NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

THE LAST WORD IN STREET COSTUMES.
—(The Ladies' Field.

THE MEAT SANDWICHES.

NOT MISS GOULD'S FAULT.

Catholic Mothers Say Children Should Not Have Eaten Them.

"Why did they eat the sandwiches?"

This is now the question of the hour in Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and the universal opinion seems to be that it was the eating rather than the serving of the edible in question that constituted the corpus delicti in the complications that have arisen anent Miss Helen Gould's sewing school. This opinion is entertained by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, and in a canvass of the mothers of the sewing school children, made by a Tribune reporter yesterday afternoon, not one could be found who had a word of censure for Miss Gould.

"I can't force you to eat if you don't want to," said Mrs. J. Leonard, "and none of the children who went to Miss Gould's party were obliged to eat her sandwiches. There were plenty of other things to eat, and they were all old enough to know that they shouldn't eat meat on Friday. Many of them did refuse the sandwiches, or took the meat out of them, as my little girl did, and the others could have done the same.

"Am I going to take my daughter out of the school? Certainly not. I don't know where else the children of Irvington can get what they get there. The public schools don't teach it, and they can't get it at home."

"But Miss Gould says she is going to have the Bible read in the school after this," said the reporter.

"And isn't the Bible read in the public schools, and aren't we glad to send our children to them?" answered Mrs. Leonard. "I don't see that that need make any difference. I believe Miss Gould means well, and I for one am very grateful to her."

Another Roman Catholic mother, who did not wish her name to be mentioned, was also of the opinion that the Bible reading would not do any harm, and intends to send her children to Miss Gould's school when it reopens next summer.

"If Father Early definitely said that we were not to send our children to Miss Gould's school, I would not send them," she said. "I would take it for granted that he had some good reason for such action. But I did not understand him to say so, and until I hear something more about it I will not take my children out of the school. Father Early has never spoken about it since the first time, and has never asked any of the children if they were still going to the school. So I concluded that he did not think it very important, or that he had found he was mistaken. I think he must have been misinformed about Miss Gould's work, but he is a very nice man and very popular here. I am sorry it has happened, for I am afraid Miss Gould will think that we don't appreciate what she is doing. I don't know what she must think of the Catholics."

"My children didn't eat any of the sandwiches," said a third mother, "and I haven't taken them out of the school and don't intend to. It is a great advantage to them, and I don't see why they should be deprived of it. I think a great deal more has been made of the matter than there is any occasion for. It was only an oversight on Miss Gould's part, and no one was obliged to eat the sandwiches."

Mrs. Julia Purcell, of East Irvington, was the only mother who could be found who had withdrawn her children from school, though with much regret, and to the great grief of the little folk.

"I don't think it matters about the sandwiches," Mrs. Purcell said, "and my children didn't eat any. I told them not to before they went, and I'm sure Miss Gould never thought about its being Friday. But I won't send them back to school as long as Father Early disapproves it. It is a pity, for the school was doing a great deal of good and the children were learning things that they ought to know and couldn't learn anywhere else. I could teach my own children to sew, but I haven't time, and there isn't one in ten who could do it; and, besides, the children enjoy learning things at school that they wouldn't care about at home."

Mrs. Charles Moshier, a Protestant mother, said:

"I want you to use my name and say that I simply haven't words strong enough to express my feelings for Miss Gould. I think she is too nice for anything, and I don't believe there is another woman like her in this earthly world. I can't say half enough in her praise. She is one of the few real ladies we have in this country, and I think we ought to try to appreciate her. She doesn't care for anything but doing good, and she never makes any distinction between religions or races. I have seen her stroking a colored child's head just as if she didn't know it was black, and when we go to her school on 'Mothers' Day' she thanks us for sending our children to her, and sits and talks to us and dines with us just as if she were one of ourselves. There is nobody like her, and I don't know how to express what I think of her."

Miss Gould had no further statements to make about the case yesterday, and Father T. J. Early said that all he had to say about the matter was embodied in his letters to Miss Gould, which he had considered to be private until he saw them in the newspapers. Father Early added that the Tribune reporter was the first representative of the press that he had seen, and that any interviews attributed to him were "fakes."

The school that has been the cause of all the controversy is now closed for the winter, and as a good many of the children had confirmation classes on Saturday morning during the short time that it remained open after the historic party, it is impossible to tell just how many of the Roman Catholic absences are traceable to the sandwiches.

TRADE SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

Deserted Wives and Widows, with Children, Taught to Make a Living.

With all its philanthropic institutions and enterprises, which would seem to be numerous enough to cover every condition of the unfortunate and suffering, New-York has never possessed an institution that made any provision for that large class of needy individuals, the deserted wife and the woman who is suddenly left a widow, with children dependent on her.

