and room decorations to the invalid in West Virginia. A Westchester member has sent a box of pieces by express and $1 in money to a Vermont invalid whose life is a sad one and full of suffering. Some comfortable articles of clothing have been sent to the same invalid through the general office. Mrs. Prell, a new member at Brazoria, Tex., has been asked to brighten the invalid life of Mrs. Anderson, of Greenville, in the same State, who is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and who has been greatly helped by the wheel chair sent to her by a Manhattan member.

A MAGIC POWER.

The ugliest face may beauteous grow
If love's lamps shine from out the eyes;
The saddest life sweet joy may know,
If from the soul love's incense rise.
—(Emma C. Dowd.

MISS GEORGE'S GOWNS.

A subtle trick of the modern theatrical dressmaker is the ability to inject certain smart and prevailing modes into the gowns worn by actresses in what are known as costume plays. Ingenuity of this sort is discovered in the handsome frocks which will be worn by Miss Grace George in "Pretty Peggy" at the Madison Square Theatre to-night.

Without violating tradition in the least, Miss George's modiste has succeeded in giving to these frocks an air of distinct smartness. This is especially true of the wedding gown worn in the third act, which contains some excellent suggestions for even the most up-to-date of brides.

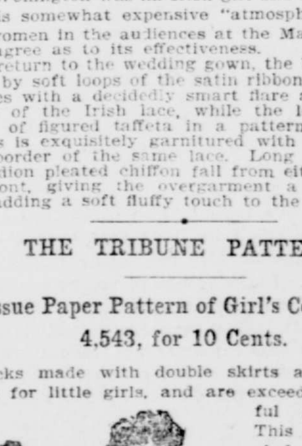
Heavy cream colored satin duchesse forms the body of this costume. The trained skirt flares perceptibly and is finished with a festoon of Irish lace caught into place by softly twisted and looped satin ribbon. The bodice is bloused slightly and cornered with an exquisite piece of the lace, which the actress bought in Ireland to use in the play. Peg Woffington was an Irish girl and Miss George's lace is somewhat expensive "atmosphere," though the women in the audiences at the Madison Square will agree as to its effectiveness.

To return to the wedding gown, the bodice is outlined by soft loops of the satin ribbon. Full elbow sleeves with a decidedly smart flare are made entirely of the Irish lace, while the long overgarment of figured taffeta in a pattern of iris and leaves is exquisitely garnitured with a deep inset and border of the same lace. Long streamers of accordion pleated chiffon fall from either shoulder in front, giving the overgarment a cloak effect and adding a soft fluffy touch to the gown.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Girl's Costume, No. 4,543, for 10 Cents.

Frocks made with double skirts are much in vogue for little girls, and are exceedingly graceful and pretty. This one also includes a bertha with handkerchief points, and is adapted to all the simple materials of children's wear. The model, however, is made of wool novelty woven with a border, which serves as trimming.



NO. 4,543—GIRL'S COSTUME.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (eight years) is 5 yards 27 inches wide, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 10 yards of banding. The pattern, No. 4,543, is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 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.

The M. P. and the Girl.

BY MARGARET MACGREGOR.

At half past 3 the Member for Blankshire walked into the strangers' lobby with an expectant air, and precisely at the same moment the Girl dismissed her hansom and crossed for the first time the threshold of Westminster.

The Girl was wearing her prettiest frock; it is a way women have of marking eras, and her first visit to St. Stephen's was an era in the Girl's life.

From the days of her "Little Arthur" she had idealized in her somewhat imaginative brain the august shrine of the mother of parliaments, and she had cherished that ideal with increasing veneration.

Her knowledge of history was not particularly profound, but the heroes of Westminster had taken hold of her imagination, and as she passed through the lofty halls to the lobby she was haunted by the memories of Cromwell and Chatham, and Fox and Burke, and she seemed still to hear the lingering echoes of the eloquence of Disraeli and Gladstone. It was the Westminster of her dreams, and she approached it with reverence.