Such an institution has recently been opened by some philanthropic women at No. 205 Inwood-ave., Upper Montclair, N. J. It has been found that many of the women who are deserted and also those who are thrown on their own resources by the death of their husbands, are usually without any craft or calling by which they can earn a livelihood. Many of them worked in stores or factories before marriage, and, as they are usually left with one or more small children, they are driven to put their children "out" while they enter a sweatshop or turn to the precarious occupation known as charing. Some become public charges.

The idea of the philanthropic women who have started the Ann Phillips Trade School is to take a certain number of these women and give them a domestic training, so that they may not in the future become public charges. The school is to be supported by voluntary contributions, although the pupils contribute to its support by making and selling cakes, preserves, jams, etc., which they deliver in Upper Montclair and for which they take orders. At present they have on hand a lot of delicious spiced grapes, for which they would be glad to find customers. It is hoped to place the home on a self-supporting basis within two years.

This philanthropy should be of especial interest to New-Yorkers, as the pupils at the school come from this city through the Charity Organization Society. The school is already in operation, but it will be formally opened this afternoon at 4 o'clock, with an address on philanthropic work by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of the School of Philanthropy of New-York, who is a member of the advisory board. Tea and cake will be served at 5 o'clock.

Miss L. May Harding is the president, and Miss Eugenia Donnell, of Boston, who is to be a resident of the house, the secretary and treasurer.

UNIVERSITY CLUB RECEPTION.

No invitations had been sent out for the housewarming at the Women's University Club, No. 10 Gramercy Park, yesterday, but the members were free to invite their friends to inspect the new clubhouse, and it was thought about eight hundred visitors called between the hours of 3 and 6.

Miss Laura Drake Gill, dean of Barnard, and president of the club, received, assisted by the following members of the board of managers: Mrs. Arthur Scribner, Mrs. Frank North, Mrs. William Raymond Brown, Miss Grace Andrews, Mrs. John Heaton, Miss Maida Castlehun, Mrs. George Haven Putnam and Miss Pauline Goldmark.

In the dining room, which was prettily decorated with palms and yellow chrysanthemums, Mrs. George Haven Putnam and Mrs. Frederick Hill served bouillon, sandwiches, frappe, tea, etc. During the afternoon Miss Wiethan played selections on the piano. The reception was quite informal.

REDEMPTION OF "BILLY."

Touching Episode in Life of a "George Junior" Boy.

"Despite the perennial deficit in our treasury," said President T. M. Osborn, of the George Junior Republic, smiling, "the year just closed has been one of the most successful in our history."

"The annual meeting of the George Junior Republic Association, with the New-York City Woman's Aid, was held yesterday afternoon in the lecture room of the Collegiate Reformed Church.

"We are really the most extravagantly healthy community I know," continued Mr. Osborn, "and we seem to be getting more so year after year. We've spent a good many more hundred dollars for food this year, but we've fallen behind $93 on medicine. We've increased the salaries of our skilled teachers, for we felt that we couldn't afford to have any less than the best. And now we come before you with a shortage of $10,000, but I really can't say that I am sorry, for every penny of it went virtually into character building."

Mr. Osborne then went on to give what he called the "character statistics."

"Whereas, in the last report, 13 per cent of our graduates were distinctly not successes—I suppose we might call them failures, though I dislike that word—this year the percentage is reduced to 9½, and since the 13 per cent report a number of those then believed to be failures have right about faced and are now doing finely. There seems to be something about life at the republic that gets into the fibre of the boys that spend any time there, and sooner or later it tells. And I like to think that even while we sit here and go over the statistics, perhaps some of these in the failure column are climbing over into the success list. Twenty of our graduates have married during the last year, and almost without exception they have vindicated the republic's teachings in the wisdom of the choice they have made. This test seems to me a supreme one of a boy's character."

"I won't talk long this afternoon," Mr. George said when he stepped upon the platform; "that is, I'll try not to; but I'll just tell you, when I begin to talk about those boys and girls of ours up there in Freeville it's hard to know when to stop. We've got the finest set in the wide world. But there, I'll just tell you this one story and then I'll stop. It happened last January, and I don't believe in all my life I've had anything to touch me as that did.

"Billy, the boy who brought it all about, had never been a favorite with the citizens. He was bright and sociable enough, but there seemed to be something sly and tricky about him, and he didn't make lasting friends. He was there some time, had his ups and downs—principally downs—and, though he tried hard to make himself popular, often faking virtues that he didn't own, he didn't get on very well, and at last made up his mind to leave. He stopped over in Auburn awhile, and then came on to New-York, where he lived a pretty wild life for a while. But at last I got a very homesick letter from him, and he begged to come back to the republic. He said he would do his very best to be a good citizen, if we would take him back again, and the first thing he asked me when he came was, 'Daddy, do you trust me now?' (They call me daddy, you know.) I felt I ought to be frank with him, so I told him no. I said I would try to, but I did not fully—yet.

"Six months passed, and Billy had become a model citizen. There was still something about him that wasn't perfectly open, but there wasn't a shadow on his good name, and I felt the ban ought to be taken from him. There was a Cornell scholarship to the Freeville High School to be given, and I determined Billy should have it. So one morning I told him I believed I really could trust him now, and I would prove it by giving the scholarship. I told him not one of the boys I had really trusted had ever betrayed the confidence given them, and he promised he would not be the first.

"Well, at our next presidential election Billy was the unanimous candidate of all the political parties. It was the proudest day in his life. But after he was sworn in, just before the grand inaugural dance Billy disappeared and I didn't see him during the rest of the evening. But early the next morning somebody knocked at my door and told me Billy wanted me. I went to him, and I never saw such a change in a boy in my life. 'I don't want to live,' he began; 'I can't stand it. Promise you'll forgive me and then I'll tell you all about it.' Of course, I promised, and the whole story came out. Just before he went to the high school he had connived at the purloining of some clothing from the citizens' stores. He tried to forget about it, and thought if he once got to be president he could live it down and make up for it in clean living later. But it was no use. What seemed to hurt him most was that he had betrayed the trust we had all placed in him. I thought I would give him a final test, so I suggested that one way out of it would be to tell the other boys implicated that the incident was known, but that to save the republic and its president from disgrace we would pass it ever. He looked me squarely in the eyes. 'Daddy,' he said, 'you know that wouldn't do. It would be crawling, and I'd feel worse than before.'

"So he had his way, and all the citizens were summoned to a mass meeting. I never saw a soul suffer as that boy did. Remember, the republic was his world; disgrace before its citizens meant disgrace before the world. He was voluntarily facing the bitterest trial that can come to a sensitive soul, for he loved popularity, and he had worked hard for it. He hungered for love and trust, and he had almost bartered his soul for the semblance of these. I'll never forget that morning. As he told his story, stammeringly and stumblingly at first, but after a while in a straightforward, manly way, though he was pale as death and once or twice I thought he would fall, I watched the faces of the audience. You could have heard a pin drop, but almost to a man his listeners were with him. There is nothing like straightforwardness and sincerity to bring out the nobility in others, you know.

"When he tendered his resignation to the Secretary of State, that dignitary sat like a log and wouldn't touch the bit of paper trembling in the outstretched hand. Then he surrendered himself to the jailer, but that official might have been made of wood, for all the action he took. 'Well, I know where I belong,' he said, and he staggered over to the prisoners' seats. And then a thing without precedent happened in the republic's annals. Every blessed one of us, 'Daddy' included, burst into tears, and I don't know what would have been the outcome if the judge hadn't found his voice. 'That,' he said, 'is what I call sand!'

"Well, Billy served his term, despite unanimous offers of pardon, and he's free now, but in all the history of the republic, among all the shining lights of our best citizens, I don't believe anything has had the lasting influence on the character of the grownups, as well as the citizens themselves, that this one boy's honesty has. And now do you ask what good the republic does?"

Psi Upsilon. Story about this big college fraternity. Pictures of prominent members. See to-morrow's Tribune.

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.

MONEY FOR CHEER.

Mrs. M. S. Munsill, a Connecticut friend of the T. S. S., has given $100 to be used by the society to scatter Sunshine. A gift like this can send bright rays in all directions.

Five dollars for Sunshine needs has been received from R. M. Weston, of Connecticut. Two dollars is a Thanksgiving offering from "T. B. A.," $1 from little Frieda and Gertrude Amend, and 25 cents from Mrs. C. M. Lafler, of New-York State. Friday morning's mail brought $6 in gifts of $2 each from Mrs. C. W. B., of New-York City, for a Thanksgiving dinner; from a Lakewood friend, "E. V. G.," who wishes her share to cheer some "needy old persons or a family in which the father has long been out of work," and from a "lover of Sunshine in South Orange," who designs $1 for the use of the theological student and $1 for use at Thanksgiving. Three friends—from Stamford, Conn.; Bennington, Vt., and Hackensack, N. J.—gave $1 each for Thanksgiving Sunshine.

At the business meeting yesterday afternoon $1 was contributed for T. S. S. work from William Jebb, $1 was given as Thanksgiving cheer from Mrs. E. H. Dobler, and the East Orange branches Nos. 1 and 2, sent $2 as dues.

SEMI-ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The semi-annual business meeting of the T. S. S. was held yesterday afternoon at the home of the president, Mrs. Clarence Burns, No. 254 West Eighty-fifth-st., New-York City. The city branches and those of many nearby towns and cities were well represented by their presidents or chosen delegates, who formed an enthusiastic audience for the reports of the last six months.

The secretary gave a general report of the work done through the office, mentioning the ever increasing interest taken by the members of the society, as shown in great part by the almost innumerable contributions. The distributions from the general office were also touched upon, as was the good work done for little ones and grownups through the trolley parties given by the society last summer.