There were several groups of men standing about the lobby in a desultory way, and the Girl felt awed as she realized herself to be in the possible presence of living representatives of Parliamentary grace. The sight of the Member for Blankshire coming toward her greatly relieved her.

Not that the Member for Blankshire was an ordinary man in the Girl's eyes; he was rather the incarnation of that self-sacrificing zealot whom her lively imagination had always pictured as thronging the halls of Westminster.

Electioneering eloquence can accomplish much, and, besides gaining him a seat on the Opposition benches, the electioneering eloquence of the Member for Blankshire had gained him this enviable position in the eyes of the Girl. And the Girl's eyes, by the way, were very pretty ones. The Member for Blankshire was six feet tall, and one of the handsomest men in the House, but these two facts are also only by the way, and did not count, at least consciously, in the Girl's opinion.

Yet, was the pretty air of conscious pride with which she walked by his side along the corridor to the members' lobby due entirely to her escort's political importance? Of course, it was a very proud experience for her to be engrossing the attention of a real live member of Parliament, for the Girl, albeit she was both pretty and charming, felt herself to be a person of less than no importance within the precincts of Westminster.

There, however, the Girl was entirely wrong; a woman who is both pretty and charming is never a person of no importance, and, further, a real live member of Parliament is only a man.

The members' lobby was crowded with the unknown great, who appeared, somewhat to the Girl's disillusionment, to be laughing and talking very much after the manner of the great unknown.

"There is MacDowal," said the Member, pointing to a leader of the Irish party, whose fiery declamations had often stirred the Girl's enthusiastic sympathy for his unhappy country. The patriot was not, however, tearing his hair or even "pouring thick and fast those burning words that tyrants quake to hear"; he was, as a matter of fact, delivering himself of a bon mot in the ear of a Cabinet Minister.

Members were nonchalantly strolling in and out of the Debating Chamber, and the Member gave the Girl the authorized two minutes' view of the assembled House from the window by the Members' entrance.

As she looked at the half empty rows of green benches whereon lounged or sprawled two or three hundred of England's legislators, some with their hats pushed on the back of their heads, some with them tilted over their eyes, and all looking more or less bored and sleepy, she involuntarily exclaimed, in disappointed tones, "They look just like ordinary men!"

"I am sorry to say their appearance is not deceptive," the Member answered, laughing. "That is the Prime Minister speaking," he added.

"Is that really Mr. Balfour?" The Girl's tone was incredulous. Mr. Gould's grimmest caricature would have been more satisfactory than a Premier who looked so very like other men. We have all of us more or less of a tendency to associate physical with mental distinction, all our imagined heroes are giants, although we do accept the dictum, "the mind's the standard of the man."

Mr. Chamberlain was seated on the front bench, with his feet up on the table that divides the House; she could see his orchid and his eyeglass; but his patent leather boots struck her most. She might, however, have imagined him in patent leather boots, but she would not have imagined him sitting with his feet on the table.

"You must see the House of Lords now," said the Member as they passed back through the Members' lobby.

"But I am taking you away from the debate," the Girl protested.

"Oh, no, indeed. I was only having a smoke before you came. I am not in the least interested in the Education bill—in fact, it only bores me." Smoking while the religious principles of his constituents were at stake! Bored by what was agitating the whole country! The Girl could not conceal her surprise.

"I thought you were so interested in education." Her tone was reproachful.

"That's why I'm not interested in the bill," the Member replied, flippantly; the Girl's seriousness amused him.

They went through the hall where the Peers are supposed to hang their jewelled coronets, and the Girl gazed reverently at a peg marked "Rosebery," for the Girl was a Radical—and a dreamer.

The Lords were not sitting, and the silent halls and lofty corridors through which they passed restored her ideal Westminster.