The secretary also read the semi-annual report of the treasurer, J. M. Barrett, which is as follows: Balance on hand, May 12, 1903, $229 44; contributions received from May 12, 1903, to November 20, 1903, $1,585 43; disbursements from May 12 to November 20, 1903, $1,367 39, leaving a balance in the treasury of $567 48.

An interesting feature of the special reports was the glimpses given of the many different ways of scattering Sunshine which had been successfully tried. Several branches have taken charge of one or two wretchedly poor cases and given them continued help, by money or that most valuable of all gifts, personal service.

The Hill branch, of Brooklyn, reported among many other sunny acts the case of a young seamstress who had so entirely broken down under the strain of work and worry that insanity seemed inevitably the next step, but after a long rest and several weeks in the country, made possible through the T. S. S., she has nearly recovered, and is able to work a bit now.

One of the humane and kindly deeds reported by the Chelsea branch was the care taken of a little cripple boy. Through the efforts of the members he was put into the hospital and cured.

An East Orange branch has done splendid work for a poor woman and her two children, helping her over many hard places. The distribution of magazines to reading rooms for trolley men has been a feature of its work.

Were not space so limited, it would be a pleasure to give detailed reports of the summer and autumn work of each branch. They would all make good reading. They would show a daily record of kindliness and helpfulness that would warm the heart and quicken the sympathies of every T. S. S. member.

However, the report of the president, Mrs. Burns, on the work of the Girls' Social and Industrial Club cannot be passed over, as it may well be an inspiration to all. The club is made up of 25 girls—girls who belong nowhere in particular, who formerly were not drawn to things that were good and honest and helpful to others, but now, through the leadership of Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Frank Wise, the treasurer, they have become so eager to do something worth while that they intend to open a Settlement house, where their neighbors may be aided and kept off the streets.

Mrs. Henry Parsons, the promoter of children's farms, spoke briefly of the work at her special farm in the city, which has enjoyed wonderful success and which is sure to be a permanent institution, as it has been incorporated.

The T. S. S. president, with the approval of her active co-workers, has thought it wise to appoint an advisory board to aid her with suggestions about the T. S. S. Those so far who have accepted are Mrs. A. B. Stone, Mrs. O. D. Ashley, Miss Kate Percy Douglas, Mrs. Robert F. Vermilye, Mrs. Lucius Stanton, Mrs. John T. Zebley, Mrs. S. C. Dodd and Mrs. T. Coleter Ball, of Manhattan; Mrs. B. F. Trempor, of Kingston; Mrs. W. P. Tuttle, of New-Haven, Conn.; Miss Elizabeth Porter Gould, of Boston; Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Jacob Hay, of Eastern Pennsylvania; Charles B. Ballard, of Vermont, and Miss Emily L. Rickhoff, of Iowa. Mrs. Pierce, of Manhattan, is chairman of the committee.

The T. S. S. presidents and delegates who were present at the meeting were Mrs. Mason, State president of New-York; Mrs. George Easer, president of Manhattan branch, No. 7; Mrs. Greene, of the Chelsea branch; Mrs. Bills, of Branch No. 8; Mrs. Jebb, of Branch No. 2; Mrs. Brockett, of the East Orange Branch; Miss J. Olmstead, of the South Ferry branch; Mrs. Galway, of the Rutherford branch; Mrs. Frank Drummond, of the Allandale Junior branch; Mrs. Henry Parsons, of the Plant branch; Miss Fairfield, of the West Side Settlement branch; Miss Ruddy, of the Home Garden branch; Mrs. Rathbone, of the Arlington branch; Miss Dutcher, of the Arlington Junior branch; Miss Louise Britten, of the New-Dorp branch; Mrs. Dorsch, of Manhattan Branch, No. 10; Mrs. Frost, of Manhattan Branch, No. 6; Mrs. Adams, of Nazareth Guild branch; Miss Reid, of Manhattan Branch, No. 3, and Mrs. McBarron and Miss Gourlie, of Manhattan Branch, No. 4.

Regrets were received from out of town presidents who were unable to be present.

A Question of Obligations.

A Tale of the Spanish-American War.

BY CLIFFORD MILLS.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

"And this is—Spain!" There was a note of delight, almost rapture, in the girl's voice, as she waved her riding whip, indicating the line of purple hills that marked the horizon. Beneath her lay a deep valley, across which a roughly hewn roadway ran, losing itself in the shadowy woods which bordered it on each side. Far away on the left was the sea, rolling broad blue waves on golden sands.

"Yes—this is Spain." The words were identical, and yet at sound of them the girl turned quickly and looked inquiringly at the speaker. He was a typical Anglo-Saxon, long limbed, broad shouldered, close-shaven, faultlessly attired in a well fitting riding suit. He sat his horse with the ease of one long accustomed to the saddle, and his keen blue eyes glanced searchingly to right and left of him, as he and his companions rode slowly down to the valley below.

The girl at his side also bore unmistakable evidence of her nationality. She was slender almost to angularity, with a clear, fresh complexion and straw colored hair done anyhow. Her nose was tip tilted, and there was a touch of pride in the poise of her head, and in the glance of the wide open gray eyes that looked out from beneath the boyish straw hat she wore. Her cotton skirt, stiff collar and mannish tie suggested maybe too close a following after masculine attire. But Miss Chichester was still in her teens, and as yet had not learned the rudiments of the pleasing art of dressing well.

"You hate Spain!" she cried, reproachfully, speaking her thoughts with the indiscretion of youth.

The man started and turned, the shadows that had gathered about his eyes and mouth dispersing as he looked at her. The girl's frank manner and her downrightness had interested him from the first moment of their acquaintance. "If you say so," he laughed.

"Oh, but I know!" she answered, with her most supercilious air; "there was hatred and all uncharitableness in the way you said 'Spain'!"

"Well?" The man's amused glance was upon her glowing young face.

"Oh, well, I think it rather horrid of you; one does feel like that," she added, with quick apology in her tone, "when something bright and beautiful is despised." She was not, however, thinking of Spain, but of the countess, the sad, beautiful Spanish countess, who only last evening had confided to her, as they walked in the hotel garden at Gibraltar, her passion for this man at her side. And now, when beyond all expectation, she had, in compliance with the countess' suggestion, induced this reluctant lover to accompany her to the place named by the countess, the latter, coquetting with fate, was already five minutes behind the time arranged by her for the rendezvous.

It was too vexatious; suppose her brother and the rest of the party that had started earlier that morning should appear on the scene, and the countess lose this last opportunity of a reconciliation!

She only half caught the indignant outburst that her remark had called forth from her companion. "Of course," she answered, abstractedly, her eye searching the road to the left along which the tardy woman had planned to appear. "They are bigots; one can't quite forget the Inquisition, and then there is this war with America; I'm afraid I don't know much about it, or quite why they are fighting, but I have been told it is not exactly bliss to be under Spanish rule. One can't doubt America is right, but," she added, persuasively, "that does not prevent individual Spaniards from being the most delightful of people. Don't you agree? Ah, well, you do not know General Cardona. He dined with us last night at the hotel. My brother wanted to introduce you, but you were not to be found. Well, he is just charming, such perfect manners, and the best of patriots. He has lost his right arm, you know, and so is not able to go to the front. They have given him the command of the station here, but oh! how he longs to serve his country more actively. I wish you could have heard him talk last night."

Her companion did not reply, and neither his silence nor the sternness of his profile could be described as encouraging. But Miss Chichester, once embarked on an enterprise, was not easily checked. She was so like an injured lover, she told herself, to ape disregard to all that appertained to his late passion. If only the countess would come, and this miserable misunderstanding be set right by her timely intervention! It would be enchanting to remember in after years the part she had played in so romantic a love affair.

"You leave Gibraltar to-morrow?" she said, speaking haphazard to gain time; for, despite his politeness, there was no mistaking her companion's apparent desire to be moving homeward.

"Yes."

The undoubted satisfaction in the tone of his reply made her heart sink; what if after all he did not love the countess? But there was a sound along the road at last, and her field glasses flew to her eyes.

"Miss Chichester, I think, if you do not mind"—he was turning his horse's head.

Miss Chichester put down her glasses. "Oh, just one moment!" she cried. "You have been so kind. I shall always remember that but for you I should have missed this delightful ride, and perhaps, who knows? never set foot in Spain. It was too stupid of my brother to start without me, when he knew how I was longing to say I had been in this dear romantic country of strict duennas and grave grandees. You know, our yacht leaves Gib. to-morrow early, and there is no plan for our returning here. But that is just like a brother, is it not? He has seen Gib., and that's enough. And I suppose it is interesting, with all these fortifications, and it is nice to think it belongs to England, is the key of the Mediterranean, and all that. But oh, it is ugly—and the glare! Ah, now, now this is heaven. Look at those trees at the side there, do you ever see such green, leafy shade, and the stream that gleams like silver through them. Oh! you must own it is beautiful."

"It is a tight place." He spoke with a short reckless laugh, and something in the alert way he glanced around the little valley struck the girl.

"Do you know," she said candidly, "if I had not known you to be an artist, I should have taken you for a soldier."

"Indeed?" He had bent his brows, and was scanning the dense cover of the woods opposite.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, hastily. "I ought not to make personal remarks. It is a fault of mine that time, I hope, will correct." Why did not the countess come? What could have detained her?

"Jove!" The exclamation burst suddenly from her companion, and the girl, turning, found him bending forward in a listening attitude.

"Not—not—brigands?" she gasped, white lipped; she had heard the tradition of the place, and a small party of men had appeared on the crest of the hill.