She sat on the throne in the royal robing room, and the Member playfully paid her homage, bending his knee and lifting her small hand reverently to his lips.

"I wonder what it would feel like to really be a queen," the Girl said dreamily.

"You know what it feels like to really look one," the Member answered gallantly, handing her down from the dais.

"We must find the Ladies' Gallery now, I know you are longing for the eloquence of the House of Commons."

They went up in the little lift to the gallery, and the Member left her at the door, promising to come back in half an hour.

The Girl found a place in the front row of the stuffy little gallery, that is like a relic of the monastic age in this twentieth century. She sat with her face pressed against the iron bars that prevent the woman visitor to the House of Commons enjoying a woman's dearest privilege—that of being seen—and through this most obnoxious grille she looked down at the assembly below. It seemed even less imposing from that elevated point of view.

A little man, who, from that height, looked a mere pygmy, was holding forth to an audience that was half whispering and half asleep, and, altogether regardless of his rhetoric.

All of his speech that was audible to the Girl was a reiterated "Clause 7," and "Clause 7" conveyed absolutely no meaning to her.

"Do you know who it is who is speaking?" a masculine looking woman next her asked.

"No, and I am afraid I don't know what he is speaking about, either."

"It's the report stage of the Education bill," the masculine woman answered, reprovingly, and the Girl settled herself to listen.

It was dreary work, the little man rambled on and on, and "Clause 7" was always the mystifying burden of his speech.

Other speakers, equally dull, followed, and their theme was still "Clause 7."

"I wonder what 'Clause 7' is?" the Girl said to herself, feeling something like Alice in Wonderland.

Then she saw her Member come in and take his seat on one of the Opposition benches, and somehow after that she gave up wondering about Clause 7.

When the end of the half hour came, the Girl was not sorry to leave the gallery; "the eloquence of the House" had been disappointing. "It's an awfully stuffy hole, and I am afraid the speeches have been very uninteresting," the Member said apologetically, as they went away to have some tea.

"It was hot," the Girl admitted, "and, you see, I don't know what 'Clause 7' is."

"Neither do I," the Member answered, laughing, and the girl was hardly so shocked at this admission as she would have been half an hour before.

It was too cold for tea on the terrace, so they had it together at a small table in one of the dining rooms.

The Girl poured out, and she put four lumps of sugar in the Member's cup, because he said he was going to speak against the Brussels Sugar Convention, and, although the Girl had not the slightest idea what the Brussels Sugar Convention was, she was sure he ought to have as much practical experience of sugar as possible.

Then the Member passed her a plate piled with hot tea cakes, saying: "These are 'House of Commons' buns, and are said to spell death to any one over thirty. But no lady has ever yet been known to refuse one," he added, smiling.

"How brave we women are!" she said, laughing, as she took one. One can enjoy such jests at twenty.

And so they chatted and laughed, and fell from politics into personalities.

"Do you know, I was dreadfully afraid of you when you spent that night with us at home," the Girl said, confidentially. "Members of Parliament always seemed such dreadfully great people, and when you asked me to come to-day I hardly dared, but I wanted so much to see everything."

"And everything has been disappointing, hasn't it?"

"Oh, no, but it has all been different."

Just then the tinkling of a bell was heard, and the Member exclaimed: "A division! Will you forgive my leaving you to go and vote? You see we have to make some sacrifices for our country. I am so sorry, but I will be back as soon as possible, and you will be quite safe here."

There were several other tea parties in the room, and all were equally hurriedly deserted by their hosts, but the Girl was the only one left alone.

She watched the door expectantly until the Member returned, and when he came he found the method of division had somewhat disturbed her.

"How do you decide how to vote when you have not heard the discussion?" she asked, seriously.

"My party decides for me."

"But isn't that perjuring your conscience?"

The Member laughed at this somewhat alarming indictment.

"Oh, no; political consciences are collective things. One leaves one's private conscience at home, and shares in the non-perjurable conscience of one's party."