But the next moment she saw they were soldiers, and that they were coming quickly toward them. Her exclamations of relief were cut short as she caught sight of her companion. He still sat erect in the saddle, and was carelessly adjusting the right lappet of his coat, but his face was set and had whitened.

Miss Chichester tossed her head. "A coward!" and she had thought so well of him. Suppose these had been brigands. Perhaps, after all, the countess would be lucky if she missed her chance.

Another second, and the soldiers had come up to them, and their officer was bowing before her.

"Señorita," he said, "I implore that you feel no alarm; it is my painful duty to arrest your companion, who is a spy—an American in the pay of his majesty's enemies."

Miss Chichester gasped a little. "It's not him," she cried in ungrammatical haste, "you are making a mistake; we know him—my brother, Sir George Chichester, and I—he is an artist—a friend of ours." And then it struck her suddenly how little she did know of her companion, and she turned her face, from which the color had flown, and looked at him.

He met her gaze steadily. "It is just a mistake," he said, carelessly, answering the question in her eyes.

The Spanish officer bowed courteously, but there was, the girl thought, menace in his glance. "That may be," he admitted, politely; "it has, however, to be proved."

Miss Chichester's heart beat uneasily, for they were in Spain, and to be there during the war with America with even a supposed American as one's sole companion, was to court possible difficulty. She was remembering, too, as one does in supreme moments, many a tale of Spanish cruelty and injustice, to which she had listened with indifferent interest; but she checked such thoughts.

"You see," she cried, with a smile—and though Miss Chichester had but just left the schoolroom, she knew how to smile—"this gentleman, who is a great friend of mine" (she felt that, under the circumstance, the adjective was pardonable), "very kindly offered to be my escort this morning. It is horridly vexatious that through me he should be placed in such an annoying position."

"I assure you, Miss Chichester"—her companion began loftily, when she cut him short.

"Why, the countess!" she cried. "Of course, how stupid I am—she can put it all right. The Countess Varene—you know her by name, at least. She knows this gentleman well; if you will wait a moment she will be here. In fact, only last night she arranged with me to meet us at this very spot." Mr. Halsford started, and a queer smile wreathed his lips.

The Spanish officer raised his head and was looking straight into Miss Chichester's eager face. "I do not think," he said, in deliberate tones, "that the countess intends to keep the rendezvous."

"You mean?" Miss Chichester cried, her eyes holding his questioningly; and then instinct told her what the admission concealed. The color flew to her cheeks, and she laughed, but it was not the laugh of the schoolgirl, for no one likes to be used as a cat's-paw; and to have one's first dear romance end in an intrigue in which one has played the fool is a hard awakening from girlish illusions.

"I see," she cried, scornfully, "this is the countess's doing. It was revenge, then, she wanted, and I"— She stopped short. "What a fool I have been!" she thought, despairingly.

The Spanish officer was smiling reassuringly into her troubled face. "The señorita need feel no alarm," he said, kindly; "I shall be delighted to provide her with an escort that will see her safely to Gibraltar before gunfire; as for the señor"—he bowed stiffly to Mr. Halsford—"he remains my prisoner."

Miss Chichester jumped from her horse and faced him, breathless with indignation. "You can't mean it!" she gasped. "Why, you must see that all this is mere foolery?"

The Spaniard bowed. "I think," Miss Chichester cried, turning to Mr. Halsford, desperation in her eyes, "that you might do more than look like a Christian martyr."

"I was thinking," Mr. Halsford remarked quietly, "that it might be as well if you accept this offer of an escort."

"That's nice!" she cried, bristling, her head in the air. "I get you into this scrape by being a fool, and then I am expected to slope off like a sneak and leave you in the lurch!"

"Understand, please," she said, addressing the Spanish officer with the air of a tragedy queen, "that I shall accompany this gentleman."

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"The señorita gives herself unnecessary annoyance," he replied, as he turned to give directions to his men.

"I wish," Mr. Halsford said, some moments later, when he and Miss Chichester were walking side by side along the road, guarded by the soldier who was leading the horses they had lately ridden, "that you would think better of it and go back; it is only fair to warn you that there is danger in the affair. Suppose it proved that I come from New-York?"

"What nonsense!" Miss Chichester began, and then something in his eyes stopped her; "it is possible—it might be proved," she faltered. "Oh, then that makes it all the more necessary that I should stay," and she tossed the limp fringe that trailed untidily across her brows and met his glance defiantly. "We can fight it out together."

"England," said Mr. Halsford, watching her with a queer little gleam in his eyes, "is bound over in this affair to strict neutrality."

"Pooh!" Miss Chichester cried, her nose in the air, "that's a sheer insult to Runnymede; one can't rub out the beginning of the Magna Charta."

"In time of war, they have," Mr. Halsford said, "summary measures of dealing with persons suspected as spies."