The Girl was hardly convinced by this explanation, and the Member rallied her on her seriousness.

"I am afraid you will go back to Blankshire and tell the electors their Member is a fraud, and that he didn't even know what Clause 7 was."

"Oh, no; I suppose you must get very bored by it all sometimes," she answered, with sudden penitence, as she thought of her dreary half hour in the gallery.

"Yes, I sometimes wonder whether the game is worth the candle."

"What is the game?" the Girl asked, looking at him.

"The good of my country generally, and of Blankshire in particular," the Member answered teasingly.

"I thought once that was all you cared for"; the Girl's voice had a tone of regret in it.

"And won't you forgive me for preferring tea with you to my country's good? You must not expect me to be more than human! even we 'dreadfully great' people are only mortal."

"Now, I must show you the view of the river from the terrace," he said, as they finished tea.

They walked slowly along the deserted terrace in the dusk of the dull and cheerless day. It was all shadowy and gray, the gray river, the gray banks beyond, where the huddled buildings rose black and mysterious in the twilight, and to the left the bridge, with its moving multitudes passing to and fro like shadows. The thousand twinkling lights along the Embankment looked pale and ineffectual in the gathering darkness of the falling night, the mystery of the scene seemed to mock their efforts at its illumination. The two paused beside the low stone parapet and watched a big black barge glide slowly by, with the ebbing tide. It passed like some phantom ship, and the Girl shivered involuntarily.

Her little gloved hand was resting on the parapet, the Member took it in his, and his tone was serious.

"I am afraid you have been disappointed with your visit, little girl. You idealized us, you dreamt of us as heroes fighting bloodless battles for our country, and you find we are very like other men. The political game is an involved one, and politics, after all, is only means to an end; and that end is not always only our country's good. But you must not take life too seriously, and you must not expect much of people or things. You will find life full of disillusionments if you let yourself dream."

The Girl did not answer, but she withdrew her hand from his, and they crossed the Terrace to the House.

As they entered the lighted building two members came out, and as they passed them the one said emphatically to the other, "Clause 7 is not of the least importance," and the Girl looked at the Member and laughed. Such a laugh does Providence send to a woman to save her woman's pride.

"May I see you home?" the Member asked, as they walked toward the entrance hall.

She answered evasively. "I am afraid I have wasted already too much of your time. You have been so kind to me."

"You have been kind to me. You saved me from Clause 7, and it 'was not of the least importance,' so your sensitive conscience need not be troubled by the thought that you have robbed your country of my valuable services this afternoon. You won't send me back now to Clause 7, will you?" he added persuasively.

And the Girl did not.

She never forgot that drive.

First the glare and noise of the gayly lighted streets, and then the silence and shade of the deserted squares, and every moment the end drawing nearer—the end of a dream.

Her political disillusionments paled before the personal disillusionment of that day, for she had discovered the worship of a girl for a hero to be, in truth, the love of a woman for a man, and a man to whom her instinct told her the woman was only one of many.

As they turned into the last square the light of a street lamp fell full on her face, and in her dreamy eyes the man of the world read her secret. With sudden impulse he caught her in his arms and kissed her. Then, just as suddenly, he let her go, and she turned from him with a little moan of "Oh, you must not do that—it isn't right."

"I know it is not right, little Girl. Can you ever forgive me? I could not help it. Your sweet eyes made me do it. It will never happen again."

And as he apologized for the emotion of a moment he rang the knell of the dream of a life.

"A marriage has been arranged, and will take place shortly, between John Warde, esq., the Member for Blankshire, and the Hon. Letitia Drew, daughter of Lord Eastlake, Secretary of State for the British Dependencies."

This announcement the Girl read in "The Morning Post" about a year after her visit to Westminster, and her thoughts took her back to the Terrace of the House of Commons, and she heard the Member saying, "You will find life full of disillusionments if you let yourself dream." She had let herself dream, and the event of her life had been a mere incident in his.

There seems every likelihood that the Member for Blankshire will find the political game worth the candle. After all, Members of Parliament are only men.—(Lady's Pictorial.

CÆCILIAN CLUB'S LECTURES.

A course of musical lectures is shortly to be given by Miss S. C. Very, of New-York, in Freehold, N. J., under the auspices of the Cæcilian Club of that town. The first lecture will be given on the afternoon of Tuesday next, and the others on consecutive Tuesdays thereafter. Marchesi's classes, tea with Mme. Laborde, the government conservatoire, government opera, government theatre, collections of musical instruments at the Conservatoire, Trocadero, Cluny and Opera House, celebration of St. Cecilia's Day at St. Eustache, American Girls' Art Club, Colonne and Lamoureux concerts, manuscripts at the National Library, pilgrimage to Père la Chaise, where many musicians are buried, etc., give the outlines of this first lecture. All are illustrated with modern French music and treat of the government attitude toward music and the character of talent so developed.

THE SUBJECTION OF WIVES.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A Mr. McGloin, of New-Orleans, takes exception, in a letter published recently in The Tribune, to a remark incidentally made by me to the effect that in America the majority of educated men no longer believe in their right to rule over their wives. He charges me with "attacking the Christian theory of matrimony," and quotes Ephesians v, 24: "Let women be subject to their husbands, as the Church is subject to Christ." Mr. McGloin regards this as establishing forever the right of husbands to rule and the duty of wives to be subject.

He might have quoted instead from Ephesians, viii, 5: "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, as unto Christ;" or from First Peter, ii, 18: "Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." For generations these texts were quoted as an absolute and eternal justification of human slavery, and a prohibition for slaves to resist or try to escape, under any degree of cruelty.

Mr. McGloin might also have quoted First Peter, ii, 17: "Fear God. Honor the King"; or Romans, xiii, 1: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power out of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." For generations these texts were quoted as establishing, absolutely and forever, the divine right of kings, and grave divines preached sermons on the duty of passive obedience and the iniquity of resisting even the worst of sovereigns. Yet Mr. McGloin probably joins in celebrating the Fourth of July.

Those old interpretations have not been disproved; they have simply been outgrown. Mr. McGloin may not be willing to believe it, but the interpretation calling for the subjection of wives has also been, to a large extent, outgrown. It still lingers in some parts of our country, and in the minds of some people in every part, but it prevails most strongly where ignorance and brutality are densest, and is least apparent where society is the most intelligent and refined. To-day the Christian clergy are more and more inclining to the interpretation that Christ and his Apostles did not directly attack human slavery, or political tyranny, or the subjection of women, but, on the contrary, told everybody to submit and to "resist not evil," because in the beginning of the establishment of the new religion that course was necessary and wise, but that they foresaw that the new spirit they were bringing into the world would end by abolishing all these things.

Theologians and doctors of divinity may fight out the battles of the interpretations of texts with their best skill, but in the end the interpretation that squares with the Golden Rule is always the one that wins acceptance.

By taking isolated texts and interpreting them literally as good an argument can be built up for the divine right of kings or for human slavery as for the subjection of wives. By what right does Mr. McGloin insist upon a literal and modern application of the texts relating to obedience of wives, while repudiating such an interpretation in the case of all those texts that would have required our ancestors to obey George III? Christianity has been supposed at different times to be vitally bound up with a number of these antiquated interpretations of Scripture, but the interpretations pass and Christianity still survives.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Boston, Oct. 3, 1903.

Fall Cleaning if thorough, prevents much sickness caused by germs developed in summer. To protect your family purify the cellar, closets, sinks, and waste-pipes with

Platt's Chlorides

The Odorless Disinfectant.

The daily use of just a little of this powerful liquid insures pure air in the home, and a bottle will last the average family a month. Sold only in quart bottles by druggists and high-class grocers.