Miss Chichester's eyes widened suddenly. "I have read," she said, with an assumed carelessness that did not in the least deceive her listener, "that—that they don't mince matters. But the newspapers always pile up the agony, don't they?" She forced a smile, but felt her lips tremble.

"Nevertheless," Mr. Halsford said, looking straight in front of him, as if he saw more than the dusty road and the distant hills ahead. "Suppose, for example, that the worst is proved against me?" Miss Chichester gave an impatient little snort—"And that my case is dealt with after this summary fashion described in the newspapers you refer to. I want you to promise me that you will let a girl in New York know just how this all happened, and send her the ring that you will find twisted around my neck. I would give it you now, but we are watched."

Miss Chichester's sob was audible. "They will never dare!" she cried, in desperate impotence.

Mr. Halsford smiled grimly. "Shall I tell you the name and address now?" he asked.

Miss Chichester made a mental grasp at calmness, and repeated his directions in a low voice, tense with suppressed feeling. "I shall not forget," she said, meeting the anxious inquiry of his eyes; "whatever happens, please remember I shall not forget.

(To be Continued.)

Housewives' Exchange.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.

H. E. R., New-York City: Boil twelve stalks of celery, cut into small pieces, for half an hour in three pints of water, to which half an onion and a blade of mace have been added. Press through a fine sieve, add a heaping tablespoonful of butter rubbed in a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper at discretion, and a pint of milk. Bring the mixture to a boil and just before serving add a cupful of rich cream. For twelve persons double these quantities will be needed. Mrs. S.
West Side, New-York City.

PUDDING FOR THANKSGIVING.

A number of years ago—I cannot tell how many—I cut from The Tribune a recipe for a Thanksgiving pudding. I lost it about a year ago, and can find nothing to fill its place. I wonder if you can find it, and repeat it in the Housewives' Exchange? It had butter in it, not suet; the yolks of three eggs, whites of two—and this is all I can remember. It had molasses and spices, but I cannot remember the amounts. It was called a "rich but inexpensive" pudding. I give you this, hoping it will aid in finding it. I shall look anxiously in the paper each day. Mrs. X. Y. Z.
Binghamton.

If you will look on the Woman's Page for November 19 you will find, under the heading "A Thanksgiving Dinner," an excellent recipe for the pudding you require.

CANNED PUMPKIN.

Old Tribune Subscriber: Remove the soft, fleshy part and seeds from the portion of pumpkin that is to be canned, cut it into strips, and pare. Cut the strips in small pieces, place in a covered kettle with a pint of water and boil slowly for three or four hours, or until the pumpkin is perfectly soft and the water entirely absorbed. Take care it does not scorch. Remove from the fire and when cold press through a sieve. Replace in the kettle and when thoroughly heated put into glass jars, seal airtight and keep in the dark until required. I hope this recipe will prove successful when tried. I have used it and believe it can be depended on.
MRS. SMITH.
Brooklyn.

LEMON PIE WITH MOLASSES.

I am my own housekeeper and am much interested in the Housewives' Exchange. Will some one give me a recipe for the real old-fashioned lemon pie sweetened with molasses?

"S. C. J." asks for a recipe for lady fingers. If she will try the rule given below I think she will like it. A. V. V. T.
Washington Hollow.

LADY FINGERS.

The ingredients required are eight tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, four eggs, six tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, one teaspoonful of lemon, orange or vanilla extract, as you like.

Mix the powdered sugar with the eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. Then add the other ingredients, and beat the batter for ten minutes. Roll stiff paper into a funnel and pour the batter through it upon buttered tins in long, slender little cakes. Dust a little sugar over them and bake as quickly as possible without scorching.

HOW TO USE SOAP BARK.

Will some kind reader who is interested in your new and apparently successful venture "Housewives' Exchange" inform me how to use soap bark in washing black woollen goods?
Manhattan. A. E. N.

THANKS TO MR. DOUBLEDAY.

My sincere thanks to J. W. Doubleday, of Binghamton, N. Y., for his cayenne pepper recipe for acute indigestion. It is a crying, coughing, fiery dose, but a sure cure. Heaven bless him!

Some one asked how to get rid of ants. Buy five cents' worth of tartar emetic, and place in a small plate, wetting it with a little sweetened water. Scatter when the ants are most troublesome. It will make them sick, and they will soon disappear.

For chilblains, bathe the affected parts with strong hot alum water; continue a week or two and the chilblains will be cured.

To allay the sting of a nettle, rub the affected part with any aromatic herb, such as mint, balm or rosemary.

To remove warts, rub with tobacco juice.

A drop of castor oil in the eye will remove a foreign body better than the well known flaxseed.

Alcohol or whiskey will quickly remove a porous plaster and the unsightly stain which is left on the skin by the plaster.

To prevent bruises from turning blue or black apply at once a cloth wrung out of very hot water, or rub often with butter.

Soak white cloth stained with any kind of grease in kerosene or gasolene before putting it in the soap and water, and the stains will disappear.

Hot tartaric acid will remove ink from white cloth. J. R. S.
Lakewood, N. J.

MOULD ON CHEESE.

H. E. R.: I do not think a little mould injures the edible qualities of Edam cheese. I should certainly not throw away a cheese because it happened to gather a little mould. Cut the mould off, and the cheese under where the slice is removed will be found to possess a fine flavor.
New-York. MISS F.

The following was received unsigned:

Will some one tell me how to melt sweet chocolate?

I would also like to know of something to heal cracks on fingers.

The Modern Up-to-Date Sunday School. See to-morrow's Tribune.

CLEANINGS

That child labor is responsible for much of the tramping in this country is the conclusion of Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago.

"It is surprising," says Miss Addams in "Charities," "to find how many begin to tramp because they are tired to death, just as a business man goes to the woods because he is worn out with the stress of business life. This inordinate desire to get away from work seems to be connected with the fact that the men have started to work very early, before they had the physique to stand up to it, or the mental vigor with which to overcome its difficulties, or the moral stamina which makes a man stick to his work whether he likes it or not."

Miss Addams goes on to illustrate by means of a man she met in the municipal lodging house in Chicago, who, having begun to work in a mill in New-England when a little boy, worked hard for sixteen years at labor that made no call on his interest or mental powers. "At last," said this man, "I was sick in bed for two or three days with a fever, and when I crawled out I made up my mind that I would rather go to —— than go back to that mill."

This man, in the opinion of the physician, is not fit for steady work, because his physical forces have been prematurely spent. The debilitating effect that child labor exerts upon the mental or physical systems could hardly be more distinctly shown.

All the way from Helsingfors comes word that Finland received its first woman factory inspector this year in the person of Miss Vera Hjelt. Miss Hjelt is a teacher in the "folkschool," but she is also actively interested in promoting sloyd among children and adults, and is the inventor of a joiner's bench for use in the schools. Some years ago she founded and directed a steam carpentry, and as a writer and lecturer she urges the advancement of women, especially the entering of women into practical lines of work. Finland is said to have 22,000 women working in factories and trades, but as they are scattered over the whole country and are as a rule employed in unskilled labor, this woman inspector will have a vast territory to cover, to make her duties yet more arduous.

"The Ideal Man" was toasted at a dinner of federated women in St. Paul the other day. "The Federated Woman," who responded to the toast, said: "Man is the paragon of animals. On his own ground he surpasses the lion in magnanimity, the fox in acumen, the parrot in repartee, the monkey in versatility, the ant in thrift, the fish in self-control, the spider in all that goes to make up a valued member of society. I dare say that, if all the facts were known, man is more of an absolute success than the mule!"

From all indications the woman of fashion will glitter and flash and dazzle this winter more than ever. A famous Parisian dressmaker, it is said, is making a distinct feature of jewelled effects, and on one of his latest creations a flight of swallows in blue diamonds sweeps from the shoulder to the hem, while strings of diamonds catch the lace sleeves together. Another satin gown is decorated with bluets, embroidered in silver and diamonds, and a white crêpe de chine shows two large wings of rainbow hued paillettes nearly covering the front of the bodice with a similar decoration on the skirt.

Sixteen hundred dressmaker and milliner girls walking to win a prize was the novel spectacle which interested Paris on a recent Sunday. The marche des "midinettes," as the Parisians call the girls who work in the shops and workrooms of the Paris dressmakers and milliners, created great excitement, the crowd of spectators being so enormous that when the race began there was only a narrow lane through which the "midinettes" could manage to walk four or five abreast, and even the automobiles which headed the procession failed to clear a wider avenue.

With set teeth and clenched hands, their eyes glued to the road in front of them, the shopgirls marched, each intent on gaining one of the two hundred prizes. A large number adopted what in Paris is known as the "marche à l'Anglaise," which consists in pushing the head forward at such an angle as almost to lose the equilibrium, while the arms saw backward and forward at every step.

Thousands of people were waiting at Nanterre, the terminus of the race, to receive the first to arrive. Mlle. Jeanne Cheminel, who forced her way through the crowd to sign her name in a book and receive on the back of her hand the impress of a rubber stamp. Mlle. Cheminel is a milliner's assistant. She had covered the distance of seven English miles in one hour and five minutes.

HOME FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

The work that has been going on for six years on the Home for Women at Harrison, Westchester County, which was provided for in the will of the late Miriam Osborn, widow of Charles Osborn, the New-York banker, is nearing completion. It is expected that the home will be ready for occupancy next spring. The building is one of the largest and handsomest in Westchester County. It will accommodate about three hundred women, and will be managed by a board of trustees named by Mrs. Osborn in her will, and composed of prominent New-York business men and clergymen. The institution is for gentlewomen—that is, women who have been well to do or prominent in society, but through misfort